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# PETERSON'S

# MAGAZINE.

## 1882

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Over The Garden Wall.

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PLAYING AT DOCTORS.

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Sun Flower Design in Crewel Work, or Silk Embroidery.

PRESENTED TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF PETERSON'S MAGAZINE AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

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LOST. [*See the Poem.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY. BOYS' CAPS.

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WALKING JACKET: FRONT AND BACK.

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HOUSE DRESS. VISITING DRESS.

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HOUSE DRESS. WALKING DRESS.

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DRESS FOR ELDERLY LADY. DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY

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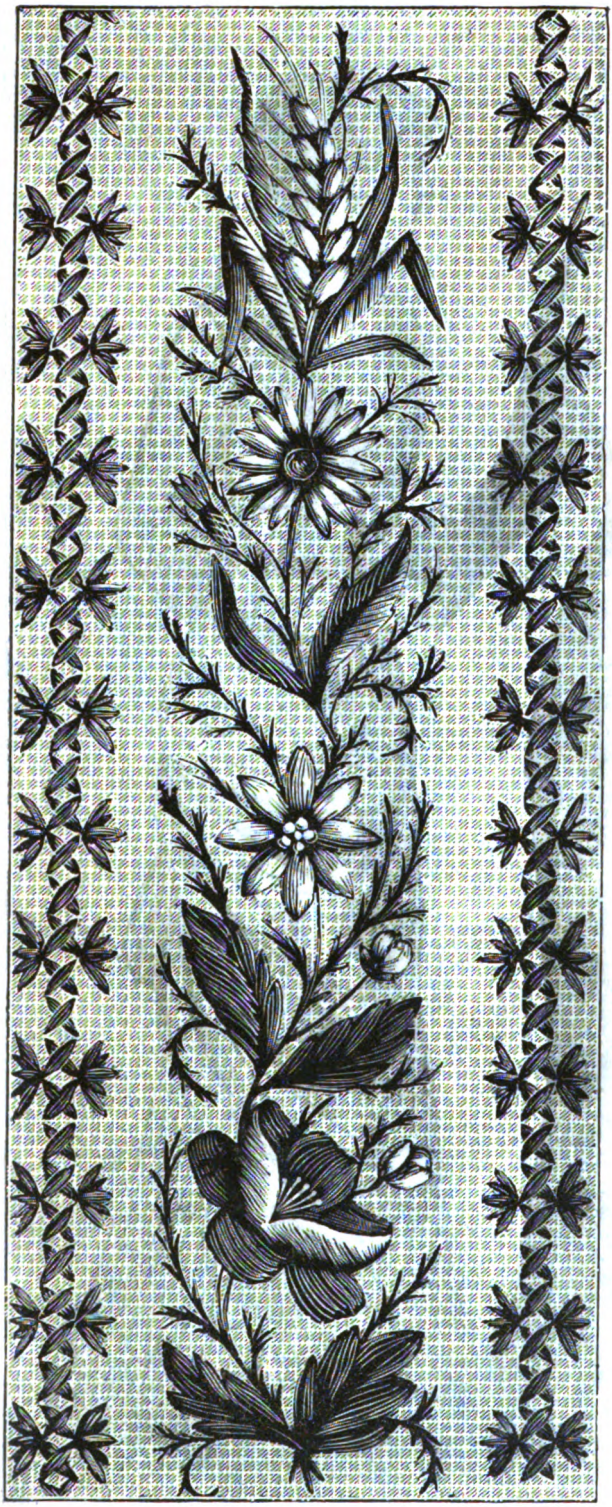

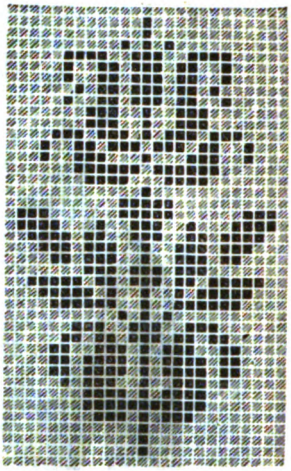

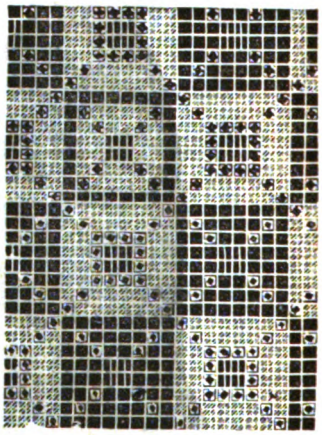

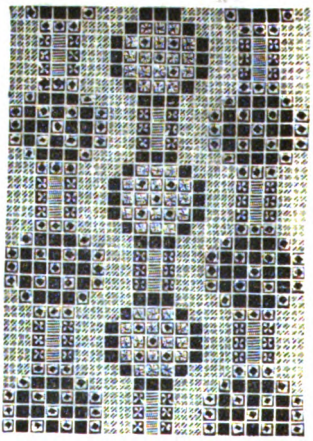

DETAIL OF POCKET. PATTERNS IN CROSS-STITCH.

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EMBROIDERED BAND. SCREEN FOR CHIMNEYS. DESIGN IN STEM-STITCH.

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# LITTLE FAIRY MAZURKA.

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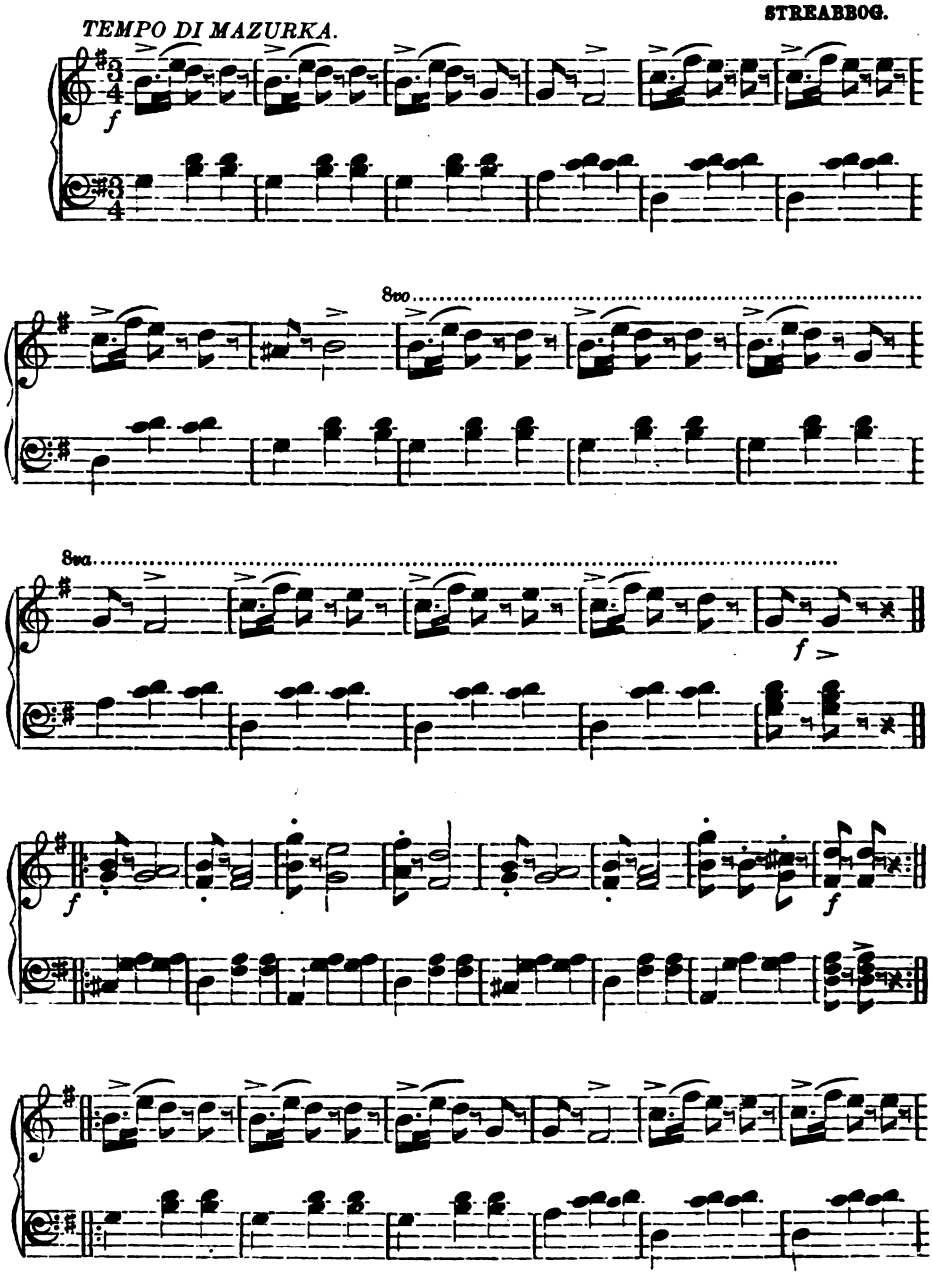


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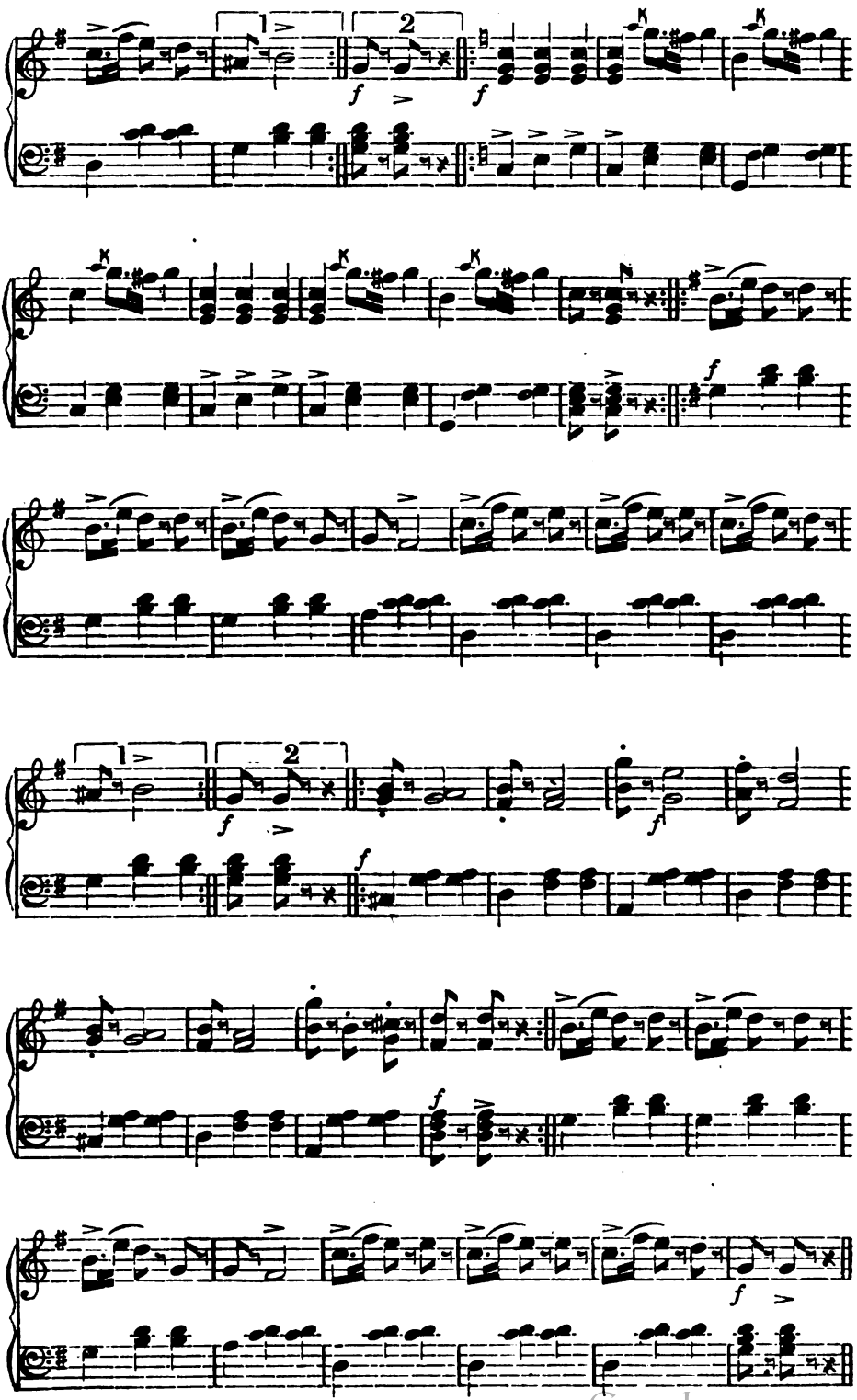


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BODICE FOR EVENING DRESS. WINTER BONNET.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXI. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1882. No. 1.

## PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

AT THE BARRICADES.

A MARVEL is Paris. The old Romans loved it, and called it their "dear Lutetia;" and ever since—that is, for eighteen hundred years—it has exercised an influence, political, social, and intellectual, equalled by no other city in the civilized world. All through the Middle Ages, Paris was to Europe what Athens had been to Greece, what Rome had been to Italy. To-day, French art stands foremost, French fashions rule, and greater than all, French ideas pervade the world. And when we speak of France, we mean, to a great degree, Paris: for Paris, after all, is the soul of France.

The contrast between London and Paris, even in outward appearance, is very striking. With all its wealth, and it is the wealthiest city in the world, with all its aristocracy, and its aristocracy is the proudest on earth, London has a climate that makes residence in it almost impossible, except to the cockney-born, who has never known a better one. Its fogs would drive anyone to suicide. "I came here, last night," a staid, middle-aged, churchgoing American once wrote. "The fog is so thick, I cannot see a yard before me. I am chilled to the bone, and oh! so homesick: not for all the Bank of England would I stay here for another day." The next morning, he was off for Paris. "Ah, this is the city," his next letter said. "There is sunshine, and movement, and gaiety, everywhere: the very attrition raises one's spirits. I drove out to St. Cloud, yesterday; and as we came down the hill, on our return, we saw Paris, in the distance, lying below us, a mass of white buildings, lit up by the afternoon sun, the great dome of the Pantheon soaring over all; and it seemed, after smoke-encircled London, almost like a New Jerusalem."

Paris is not, however, a New Jerusalem. But it has its attractive features, nevertheless; even for the most serious minded. Nor is it as bad as it is often painted. Unfortunately for it, the worst features have been exaggerated, until it has come to be regarded as a modern Babylon. Yet it is doubtful if vice is really more prevalent in Paris than in London, Berlin, Vienna, or St. Petersburg; and it is certain that it is more decent outwardly, at the least. You never see, I am told, even in the worst quarters of the French metropolis, the sights that you see near Waterloo Place, in London, within a quarter of a mile of Westminster Abbey.

Paris was an *oppidan*, or fortified town, of the ancient Gauls, and was subsequently a principal



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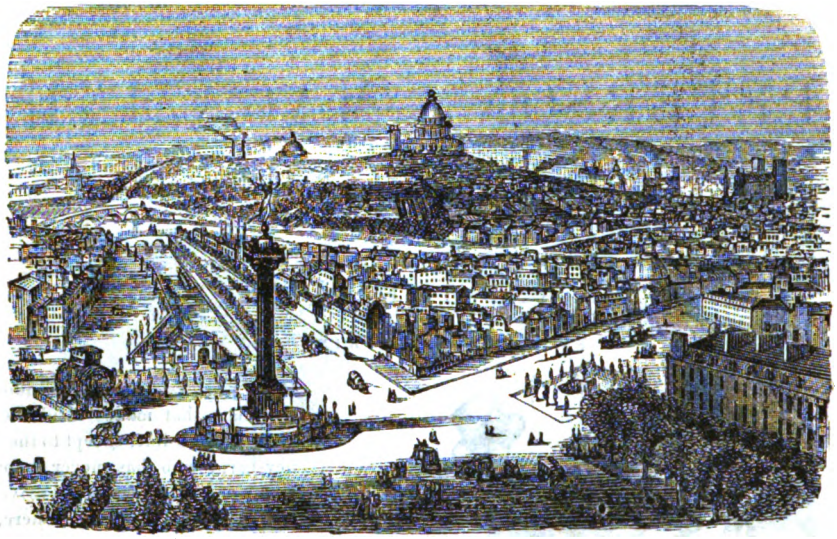

PARIS, FROM THE HILL, BY ST. CLOUD.

stronghold with the Romans. Travellers are still shown, near the Hotel Cluny, some striking Roman ruins. As a border town, after the break-up of the great empire of Charlemagne, it became of the first importance. Gradually, modern France grew up around it. The Counts of Paris became, by gradual additions of territory, kings of the French; and their descendants held the crown, in unbroken succession, from the time of Hugh Capet, who first assumed it in 905, to that of Louis Capet, who died by the guillotine, in 1793.

During all this interval, Paris was the centre, more or less, of modern civilization. Rome had lost its ascendancy; Constantinople was too far off; Vienna and Berlin were, as yet, unknown; London was only a great trading town. But, at the very time when England was torn by intestine conflicts, Abelard was lecturing at Paris; and French—Parisian French—was the polite language of Europe. This intellectual influence has been maintained to the present day. The French may not be great original thinkers: in that region, perhaps, they yield to others; but no people equal them in popularizing and disseminating the thoughts of others. They are, if we may so express, the interpreters of England and Germany to the world at large. This, too, is as true in the political world, as in the literary and scientific. The French were the solvent that disintegrated feudalism in Europe. Serfdom vanished, not only in France, but in Europe, with the Revolution of '98.

NOTRE DAME AT NIGHT.

The kings of Paris always took pride in adorning their capital with stately buildings. Most of these edifices, at least those built before the Renaissance, have disappeared. Only a few survive, and these are ecclesiastical, principally. But those that are left have no superiors. The Saint Chapelle, the chapel attached to the royal palace, built by St. Louis, at the close of the twelfth centruy; is the most exquisite gem, architecturally, of its kind, in the world. The great cathedral of Notre Dame also remains, substantially unaltered, solemn and massive, a type invaluable to the student, because it shows the earliest development of French Gothic. St. Germain l'Auxerre, the tower of St. Jacques, the Hotel Cluny, and other mediæval edifices are of unrivalled beauty. Here and there, in odd by-ways, the traveller comes upon remains of domestic architecture: an oriel window, a round

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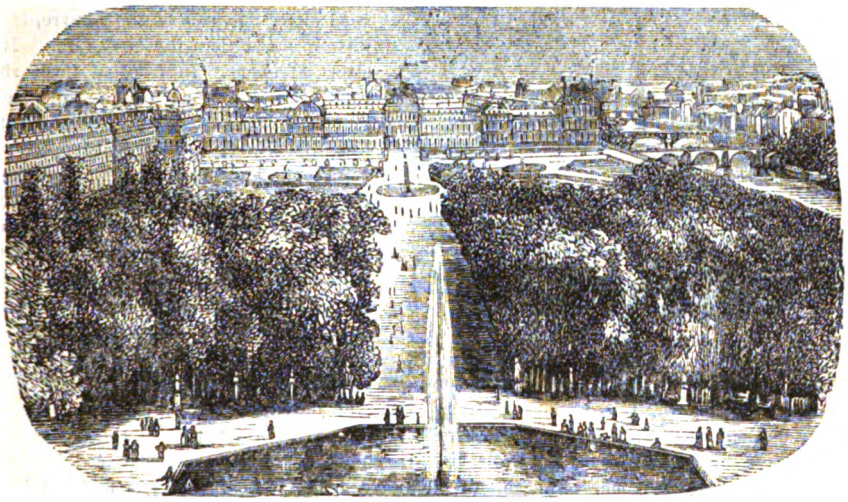
tower, a pointed arch; but they are comparatively few, the whole of Paris nearly having been rebuilt since the fifteenth century.

The oldest of the more sumptuous edifices is the palace of the Louvre; and the oldest portion of this is the southern end, opposite St. Germain l'Auxerre. It was at one of the windows, looking across to that church, that Charles IX. stood, and witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Louvre, as it now exists, is much larger than the original palace. It stretches along the Seine, northwardly, for more than a mile, and finally joins the Tuileries. On one side, it is bounded by the river; on the other, by the Rue Rivoli. The Louvre is really a series of palaces, constructed around successive courtyards. A large

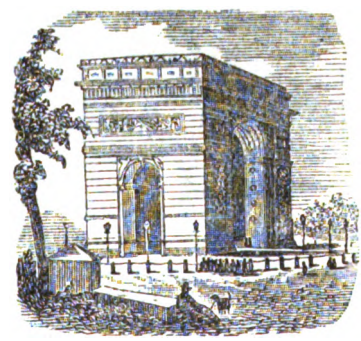


THE TUILERIES AND GARDEN.

portion of it is devoted to a picture-gallery. Different sovereigns, from Francis I. down, have contributed to its erection; the last having been Napoleon III., who built the pavilions at the northern end. The Tuileries palace, begun by Catharine de Medici, runs at a right angle from the Seine, and forms, so to speak, the northern end of the mass of buildings popularly called the Louvre.

In front of the Tuileries, looking north, is a garden, open to the public, and famous for its fine chestnut trees. Crowds resort here, daily. A band of music plays, at the public expense. A stranger, alone, in Paris, has only to go there, to feel that he is not a solitary waif. Everybody is gay; and though no one may speak to him, there is a certain freemasonry of sympathy in the very air, which puts him at his ease, and makes him feel, at once, at home. Beyond the Tuileries gardens, lies the Place de la Concorde, a wide, open, paved space, adorned with fountains, and with colossal statues of the great cities of France. It is surrounded by splendid public buildings. In various directions, from this, open magnificent avenues. But the finest view is in the direction of the Champs Elysees. The eye follows the broad avenue, known by that name, and lined, on either side, with superb private residences, until it rests on the Arc de Triomphe, crowning the top of the slope, a mile, or more, away. Across the square, dart countless carriages, while the broad streets, in every direction, are thronged with pedestrians. Movement and life, indeed, are the distinguishing features of Paris. The people spend most of their time out of doors. In this, they resemble the ancient Greeks and Romans. Nor is this singular. The Parisians are really a Latin race. They have its exuberant vitality, love of display, its eagerness to hear the news, and its sensuous enjoyment of outward life.

One sees this, at its highest, on the boulevards.



THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

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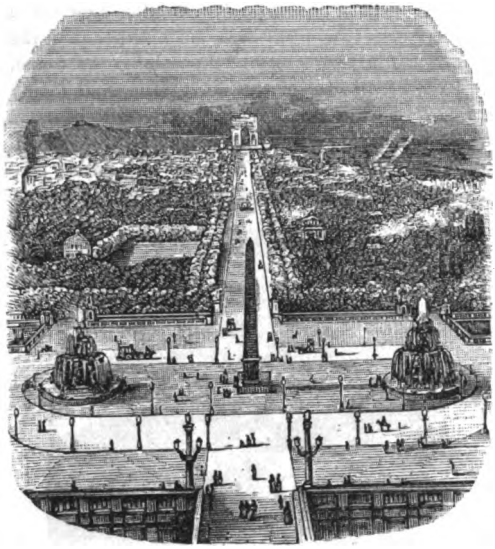

CHAMPS ELYSEES.

These are wide streets, lined with handsome shops and residences. The boulevards were originally laid out when the walls of Paris were dismantled, on the ground where the walls had stood; and hence their name. The sidewalks are quite broad. Here, especially in the evening, crowds of people saunter to and fro, stopping to chat with friends, or to take a cup of coffee, at one of the little tables, in front of the cafés. The throng is often so dense, that promenading, for a time, is impossible; but nobody gets out of humor: people jostle each other, with a smile, and an apology: then the blockade, after awhile, is broken, and the living stream moves on. The street itself, meantime, is crowded with carriages, cabs, and other pleasure vehicles. All this animating scene is brilliantly lit up, not only by the public lamps, but by tens of thousands of gas-jets, flaming from every window.

The Rue Rivoli, which, as we have said, runs along one side of the Louvre, is only less thronged than the boulevards. It is a street of shops. In front of these shops, runs a covered stone arcade—an excellent protection for pedestrians in wet weather. Near its centre, a wide space opens; and you see, at a distance of a hundred feet, or so, an ornamental iron railing, protecting a courtyard; and at the end of this, and on either side, you notice a row of uniform buildings. This is the Palais Royal, erected by Richelieu, and subsequently, until the Revolution of '93, the palace of the Dukes of Orleans. The lower story, all round the quadrangle, is devoted to shops, many of them those of jewellers. Here, also, is a covered arcade. At whatever time of the day you visit the Palais Royal, you are sure to see these arcades crowded, be the weather fair or foul. A band of music plays in the quadrangle, on pleasant days; and in this quadrangle are trees and fountains: it is called the garden of the Palais Royal. Some of the most celebrated cafés of Paris, notably the *Trois Freres*, used to be here.

The attractions of Paris draw to it thousands of the wealthiest families of Europe and America,

BOULEVARD ST. DENIS.

some of whom reside there permanently, and all of whom contribute to its wealth. In this way, the great French capital levies a tribute of millions annually. What Dublin is to Ireland, what London to England, what Vienna to Austria, what Berlin to Germany, that Paris is to the whole civilized world. In the same sense, it is a scientific, literary, and artistic centre. It is a magnet

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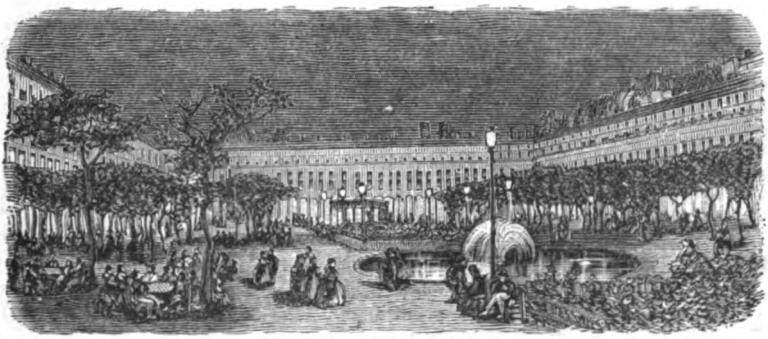
that attracts all. The ordinary Parisian, as a consequence, is extremely self-satisfied. He fancies himself, not unnaturally, the "centre of all observers." To him, Paris is really the heaven that Sanderson said it was to "good Americans." If he ever leaves it, it is in hopes of making a fortune elsewhere; and his ambition is to return to it, before he dies. The boulevards are, to him, what the forum was to the ancient Roman.

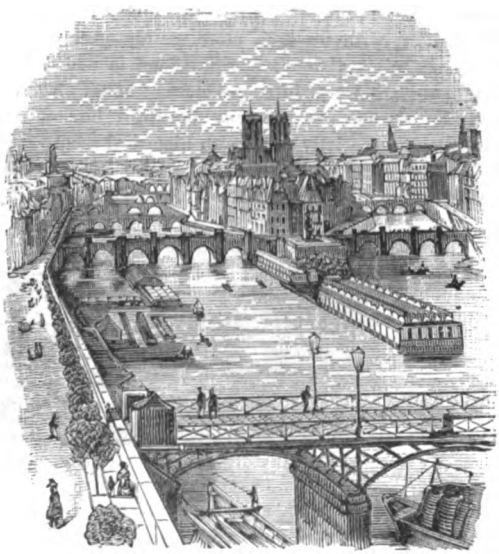
The Parisians excel in most matters of taste.



PALAIS ROYAL AT NIGHT.

This is shown, not only by the empire they hold over fashion, but by their supremacy in art, and elsewhere. A Parisian woman has that natural sense, not only of the beautiful in the abstract, but of its fitness as applied to the individual, that enables her to dress becomingly, even out of the cheapest materials. This places her, in that respect, head and shoulders above her sex, the world over. The Parisian artists have no rivals in technical execution; and though, in this generation, they are deficient in ideality, it was not so in the past, and may not be so in generations which are to follow. Paris—if we call the porcelain of Sevres Parisian, which it really is—is the only place, in Europe, where a distinct style in ceramic art has been developed; for Dresden has never been more than a copyist, and principally of Oriental methods; while Sevres, whatever we may think of it as compared with China and Japan, has, at least, the merit of being original. This supremacy extends through the whole region of the beautiful. Has the Celtic blood anything to do with it? Is the question partly one of race?

Let us now cross the Seine; for, besides the Tuileries and the Louvre, Paris has the palace of the Luxembourg. The bridges, which span the river, are quite numerous, and are all more or less beautiful. The views, from these bridges, up and down the Seine, are as varied as they are picturesque. To stand on the Quai de Louvre, and look towards Notre Dame, is to realize what a place Paris really is. To come back to the Luxembourg, however. It stands in the midst of large and extensive gardens. A portion of it is devoted, at present, to a gallery for French art, where the pictures of deceased artists—of course, the masterpieces—are placed. It is on this side of the Seine, also, that the Pantheon is located. Originally built, in the reign of Louis XV., for a church, it was, at the Revolution, dedicated to the memory of illustrious Frenchmen. Hence its name. Here, likewise, is the Invalides, a hospital for army veterans. It was founded by Louis XIV.; but has been greatly enlarged since, the first Napoleon holding it in especial favor. Under its gilded dome, which is a landmark for all Paris, the great soldier lies, in a vault of the richest marbles. On this side of the river, is the celebrated Latin quarter,



VIEW FROM QUAI LOUVRE.



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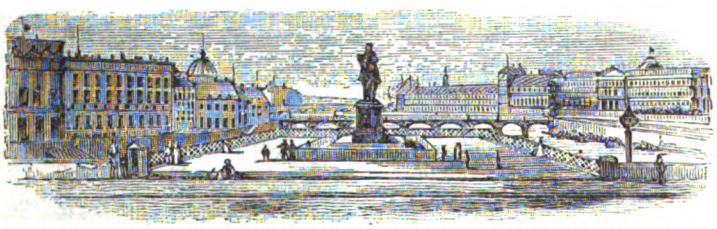
VIEW FROM ST. GERVAIS.

where the students live; and here, also, is the Institute; and more than one fine, old church, St. Sulpice among them.

The Bois de Boulogne, or Park of Paris, lies beyond the Arc de Triomphe, outside the gate of Neuilly. During the siege, in 1870, most of its trees were cut down; but others have since been planted; and now the place has recovered nearly all of its original beauty. It is more artificial in character than Hyde Park, in London; and, in this respect, resembles the Central Park, of New York. In a different direction from Paris, is the Park of Vincennes, where was the old forest, that environed the fortress of that name. Versailles, with its even more stately park, is only six miles distant; and St. Cloud is not so far; while St. Germain is also close at hand. No city in Europe has so many beautiful bits of woodland, especially those with historical associations, so near to it, as Paris. Fontainbleau, with its superb forests, in which are trees as old as Charlemagne, and with its magnificent palace, full of reminiscences of Francis I., and Diana of Poictiers, and, later, of Napoleon I., is, itself, hardly more distant than an hour's ride by rail.

Parisians reside, principally, in what are called flats. The houses are peculiar. The lower story is frequently a shop: above this, is a range of low-ceiled apartments, called the entresol, generally occupied by tenants of moderate means: then comes what is denominated the first floor, which people of wealth occupy: persons less rich take the floor above; and so on, in a diminished scale for rent, till the attics are reached, which are the homes of the very poor. Of course, there are fashionable quarters in Paris, as in every other city; and houses occupied by a single family only; and very many stately mansions: the latter called hotels. The streets that lie nearest to the Champs Elysees, and in the vicinity of the Parc Monceau, are, socially, the most in request. The old Faubourg St. Germain, where the French nobles lived, before the Revolution, still contains many of their stately mansions, built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with wide courtyards, and carved gateways, behind which the Montmorencies, Richelieus, and Lauzans lived in haughty seclusion. A few of these mansions, indeed, are still inhabited by the descendants of the original owners; but the ancient noblesse, as a body, are too poor, since the Revolution, to keep up much state; and the "places that knew them, know them no more." Intermarriage with rich heiresses, however, has restored the prosperity of some of the old houses, that had fallen into decay. All the old nobility are excessively exclusive.

At the foot of one of the principal boulevards, is the beautiful church of the Madeleine, built in the first years of this century, after the model of a Greek temple, of the Corinthian order. Here, most of the fashionable weddings take place. By the laws of France, marriage is a civil contract only. But, with all persons of condition, the civil marriage is followed by a marriage in church, after which there is generally a reception at the house of the bride's parents, or elsewhere. The wedding usually occurs in the morning; but the gentlemen all go in dress-coats, which is the



VIEW FROM PONT NEUF.

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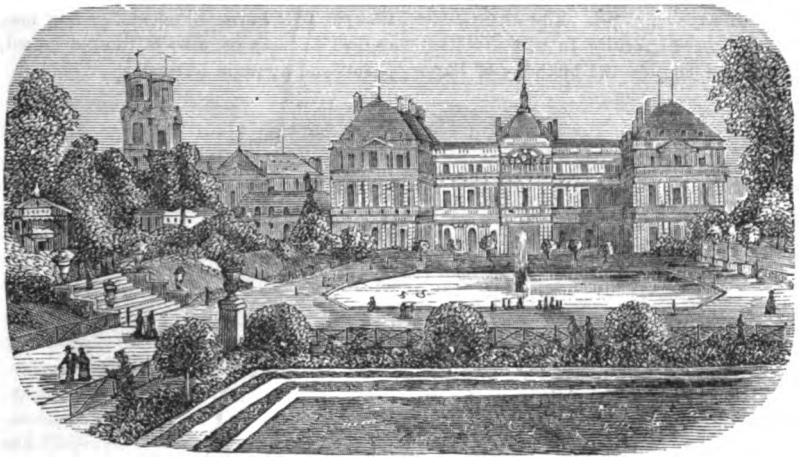
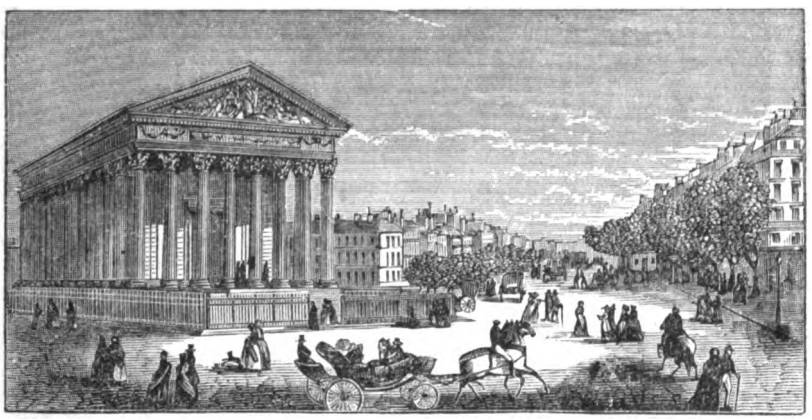
reverse of the practice in England, where it is *de rigeur* to appear in morning costume. People of fashion hold these receptions at the house of the bride's parents. But among the well-to-do, middle class, it is the custom to hire a suite of rooms at some public hotel. The less wealthy



THE LUXEMBOURG.

have a curious fashion of driving out to the Bois de Boulogne, after the ceremony. There they alight, and form a procession, which is composed of the principal relatives of both families, the bride and groom leading off, the bride still wearing her wedding-dress and veil. This is generally all the honeymoon taken. The wife, if her husband is a shop-keeper, appears at the counter the next day. It is the ambition of this class to amass a small competence by middle age; and, as the Parisian shop-keepers are not extravagant, and never live for display, they usually succeed.

With the artisans, those whose deft fingers make the thousand beautiful things we buy in Paris, it is different. They have no such aspirations; for they are without hope. Their wages are low: to save is almost impossible. They form, therefore, an inflammable mass of discontent, underlying society in Paris, which a spark, at any time, may explode. It was from the ranks of this class that the Jacobins of '93 were principally recruited. They furnished the fiery spirits who fought at the barricades in '30, and again in '48; it was they who held Cavaignac at bay, for three days, during the terrible July of the latter year: and to them, in great measure,



THE MADELEINE AND BOULEVARD.

was due the Commune of '71. The working man, all over Europe, shares, to a great extent, the discontent of his brother at Paris. If ever a crusade, in favor of reorganizing society, should really begin, as so many predict, it will begin in Paris, and spread from there, as from a centre.

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In view of these facts, many statesmen look with dismay on the future. "We stand here," said one, recently, "on the crust of a volcano."

The pageants, reviews, and public celebrations of Paris, are always splendid. The Latin races seem to have a special faculty in this direction. Under the second empire, the birthday of Napoleon I. was kept with the greatest display. The fireworks were especially magnificent, being often really works of art. Nor has the new republic been behind in this respect; for it knows well that the true Parisian, no matter how much of a radical he may be, always likes a crowd, a pageant, and a public festival.

FIREWORKS AT PARIS.

# SLEEP.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Clothe me in dreams, oh sweet, sad wraith of sleep!
Wrap me from head to feet in garments white,
Of mystic dreams; with stars of radiant light,
Gemmed here and there, in these pale clouds that weep!
For tired heart and weary brain doth leap,
With one great throb toward the dim unknown,
That holds long rest for earth-born sigh and moan.

Shroud me in pallid dreams, oh ghost of sleep!
Lay your wan fingers on my aching eyes,
And bid life's other phantoms flee away
Into the solemn shades that have no day,
Where, broodingly, eternal silence lies!
Then whisper, soft as moon on frost-wreaths hoar,
"Dream, worn-out one, dream here, forevermore!"

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# UNCLE HENRY'S PENATES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE afternoon was very warm, and poor little Milly was very tired and sleepy. She had been out in the fields, playing truant, with no other companion but her pet rabbit. With her shoes off, for she had been wading in the water: with a great leaf on top of her hat, which, in her childish imagination, she regarded as a parasol; and with a posy of daisies and other wildflowers, which she had plucked, in her hand, she looked, as she sat there, singing, "as happy as a queen."

But the avenging Fates overtake even the best of us. All at once, Milly remembered her governess, and the lessons from which she had stolen away; and remorse, not to say apprehension of a dire kind, seized on her. She rose, and hurried back to the house. But when she reached it, her heart gave way; and not daring, as yet, to meet her irate preceptor, she stole into her uncle's library, coiled herself up on the sofa, and began to think what she should do.

Now, Miss Honeyman, this preceptor, was no ordinary governess; and it was little wonder, therefore, that Milly dreaded to encounter her. Others, besides Milly, stood in awe of this dreadful female. For, had she not graduated at both a German and American university; held a disputation in Greek; and finished off any number of pupils, male and female, sometimes for college, but more often for the grave? She was, indeed, a marvel and a miracle. Nor would Milly have ever had the high fortune of possessing her for governess, had not Miss Honeyman finally broken down in health, and been ordered, by the physicians, complete repose for at least two years. The result was that she descended on her brother-in-law's household, and undertook, as a mild sort of rest, to educate poor little Milly, his niece.

Mr. Stamford's house, though in the country, was within easy distance of New York, and was generally full of company; for he had another niece, a grown-up one; and both she and he were fond of society. But Miss Honeyman eschewed all such folly; shut herself up in her apartments; and resolutely kept Milly there, also. For a year and a-half, she had now been forcing, and urging, and tempting, and driving Milly, on the educational path, at a pace that was perfectly appalling. Yet it had never occurred to the uncle, nor even to the elder sister, that this was all wrong.

Fortunately, the child was healthy and strong; so that, for a long time, she bore the forcing process without much harm. But, of late, she had begun to grow morbid and nervous. Her appetite became as capricious as her spirits. She would often lie awake half the night. Or, if she slept, she would be troubled by strange dreams, from which she would wake more languid and tired than ever. But, with the singular reticence imaginative children often show, Milly never spoke of all this.

To-day, in consequence of having shown unusual inattention at her lessons, Milly had been shut up in the school-room, and given a long list of Egyptian kings to learn by rote. But, for once, the child had rebelled. As soon as Miss Honeyman was fairly out of sight, Milly had played truant, as we have seen.

The library was the prettiest and most comfortable nook in the whole house. It possessed, among its many treasures, a collection of images in marble and bronze, representing the vanished deities of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Uncle Henry, indifferent as to critical accuracy, laughingly called them his Penates. They had always had a weird fascination for Milly; and now, as she sat there, and tried to recall the lesson she had been told to learn, they began to mingle with the memory of it, especially the Egyptian ones. The air, meantime, was drowsy with the scent of flowers. The half-darkened room began to widen, and then shrink, in a curiously capricious manner. Milly rubbed her eyes; but every minute she grew more sleepy; and her thoughts got into an odd jumble, she hardly knew of what. The gods and goddesses seemed to stare down at her, but in a kindly, even friendly, fashion. At last, a dancing Faun, who stood at the foot of the couch, seemed about to speak; but changed his mind, and laughed at her, instead.

"You are a very nice fellow," said Milly. "I suppose you are an old jester that Sekhet, and Minerva, and the rest of them, keep. Dear me, you needn't all stare at me so. I don't care a straw for all the Egyptian kings that ever built pyramids; and I won't learn their names. That's settled."

As she spoke, her eyes chanced to rest upon Sekhet, the Egyptian goddess, with the face of a cat; and that deity observed, sharply:

"This is a very obstinate child. She ought to be sent out of the room."



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"I wasn't speaking to you. You are as ugly as Miss Honeyman," muttered Milly.

"What did you say?" asked the cat-faced lady, angrily.

"Well, see here," said Milly, angry in turn, "This is my uncle Henry's room, and I shall say here just what I please."

"You shan't," said Cat-face.

"What a goose I am," murmured Milly, pinching herself, to be sure that she was awake. "I actually thought that statuette spoke." She looked at the Faun, and he laughed aloud. Milly heard him, as plainly as possible; but she felt too lazy to be surprised. She glanced back at the Egyptian, who was glaring at her.

"I can talk better than you, anyhow," said Milly. "You're only marble, and china, and bronze, the whole lot of you."

"Look at us," said Cat-face, waving a scroll she held in her hand; and then the images began to grow and grow, and the Faun danced, and Hercules waved his club, and Venus took the apple, that Paris had been offering her so long, and the Faun and Cupid looked so smiling, that Milly observed, approvingly:

"I like you better than the others."

"How ignorant she is," said Cat-face.

"I ain't," said Milly. "I mean, I am not. I can read four languages; and I don't believe you can."

"Do you understand Egyptian?"

"No," Milly said, hesitatingly.

"Then be quiet; for that is the language I am speaking."

By this time, Milly was so interested, that she forgot to wonder it was strange she understood; then vanity asserted itself, and she murmured:

"I study algebra."

"I am algebra, and all other mathematics," said Cat-face, proudly.

"Does she never mean to stop boasting?" asked Venus, in scorn. "The child is a good enough child. Let her alone."

"She would be pretty, if she wasn't so thin, and her eyes so big," remarked Cupid, who was playing with his bow and arrows.

"You heard old Mrs. Thomas say that," said Milly, "and very rude of her it was, too."

"If you were older, I'd give you a taste of one of my arrows," said Cupid.

"Wait," observed his mother, nodding at Milly. "She will belong to us, one day. Have patience."

Minerva had been whispering to her owl. She looked up, now, regarded Venus severely, and said, in a low, deep voice:

"Except that it is not possible for you to say or do anything that could surprise me, I should wonder at such talk. Be kind enough not to interfere with the little girl. She is being well trained, on principles which please me. I have great confidence in Miss Honeyman."

"A horrid old frump," cried Venus. "She looks as if she were cut out of wood, and I am morally certain she wears a gridiron for stays. I wish she was buried under a pyramid of algebras —I hate old maids."

"So do I," murmured Milly; and Venus nodded at her, and smiled.

"Your conduct—" began Minerva.

But Venus interrupted her.

"I wish," she said, "that you'd leave the house, Minerva: you and old Sekhet, and take your Honeyman with you; for we shall never have any peace, as long as you stop."

"Don't presume to speak to me, you minx," said Cat-face.

"Mew—mew," tittered Cupid. What a cross old grimalkin you are, Catty."

"You little unmathematical wretch," cried the Egyptian goddess.

"How you do all quarrel," sighed Milly.

"Answer me this, you human atom," said Cat-face. "If X plus—"

"I won't listen," interrupted Milly. "I'm obliged to answer Miss Honeyman, but I shan't answer you."

"That's right," said Venus. "My dear, I'll tell you a story—"

"Be silent!" interposed Minerva. "My child, in the days when the ancient Greeks—"

"I don't want to hear about them."

"Listen to me," said Sekhet. "Before the first pyramid was built—"

"You're worse than the other," groaned Milly. "Let me alone, both of you. I'd rather hear Venus tell a story."

"Frivolous creature," exclaimed Minerva, in a voice so like Miss Honeyman's, that Milly fairly jumped, almost fancying that her task-mistress had discovered her.

"Of course, I will tell you a story, you poor, little, tired mite," said Venus, good-naturedly. "Once, when the youth Adonis—"

She was interrupted by a groan from Minerva; Cat-face gave a prolonged mew; Cupid tittered again; and the Faun turned a summerset.

"Little girl, I'll tell you a story," said the Faun, when he had finished his exploit, speaking in a soft, mellow voice, that sounded exactly like a summer wind laughing among the flowers; "a pretty, pretty story, about the great god Pan."

"Ah, do," said Milly.

So the Faun commenced. But Milly could

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never afterwards recall the story. Presently, she saw Apollo and Diana come in from the great drawing-room, where they lived; and they listened, too; and then the Faun's voice appeared to carry Milly away off into some unknown region, which looked like a glimpse of Olympus; and she was dazzled by the sunshine, and had only a vague sense of rest and happiness; and then she was back in the study again, and the Faun had ceased his tale, and was singing a low, wordless melody; and Milly became conscious of human voices in the room, just beyond the curtained recess where she lay.

She tried to move; but the moment she did, a strange pain seized her; her whole body felt as her foot did, sometimes, when it went to sleep; and her head was so heavy that she could not lift it. Then she tried to call out; but she could not: all the gods and goddesses were looking at her, and compelling her to silence.

The voices she heard were her sister's and Philip Edgerton's; and Milly would have liked to get up, and speak to Philip, for she loved him very dearly; but she could not move. She managed to turn her head a little, however, so as to look out through the parted draperies. There was Fanny, seated in a low, easy chair, in the middle of the library, and Philip standing beside her, talking eagerly. His handsome face was agitated by some strong emotion, and his splendid dark eyes were fastened upon Fanny, with an expression of tenderness and reproach, which made Milly feel as if she wanted to cry.

Fanny was leaning back in her chair, looking very lovely in her flowing white draperies; but there was an expression in her face which showed that she was angry and hurt.

"You sit there, as cold and hard as one of the statues yonder," cried Philip. "Do you want to drive me quite mad, Fanny? Do you want to convince me that you have no heart whatever?"

"You let your own temper drive you mad," returned Fanny, in an icy voice. "You have been raving at me for the last half hour. Whatever I say is wrong, so I have kept silence."

"You don't know what to answer. You feel that I am in the right, and your conscience reproaches you; that is the truth," said Philip.

"Indeed, you are entirely mistaken," replied Fanny, loftily.

"Then your conscience is as hard as your heart," cried he.

"I wish you would leave heroics, and come down to common sense," said Fanny. "I am not poetical, like Mrs. Crosby; and I never understand conversation, when in blank verse."

"Ah, you know I am fond of my cousin, and so you sneer at her, because you think it will hurt me," said Philip.

"I know that she tries to prejudice you against me, in every possible way," said Fanny. "You take her word for law and gospel—"

"You are very unjust," he broke in. "Elinor loves you dearly."

"She has an odd way of showing it," retorted Fanny. "She does nothing but misconstrue my actions, and make malicious suggestions."

"She does nothing of the sort," said Philip. "She always speaks gently and kindly of you—"

"Yes, I know her deceitful fashion," interrupted Fanny, again.

"She thinks you are wrong, in keeping our engagement a secret. She has told you so, as well as me."

"She tried to," replied Fanny. "But I don't think she will attempt it again. I informed her that I was not prepared to imitate you, and place myself under her dictatorship; and that I considered her interference a gross impertinence."

"She meant it all for our good, Fanny—she wants us to be happy."

"Well," said Fanny, with a haughty laugh, "she was not successful enough, in managing her own affairs, to give me much confidence in her ability to settle those of other people."

"It is just because she did wreck her own life—lose the man she loved, by her coquetry—marry another, out of pique, and suffer the consequences for years—that she trembles when she sees you endanger our future," cried Philip. "Oh, Fanny, if you would only believe in her—if you would only take warning by her sad experience."

"And be ruled by her? Thanks! It is quite enough to see you setting her up as infallible. After all, I don't know why you should call her experience so very sad. That disagreeable husband of hers good-naturedly died, and now she has got what she married for—plenty of money."

"For shame, Fanny!"

"Pray, excuse me," said Fanny, with elaborate courtesy. "I don't wish to be rude, but I am rather tired of Mrs. Crosby's perfections."

"It was you, who spoke of her," said Philip.

"Oh, of course, I am the one in the wrong—that is always the case," returned Fanny. "Hadn't you better go and solace yourself by her sympathy? Tell her I am without conscience and without heart, and receive her pity. She'll have plenty to offer."

"Fanny, Fanny!"

But Fanny only laughed more bitterly, exasperated afresh by his voice, that was as full of anger as of pain.

"She has taught you, and modelled you,

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according to her system; and you have been an apt pupil," cried Fanny. "Really, I only see one thing more for her to do—marry you."

"Now, Fanny, that is absurd. It is really insulting, too, both to her and to me. You make me laugh. Elinor is like a second mother to me."

"I am glad you feel like laughing. I assure you I do not," said Fanny.

"And heaven knows I don't," moaned Philip.

"You had no right to tell her we were engaged," cried Fanny. "You broke your promise—your solemn promise."

"You are accusing me of falsehood."

"Well, you have accused me of nearly every sin in the calendar," she retorted, "so you need not be surprised."

"I have explained to you how it happened," said Philip. "I was nearly wild with neuralgia, and I put the note, I had written you, in the envelope for her."

"Very well; admitting that it was a blunder, the consequences have been very disastrous; for she has made trouble, ever since."

"She only wishes us openly to acknowledge our engagement—"

"Which was a piece of mad folly."

"Great heavens! Do you know what you are saying? Fanny, Fanny, for pity's sake, take that back."

"Well, I don't think I did mean that. But we can't be married for two years. What money I have, I can't touch till then; and your profession wouldn't warrant you in taking such a step, before. And as for going about, all that time, being known as engaged, I can't, and I won't."

"I really think you are the hardest-hearted girl alive."

So they went on, from one bitter, passionate speech to another; and Milly lay there, crying, and wanted to call out, but could not. Then she lost the thread of their talk. Vulcan began to beat on his anvil, close to her ear, and the noise caused her head to ache and throb so, that she pleaded for him to stop. Then Sekhet put one cold hand over her mouth, and she seemed to grow deaf and blind, and to be drifting away off into a dark, cold place, so gloomy that it frightened her; and when the goddess removed her icy fingers, Milly heard her own voice, pleading with the deity, not to force her to go; and then a long interval passed—oh, it seemed years.

When she quite knew where she was, again, she was surprised to hear Fanny and Philip still talking; she had fancied days had gone, and she studying Greek verbs, and wearying over her algebra; and, after all, it had been mere fancy: there she was, still, lying on the sofa; and the statues were watching her, seeming only half alive now; and Fanny and Philip were quarrelling still—oh, worse than ever.

"You are right," Fanny was saying. "I never did love you—never. I have been a fool—an idiot. Promise that? No—a dozen times, no."

"Then I will go away, far enough, so that you and I don't meet again."

"Go," she said, "go!"

"That is what you wanted. You have done this deliberately. It was not that you merely liked to flirt and tease me. You want wealth and a title. You mean to sell yourself to that Russian."

"If he asks me to marry him, I'll do it. Now, go. I will never speak to you again. Go."

"I *will* go, and it will be forever," Philip answered.

Milly thought she shrieked aloud, calling piteously upon Philip not to go; but neither he nor Fanny paid any attention to her cries. Then she heard the door close: he was gone. She saw her sister rushing up and down the room, like a mad thing, weeping, smiting her breast with her two hands, and moaning:

"I'll do it. I'll punish him for his wicked accusations. I'll marry Vanisky. I'll not be left here, a laughing-stock. Elinor Crosby will tell everybody we were engaged, and that Philip deserted me. But nobody shall have the chance to sneer or pity—nobody. And I love him—that is the worst. How can I be so weak, after the way he has treated me? But I do, I do. Oh, if he had stopped a minute longer, I should have fallen on my knees, and begged him to forgive me; and it would have been a useless humiliation. He would not have believed me, if I had told him that Elinor Crosby was mistaken, in thinking I went out, that evening, in her grounds, to meet Vanisky. I went to find Kitty Ransom, and he met me. But it is no matter. I don't care—I don't care. I hate him now—oh, that's a falsehood—I love him—oh, Philip, Philip. But I'll never give in—never. He may go—the further the better, and he shall hear news of me, soon, that will wring his heart, if he has one."

Then Fanny disappeared from the room, quite deaf to the wild cries Milly thought herself uttering, though in reality her voice was not audible. There she lay, struggling to rise, while the Egyptian goddess held her fast, and the Faun snapped his fingers at her; and all the deities laughed, when she begged them piteously to make Cat-face release her, so that she might run after Philip, and tell him what Fanny had said—tell him that he must come back, for Fanny

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loved him dearly, in spite of her temper and her pride. And poor Milly could not stir; and the louder she shrieked, the higher the Faun danced, and the more heartily the gods laughed; and Cat-face turned into Miss Honeyman, and asked her awful problems, which she was forced to try and solve: and just when she thought she had got the right answer, she would hear herself calling for Philip, and the problem was all to begin over again.

At length, Sekhet set her free; but, as Milly bounded up, she heard Minerva say:

"You little fool, Philip has been gone for weeks. It is too late—too late!"

Then she screamed, and tried to run. Then she found she was standing on a steep mountain, made of dictionaries, and they were alive, and calling out dreadful words in unknown tongues. Then Sekhet, or Miss Honeyman, was dragging her into a horrible place, where algebraic signs were wriggling about, like snakes. Then, suddenly, Vulcan beat furiously on her head with his hammer; and down she fell—down—down; and then she knew nothing more.

It was twilight. Uncle Henry had come home, and Miss Honeyman met him in the hall, to say that she thought Milly ought to be severely punished. She had ordered the child to study, and Milly had run off, nobody knew where; and Fanny was shut up in her room, and refused to come out: and, altogether, the insubordination and wickedness of his nieces was intolerable.

Uncle Henry was ready to promise anything she liked, just to get rid of her; and opened his study-door, with a hurried apology about letters to write. Miss Honeyman followed him in.

Uncle Henry stumbled over something lying on the floor; started back; looked closer; and, in the dim light, saw Milly at his feet, cold and white. He thought she was dead; and went quite mad, for a little. Miss Honeyman, in spite of being a marvel and a miracle, lost her head more utterly than he, and was of no earthly use, even to find a Greek quotation to suit the exigency; for she went straight into hysterics, tumbled against the mantel, and beat her boot-heels on the fender, just as an ordinary woman might have done.

Two hours later, the doctor and Milly's relatives were gathered about the child's bed, where Milly was moaning and babbling, in an awful fever. When uncle Henry and Miss Honeyman followed the physician out of the room, and asked him what could be the matter, and what was the possible cause of this sudden and terrible illness, the blunt old man, who loved Milly as he had loved her mother before her, turned on them, and fairly shook his fist in their faces, crying:

"Sudden? Why, it's been coming on for weeks and weeks! Were you both blind? What ails her? Why, you've urged her, and forced her, and driven her, with study, till she's got brain fever; and now, nothing short of a miracle can cure her: and if she gets well, she will probably have softening of the brain: and may the Lord forgive you, for I never will!"

The outburst restored the old gentleman to his senses. The pair looked so frightened, that he said a few soothing, hopeful words.

But uncle Henry turned to Miss Honeyman.

"You have murdered her, and I have stood by and let you. God help us both," he said.

Three dismal days and nights followed. Milly raved in foreign languages, and struggled with impossible problems, and was tormented by the cat-faced goddess, who would not let her call out and tell them to send for Philip. Through all this delirium, she partly recognized the people about her, and mistook Miss Honeyman for Sekhet, so that the spinster had to keep away from her chamber, and bear her remorse in solitude.

At last, the doctor, perceiving that something weighed upon the child's mind, and haunted her with its urgency, even in the most disconnected of her ravings, bent his energies to discovering what it was; and as Milly had transformed him, in her fancies, into the Faun, and considered him her one friend, he succeeded, finally, in helping her to pronounce the name she wanted to speak; and, after that, she moaned, constantly:

"Philip—call Philip!"

Then Fanny comprehended that Milly must have been in the study, and overheard their quarrel; but she offered no explanation. One thing was certain, the doctor declared: the child would never get better until Mr. Edgerton came.

At this, they tried to find Philip; but even Mrs. Crosby did not know his whereabouts: she only knew that he had gone to California, meaning to sail thence for Australia. So they telegraphed to San Francisco; and, at last, he was found. A despatch arrived, to say that he was on his way home. He could not, in fact, have refused; for the doctor had sent him word that his presence alone could give a hope of saving Milly's life.

His first sight of Fanny was by Milly's bed. Poor Fanny, she was so worn and changed, that it might have been a year, instead of two weeks, since they parted. Cousin Elinor was there, too; for she was an excellent nurse, and the physician had given Milly into her hands; and, during those agonizing days and nights, Fanny and Mrs. Crosby had been brought so close together, by their mutual anxiety and distress,



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that neither remembered she had ever indulged a harsh thought of the other.

But, alas, Milly did not recognize Philip, and would not believe that he was present, and thought herself alone with the Faun, as she still called the doctor, and upbraided him, piteously, for not having kept his word. In the intervals of struggling with her Latin exercises and her equations, she cried out, frantically:

"I can't—I can't—and there comes Cat-face. Oh, how cruel you are. Philip—Philip! Oh, Fanny will go crazy. She said she should. She loved him, and she wouldn't speak—and he's gone—he's gone!"

And there Fanny and Philip had to sit and listen, and to feel that their foolish, wicked quarrel had been the last trial, which was needed to bring poor, little Milly to this dark pass. They were too full of remorse, themselves, to be very severe on Miss Honeyman.

Weeks passed; and, at last, little Milly lay, white and wasted, on her pillows, but recovering. One day, she took Philip's hand, and placed it in Fanny's.

"And you'll never quarrel again—you are sure?" urged Milly.

"Never," said both, with choking voices.

Just then, uncle Henry stole in, followed by the doctor, and told Milly how anxious poor Miss Honeyman was to see her, and hear her say that she was forgiven; and Milly consented, readily enough; but, somehow, when the spinster entered, on tiptoe, Milly confused her again, for an instant, with the cat-faced goddess, and said:

"X minus a gridiron—how do you do, Sekhet? Oh, I didn't mean that, you know, Miss Honeyman—of course, I'll kiss you. And oh, doctor, I know it's all nonsense, but I wish you'd go down to the study, and tell the Faun everything has turned out right. I think my head would get quite straight, then."

"Well, my dear, I would," said the doctor, "only, as I saw Fanny and Philip go in there, by themselves, this morning, I fancy the Faun knows all about it."

The two lovers blushed, hotly: but they joined in the laughter at their expense, with a very good grace, and Milly said:

"I don't care, doctor, I always mean to believe the statues talked."

"So do I," said the doctor.

"My dear, dear sir," sighed Miss Honeyman.

"Did you speak, ma'am?" quoth he, turning quite fiercely upon her.

"N—no," faltered the virgin.

"Make her say she believes it, too, doctor," said Milly, maliciously.

And the doctor forced her to say she did; and that was all the revenge Milly wanted. Indeed, she and Miss Honeyman became fast friends, and used to play dominoes together by the hour; and when the spinster committed blunders, as she often did, Milly would hold up her finger, threateningly, and cry:

"Take care, or I'll send you to school to Sekhet."

Then they would both laugh; though, sometimes, Miss Honeyman had to struggle hard to keep from weeping, even in the midst of her merriment; and I think she will never forget the lessons taught by her weeks of anxiety.

Milly was never again overtasked. Everybody petted her. And many and many a day, she was allowed to go out into the fields, and pluck wildflowers; and even wade, barefoot, in the water; and be as HAPPY AS A QUEEN.

## DEAN STANLEY: OBIT 1881.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

RING the funeral chimes, and drape
All the bells with sable crape;
For the friend of England's queen,
On the earth no more is seen.

Walking, on a summer's day,
Through the Abbey cloisters gray,
He was reading, page by page,
All his life, from youth to age.

Even while he mused and read,
From a cloud, above his head,
Lo! a spirit issued forth,
Like a snow-wreath of the North.

With a melancholy look,
From his hand she took the book;
Scanned the golden leaves of youth,
And the stainless ones of truth:

Rainbow dreams, and fancies fine,
Holy thoughts on things divine,
Mighty names of Church and State,
Till she found the leaf of Fate.

On its blank, white space, she wrought
What that day to England brought;
Writing with an iron pen,
Used to trace the doom of men.

In the Abbey of his fame,
O'er his pure and noble name—
Weeping all the while—she penned
Words of deepest woe, "THE END."

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# THE STORY OF A STORM.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

## CHAPTER I.

### A WILD NIGHT'S WORK.

A PITILESS northeasterly storm of rain and sleet was raging through the mountains, surrounding the village of Crosnest, in the northern part of New Hampshire, and all its fury seemed concentrated upon the lonely farmhouse of Jabez Shillaber. The fire, on the wide-throated kitchen hearth, spat and sputtered angrily, in the rain that was constantly dashed down the chimney; and the doors and shutters had, more than once, been blown violently open. Jabez had finally fastened both, by means of heavy wooden bars, slipped into iron staples on the casings. Having thus fortified himself, and thrown plenty of dry logs upon the fire, he looked up at the great eight-day clock, standing in the corner of the room. It was half-past eleven, he saw; and it was All-Hallows' Eve.

The two facts were presented together to Jabez Shillaber's mind; the one, in the usual way, by the dial of the clock; the other, by a sprig of witch-hazel, fastened above it. Mrs. Shillaber had provided it, some weeks beforehand, and placed it there early in the day, to protect the house from the malicious evil spirits, who have especial powers of mischief, as she firmly believed, on that particular evening. Jabez, like a good husband, was tinged, in some degree, with his wife's beliefs. So, as he turned to glance out of the window, he half expected to see some grotesque and grinning face looking in at him.

Nothing but a blank square of blackness appeared, however; for the window, reversing the usual purpose of a window, transmitted nothing from the world without, to the room within; but shed forth, on the contrary, a broad stream of ruddy light, which, battling gallantly with the darkness, reached as far as the county road, that passed by the farmhouse gate. There, it found itself reflected back from two bright points, about six feet above the bed of the road. These bright points were the eyes of a man, sitting in a light, covered wagon, and holding the reins of a very tired, white horse.

"That might do," said he.

His companion, a colored woman, buried from crown to sole in wraps of defence against the weather, made no reply, if she heard; and the man, driving the horse under the comparative shelter of the high bank, with its overhanging hazel hedge, jumped out, and made off down the lane of ruddy light, in the direction of the house. The woman, seeing herself thus deserted, cowered down in the bottom of the carriage, cuddled something in her arms closer to her breast, and muttered a few words in a foreign patois. Perhaps they were a prayer, perhaps a curse, perhaps a compound of the two.

Meantime, Jabez Shillaber had left the window, and passed into an adjoining bedroom, where his wife was seated in a low chair, upon the hearth, rocking drearily back and forward, and holding a baby close to her bosom.

"Is he asleep?" asked the father, softly.

"Oh, I don't know; he's dreadful queer, and seems more as if he was possessed than anything. Oh, I wish it was any night in the year but Hallow Eve."

"Let's see him," said the father, kneeling beside his wife's chair, and stirring the fire until it sent a great river of flame up the chimney, and a flood of light out into the room.

The ghastly pallor of the little face, the livid blue of the tiny, clenched hands, the glaze of the sightless eyes, made Jabez start.

"Why, Hannah," exclaimed her husband, "he's dead."

"Dead! No, no! Not dead! He couldn't be dead," shrieked the poor mother. "It's only a fit. Bring a tub of hot water, Jabez." She tore off the little garments, in frantic haste, as she spoke, and began to chafe the limbs, whose inelastic coldness silently and sternly rebuked her delusion.

"No—you needn't fetch it," cried the poor mother, at last. "He's gone. Baby's gone," and suddenly relapsing into stolid calm, she placed the little body reverently in the cradle beside the hearth.

A sharp rap, upon the window, at this moment, made both parents start, and look at each other, in terrified questioning.

"It's Hallow Eve," whispered Hannah. "And they want baby."

"Nonsense, woman. You're enough to scare the boldest man that ever trod," exclaimed Jabez, angrily.

But, with a faint shriek, his wife pointed toward the window, through which a white face



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was dimly seen, with dark, piercing eyes, and a long moustache, more like Hannah's idea of Mephistopheles than anything she had ever positively beheld.

Jabez seized a thick stick, and sprang toward the window, shouting, angrily:

"Clear out! What do you want?"

The moustache moved, revealing a set of sharp, white teeth beneath: but no sound was audible; and, with a significant gesture toward the door, the face disappeared.

"Oh, what can it mean?" moaned Hannah, clasping her hands in terror.

"There! He's knocking on the door," exclaimed Jabez. "Man or devil, I ain't afraid of him. I'll let him in. You stop here."

"Wait! Put this Bible in your pocket, and fetch a bit of that hazel, to lay on baby. There! He'll knock the door in, if you don't open. It's no use to wait."

The Bible in his pocket, an ash club under his arm, and his heart in his mouth, Jabez Shillaber unbarred and unlatched the door, which was immediately torn from his grasp by the wind, and dashed violently back.

Upon the threshold, stood a tall figure, wrapped closely in a cloak; the white face, with its gleaming eyes and teeth, showing like a mask upon the darkness.

As Shillaber instinctively made a grasp at the slamming door, the stranger stepped in, and stood shaking the water from his drenched cloak. When the master of the house turned to face him, he pulled off his broad-leaved hat, and smiled more cynically than ever.

"A bad night, friend," said he, in the clear-cut, and somewhat supercilious tones of a superior, conscious of addressing an inferior. Jabez resented the tone, without knowing why.

"Bad for them that's out in it. It don't hurt them that stops in their own housen," said he, sullenly.

"I am one of those that have no house to stop in," replied the stranger, smiling more than ever, as if he savored a joke known only to himself.

"Well, there's a tavern for such, three mile further up the road," suggested the farmer.

"Really? I am delighted to hear it. Meantime, I have a word for you, my friend."

"Shillaber's my name," suggested Jabez.

"Shillaber? Yes, thank you. Well, Mr. Shillaber, you have had a misfortune, to-night."

The stranger, with a backward motion of the head, indicated the next room, where Hannah was to be seen sitting, one hand upon the baby's cradle, the other half raised in suspense and terror, as she watched and listened to the interview.

Shillaber's brown face grew pale.

"How do you know that?" asked he, in a low voice, forgetting the face he had seen at the window.

"How do I know?" repeated the stranger, catching and humoring the other's superstitious bewilderment. "There's very little I don't know—or cannot do. What should you say, for instance, if I should show you a live baby, in that cradle, instead of a dead one?"

"Man!" cried a shrill voice, from the bedroom, as Hannah rushed out, at these words, and threw herself on her knees, at the stranger's feet, "what is it you say? Can you give me back my baby?"

"Aye. It's Hallow Eve, you know. But it's not quite midnight, yet. Wait till the stroke of twelve. Be ready, then, at the door; and I'll be here."

Without another word, he turned, and disappeared, as suddenly as he had come.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE DEAD ALIVE.

Left alone, the husband and wife stared at each other, for some moments, in dazed astonishment; and then Hannah, drawing a long breath, exclaimed:

"Well, there's one thing sure: If so be, he says it's to be at twelve o'clock, it's time you was getting ready. Tie down your hat, and wind this shawl around your neck, and button your coat all the way down; and be ready at the door, as he said."

"But it's all nonsense about the baby coming alive again," said Jabez, irresolutely.

"Well, but go and see," said Hannah, impatiently, as the clock began to strike twelve, in its grating, melancholy voice. Without reply, Jabez turned, and opened the door.

There, straight and motionless upon the threshold, stood the stranger, muffled closely in his great cloak; his face paler, his eyes gleaming more brightly, his moustache writhing more sardonically above the sharp, white teeth, than when he first had appeared.

"You see I am punctual, and I see that you are. It is well. Now, stay here, close to the door, both of you, and watch that no evil spirit throws it open and enters. I am going to the child. Be faithful and obedient, and I promise that you shall find life, and not death, in yonder room, when next you enter it."

"I wish he'd been christened," moaned Hannah.

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"Have him christened, at the first opportunity, and call him Raphael," said the man.

So speaking, the stranger, leaving poor Hannah quite bewildered by these strange words, passed hurriedly into the bedroom, and closed the door behind him.

Two minutes ticked solemnly away, upon the face of the old clock, when Hannah felt a hand laid on her shoulder; and, as she started back, with a little cry, she met the piercing eyes of the stranger.

"He is alive, and will live," he said. "Have him christened, as I told you; and name him Raphael—for me."

With the last word, he plunged into the blackness without, which swallowed him utterly, and at once.

Without waiting for her husband, Hannah flew into the bedroom, where the flame of the replenished fire rose and fell, in fitful gleams, now brilliantly illuminating the whole room, now leaving it almost in darkness.

Darting to the cradle, she threw herself upon her knees beside it, only seeing, in the momentary obscurity, the form of the baby, just as she had laid him there, in his solemn sleep of death, so little while before. Shrinkingly, yet longingly, she placed a finger upon the little cheek. The cheek was warm and soft.

"Oh! he's alive, he's alive," she cried. "Come, Jabez, and see."

The mother-love, with one great bound, overthrew doubt, superstition, and terror. Snatching the child from his cradle, Hannah pressed him to her heart, smothering him with kisses, and sobbing and murmuring over him all sorts of incoherent, loving, foolish mother-talk.

Jabez, hastening into the room, at her call, found her thus occupied.

"Why, what is it? What has happened?" he cried. "What—"

"The baby! See, see!" she answered, interrupting him. "Oh, Jabez, he's alive! See!"

She held the child out in her arms, and as the father, astonished and terrified, drew near, the fire burst out in a great sheet of flame, roaring up the chimney, and flooding the room with light.

The baby, awakened from his profound sleep, opened two great, solemn, black eyes; and, looking from one to the other face bending above him, broke into a pretty, cooing laugh, and raised his little hand to Jabez's face.

"Well, I don't know," said Jabez, doubtingly. "It's clean impossible. And yet, he's got the same black eyes—just like your'n, I always said, you know."

"It's a miracle," answered the wife, in an awed voice. "He said he could fetch him back to life. I don't know—I'm clean beat." And suddenly dropping into her low chair, she sat, with her eyes fixed upon the child, who, feeling and seeing the fire close beside, lay kicking and crowing, talking to it in the sweet, soft babble of infancy.

Suddenly, the child lifted up its little arms, as if asking for something.

A bright color flashed all over the woman's face. She snatched the infant to her bosom, and kissed him, passionately, murmuring, "You precious! You know me, don't you, darling? No stranger child would know me," turning to her husband. "It is our own boy, Jabez."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE STAGE-COACH.

TWO-AND-TWENTY years have passed, and Hannah Shillaber, now a buxom matron of forty and more, is standing at the door of the farmhouse, and sheltering her eyes from the setting sun, as she looks up the road, to catch sight of the stage-coach, coming down the long hill.

The valley and village of Crosnest are also two-and-twenty years older than when we saw them last. But the hills and valleys; the lovely, little mountain tarn, known as Goose Pond; the bright brook flowing into it; the clump of witch-hazel; the rustling wood behind it; the skies; and all the daisy-strewn meadows, remain, much the same. The Shillaber farmhouse, however, is greatly improved. There are clumps of lilacs and seringas around it, and climbing roses, and massive woodbine. There is a change, too: a momentous, a direful change, in the village itself; the world has found it out, and is spoiling it; as the world does spoil innocent and unsophisticated beauties, when once it gets its sullying grasp upon them.

Some wandering artist, some wretched newspaper correspondent, some fine lady panting to set a new fashion, some Peeping Tom, I know not which; but somebody had discovered that the scenery about Crosnest was as fine as any in Franconia; that the brook was crowded with trout, begging to be caught; that there was any quantity of ozone in the air, and ever so much old china and old furniture in the sleepy, old farmhouses. This was the slogan, and before the Crosnesters themselves had any idea of their danger, the Philistines were upon them. Long-haired artists, with sketching easels, portfolios, and white umbrellas, sat down at every picturesque corner, and were taken, by the natives, for wild lunatics, especially when they discovered,

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by good, honest questioning, that the works of art, produced by these gentlemen, were in no wise connected with agriculture, railway engineering, coal, or "ile;" in fact, were of no possible practical value to anybody, and by no means certain of obtaining money-value when completed. A photographic travelling van appeared next, and was more intelligible; then came various personages, singly, or in families, demanding board at the farmhouses, and when the farm-wives modestly inquired, if three dollars per week would be out of the way as a price, bursting into incredulous laughter, not knowing that a dollar and a-half, or "nine shillings" per week, was the value of such accommodations in Crosnest.

The next thing, was the purchase, by a company of speculators, of ten acres of wild pasture land, bordering on Goose Pond, and commanding a really magnificent view of mountain and valley, woodland and water, and the erection thereon of a great lath-and-plaster palace, named, in its first conception, the Silver Lake Hotel, Silver Lake being the new name of Goose Pond.

"Quiet country folks is none the better for falling in with the doings, that'll be going on up there pretty soon," said Jabez. "I'll take care Ray and Jabez don't go, too often. Drinking, and dancing, and card-playing—no, no—my boys is best to home, and to home they'll stop."

So the stage-coach, plunging into the valley of Crosnest, over the shoulder of Green Mountain, dashed past the Shillaber farm, twice a week, with all the impetus of its long descent, and bore its gay load of passengers, in stylish city dresses, with their incredible mass of trunks, boxes, and bags, on through the lovely valley, to its opposite side, where, at the foot of Eaglesnest, lay Goose Pond, with the mushroom hotel on its banks. The lay of the land, and the Shillaber woodlot of seventy acres of solid timber, hid the hotel, and all its surroundings, from the farm; and when once the coach had whirled past, and the dust subsided, and the rattle of wheels, tramp of horses, and gay tinkle of merry voices and laughter had died away, the old quiet and dreamy rest, which had clung about the place for half a century, calmly reasserted itself.

Thus it came about, that the stage-coach became a sort of link between the Shillaber farm and the great world, and was looked out for with interest, open and confessed, on Hannah's part; suppressed and disguised, on that of the two boys, Ray and Jabez; and very slight, yet existant, on that of Shillaber himself. Now, on this especial June evening, all four were more or less on the watch; and as the echo from Eaglesnest faintly threw back the rattle of wheels from the shoulder of Green, all suspended their employments, and turned to gaze at the hard, white strip of road, lying, like a ribbon, down the green slope of the mountain spur. At last, the four horses appeared, and behind them, the swaying coach. But no sooner was the equipage fairly in sight, than it became obvious that something was wrong with it. The horses, instead of their accustomed even trot, and harmonious action, were plunging wildly, and struggling in as many opposing directions, as there were legs to carry them. As the heavy vehicle took the descent, and the weight pressed upon the already frantic horses, they became altogether unmanageable, and dashed down the steep road at a full gallop, the coach lurching and rocking from side to side, in a really frightful fashion.

"The turn, down in the holler, 'll fetch 'em up," exclaimed Jabez. "Come, boys! There'll be work for us."

As he spoke, he set off, running down the green lane, and along the main road, toward the hollow, where the witch-hazel grew; and where, two-and-twenty years before, the mysterious stranger had appeared, with his carriage.

The two young men followed, or rather outstripped their father; and Hannah came after, more slowly. For a moment, a little curve of the road, at its foot, hid the runaway coach. But, as Hannah drew a second breath, after her run, it came swaying round the corner, with only the two nigh wheels touching the ground; for the off ones were revolving in the air, with a strange, helpless motion. Another lurch; a mad plunge of the horses into the bushes beside the road; a swirl and clatter of hoofs, of wheels, of human bodies flying through the air; the mad scream of a horse in agony; the less terrific shrieks of women's voices; a heavy crash, shaking the earth beneath Hannah's feet; and the worst was over, for suspense was ended.

A moment more, and the three Shillabers were on the scene, the father and Jabez cutting the harness from the plunging horses, and allowing the three sound ones to gallop down the road, carrying the news of the accident to their accustomed stable; while one poor injured creature lay moaning away his life.

## CHAPTER IV.

### "OH! YOU ANGEL."

But Ray, as the coach went over, had noticed two figures clinging together. He had seen, also, that, together, they were flung from the topmost seat, and in such a tremendous curve, that they fell high up upon the bank, behind the clump of hazel-bushes. Springing up the bank,

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he rushed to the spot, reaching it almost as soon as the flying bodies he pursued. At first, he feared he was too late. Both the passengers—and they were women—lay before him, apparently dead.

"Oh, you angel," murmured Ray, as he knelt, and reverently raised the head of the younger of the two. "Oh, you angel."

Nor was the epithet inappropriate, as applied to Alice Vivian. She was as nearly of the angelic order of beauty, as a mortal may hope to be; with profuse soft hair, of true and unshadowed gold; with large, loving eyes, of tender blue; a mouth sweet and innocent as a little child's; and a complexion of purest white and rose. Even her figure was so airy, so slight, and so lissome, that one would hardly have wondered to see a pair of wings suddenly develop, and waft the delicate body upward to the clouds, whence it might have dropped to earth.

"And you're pretty, too—more than pretty," said Ray, as he turned to raise the other head. Yes, she *was* pretty, and more than pretty. But how Magdalene Vivian could have been sister to the angelic Alice, was a puzzle to all the world; for not one feature, not one trait, not one taste, did they possess in common. There was no bond of union that could be seen; and yet there was one, the strongest, the most intangible, and yet most real and abiding of all bonds: for it was love; that deep, inborn love, that asks no questions of how and why, depends upon no outward circumstances, is neither increased nor diminished by time and space: a love planted by God, in the soul He has created, and there abiding, until that soul returns to its Maker.

Magdalene and Alice Vivian did not say much about it to themselves, or each other, least of all to their mother, and the world; but they both knew, full well, that each was to each the dearest object earth held, or could hold; and each turned, contentedly, from all other friends, all admirers, and lovers, and courtiers, to seek the eyes and the smile that never failed to respond, with fresh delight, to the beloved presence. Magdalene, really a year younger, looked considerably the elder; and so Ray Shillaber now considered her; probably, her brunette complexion, and dark hair, were partly responsible for this; but a stronger cause was to be found in the expression of serene indifference to all created objects, not unfrequently mingled with a certain amount of contempt and pity for poor human nature, which was the habitual expression of this twenty-year-old face.

Most men admired her. Indeed, it was hardly possible to avoid doing so. But when those firm and classically severe lips opened, especially if the hazel eyes turned upon their victim with a certain smile of irony in their depths, it was a brave man, indeed, who did not wince at what might be coming. Magdalene's adorers generally swore, after a little while, that she was heartless and satirical; and so turned to Alice, who smiled sweetly upon all, and spake soothing and gentle words; and so successfully healed and obliterated the wounds Magdalene had inflicted, that, after a little while, the patient, quite restored, turned back to his enemy, with renewed hopes of victory, to be again defeated.

But while we describe our heroines thus at length, they lie at length—Magdalene's length being two inches more than Alice's—upon the turf behind the hazel-bushes; and Ray Shillaber has sprung down the steep bank, and summoned his mother from her questioning of a very dilapidated fine lady, who is sitting beside the road, leaning against a rock, and feebly murmuring complaints, which Hannah is trying to understand. But, as the stronger part of her returning energies are directed to ascertaining if the false hair is all in its right place, and the teeth quite secure, and to extracting a pocket-mirror from the courier's bag at her side, the remarks are so incoherent, that Mrs. Shillaber does not make much of them, and is quite willing to follow her son's impetuous summons to come at once to the assistance of the two sisters.

"You run and gèt some water out of the brook, Ray," suggested she, painfully scrambling up the bank.

Ray, before she had finished, was already gone. In five minutes, he was back; a tin dipper, full of water, in his hand.

Both now applied themselves to resuscitating the insensible forms; and so successfully, that, in a short time, Magdalene, the first to revive, was able to speak.

"What is it? Where are we?" she whispered, in a half-dazed way.

"Dear heart, you're right here, and all safe, now," replied Hannah, kindly, if not very lucidly. "You see, the stage upset, and you was flung out o' the winder, I expect, though how—"

"They were on top, mother," interposed Ray, a little impatiently.

But Magdalene listened no longer. For, all at once, she remembered her sister.

"Alice! Where's Alice?" she cried, excitedly.

A faint voice whispered:

"I'm here, Maddie; but, oh—"

A sharp gasp of pain followed the slight motion of head and hand; the blue eyes swam vaguely,

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and half closed; the tinge of color fled from the lips, and Alice was in a dead faint.

Probably, nothing could so effectually have revived Magdalene as this. She was really not injured; only stunned, for a moment. She rose, gulped down some water, knit her black brow, and, by the force of an iron will, so far conquered her weakness, that it was she who chiefly directed Hannah's willing, but clumsy, attempts to undo the choking neck-gear of Alice, bathe her temples, and chafe her hands.

Again, the blue eyes, misty with pain and terror, were opened; but now they rested upon the strong, eager face above them: and a smile struggled up from their clear depths.

"I'm hurt, somehow, Maddie. But I'm glad you're all right," whispered she.

"You're all right, too, darling," said Magdalene; "only a little shaken up. Put your arms around my neck, and let me lift you."

Alice tried to obey; but the arms hardly stirred, and the effort brought a piteous moan.

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" she moaned. "My back is broken!"

Magdalene, almost as pale as her sister, turned sharply upon Ray.

"Why in the world don't you go and fetch a doctor of some sort?" demanded she. "I should think you would have known—"

She controlled herself, with an effort. Ray, retorting her glance, with one of angry astonishment, sprang to the edge of the bank, looked over, and called:

"Doctor Williams, please step up here, sir."

"Up there?" exclaimed a voice; and presently a gaunt, weather-beaten, but kindly, face appeared above the edge. The physician, kneeling beside the motionless figure, rapidly ran his fingers over it. A sudden frown contracted his brows; and as he gently manipulated the shoulder, a moan from the white lips told of the pain he caused.

"Serious fracture of the scapula, with possible injury to the vertebral process," he muttered.

"What?" demanded Magdalene, sharply. "What is the matter, in plain English?"

The doctor looked up, keenly.

"Broken shoulder blade, and perhaps injury to the spine," said he, curtly. "You don't seem to be hurt, yourself, miss?"

"I'd rather be lying dead, than what you say of her should be true," replied Magdalene, quietly; and both the doctor and Ray, at seeing her look of agony, forgave the imperious tones, that had just stirred their tempers.

"We must take her to your house, Mrs. Shillaber," said the doctor, rising and looking at Hannah; who, in turn, looked at Ray; who, glancing at Magdalene, replied, promptly:

"Of course. We will go and bring a bed, to carry her on."

"Yes. Unhinge a door, and lay a mattress on it," replied the doctor.

Magdalene, nodding assent, asked:

"Where is your house? That? Oh, yes, that will do. But where is mamma?" It was the first time she had thought of her mother.

"I wonder if it's the—the—ah—kind o' dressy lady, setting down there, with a looking-glass," ventured Hannah, pointing; and Magdalene, looking over the brink, saw her mother applying pearl-powder to her nose.

"We're up here, mamma," she called, "and Alice is perhaps dead; at any rate, fatally injured."

"You dreadful girl," exclaimed Mrs. Vivian; and having put up her powder-box, she fainted away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE DAISIES.

BY S. MINERVA BOYCE.

WHAT do the sleeping daisies know,
Down underneath the cold, white snow,
Of how the days all come and go,
This chill, bleak, winter weather?
How quivering pines sway to the blast,
With mournful sigh for summers past,
Of joyous days that could not last,
Of song and bloom together?

What do the quiet daisies know,
Of all the anguish and the woe,
That strike so deep the fatal blow,
In cruel, mock derision?
Of sad and lonely hearts in thrall,
Who bow beneath grief's sable pall,
Who fain would leave life's burdens all,
For flowery fields Elysian?

What do the sleeping daisies know,
Of life again beneath the snow,
Of coming spring and rhythmic flow,
Of song and bloom together?
Of skies that wear a deeper blue,
And blooming fields of gorgeous hue—
How buried life comes forth anew,
Through all the summer weather?

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# A RAINY DAY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

THE rain was falling in torrents.

"I shall have one day of quiet," said Mrs. Lloyd. "Even the Centennial Exhibition will not draw people out, in such a down-pour as this."

Mrs. Lloyd was a Philadelphian: the Exposition of 1876 was at its height. One battalion of guests, with a wagonfull of trunks and satchels, had left the house, the night before: another was coming, to-morrow. "But, to-day," she said, "I shall have rest."

Scarcely had she spoken, however, when the bell rang; and, the next moment, a card and a letter were brought up.

Now, Mrs. Lloyd had once written a book—a book of poems. She also contributed, weekly, a column on the fashions, to two newspapers. She was known, therefore, in the distant little Delaware village, where she had been born, as a burning and shining light of literature. The Women's Banner always spoke of her as "the gifted daughter of our own fair land;" her legion of cousins estimated the annual income, from her pen, at from eight to ten thousand dollars: all of them, who had literary tastes, had sent poems, essays, and novels, to her, with the expectation that she would have them published, without delay; and insure them, also, incomes of from eight to ten, etc. Her cousins, who had *not* literary tastes, spoke of her as our "strong-minded relative;" wondered, when they saw her, "when she would lecture, or go on the stage, or do something of that kind?" Or they innocently asked: "Who does take care of the house, and the children, poor little things?"

There were times when Mrs. Lloyd found her laurels a crown of thorns. They threatened to be uncomfortable, now. When she had descended to the parlor, card in hand, she found there a fragile, very pale girl, about twenty years old, a satchel in her hand, attired in a brown merino, which, as Mrs. Lloyd's practiced eye at once detected, had lately been turned wrong side out.

"My cousin, Amy Pollok?" she said, civilly.

"No, nothing of the kind," sharply transfixing Mrs. Lloyd with a pair of pale-blue eyes, which she fancied were washed out with many tears. "A cousin fifty times removed, may be. Kinship as thin as that is no ground for beggars to stand on."

"We are both women, then, let us say," said the lady, gently. "That is kinship enough, if I can do anything for you."

"Oh, I did not come to trouble you. I've started out in the world to be independent, and I'll carry out my purpose. I only want advice from you. People usually are ready enough to give advice. It don't come out of their pockets," with a short, disagreeable laugh.

"Very well. Advice," good-humoredly. "Sit down."

"It's hardly worth while," seating herself, however, with a quick, indignant glance about the room, at the costly furniture and *bric-a-brac*. "It's not likely you'll take much interest in *me*. Successful people don't often trouble themselves about those who are at the bottom of the hill."

"If you came to quarrel with me, it was hardly worth while. Besides, I am not in an ill-humor, to-day," laughed Mrs. Lloyd.

Her visitor stared at her, and then laughed, also; growing red, as a very young girl would do. "I beg your pardon. I did not mean to be rude. I have had so much to try me." The ready tears coming.

"I see that," quietly. "Take time, and tell me what I can do for you. You are cousin Job's daughter; and, though I have never seen you before, he was very kind to me when I was a child."

"I don't want to appeal to your gratitude, or your sentiment; but your plain common sense," falling back into the rasping voice, and setting her head again defiantly. "You've been down on our farm. You know what chance there is there for a woman with brains. Lazy men and lazier helps. Canning, pickling, all summer; sewing and sausage-making all winter: every penny the farm yields going into their stomachs. The same dreary talk the year round: gabble and gossip. 'Who has the ague?' and 'is the brown cow off her feed?' It is two years since I had a new dress; it is four since I could buy a new book or paper. I have felt so starved in mind, that, sometimes, I thought I should go mad," turning the thin face, and pale-blue eyes, suddenly, on Mrs. Lloyd, who felt a cold chill pass over her.

"Well?" she said, feebly.

"Well? I'm tired of it. I've cut loose. I left mother and the girls at work, in the kitchen.



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They've been there since they were born, and they'll be there until they die. But *I've* cut loose!"

"What do you propose to do?"

"Oh, I'm not a fool. I know I can't earn my living, without some sort of capital—of skill or knowledge. I—I—" She hesitated, now, blushing hotly. "I may as well be plain spoken. I'm a poet."

"Oh!"

"Yes. I've written a great deal. The county papers have published all my poems."

Did they pay you?"

"No. But if I were in New York, I know I could earn a comfortable living. I have enough manuscript here," nodding towards her satchel, "to keep me going for a year."

"You are going to New York? You have secured a position on some paper, or magazine, then?"

"N—no. Not precisely that. I mean to write for the best, of course. But they do not know me—yet."

"In the meantime, you are amply provided with means. Living in New York is expensive, as you know."

She fumbled with her papers, and then looked up, boldly. "I have my passage paid to New York, and two dollars over."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Lloyd. "Are you mad?"

"No. I suppose it does seem like a desperate venture, to you. But you have never read my poems. It is brains, not blood, that tells," quietly replacing the manuscripts in her satchel, and locking it.

Mrs. Lloyd observed how thin her hands were, and that they trembled with the nervous tension which she had put upon herself. She did not argue with her. She would as soon have placed herself on the track, in front of an engine, under full steam, as have tried to thwart the little, wiry woman, just now.

"She is wound up as far as she will bear," she thought, "and an imprudent touch will make her break down altogether. I wish she were safe at home, in the kitchen, again."

"Now, my dear Amy," she said, aloud, "this much you must yield to me. Stay with me until to-morrow. Take a peep at the Exposition. It will give you some new ideas for poems, perhaps. Then have one good night's rest, and if you still persist, you shall go, in the morning."

"It is against my resolution," hesitating. "I determined not to be indebted to anybody for even a meal's victuals. I set out to be independent. I only wanted the names of publishers from you, and how to find them—"

"Nonsense! Take off your hat," untying the strings. "We will have lunch, and then you shall go out to the Exposition, alone, and be as independent as you choose."

Miss Pollok was persuaded to go up to the dainty, little chamber, bathe her face, and arrange her hair, which was fair and soft. Mrs. Lloyd's admiring little touch on the heavy braids seemed to wake the real woman in her disagreeable guest. The girl blushed and smiled.

"She is weak, and worn out just now," judged the shrewd lady. "Not a bad type of woman, for a wife and mother; but the last to make a successful fight against the world."

The lunch-table, with its quaint china, pot of trailing vines in the centre, and colored damask, touched the stranger's eye as a picture would have done. If home and home life could take this heartsome, poetic aspect, she thought, she never would have wanted to brave the world, and be independent. Just as they were sitting down to the delicate, little meal, a card was brought to Mrs. Lloyd.

"I must leave you, for a moment," she said. "But you are at home, now," and poor, tired Miss Pollok, sipping her strong tea, and looking drowsily about the quiet room, felt as if she had reached a haven of rest, far better than any home she had known.

In a few moments, Mrs. Lloyd came back, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

"My guest is another cousin, whom I have never seen before: a six-foot, apple-cheeked Michigander. Did you hear his voice? It is like the great winds, in Ossian, that lift the rocks. He has come to see the wonders of the Centennial, and called on me, thinking a woman who writes, the greatest wonder of all. I know he was disappointed, not to find me with my hair down, and a man's jacket on, and my stockings out at the heels."

"Yes. They all think of you in that way. It is too absurd," said Miss Pollok, angrily. "I shall let him know that you are one of the daintiest of housekeepers. Oh, I can tell good housekeeping, when I see it."

"I am going to bring him out. Susy, let us have something more substantial than chicken. Cold beef, ham and eggs; but plenty of it."

Miss Pollok acknowledged her introduction to cousin Ralph Bristow, with a cool, little nod, and a sharp, instantaneous inspection of him, from the curly head, down to the No. 9 brogans. How much beef and ham had gone to the making of those tremendous thews, she wondered, curiously.

But Ralph, in his relief at finding his literary cousin so "jolly," and in his quick compassion for her pale little companion, was so hearty and

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genuine, and showed such an odd courtesy and tenderness through his big voice and cumbersome gestures, that both ladies were thoroughly awakened. They grew absolutely garrulous, and laughed, and became cheery, and brilliant, and appreciative, as they could not possibly have been, if the man had not come into the scene.

Before the lunch was over, they knew very clearly the extent and condition of Mr. Bristow's lumber trade; and could have sketched his house and farm, if not from memory, at least from the most vivid of descriptions.

"Yes, it's the old homestead. Seems odd to talk of old homesteads in Michigan, eh? We call ours a pretty old building—forty years, I reckon. Father left it to me. 'You stay in the old place, Ralph,' he says. 'Don't go West.'"

"And you live there, you say, quite alone?" said Mrs. Lloyd.

"Well, I've got the farm-hands, and a woman to look to things. It's six years since—mother—left me. It's lonesome, since she has gone, I tell you. But there's no women around Pottsville. None of any especial account, that is," blushing, hotly.

"You reminded me of one of Ossian's heroes, when I first saw you," said Mrs. Lloyd, laughing. "Now, I know why. You are in search of 'a white-armed maid of Strina-dona.'"

The young giant laughed, also. "I don't know what the qualities of the Strina-dona women may be; but if they are as independent and energetic as the women of Pottsville, I'll have none of them."

"You prefer the domestic, kittenish type?" said Miss Pollok, shooting a defiant glance at him, from under her light lashes.

"Certainly. I mean to do the thinking and the working for my wife."

"And what share is she to have in life?"

"Oh, she shall coddle *me*," with a quizzical twinkle in his black eyes, at the irate face on the other side of the table.

After they had returned to the parlor, the young Westerner invited Miss Pollok to go with him, out to the Exposition. He had engaged the most showy "team" which money could procure, and it was now drawn up in state at the door.

"I consented to go with him," said Miss Pollok, as Mrs. Lloyd left the room with her, "because I could not refuse, without rudeness to you. The man is well enough, as to looks. But, if there is anything, for which I have a contempt, it is a great, masculine animal, who thinks women were born to serve him."

"But, dear Amy, consider. He knows nothing of our class of women. Try and give him a glimpse of what a cultured, self-reliant girl is; if only to make him wretched, hereafter, with the remembrance."

When Mrs. Lloyd went back to this Western Gog, as she called him, she found him pacing up and down, his head threatening to break through the ceiling of the little parlor.

"Now, cousin Rhoda," he began, eagerly, "I invited Miss Pollok to go with me out of courtesy to you. She's a nice-looking little thing. But I'm horribly afraid of her. These strong-minded, go-ahead women, actually give me the dumb ague. I can't keep my ground with them, at all."

"Poor Amy!" sighed Mrs. Lloyd. "You will have no trouble in pushing her out of your way, if you are so minded. She's used to it."

"Eh? How? You don't say so!" anxiously. "Why, I thought she was one of your driving reformers: women that go through the world like a darning-needle through a ball."

"How strange a mistake!" with another sigh. "Now, I do suppose that Amy has never had her own way, in all her life. She was born to hard work, poverty, snubs, and neglect. Kindness, I am sure, is something she has yet to experience."

"Tut, tut! Is it possible? Poor little thing! Very remarkable, the mistake I made. Well, she shall have one jolly afternoon, at any rate. I wish I had brought a bouquet, cousin Rhoda. I saw a stunner, at a corner; and had a mind to bring it to you: but I supposed literary ladies would look upon flowers as trifling. But, I could have given it to her, eh? Poor child! So, she's had a rough time of it?"

The door opened, at this moment; and he hurried to meet Amy, with a profound bow, which would not have done discredit to a French marquis. She, in turn, was very grave, but gentle; feeling the responsibility of supporting the character of all the literary sisterhood.

"You will remember to come home, in time for dinner, at six?" said Mrs. Lloyd, as they bade her good-by.

"Oh, I hear there are famous foreign restaurants, and we must try these, anyhow, to-day. That is part of the show." And he telegraphed, dumbly, "She looks hungry," standing back of his charge.

The carriage drove off, with a clatter and dash, which wakened the quiet street.

The carriage was softly cushioned. Miss Pollok found it easier than the broken-springed old family one, in which she had been used to jolt to church. Never before had she reclined in such luxurious state, to say nothing of the gallant cavalier, bending over her. Amy had been ugly, as a child, and sarcastic, as a woman; and

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had never before, therefore, in a single instance, received that peculiar homage, which men pay to every attractive girl.

"How very absurd," she thought, as Mr. Bristow stooped to adjust the rug over her dress. "I could do it much better, myself. Makes me ridiculous." But she smiled, and thanked him, with a queer, little glow of comfort at heart.

She was so tired, too. Worn out in body, with downright hard work, and rasped in brain. The way was long. The carriage moved slowly, through the crowded streets. Mr. Bristow, finding Amy did not respond, at the end of one of his longest-winded stories, looked down, and saw that her eyes were shut.

"Poor thing," he muttered. "It goes against my grain, to see a woman so beaten out."

Amy started up, wide awake, at the eastern gate, declaring she had never had a pleasanter ride. "Your stories of Western life are so very odd," she said, with a patronising nod. She was all alert, and quite prepared to play *cicerone*, to this great ignoramus from the backwoods. There was no book, at the farm, which she had not read a dozen times; and where would the ideas gained from the Spectator, Milton, the British Dramatists, and Elegant Extracts, be of use, if not here, in this exposition of the world's knowledge and intelligence?

As they entered the Main Building, she glanced quickly around, to discover where to begin her lecture. There really was nothing, at the first glance, which the literature of Elizabeth's time would serve to illustrate. While she was hesitating how to plant the first seed, in the fallow field of this giant's brain, he drew her gently to one side.

"This red silver is worth looking at."

"I really know nothing about stones," sharply.

"And I very little. But I have looked into the mining business a little, and one picks up—"

It appeared that he had looked into mines, as well: lead mines in Galena, gold in Peru, salt in Poland. Before she could utter a word of protestation, she was enthroned in a rolling chair, and Gog was pushing her here and there, explaining "stones," from Russian malachite and jasper, to the great serolite from Iceland. In fact, he would suffer her to look at nothing but stones.

"Keep your mind on one subject, and you will not tire it," he said.

"But this is opening a new world to me," she cried, presently. "These hard creatures have not only their history and work, but are full of real beauty."

"And they have their loves and hatreds, like human beings; and can cure or kill, by subtle means; and are magicians, beside. Pshaw! talk of poetry. There's more poetry, in the hard facts about the real things around us, than in all of Tennyson's twaddle and Browning's smoke. At least, so I think, Miss Pollok," coloring; for the Westerner was occasionally visited by an unprovoked attack of diffidence.

Miss Pollok looked at him, doubtfully; but said nothing.

"Would you like to look at woods, now?" he asked, directly.

Off went the chair to the piled lumber from Canada, the farmer giving a running lecture on pines, and oaks, and beeches: their habits and history; then to the Mississippi house, with its walls of rough-hewn logs without, and exquisite grain inside; and then to the marvellous woods of New Zealand and Victoria: blood-red, purple, and gold.

"Did you ever see a picture, with finer dyes, or lines, than that?" he said, stopping, triumphantly.

Miss Pollok was silent. Was it possible, that this world of beauty and wonder had lain all around her, under the ground, and hidden in the dull bark, unseen and unknown, while she had marched blindly through the fields, year after year, stringing mawkish verses together?

He took her into Machinery Hall. The great machines produced upon her the effect of which so many women complained: a stunning sense of ignorance, and of discomfort, from close contact with a great, active power, of whose nature they knew absolutely nothing.

"You do not explain anything to me," observing that he pushed her chair, through the aisles of moving, steaming monsters, in silence.

"How could I? It would be a work of years for you to understand them."

"Yet you seem to look at them intelligently."

"Oh, men, you know! Men, in the West, are brought up among pistons and valves, and learn their nature and qualities unconsciously, as one does the house one lives in. At least, I did."

"Let us go outside." This weight of ignorance, accumulating from every side, was growing oppressive. Was there anything she did know? She began to repeat, to herself, her Lines to an Evening Star:

> "Pale spirit, in the caverns of the night,
> Whose twinkling lamps—"

"Here," said the giant, stopping before a case, in another building, "is the log-book of the Polaris; and the diary kept for three months on that floating bit of ice." He put out his finger, and touched it, gently. "Three months in all the darkness and cold of the Arctic night. Starv-

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ing, at last; and the ice melting below them, day by day. Women, too!"

It was curious, how tender a voice he had, for a giant. Amy had never heard the story. She listened to it, looking at the pages, stained with salt water; her throat choked, and eyes wet. She thought of the poetry she had quoted. What abject folly, to babble about "twinkling lamps," when the world was full of these sublime, tremendous realities. She began, too, to look back at her guide, with curiosity.

"You understand everything," she said.

He blushed, like a girl. "I know just enough to understand that I am miserably ignorant. But I always liked to collect facts; and I've knocked about the world a good deal, in search of them. What do you say to dinner, now, Miss Pollok? I begin to feel ravenous."

She smiled. "You are to command the expedition."

He pushed her into a shady nook, under a tree. "Very well. Now, if you will sit here for a moment, I will run to *Les Trois Frères*, and order our dinner. By the time I come back for you, they will be ready to serve it."

When he was gone, Miss Pollok suddenly felt a gibing sense of defeat. He had, indeed, commanded the expedition, but too arbitrarily.

It would have been more in consonance with her resolve, if she had made a meal of sandwiches and water, than have allowed him to fling his money away in costly dishes for her. She got up, and moved restlessly about. The trains on the Narrow Gauge Railway were passing, every moment. Why not make the circuit of the grounds while he was gone? She had not once obeyed her own will, today. She would have ample time to return before him. She was the more perversely inclined to go, because she felt it was a silly and unreasonable impulse. For months—years, indeed—there had been a nervous strain upon her: the contact with the cool, large good-nature and common sense of Bristow provoked and irritated her.

When Ralph returned, the chair was empty; and no sign of Amy could be found, in the neighboring grounds or buildings. He wandered about, impatiently enough; and then, becoming alarmed, extended his search among the passing crowds, with what success may be easily guessed. An hour passed; and, frightened and excited, he applied to the police.

"Have you tried at the hospital?" a guard said. "Not that it's likely you'll find her there. But there are accidents, every day. There were several, this afternoon."

Bristow was soon at the great, round building, with its yellow flag flying on top.

"A lady here?" said an official, in answer to his inquiry. "Yes, several ladies. There was one brought in, an hour or two ago, seriously injured, from a fall on the railway. Fracture of the arm. Young, pale-blue eyes."

"Good God, it is she! Can I see her?"

There was a whispered consultation; and, finally, he was admitted. Amy, her sleeve cut off at the shoulder, her arm already in splints, lay, white and motionless, on a lounge.

When Bristow came up to it, he dropped on his knees, beside her. It seemed to him, in his great pity, that he had known her all his life: that she was one of his own people.

She opened her eyes; and, at the sight of him, the tears began to run, in big drops, over her white cheeks. "Oh, what is to become of me?" she cried. "I cannot move hand or foot. I must stay here for a fortnight, and I—I was going to be independent."

There was a worse hurt, he suspected, which remained behind, untold: sorer than the broken bones. "She has no money," he thought. "Well, there's some people, in this world, that do get horribly crushed under foot: generally, the littlest and best ones. Look here, Miss Pollok," he said, in his rousing, comforting bass: "I know it's unlucky; but you needed rest: that's what you needed. Now, you'll have it. You shall lie here, and look out of this window, at the grass, and beds of flowers, and the people going by; and cousin Rhoda and I will come, every day, to see you: and when the two weeks are over, you'll have a new arm, and be a new woman."

She smiled, but miserably; and cried on, steadily. He rose, quietly, and left her.

"Tears wash away lots of trouble from women," he said to himself. Then he stopped to speak to the superintendent. "I wish you'd mention to that lady," he said, "that the expenses of the hospital are paid by the Government. I'll make it all right. Every woman is willing to make what she can from the Government," with a chuckle to himself.

The next day, when Mrs. Lloyd arrived, all flurry and agitation, with a basket full of good things to eat, and dainty things to wear, she found Amy surrounded with flowers and magazines.

"Somebody has been here before me?" she said.

"Oh, only that ridiculous giant Gog," laughed Amy. "The most self-willed, but best-hearted fellow."

"Very much like other men, I imagine. He impressed me as being rather coarse," with a shrewd, watchful glance.

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Amy made no answer; but her eyes kindled, angrily.

"Take care, what you do," cried Mrs. Lloyd to Ralph, meeting him outside. "That little woman begins to think you an Admirable Crichton and a Bayard, all in one."

Bristow colored high, frowning. "Nonsense," he said. But, as soon as she was out of sight, he dodged behind the Krupp cannon, and went back to the hospital. "She must be lonely—and hungry," stopping at a restaurant, to find her something nice to eat.

Of course, all my readers know how the matter ended. The road, which these two travelled, is broad; and we, all of us, have walked in it, find our way to it as we might.

At the end of the two weeks, Mr. Bristow drove up to Mrs. Lloyd's door, in a close carriage, from which he lifted a lady, who looked so tiny, and weak, and childish, that Rhoda professed herself almost unable to recognize her.

"This is not the belligerent, sharp, little woman, who was going to fight the world, a fortnight ago?" she said, laughingly. "Why, your cheeks are as pink, and your eyes as soft and shy, as my baby's used to be. What has changed you? A broken arm?"

"No," said Amy, with a quick laugh, her eyes downcast.

"You see the change, Ralph? All her weight of misery is gone," significantly.

He nodded, looking so big, and manly, and competent to move that or any other weight in the world, that Mrs. Lloyd put her hand caressingly on his arm.

"How did you do it?"

"Married her."

"Already? Good gracious, you don't mean it?" turning, aghast, from one to the other.

"Why not?" simply. "I loved her, and wanted to take care of her."

"And I loved him. I tried to be independent, you know, cousin Rhoda," clasping her hands, in her eagerness to explain. "But I did not succeed, you know."

"Not a bad ending to my rainy day," said Mrs. Lloyd, with a delightful laugh. "Only, I wish this end had occurred to me, and I could have manœuvred a little to bring it about."

"Much better that you did not," said Mr. Bristow, gravely. "Neither Amy, nor I, are people who could be manipulated, in any way. It was fate that brought us together. Or Providence," he added, reverently.

# LOST!

BY GEORGE WORTHINGTON.

Lost! So rang the cry throughout the vale;
A child was missing, and the tale
Spread, like its mountain mists, throughout the place;
And limbs, that never yet had failed,
Trembled, and many a strong heart quailed,
And paler grew each face!

Early that morn, the little maid
Along the upland paths had strayed;
Climbing far up the rugged brow,
Then smiling in the sun—but now
The snow had fallen, pure and white,
And it was night!

Over the mountain, like a spectre grim,
With sable mantle close enwrapping him,
A huge cloud hung;
And swiftly, silently, came down the snow,
And lay in heaped-up drifts, where none could know,
The hills among.

The child was lost; and through the night
Strong hearts went forth
To east and west, to south and north;
And everywhere, all pure and bright,
The ground lay white.

Lost! lost! far up the mountain side
The searchers sped
In haste and dread,
Fearing to find the thing they sought,
Dreading the dead!

Lost! lost! the search seemed all in vain;
Their steps must be retraced again.
"Till morning light
No more could well be done; and then,
What hope remained?" so said the men,
That wintry night.

But hark!
When hope seemed dead, and nought was left to dare,
A dog's loud bark
Re-echoed through the midnight air,
And hope revived! Mayhap the child was there!

Saved! saved! Beneath the cliff, in snowy bed,
They found the little maid—thank God, not dead!
For weary hours she sat and wept—
The tears upon her face were wet—
And then 'neath snowy coverlet
She crept,
And said her prayers, and calmly slept.

Forth from the little vale, that night,
A song of praise went up on high,
Hoarse in its grand intensity,
To Him, "Our Father," in whose sight,
The little maid had trusting trod,
Safe in the keeping of her God.

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# HOW I DIDN'T MEET MISS LORNE.

BY "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

It wus on a Tuesday mornin', that the story come to Jonesville. Solomon Burpy brought the news in, on a load o' shingles; and I s'posed it come straight, and wuzn't to be doubted. He said, Solomon did, that Louise Lorne, late of Canada—she that is widder Albert's own daughter, and Mr. Lorne's own wife—wus goin' back to Canada, on a visit; and wus goin' to land at New York village, on the first of the month. And Josiah brought the news to me; and, of course, I believed it. Not that I believe everything I hear. No! I don't make a practice of believin' more'n a-quarter, if I do that.

Often, Josiah Allen will come home, from grocery stores, and the post-office steps, and other public places, fairly bustin' with news and scandal; but I say:

"Salt that story down, Josiah Allen, till we learn the truth of the matter."

But sometimes, I declare for't, we can't keep 'em; do the best we can, they spile on our hands. Salt won't save 'em. Salt Peter couldn't, even if Peter wus as salt agin as his common run of saltness. But I make a practice of tryin' to do the best I can. I make a practice of usin' salt. Why, with some folks' talk, I use it constant and profuse. I set and hear 'em talk, runnin' everybody else down, liftin' of themselves up, gossipin', meddlin', actin'—I set and hear 'em, with a calm face outward, and a almost marble ear for composure; but, entirely unbeknown to them, I am a-saltin' 'em—a-saltin' 'em every minute of the time. I put down a layer of their talk, and a layer of salt, right along; and then I don't disturb it, and it will generally keep till I hear the other side of the story. And lots of times that wants salt, too.

If folks spent half the time in prayers to their Maker, for divine strength to help 'em mind their own business, that they do in idle gossip, and curious searchin' into other folks' affairs, how much better it would be for their own souls.

But, good land! I am beginnin' to eppisode—which they tell me is a fault of mine—and eppisode fur beyond the present subject. So, to resoom, and continue on.

As I said, Solomon Burpy brought the news in, on a load o' shingles; and I s'posed it come straight. I s'posed as much as could be—I s'posed that Louise wus goin' to land, in New York, on that certain date. And the first words I said to Josiah, after he told me, wus these:

"Josiah Allen, I must be there—I must be on the spot, to meet her."

And he says, "Oh, pshaw! Samantha, how simple it would be for you to go a-caperin' off in that way."

I give him a strange, dignified look; and says I, coldly: "I don't know as there has been any question of caperin', Josiah Allen; if I go, I shall go on the cars."

"What under the sun do you want to go for, Samantha? What earthly use could there be in your goin', at your age, to stare at a princess? I should think you'd be too old to go gaddin' about. With your heft, to start off on such a tower is ridiculous."

"I don't know as the word 'gad' has been mentioned, only by you," says I, with a good deal of dignity.

"Wal," says Josiah, kinder softened down, "I guess, if the New Yorkers act as they generally do, Louise won't be apt to be lonesome. All the rich grocers, and tailors, and railroad speculators, and Wall street sharks, that call themselves the aristocracy of New York, will be there, if they have to go on the run, to welcome a princess. And I believe my soul, that Lorne and Louise would ruther go quiet to a tavern, jest he and she alone, than to have such a raft of strange folks crowdin' 'round 'em."

"Mebby so," says I, reasonably. "But it is different, with me. It would grieve Louise, grieve her to the soul, to not see Josiah Allen's wife standin' up on the key to meet 'em—"

"Standin' up on a key?" says Josiah, scornfully interruptin' of me. "I'd love to see the key that would hold you up. The key that would hold you up, would hold up a elephant."

"I meant *quay*, Josiah Allen; and you know it. *Quay*, French, and pronounced key."

"Then, if you meant *quay*, why didn't you say *quay;* and not be a-foolin' 'round, talkin' about standin' up on keys, and things? It is enough to make a man light-headed: you talkin' French."

Says I, coldly: "It wouldn't be much of a job to make *your* head light, Josiah Allen," speakin' as one who allegores. "But," says I, with dignity, "we have spent sufficient time a-wanderin' and a-roamin' 'round the main subject. When I



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think what a good, noble woman the widder Albert is, and always has been, I feel as if she and her girls are worthy of all the honors that can be heaped onto 'em; I feel that they are worthy to have Josiah Allen's wife go, part way, to meet 'em."

"Oh, pshaw!" says Josiah.

"Wal," says I, "they be worthy of it; and don't you dispute me, Josiah Allen, and say they ain't. And I feel it my bounden duty to go. Now, I take it right to home, if my Tirzah Ann should go to London village, I know jest how it would tickle me, to have the widder Albert go and meet her; and I want to do, by her girls, jest as I would be done by."

"Oh, pshaw!" says Josiah, again; takin' down the almanac, and openin' it to the first page.

Says I, firmly: "You needn't 'pshaw,' Josiah Allen, at the widder Albert, for I won't have it; she ain't a woman to be pshawed at." And then I went on nobly about her. I went on, in my most soarin' and eloquent way. It was lengthy, but none too long—probable, not much more'n an hour and a-quarter, or from that to a-half; not more'n an hour and a-half, anyway. For I ain't a woman that talks much. As I said to Josiah, several times, while I was makin' my remarks about the widder, I says: "You know, Josiah Allen, that I am a woman that says but little." And every time I would say that, every single time, Josiah would *groan;* a low, deep groan: awful deep.

What them groans meant, I don't know, to this day; probable, he wus ketched with some pain or other, in his back, or conscience, or somewhere. And mebby he didn't know what he wus groanin' about, men are so odd.

But, as I say, I went on eloquent about her. I says, a well-meanin'er, long-headeder, good-dispositioneded, or conscientiouser creeter, never lived, than the widder Albert. Says I: "We don't think alike, about everything; for," says I, "where is the two great minds that can see alike, about everything?

"Now, she don't want female wimmen to study for doctors; and, probable, it ain't a very easy life for 'em; but there ain't no disgrace in it; and I should have told the widder so, if she and I had been a-settin' down, and talkin' it over, together. I should say to her that, 'whatever it may be, in the eyes of the world, it is jest as honorable, in the sight of God, for a woman to save a human life, as it is to make a yard of tattin.' Jest as noble to apply soothin' balm to a sick child's interior, as to apply the Balm of Youth and Lily White, to her own exterior; or to paint china plates in designs never dreamed of in the creation of the world. Jest as noble and praiseworthy to alleviate sufferin', as to cause it—to soothe the weary and broken-hearted—to calm the fevered brow of pain, and ease distracted heads—as to torture 'em by drummin' on tuneless pianos, for days and years. Jest as worthy in her to study the laws of health, so as to keep herself well and strong, as to work hard dancin', night after night, in crowded and heated rooms, learnin' how to lose her health and life in fashionable dissipation. Yes, Josiah," I went on to say, "I should have said all this, and more, to her; and I should have convinced her, I know that.

"And then," I continood, warmin' up to it, "there is that affair of Miss Coots's. Now, I should have talked plain to her about that, and told her she wus in the wrong on it. She acted real mad about Miss Coots's marryin'. And what wus the use of it? Miss Coots wus old enough to know her own mind. And it seems to me, that a woman, that had spent her hull life a-doin' good to other folks, and been a general benefactor to all England, should have the privilege of doin' as she wus a mind to, in one thing. Why, s'posin' Miss Coots had took it into her head to marry a babe, why, good land! she'd had the worst of it; she would have to take the care of it, and bring it up; the widder Albert wouldn't have to buy no paregoric, nor nothin'.

"I wouldn't hinder the widder Albert from thinkin' that Miss Coots had made a poor match. But what of it? What if she has? That is Miss Coots's business. Why, if I should get mad, every time a woman made considerable of a fool of herself a-marryin', I should be mad about the hull time. No! I should say to the widder, if she and me got to talkin' it over in a friendly way, I should say to her: 'Now, widder Albert, you and me got married to suit ourselves. We took Josiah and Albert, because they suited us. Mebby we might have done better. Mebby Albert didn't please all the relations on your side and his'n. Probable, I might have got a heftier man, and one with more hair on the top of his head. But Josiah and Albert suited *us*. And that is jest the way with Miss Coots: her feller suited her. And it would look foolish in you and me, to try to break it up; and it looks foolish in you and me, now she is married, to turn the cold shoulder on her.' That is what they call it, isn't it, Josiah?" I said. "Though how anybody can turn a cold shoulder, such weather as this July of 1881, is a mystery to me. My shoulders are hot as fire, both on 'em, and perfectly wet with presperation the hull time. I never see such weather in my life, never!"

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As I say, I talked to Josiah, noble and eloquent about the widder, and how awful well I thought of her, though we couldn't think exactly alike, on all subjects. And how becomin' and appropriate it would seem, both to the widder and to America, to have me go and meet the princess—and I s'posed I had convinced him. But, all at once, he looked up from the almanac—he's allers a-studyin' the almanac—and says he:

"We can't go to meet the princess, and there ain't no use in your soarin' up any higher in eloquence, for we can't go."

"Why can't we go?" says I, brim full of admiration, and eloquence, and curiosity, and everything. "Why can't we?"

"Because we hain't got the wherewith, that's why."

Says I, "It won't take much wherewith; we'll go one day, and come back the next, if you say so."

"Yes; go one day, and come back the next," says he, in a dry tone. "I'd love to see a woman go into a strange town, without traipsin' 'round in every dry-goods store in it, and milliner's shop—I'd love to see a woman leave, without feelin' of every piece of calico in it, and tryin' on every bonnet."

"Try me," says I, eloquently, "try me, and see. Did you ever, Josiah Allen," says I, solemnly, "did you ever weigh me on the balances, and find me wantin'?"

"No," says he, takin' a mean, underhanded advantage of my eloquent metafor, "no, you went your two hundred, every time."

I scorned to take any notice of this mean remark; but went right on, a-arguin' powerful why we should go. But it was all in vain; I see that I must give it up—I see that it was one of the things that couldn't be did. It was tuff, fearful tuff. But I give up. I see that I had got to disapp'int 'em, disapp'int 'em bitterly, and myself, too. But I happened to think there wus jest one thing I could do, to soften the blow to 'em: one thing that I owed to my country. I could write to 'em. I could put my feelin's all down on paper, or as plain as such soarin', eloquent feelin's could be curbed in, and put down.

"Stuff and nonsense," he said. "What do they care about your dooty to your country?"

Says I, "They will care, when they hear. There isn't probable another woman in America," says I, risin' into eloquence again, "or Jonesville, that so much will be expected of, from her sister wimmen, so much in the line of polite expostulation, in settin' the princess right about America—"



"Where's she wrong about America?" says Josiah. "They say she's pretty tired of it, anyhow. Why else does she stay away so long?"

"Oh! that's Canada," says I. "And that's just like England. She hain't seen the real America yet; and she may have the false notions that so many foreign folks have. They have said that national prosperity and wealth has made America act disagreeable, conceited, boastin'. They have said that our American eagle was a fowl that cackled fur too loud.

"And mebby they wuzn't entirely out of the way," says I, also; "mebby she does shake her wings too powerful, and overbearin', sometimes. Mebby she has some little streaks of vulgar conceitedness. Anyhow, I know lots of Europeens, that have got it into their heads that Americans wus cur'us creeters. They have seemed to picture an American, as a man with checkered pantaloons, and a gay-flowered vest, with lots of watch-chain and glass jewelry, and his hat on one side of his head, a-standin' up on top of the Pyramids, a-bargainin', in a loud, patronizin' voice, with old Cheops. 'What'll you give, what'll you take?' Drivin' a sharp bargain with the old man, for the hull lot of Pyramids, and old Sphynx. Or pastin' a advertisement of 'Person's Purgative Pills' up, in Westminster Abbey, and then tryin' to beat old Westminster down in the price of the advertisement.

"Conceited, purse-proud, coarse, vulgar, loud, fast: that wus what they have called Americans. And it riles me, to have such ideas ragin' abroad. It riles me awfully. Why, I feel so about it, that I would have been glad to have gone over, myself, to show 'em what an American could be, I and you, Josiah. We should have riz America, oh! how high we should have riz her, if we could have gone. But we couldn't go. The water wus too deep. I darsen't take you, Josiah, and you know it, where the water is over your head; for you can't swim. If there should come a drouth, and the water gets low enough, we might probable go over."

So I sot down, and took pen and paper; but, oh! my emotions wus powerful. Some of the time, when I wus a-writin' of 'em down, it seemed as if I couldn't hold 'em in; and they would, in spite of me, rare up, and prance 'round, and soar.

I knew I ought to make that letter a polite and ceremonious one; and I began, in as polite, formal, fashionable a way, as ever wus seen in the "Genteel Letter Writer." Says I:

"Dear Lorne and Louise."

(I didn't really s'pose she would be jealous, to

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have her pardner addressed fust, as is our way in America; but I knew I must do my dooty, as an American, even if she did; so I writ:)

"DEAR LORNE AND LOUISE:

"I take my pen in hand, to inform you that my health is as well as can be expected, and I truly hope these few lines may find you enjoyin' the same blessin'—"

I knew this was a beautiful way to write, very. And I knew it wus stylish as stylish could be, to write in this formal, fashionable way. But, good land! I couldn't keep it up. So many thoughts riz up on me, a-crowdin' one another, a-roarin' and a-prancin', that I had to give it up. I struggled with it, for quite a spell, to make it go formal and fashionable; but it wuzn't any use; and so I let it have its own way: I let it swing right out, and say what I had to say, kinder plain, but eloquent—as eloquent as Gladstone, or Bickingfield, or any of the great orators the princess had heard at home; for sincerity and earnestness, as I said to Josiah, is allers eloquent.

Oh! I tell you, I writ a splendid letter: it wus middlin' long, but not too long. It wus writ out on thirteen big, honorable sheets of foolscap paper; and I bought a new, handsome envelope, a-purpose for the occasion. Josiah always buys dark-yellow ones (on account of price); but I sent to Jonesville, and got one on purpose: a light, handsome buff, for I felt that a little extra expense and trouble wuzn't nothin', in such a cause.

That letter wus probable a great comfort to Louise. I've no earthly doubt it made 'em both happy, though I hain't heard from it yet. Josiah says he don't believe they ever read it through. He says he don't believe they could read my writin'; for, says he, "I never see, Samantha, off of a tea-chest, such writin' as your'n."

And he said, Josiah did, that "he'd bet that the princess would suffer more, a-tacklin' the job of readin' that letter, than she did when she crossed the Atlantic, in winter."

Such talk is mean. But I didn't contend with him; I knew what wus the matter.

Josiah ain't jealous. He knows the heft of my principles too well to be jealous. But he didn't like my writin' to Lorne, as well as to his pardner. He don't object to my writin' to wimmen; but he hates to have me write to any man, only jest him. He thinks I oughtn't to write to anybody else. That is why he compared my writin' to that heathen writin' on tea-chests.

Josiah is tickled to think they hain't writ yet. And it does worry me some. But I don't tell Josiah; not for the world, I wouldn't. And I wouldn't want a word said from me, so's it would get back to him. But I think, myself, it is kinder funny to think they hain't writ. And I do have my fears that they can't read it. But, mercy on me, I don't tell Josiah how I feel; no, I wouldn't, not for a silver dollar. It would tickle him too much.

I tell him, that Lorne and Louise have probable got out of paper; or mebby their ink has run out, or sumthin'. I never let on to him, that I think there is any possibility that they couldn't read my writin'. And I don't worry about it: not such an awful sight. No, they could most probable read it.

Mebby, Lorne got the letter, after Louise left for hum; and bein' jealous, like Josiah, is a-keepin' it till she comes back to Canada, and explains.

# THE DYING BIRD.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

It was a day of rain.
The window pane
Was dripping with its wet;
The wind went moaning by,
And, in the sky,
Clouds hovered, dark as jet.

Unto my window flew
A bird; I drew
Within its trembling form.
A bird without a nest—
Unto my breast
It fluttered from the storm.

In hov'ring, it revealed
A wound, concealed
Beneath its tiny wing;
And yet, with clearest note,
Swelled its small throat,
And sweetly it did sing.

But this was its last song,
Though clear and strong—
Was it its pain to hide?
One gush of melody,
Outpouring free,
And then the lone bird died.

Like to this dying bird,
Some have been heard
To warble free and gay;
Although there might be found
A cruel wound,
Sapping their life away.

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# COUSIN CAROLINE'S DIAMONDS.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

My aunt, Mrs. General Musgrove, is a very remarkable woman. Tall and upright as a dart, with sparkling black eyes, and thick bandeaux of jet-black hair, with scarce a thread of silver visible in them, she might easily be taken for fifty, instead of sixty-five. She manages her large estate herself, and does it admirably; in fact, the world calls her strong-minded.

After the marriage of her daughters, and the establishment in life of her sons, she sold her house in New York, and took up her permanent residence at Ravenswood, her handsome country-seat, on the Hudson, which was within twenty minutes' drive of the Waterdale station, and just an hour and a-half from New York, by rail. Here she dwelt, in a sort of stately seclusion, receiving constant visits from one or the other of her married children. I was a frequent guest, myself, being something of a favorite with my aunt, who used, severely, to remark that "Lizzie had no nonsense about her."

These family reunions usually took place at Christmas. But, one year, it chanced that Thanksgiving was selected, because one of my younger cousins was going abroad. It was a very brilliant affair; and all the famous Musgrove silver was sent up, from the bank at New York, for the occasion. The guests, however, only remained for a day. All had left, either by the midnight train, for New York, on the same evening, or by the earliest one on the following morning. By noon, the next day, my aunt and I were left alone.

Our first business was to count and pack the silver, which was always sent back, immediately, to the bank in New York. My aunt used to say that nothing would induce her to keep it in her house. Of her own servants, she felt perfectly sure. She had four, in all: her cook, Bridget O'Donnel, an elderly Irishwoman, who had lived with her for years; her housemaids, Sarah and Susan, who were sisters; and, finally, an all-accomplished Swiss man-servant, called Victor Ducange, who was literally and truly a perfect treasure. There was nothing in the world that Victor could not, or would not do. He took charge of the two carriage horses; drove my aunt out; waited at table; and could, in an emergency, even make the beds, or get up a dinner. He was always at hand, always noiseless, and never in the way.

"I got him quite by chance, too, my dear," my aunt said. "He used to be the head waiter, at the Hotel Metropole, Geneva; but his health broke down, from overwork, and he came to New York, with the Carringtons, when they returned from their last trip to Europe. Such recommendations, as I had with him! George Carrington could scarcely say enough in his favor."

Old Bridget, however, heartily disliked him. "That murtherin' thafe of a Frinchman," she used to call the invaluable Swiss. Keeping the peace between these two high functionaries, was difficult., at times. As to Victor, he never seemed to heed Bridget, at all. A shrug of the shoulders, or, at most, a glance of unutterable disdain, was the utmost notice that he took of her.

The day after the Thanksgiving dinner, my aunt came to my room, where I was resting, after the packing of the silver.

"Only think, Lizzie," she said, "here has Bridget gone and fallen ill, to-day, of all the days in the year, when, as you know, Sarah and Susan have both gone down to New York, to be present at their sister's wedding. There isn't a soul in the house, to do anything, except Victor."

"Bridget ill? Why, what can be the matter?"

"Goodness knows, child. She was as well as possible, this morning; but, just now, she came to me, and said that she had such a 'whirling in her head, and such a trimlin' in her legs, that she just had to go up to her room, and lie down.' It seems that Victor, who is a good soul, thought her looking rather badly, this morning, and gave her some of his prime Swiss bitters; but, since taking the dose, she has gotten rather worse than better."

Just then, Victor's discreet tap was heard at the door; and on being bidden to come in, he entered, civil and obsequious as usual.

"If madame will permit me," he said, "I will take charge of all things, for a day or two. The maids will be back, to-morrow evening; and as for mistress Bridget, she has but a *migraine*—a sickness of the bile: she will be all right, in a day or two. If madame will tell me what she would like for dinner, I shall get it ready for her."



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"Oh, thanks, thanks," said my aunt. "I really didn't like to ask you; but since you offer—"

"With pleasure," retorted Victor; "and now I will go and see about dinner."

The short balance of the afternoon, we spent in the library, together, over the fire. I confess that I nodded, more than once, over my book; for I was tired with the day's work, and I suspect that my aunt was just as bad. Anyway, it was something of a surprise to us both, when we were summoned to dress for dinner: a ceremony that aunt Musgrove seldom or never omitted, but which she seemed inclined to shirk for once on that particular evening.

"I shall not go upstairs, I think. No, Victor, you need not take a light to my dressing-room. You can come and call me, whenever dinner is ready."

We reopened our novels, again; and I was speedily absorbed in mine. But my aunt began to fidget, being now thoroughly aroused from her drowsiness; and, at last, she declared that she *must* go upstairs, and wash her hands, and put on a clean collar and cuffs, if she did nothing more.

"No need for your disturbing yourself, child," she added.

"Shall I call Victor, to bring you a light, aunt?"

"No. I always keep a candle and matches on my dressing-table." And off she went, with as light and active a step, as though her years had been sixteen, instead of over sixty.

She was gone for some little time. In fact, dinner was announced, and the soup was waiting to be put on the table, when she came hurrying into the dining-room.

"Br-r-r-r," she said, with a shiver, rubbing her hands together, as she spoke, "how cold it is, in my dressing-room. One feels it the more, after sitting so long over that nice, warm fire, in the library. I hope that the soup is quite hot. I declare, I am half frozen."

She really seemed so. I could see, that a shudder, now and then, passed over her, as though she were shaken by some inexpressible chill. The soup, however, seemed to reanimate her, and she soon chatted away, in as lively a strain as usual.

Victor had achieved wonders, in regard to the dinner. A delicious, clear soup, some cold salmon, with mayonnaise sauce, and a delicate salmi of chicken, with truffles, succeeded each other in turn, and were warmly praised, especially by my aunt. When the meal was about half concluded, my aunt said, suddenly, laying down her fork:

"I declare, I had almost forgotten about my letter, Lizzie. You have heard me speak of my niece, Caroline West—my sister Margaret's daughter—who lives in Albany—the Queen of Diamonds, as I used to call her?"

"Yes, aunt, often."

"Well," continued my aunt, drawing a letter, bearing the Albany postmark, from her pocket, "when I went upstairs, just now, I chanced to remember that Bridget had brought me up two letters, this morning, and that I had put them in the pocket of my dressing-gown, without reading them. Afterwards, I was so busy about the silver, and flustered by her illness, that I forgot them. I happened to think of them, while upstairs, and it is well that I did; for Caroline is coming, to-night, to stay with us, till the midday express, from Waterdale to New York, leaves, to-morrow; and, moreover, she is going to bring with her all her diamonds."

"All her diamonds? And for what reason?"

My aunt, in answer, opened the letter, and scanned its pages.

"Ah, here it is. She says, 'My husband has just telegraphed to me, that we are to sail for Europe, by next Monday's steamer. I am going to bring my diamonds with me, to deposit at Tiffany's; and, as I do not wish to remain all night at a hotel, with such a mass of valuable jewels, I shall venture to task your hospitality. I shall bring no baggage: only a small valise, with a change of clothing, and my jewel-cases. Please meet me at the Waterdale station, at a-quarter past eight.' That," added my aunt, "is the hour at which the Albany train stops there. So, Victor, I shall want the carriage, at a little before eight. I am rather surprised," continued my aunt, turning to me as she spoke, "that Caroline is willing to travel, with so much valuable property about her. Those diamonds of hers are worth, at the very lowest calculation, fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars! Aunt, you surprise me."

"Did you not know that Mr. West has a perfect craze for collecting precious stones, particularly diamonds? Every time that he and Carrie go to Europe, they come back laden with fresh treasures in that line. She has a superb diamond necklace. Then, there is the bracelet that belonged to the Empress Eugenie, and the set of rose-pearls and brilliants that she bought at the sale of the Queen of Spain's jewels, and the pear-shaped diamond pendants from the Musard sale, and ever so many more. And only our good Victor, here, to stand guard over all these treasures. Victor, I shall have to look out the general's revolvers, to lend you for to-night."

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"If madame desires me to sit up all night, I shall be happy to do so, to keep watch over the house," replied Victor, with his usual bow.

"No need of that. But perhaps it would be as well for you to sleep on the library sofa, with the revolvers within reach. Now, let us be off. Lizzie: you must come with me, for company."

She said these last words, just as Victor vanished out of the door, carrying with him the tray, loaded with plates and glasses. I did not feel at all inclined to take a drive of over a mile, in the sharp, frosty air; and was beginning a refusal, when a glance at my aunt's face froze the words upon my lips. I cannot describe her expression. I can compare it only to the countenance of a ghost-seer, who has beheld some hideous and malevolent spectre, invisible to all other persons present. She laid one finger on her mouth, in token of silence; and, the next moment, was bustling about, looking for shawls and lap-rugs, and discussing, in her usual clear, decided tones, as to what room she had best put cousin Caroline in, and whether the diamonds had not best be locked up in one of the silver-chests, till morning. I did not dare to question her. Something very strange, and terribly wrong, was going on; of that I was convinced; but I did my best to follow her lead, and to talk easily and cheerfully, whilst putting on my hat and fur-lined cloak, which Victor had brought in from the hat-rack in the hall, before going to get out the carriage.

I do not think that Victor was over fifteen minutes, in bringing the carriage around; but short as was the interval, it appeared to me endless. My aunt, meanwhile, occupied herself with putting on her wraps: as quietly, and methodically, as though she had been going on a shopping expedition at Stewart's, or for a drive in Central Park. Her face still kept its white, set aspect, however; and when I offered to go upstairs, to get her a pair of gloves, she refused, with more vehemence than was usual to her. At last, Victor appeared at the door, and announced that the carriage was ready.

"All ready, you say?" said my aunt. "Then, we will lock the front-door; and do you take charge of the key, Victor. You have seen to the windows, and to the other doors, I suppose?"

"They are all fastened, madame."

"That is well. And now to the station."

That drive—that drive! I have felt ice and marble, in my day; but anything so mortally, penetratingly cold, as was the hand wherewith my aunt clasped mine, I have never yet encountered. I commenced to interrogate her, in a whisper; but that frozen palm was at once pressed to my lips, and I forbore. Some danger threatened us, even then, it seemed. So we went on, in perfect silence; the carriage lamps casting quivering gleams of light on the dark shrubs and leafless trees by the roadside, and filling every shadowy nook with vague images of terror.

That drive—how interminable it seemed—how welcome shone the glimmering lights of Waterdale, when first we discerned them in the distance. Then came the streets and houses of the little town; and, finally, Victor checked the horses, in front of the brightly lighted station, with its usual group of loungers, and its waiting porters, and railway officials.

My aunt sprang from the carriage, and I followed. The next moment, she had caught Victor by the collar, with two frenzied hands, crying, as she did so, in shrill, piercing tones:

"Help, help! This man is a murderer!"

In an instant, all was confusion. The horses plunged and reared; and Victor, after the surprise of the first moment, wrenched himself loose from my aunt's grasp, and leaping to the ground, would have effected his escape, had not some half-dozen strong men started forward, in answer to my aunt's appeal. In the twinkling of an eye, he was seized, and securely pinioned. Then came the eager question, from a dozen mouths:

"Who is it, that he has murdered? Whom has he killed, Mrs. Musgrove?"

"My poor, old, faithful servant, Bridget O'Donnel. And his accomplices are even now waiting in my house, to murder my niece and myself, on our return."

A cry of horror arose from the bystanders. My aunt looked around, with a dazed air.

"I think—Lizzie—that we are saved," she said, vaguely: and then she fell insensible upon the ground, in the first and only swoon that her vigorous nature had ever known.

We did not return to Ravenswood, that night, as may well be imagined. A detachment of the Waterdale police was sent, by the local authorities, to take charge of the house and its contents, and also to superintend the removal of the corpse of poor old Bridget. My aunt and I took refuge at the Waterdale Hotel, where we remained to await the response to the telegram, that was at once dispatched to her oldest son, who was a lawyer, in extensive practice, in New York. But it was many days before her nerves had so far recovered their tone, as to permit of her giving me a detailed account of all that had taken place, on that memorable evening. Her story, when she did tell it, ran as follows:

"When I left you, Lizzie, to go upstairs, and make some changes in my dress, I had no light,

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as you may remember. When I reached my dressing-room, I was unable to find the candle and matches—someone had displaced them; but as the moon was shining very brightly, I contrived to wash my hands, and change my collar, without ringing for a light, as I had at first intended. Then I started to come downstairs, feeling rather surprised at finding that Victor had not lighted the hall lamp; but I attributed his negligence to the fact that he had had so much extra work to attend to. When I reached the foot of the stairs, I became aware of voices in the butler's pantry—the voices of several men, talking in a sort of half whisper. I was startled, and I paused to listen, struck at once with the idea that thieves had gained admission to the house. Standing on the mat, at the foot of the staircase, I could hear every word that they said. They were completing their arrangements to murder you and me, Lizzie, and to carry off the silver. I distinctly recognized Victor's voice, and his peculiar foreign pronunciation. His confederates (there were two of them, so far as I could make out) were anxious to 'finish up the job at once,' as one of them phrased it; but Victor opposed this. The house was too near the road, he declared; there might be screaming; and any unusual noise might be heard by some passer-by. 'Best wait till the women are sound asleep,' he urged, 'in their bedrooms; and then the matter could be settled, without any trouble.' Finally, this point was decided, according to his suggestions.

"At this stage in their conference, I quitted my post, and slipped noiselessly upstairs: my intention being to awaken Bridget, and to send her out of the house, through one of the front drawing-room windows, to go and seek for help, while the villains were still plotting in the pantry. I reached her room, and entered. 'Bridget,' I said, softly. But receiving no answer, I thought she was still sleeping, and I approached the bed. The moonlight, shining full upon the pillow, revealed to me the face that rested on it—it was the face of a corpse.

"Why I did not lose consciousness, at that dreadful sight, I cannot comprehend; but Providence seemed to sustain my strength, then, as afterwards. I drew near, and investigated the cause of the poor creature's death. It was not far to seek. Around her neck was tightly twisted a gaily-colored silk handkerchief, one of a half-dozen that I had myself given to Victor. I stole from the room, heart-sick, and well nigh despairing. There we were, two helpless women, shut up in the house, with a band of assassins, and with no avenue of escape at hand; for, of course, our movements would be watched, and any attempt at leaving the house, or even any betrayal of our consciousness of danger, would be followed by our instant murder.

"And then, Lizzie, as if by inspiration, there flashed across my brain the idea of the scheme that afterwards so fully succeeded—the story of Caroline West's purposed arrival, with her celebrated diamonds. The bait proved irresistible to the villains, or rather to their master-spirit, Victor, as I had hoped and intended. Only one more woman to put to death. Jewels, valued at over fifty thousand dollars, would be the reward of that extra murder. But can you realize what agony of mind I endured, when you talked of refusing to accompany me to the station?"

My story is ended. Victor Ducange was tried and condemned for the murder he had committed. His confederates escaped capture, having probably been on the watch for the return of the carriage, and so were warned of the approach of the police.

My aunt has sold Ravenswood, and now lives in New York, with a burglar-alarm in her bedroom, and a brace of loaded revolvers always within her reach. There are silver threads in her thick, soft hair, that was so lately as dark as a raven's wing; and her once strong nerves have never, I think, regained their tone, since those terrible hours, from whose impending peril we were so mercifully preserved by COUSIN CAROLINE'S DIAMONDS.

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: OBIT 1616.

BY WILLIAM HUBER, JR.

Stars lie unmarked, amid the fields of space;
New planets into being glide unseen;
Change flickers silently along the face
Of [illegible] existence, from the bursting green
[illegible] in springtime, to the skies serene.
All [illegible] things mute forms forever chase,
And noiselessly fill up each void between.

Nature in silence dies. But when the race
Of *one* great soul is ended: when the prime
Of giant thought has dwindled to decay,
Loud voices echo through the vaults of time;
Loud wailings tremble through each lonely place;
Thunders lament; old hills with cycles gray
Mourn that a soul like his should ever pass away.

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# IS SHE IN SOCIETY?

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

"But is she in society?"

Two young men had been sitting, in a room, at Narragansett Pier, talking of a young lady, who had appeared at that popular resort, about a week before.

"Society? What is that?" was the reply. "At least, what is it, in America? Abroad, admittance to the court circle, or being presented to the sovereign, gives the social hall-mark, so to speak. But here, we have no court, no queen, no hereditary aristocracy; and nobody, therefore, is entitled to call themselves 'society,' *par excellence*. The attempt to do it is insolent: the giving in to it is snobbish."

"If it were anybody else talking in this way, I should say 'sour grapes.' But everybody knows, Jack, that you belong to one of our best families—"

"Best families, pshaw! We all come, I hope, of honest people; but we are all, none the less, descended from simple yeomen, or younger sons, at best; too poor to live at home, but luckily with the pluck to emigrate, in search of better fortunes. In that sense—in the sense that our ancestors, who first came over, were bold and enterprising men, I grant you we are descended from somebody worth boasting of. I, for one, am prouder of it, than if I had had some dissolute earl for a grandfather."

"You surely don't mean to deny, that wealth, enjoyed for several generations, gives advantages of culture, which are wanting to those born in poverty?"

"Theoretically, you are right. Practically, wealth, perpetuated in a family, generally leads to selfishness, if not to worse vices. All aristocracies die out; and, while existing, deteriorate, as a rule, intellectually. Why, Harry, in Paris, they have to make a hat especially for the nobles of the *ancien regime*, because their heads are so small. Didn't you know that?"

"But this Miss Brierley is from some obscure Western town: a mere nobody."

"That is to say, some of the people, who come here, and who think they alone constitute society, refuse to make her acquaintance.".

"You have put it exactly. And a fellow don't like—at least I don't—to be seen talking to a girl who is cut by all the other ladies."

"Well, I find her pretty, with charming manners, and singularly well-informed; she has a face, too, that is more than beautiful: it is full of spiritualized expression."

"You're pretty hard hit," thought the other. But he did not say so. He only remarked, "I am going to the 'Studio;' will you come?"

"No, thanks! I have an engagement with Miss Coupon, after the bathing hour; and, meantime, I must write some letters."

"Ah! my boy, that's the girl for you to marry: worth nearly a million, and all in Government bonds. Go in, and win. If I had your advantages, I'd try for her, myself. But I'm only a poor lawyer. She wouldn't look at me." And with these words, he sauntered off.

Miss Coupon, until the advent of "that Western girl," as she called Mary Brierley, had been the acknowledged belle of the Pier; for she was not only a great heiress, but had a stylish figure, wore nothing but Worth dresses, and was quite the "society" woman, in deportment. She had, too, a good deal of what people call "*chic*." It was she who had led the crusade against Miss Brierley; for she had, from the first, recognized a dangerous rival, in the latter. She had marked our hero for her prey, and when she found him so attentive to Miss Brierley, she redoubled her efforts to captivate him, and was continually inventing excuses to make him join her, sending him pretty, scented notes, and projecting excursions, which he was asked to join.

"I wonder what she wants now," said Jack. "Curious, rather, for a girl to ask you to walk with her. But these heiresses think they can do anything. It will be a good chance to see if I can't talk her into a little more charity towards Miss Brierley. It's hard on the girl, to be left out, in the cold, in this way."

Jack had just emerged from his hotel, when he saw a crowd running up from the beach, and heard cries of mingled horror and alarm. He accosted one of the foremost of the fugitives.

"What is it?" he cried. "Ah! I see. Somebody drowned. Who is it?" For he had already caught sight of a recumbent figure, borne on an improvised bier, by four stalwart bearers.

"It is Miss Coupon, the great belle," was the answer, made by a young man, from one of the smaller hotels, glad to find such a "swell," as Mowbray, to tell his news to. "But she isn't



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drowned, fortunately, though she came near being so. She had ventured out too far, or got sucked down by some unforeseen current, you see, sir; and found herself sinking. She cried for help; but, though there were a score of others in, bathing, nobody went to her aid; nor did any of the lookers-on; for everybody was afraid, I suppose, of being dragged down by her. She had gone under, for the third time, when a young lady, the 'Western girl,' as they call her —I don't know her name—who had been bathing, but had finished, and was some distance off, heard the cries, and came running back. She plunged in, at once; swam out; and rescued Miss Coupon. It was a near shave, too; for Miss Coupon dragged the other down; and only great courage and skill, they say, could have saved either. She sank on the sands, exhausted—not Miss Coupon, but the other—after she came out; but she wouldn't let them carry her up; she said she'd be better, as soon as she got her breath. Plucky girl, that, by George! Miss Coupon could just speak, asking to be taken home, and then fainted dead away. She's more frightened than hurt, I guess. One of the boatmen, who's helping to carry her, said so."

Mowbray drew a long breath. A sudden revelation had flashed upon him. His horror and agony, when he heard that Miss Brierley had been dragged under, revealed to him the true state of his heart. But this agony gave way, immediately, to proud exultation, when he realized that she had saved the life of an open foe. "It is heaping coals of fire on that malicious girl's head," he said to himself. "I wonder if Miss Coupon will have the grace to show even decent gratitude. Yes! more than plucky," recalling the encomium he had just listened to. "Heroic. To risk life, for a friend, one can understand; but to do it for an enemy, that is akin to the divine."

As he said this to himself, he hurried to the scene of action, anxious to afford help, if help were needed. But he found Miss Brierley already walking to her bathing-house, chatting, as she went, with the crowd of admirers, of both sexes, who attended her in a sort of triumphal procession. Never had he seen her looking so beautiful. Very few women appear to advantage in a bathing-dress; but she was an exception. Her costume, while entirely modest, set off, rather than detracted from, her charms. Excitement had given a richer glow to her cheeks, and a more than usual brilliancy to her eyes.

"Oh! it was nothing, nothing" she was saying. "Fortunately, I am a good swimmer. Ah! Mr. Mowbray," giving her hand, as he forced his way to her, but blushing, in spite of her affected nonchalance. "Why weren't you here? Miss Coupon calls you the Prince of Paladins, but, for once, you were a little too late." As she said this, she laughed, archly; nodded; bowed all around; and darted into her bathing-house, which she had now reached.

"She thinks I am in love with Miss Coupon," said Mowbray, bitterly, to himself; and he walked gloomily away. "Supposes I am like all the rest: selfish, and caring only for money. Great heavens, what injustice! She classes us all together, and despises me, as merely a 'society' man."

Miss Coupon did not make her appearance for quite a week. "Not that she is really sick," said one of her intimates, Mrs. Buillon, "but she likes to make a sensation; to have people around her, nursing her; to be playing the martyr. She thinks her absence will cause her reappearance to be all the more a triumph."

Miss Brierley came down, in the evening, as usual; and was immediately the centre of a large crowd, all eager to compliment her. Mrs. Bullion was foremost among these admirers. But our heroine evidently did not like this publicity. She gave an appealing look to Mowbray, whose heart throbbed with sudden joy, as he saw it. "She cannot utterly despise me," he said to himself, "if she invokes my aid to rescue her from this mob." He went up to her, and suggested, that, as the room was hot and close, perhaps she would like a stroll in the moonlight; and she accepted, at once, and with one of her sweetest smiles, and eyes eloquent with thanks.

They went forth. They were soon out of sight and hearing of all others. On and on they strolled, down the half-shadowy road. At first the conversation was on general topics. But Mowbray was too deeply in love, too anxious, to bear suspense any longer. So, suddenly, he broke into a passionate declaration: and when they returned to the hotel, an hour later, Mary Brierley was the affianced bride of our hero.

"Conditioned on the approval of my uncle and guardian," she said, but with another heavenly smile, that did not look as if she feared a negative. "He is Governor of our State, you know—"

"I know nothing," said Jack, interrupting; and then he gave a gay laugh. "You are aware, I suppose, that some of the people here have been talking of you, as if you had just come out of a log-cabin."

"Yes, I know," and she laughed in return. "Miss Coupon, I believe, set that report going. From sheer love of fun, after that, I did what I

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could to mystify them. She said, I believe, I wasn't 'in society.' But we Western girls look on all that as nonsense. Some even go so far," she added, with a merry twinkle, "as to call it snobbish. With us, it is merit that makes the man, or the woman either, for that matter."

"You are quite right. A true man owes it to himself to be something higher than a mere drone, idling away life in eating French dinners, criticising wines, and lounging in opera-boxes. It wasn't in that way, that our Websters, Clays, Lincolns and Garfields rose to eminence. What ambition I have is in the direction of politics, if I may be, for one moment, egotistical. At one time, darling, I feared you despised me, as a mere 'society' man."

"No," said she, blushing, and clinging fondly to his arm, "I thought better of you, from the first. I am glad you think as you do about politics. So many of our more refined people, you know, weakly shrink from them. But I have always been taught that they were the proper sphere for a man of energy and ability. My father was in Congress. My great-grandfather fought at Bunker Hill. In our family, we hold that to serve one's country is the first duty. To have come from heroes, who have died for liberty, as my uncle often says, is a thousand times nobler than to be descended from millionaires." Her cheek flushed, her eye kindled, as she spoke. She looked, Mowbray thought, like a Greek maiden, arming her lover for Thermopylæ.

"I am glad we agree in this," he said. "I am only waiting for an opening, to begin my political career. And I am sure, now, of sympathy, where a man most wants it—at his own fireside. But I had no idea, when I fell in love with you, that Governor Wilmot was your uncle. Why, he's a very distinguished man."

"No, you couldn't have known it. I kept my secret too well."

"It was for yourself, darling, I loved you," said Jack, passionately. "I never thought to ask about anything else."

"And you were willing to marry a poor Western girl, who wasn't—" and she looked up saucily into his face, "who wasn't in society?"

The look was so arch, the mouth so pretty, that Jack, then and there, kissed the ripe, red lips; as, indeed, he had done, more than once before, that evening. Mary sprang back, laughing.

"Have you finished?" she said, demurely. "If you have, I'll end what you interrupted me in telling you; which is, that, after all, I'm not even poor, as poverty goes. You'll have to take an heiress, I'm afraid."

Of course, the engagement was not made public, until after the receipt of Governor Wilmot's letter. This was the very day of Miss Coupon's reappearance. She came downstairs, expecting to see Mowbray pining in despair over her absence, only to hear, to her chagrin, that he was going to marry a girl, who wasn't—think of it!—even IN SOCIETY.

# TOO LATE.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

In morning's melting, purple dusk,
The beauteous twilight of the dawn,
Where blew sweet airs of balm and musk
From groves of spice, we floated on,
Down crystal tides, that rippled through
The tropic forest's still, green glooms,
Where startled wild-birds, as they flew,
Shook from the boughs the death-sweet blooms.

And suddenly, from hills remote,
Where mists in silver glory hung,
Rang out a golden bugle-note,
That came and went the wilds among:
A winding, warbling, glad refrain,
By rapturous echoes caught and spread.
"'Tis sweet!" I cried. "Oh! list again;
It is divine!" she softly said.

Since then, long years had passed away;
In morning's twilight, pure and calm,
I floated down those tides, one day,
Where blew sweet airs of musk and balm;
The startled wild-bird's sudden flight
Set all the blossomed boughs astir:
Down came the blooms, death-sweet, and white,
And still I never thought of her,

Who once had sailed those tides with me;
Till, from the distant mist-crowned hills,
A bugle-note rang, wild and free,
That shook the air with happy thrills.
I listened to the liquid strain,
And said "How sweet!" when far o'erhead,
A faint voice sighed "Oh! list again;
It is divine!" it softly said.

Then I remembered how her eyes
Had looked a meaning strange to mine;
And for the first time, in surprise,
My soul looked back and read the sign.
I scarce could wait to reach the shore—
My heart was in a burning glow.
The life that seemed so dark before,
Seemed now with light to overflow.

Alas! 'twas but a grave I found.
It was an angel's voice I heard.
Life seems an empty dreary round.
*Too late* my sluggish heart was stirred.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

## CHAPTER I.

Crowds of richly dressed women fluttered up the marble staircases, leading to the Senate chamber, one after another. Gay, bright, and animated, and chatting pleasantly together, they thronged the vestibules and the galleries, till the front seats glowed with richest coloring.

The back seats filled, as rapidly, and this first array was repeated over and over again, till the gentlemen who had found courage to escort half a dozen ladies, at once, were ruthlessly crowded against the wall. Now and then, some one of the fair young creatures, who had led them to martyrdom, cast a smile back upon their misery, or lured them to patience by a coquettish motion of her fan.

A young and newly elected member was to address the Senate, that day, and Washington society came out in force; for, during the brief time he had spent at the capital, he had become a great social favorite, and it was understood that he was also wonderfully eloquent.

Apparently unconscious that he was an object of such general observation, the new Senator sat quietly at his desk, never once raising his eyes to the galleries, or seeming to be aware that members were crowding in from the House, and fast thronging all the space allowed to persons entitled to entrance on the floor. Sometimes, he opened a book, and seemed to search for some passage in it. Occasionally, he made a note on some scrap of paper, as if occupied with the subject of his speech, amid all the suppressed tumult going on around him.

All at once, as if some flash of magnetism had passed through him, he moved restlessly, and lifted his eyes. One glance upon a fair, young face, looking eagerly down, before its owner was seated; one smile, that lighted his whole countenance with a sudden illumination, and his head was turned away again.

But the girl whom he had thus recognized, against his will, did not compose herself so readily. The color came and went in her face. The quick pulsations of a heart, suddenly disturbed, might have been counted through the scarf of lace tied about her neck, and falling in loose folds over her bosom.

More eyes than one were turned on this young lady, as she placed herself, with a soft rustle of silk, in a seat that commanded a full view of the young Senator's desk; for she was the daughter of a man who had been the leader of his party through many years of intellectual strife, and still, in all the vigor of his power, was reverenced as the leading statesman of a time, when such men loomed up grandly from the masses.

This man, also, lifted his head, as his daughter entered the Senate chamber, and flashed a look of welcome upon her. She returned it, with a gesture of proud recognition; for the girl gloried in the fame of her father, and loved him with a devotion that was almost worship.

The gentle excitement, that had followed the entrance of Constance Noel, was subsiding, when a gallery door swung outward, and, for half a minute, a young woman stood, framed within the opening, so wildly and strangely beautiful, that all eyes were turned wonderingly upon her.

She seemed annoyed by this general observation, and stood, in the doorway, looking around at the crowd beneath her, with a restless, startled air, as if checked by surprise, with her foot on the threshold, and hesitating whether to advance or flee.

Anyone who had witnessed a bull-fight, in Spain, looking into the large, dark eyes of this girl, might have recognized the swift, half defiant, half terrified look, which a wild beast from the prairie gives, when he first leaps into the arena, and is greeted by a burst of applause, from the crowd of human beings he sees for the first time in all his savage life.

Consternation, surprise, timidity, all conquered by a sudden heave of pride, possessed the young creature, and held her motionless. Then a swift fire leaped to her eyes, and, with a lift of the head, proud as it was graceful, she stepped through the door: thus breaking up the rare picture she had made.

Down the passage, step by step, she came, with the slow, curving sway of a panther, stealing toward his jungle.

This movement only increased the curiosity of the crowd; for then they saw how wonderfully beautiful this strange young creature was, and



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marvelled at the combination of refinement and savage grace that met and harmonized in her person. Though her dark eyes were soft as velvet, they flashed impatiently through the thick, downcast lashes; and the rich, ripe glow of a peach, which was natural to her dusky cheek, deepened to burning crimson, as she felt the general gaze upon her.

Half way down the passage, she paused, for a moment, and looked around her. Every seat was full; no one moved or seemed to notice her embarrassment, but gazed upon her where she stood. Assuring herself that no civility was to be offered, she moved down the steps, her red lips curving till you could catch a faint gleam of teeth clenched under them, and her queenly head uplifted, with a touch of savage grace, full of disdain.

Constance Noel was sitting directly in front, and did not see this strange apparition, till she came down to the lowest step of the passage, and seated herself upon it. Even then, Constance was only conscious that someone had taken this inconvenient seat; for her attention had been, for some moments, occupied by a stranger, who had just entered the gentlemen's gallery, almost as remarkable in his way as the girl who had just improvised a seat close to her.

Who could this singular man be? she was thinking. Accustomed as she was to meeting foreigners from every part of the world, that powerfully made and picturesque old man baffled all her efforts at conjecture. Dark as a Spaniard or Italian, he lacked the characteristics of those people. There was something keen and vigilant in his countenance, which might have reminded a traveller, in the East, of the desert Arabs. An atmosphere of tent life seemed to have come in with him, from the sand plains or the wilderness, yet, so blended with civilization, that his presence there had a sort of fascination for her. There was nothing in the old man's garments to betray his nationality. In that period, the grand old fashion of Spanish cloaks prevailed, here and there, among men; and he wore one of those dark-blue circulars, as a Roman might envelope himself in the toga. One end of it was crossed over his bosom, and flung over his shoulder, revealing a broad wave of the crimson lining, and giving a dash of the picturesque to his whole appearance.

To this rather singular costume, was added large hoops of fine filagree gold, which weighed somewhat heavily on the small and bronzed ears, that were partly hidden by waves of coal-black hair, woven thickly with silver threads. These might have denoted him as the chief of some Indian tribe, to whom such ornaments are common; but the high cheek bones, and angular features, were wanting. He also lacked that ponderous dignity which the Indian chief brings with him, into the civilization which he half scorns. Constance Noel watched this man, with singular interest; and after a little, she saw that his eyes were turned upon her: more than that —his hand, slim and spare, as if cast in bronze, was lifted out from the folds of his cloak, and seemed to make a swift signal. Constance turned her eyes away, in startled confusion: and they fell on the strange girl, sitting at her feet.

The dark, beautiful face, the red ostrich plume that swept around her velvet head-dress—which was half bonnet, half turban—a voluminous scarf thrown over her shoulders, crossed on her bosom, and knotted under her left arm, whence it flowed, a torrent of soft Oriental colors, to the very hem of her dress, would have arrested her attention, at any time; but now a swift perception of relationship, between this strange being and the old man in the gallery, came upon her; and she knew that the signal, which had startled and half offended her, was intended for this girl, and not for her.

The strange girl had seen it, also, and seemed to reject its meaning; for she shook her head with an impatient toss, and turning her shoulder toward the gallery, gave full attention to the floor of the Senate again. Still, there was nothing in the proceedings there to attract the eager interest that kindled her eyes, and sent the breath panting through her lips. More than once, she clutched her fingers in the velvet of the railing; and leaning over, seemed as if she must cry out, with sharp impatience, when the man who was to speak, by-and-by, never once lifted his eyes to the place she occupied.

At length, the young statesman arose, very pale, and visibly trembling from head to foot.

A lady, leaning forward so as to be almost in front of Miss Noel, whispered, with a thrill of triumph in her voice:

"He is frightened. He will fail. These ambitious new members find their weak points, when they get among real statesmen. No wonder they tremble at their own assurance."

Constance turned upon the speaker, with a flush of anger in her bright face.

"It is not fear," she said; "but that depth of feeling which forms the best attribute of eloquence. Without that, no man ever touched the heart of a people."

"Oh, you are one of his admirers. I did not know that," was the smiling reply. "After all, perhaps he is only overpowered by some particular presence."

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A swift flush crimsoned the girl's face; for, that instant, the stranger on the steps turned, and shot a keen glance at her.

"Upon my word, one does blunder on a truth, unintentionally, sometimes. I hadn't the least idea that things had gone so far," laughed the tormentor.

"Hush! the lady, at my feet, overheard you," answered Constance, in a low voice.

The woman leaned forward, and regarded the wild, dusky face, with cool scrutiny.

"How queer!" she exclaimed, dropping her eyeglass, through which she had surveyed the girl. "Where on earth can she have come from? Aboriginus?"

The speaker took no pains to lower her voice, and it was impossible for the stranger not to hear. So, dreading the effect, Constance made a cautious movement with her hand.

This seemed unnecessary; for the girl was absorbed, heart and soul, in the young Senator, who stood by his seat, silent, as yet, and evidently hesitating; for he nervously took up and laid down the papers scattered on his desk, striving hard to compose himself.

"Awfully scared, I still say, Miss Noel."

Constance, stung by the woman's voice, turned upon her, and said,

"My father tells me that, after all *his* years in the Senate, he has never risen to address it, without a tremor of the nerves."

The woman looked down on that tall, powerful man, that seemed the very embodiment of physical and mental force, with an incredulous laugh. She could not understand that absolute greatness combines supreme force with exquisite delicacy. It is here alone, that the attributes of both sexes combine, without detriment to either. A great woman must have something of a man's strength—a great man much of a woman's tenderness. Constance felt all this, without putting it into words; but, to the coarse mind by her side, it had no meaning. She laughed again, and would have gone on; but the girl on the steps turned on her, with an imperious lift of the hand, uttering a single word:

"Hush!"

The woman drew herself up, and colored violently; but her indignation was silenced by the intense stillness that pervaded the audience: for Huestice Young had found his voice, still low and troubled, but thrilling from the passionate struggle he was making to set his faculties free. Calm now, and entirely self-possessed, he laid down the foundation of a great argument, solidly, sentence by sentence, rising each moment to broader views and grander language, until all the faculties of his being were swept forward from close reasoning, into passionate appeal, and thrilling pathos.

I cannot enter upon the subject of this speech, without invading fields crimsoned with blood not very long after the time of its utterance; but the Senate was even then merging into a great battlefield, where mind clashing against mind gave a fearful prelude to civil war.

People did not then understand the awful significance of his warning, or the burning eloquence of his appeal. Nevertheless, the effect on those who heard him was magnetic. Stout old men, who had listened forbearingly to many maiden speeches, kindled into excitement, as they listened, some with grave attention, others leaning on their desks, and veiling their eyes with one hand, impatient of the moisture that was fast creeping over their vision. Toward the end of the speech, sobs began to swell from the ladies' gallery; and it seemed almost impossible to suppress the bursts of applause that broke from the men. If they did not comprehend the full meaning of his words, his eloquence stirred them all to enthusiasm.

Huestice Young sat down, pale with exhaustion. Great drops trembled on his forehead, and stood upon his upper lip. With a weary motion, he swept them away with his handkerchief, and drained a glass of water that stood before.

Then, for the first time since Constance Noel entered the gallery, he cast a timid glance upward, and saw that the soft, hazel eyes of the girl were looking down on him, full of tears, among which smiles came flashing, like sunshine through April rain. That one look was reward enough for him, and he was scarcely conscious that the Senators were gathering around him, with congratulations; and a tumultuous stir in the galleries bespoke the applause which was forbidden.

In this semi-tumult, no one observed that the strange, dark-browed girl, crouching on the steps, had started up, and was leaning over the railing. When Young lifted his eyes that way again, between him and Constance, came the wild, bright features of this singular being, stained with tears, yet radiant with delight.

The young orator had risen to his feet, but he fell back, leaned heavily upon his desk, and kept his eyes on the strange being, fascinated. The glance of those great eyes met his, and even from the distance he could detect the slow, velvety softness that crept into them.

Who could the girl be? Never, within his recollection, had anything so superb crossed his path. Yet, the face, those eyes—where on earth had he met them before?

These questions took possession of the young

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man, so completely, so instantly, that he forgot everything else; but watched her, anxiously, as she threw up her hand, as if answering some signal from the men's gallery, and hurried up the steps. Pausing an instant at the door, she threw another quick glance downward, and disappeared. That tall form, with all its graceful action—those eyes, certainly he had seen them for the first time, that day—yet—

A page, who had been waiting some moments for notice, touched him lightly on the arm.

"A paper for you, sir."

Young took the paper, which was folded carelessly, and turned down at the corner. He opened it a little impatiently; for it broke in upon his thoughts.

This is what he read:

I bow to the melodious spell
That breathes within thy voice, alone;
And feel that lofty principle
Gives inspiration to its tone.
Like some brave bird, with glorious wings,
Genius, with thee, nests in the heart,
And bathes, within its generous springs,
Her plumage, for an upward start.
When mounted highest in the air,
And nearest to the regal sun,
The drops that it has gathered there
Glow out to jewels, one by one,
Till human thought has scarce defined
Which is most radiant: that heart dew,
Or the rich flashes of a mind
That fires it with a rainbow hue.

The young man was accustomed to commendation, and he had just received plenty of it; but these lines, evidently written on the moment, brought a flush of surprise to his face.

Who could have written them? He turned to question the page, who was regarding the changes in his countenance, as he read, with curious interest.

"Where did you get this, my boy?"

"From a lady in the gallery, sir."

"What lady?"

"Don't know, sir. Never saw her before, as I know of."

"But you did see her. What was she like?"

"No, sir. I couldn't get a good look at her face; for her veil was down, and she was so mixed up with a crowd of other ladies, that I could hardly tell which was which."

"But you can surely tell me this—was she young or old?"

"Oh, young—I am sure of that, from her voice."

"And appeared like a lady?"

"Like a queen. I could tell that from her walk; for I turned to look, as she went down the lobby, with her back toward me."

Young drew a deep breath. He was thinking of the strange girl. Surely, if genius ever burned in a female face, it was in hers.

The page saw that a shade of disappointment was creeping over the Senator's face, and made another effort to tax his memory.

"I'm sure she must have been awful handsome, Senator."

"How could you tell that, not having seen her face?" said Young, smiling.

"Oh, there is something about a right down handsome lady, that one can feel without seeing."

"Can you tell me how she was dressed?"

"No, sir; couldn't undertake to do it. Ladies have so many loop-ups, and draw-backs, and plufs, that—"

"Yes, yes. I understand; but did she wear anything remarkable? A long red feather on her hat, for instance."

The boy shook his head.

"There was lots of red feathers amongst 'em; but I can't begin to say which had them on."

Young dismissed the lad, and fell to perusing the lines again.

"Certainly, it is a woman's handwriting," he thought; "but then, ladies all write alike, in these days. Still, there is some individuality in this. It was written in haste, too, and with a hand so unsteady, that it shook the letters into confusion, now and then. Could that brilliant creature have found time to write it, while I was speaking? It seems impossible; but she looked capable of doing anything."

The young man folded up the paper, as these conjectures passed through his mind, and placed it in the inner pocket of his vest.

## CHAPTER II.

The old man, who had attracted Constance Noel's attention in the Senate gallery, joined the girl who had been seated close to her in the lobby, and they proceeded together down the flight of steps that led to the terrace, and again traversed another flight, with the crowd that poured from the Senate, directly after the young statesman concluded his speech. But, once in the lower park, they turned aside from the flagged walk, evidently with a strong desire to avoid the throng, and diverged upon the grass. There, the girl evidently restrained the restless animal force belonging to her youth, in order to keep pace with the step of her companion, who walked on, leisurely, and grave of countenance, looking far away whenever he lifted his eyes from the ground; but the girl, though she moved decorously by his side, could not keep her eyes from wandering

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toward the crowd, from whence came a pleasant confusion of voices, all praising the new man, from whom so much had been expected, and who had secured to himself such overwhelming applause, that, for a time, even criticism was silenced.

"Oh, grandsire, hear how they are praising him. Yet you say nothing," she broke forth, at last, casting a look of half angry triumph on the old man. "How can you, who talk so grandly to our people at the council fires, be so stolid and so cold?"

"I have listened to the young man, and would have given him my pipe, had he been in the forest with us," answered the old man; "but they do these things with words, here, and I am not free with them. The pipe has a great meaning; but the white man's words—what are they?"

"What are they? Oh, grandsire, I never knew, till this day, how sweet the music of words could be."

The old man looked at her, gravely, and halted in his walk.

"I have been full of thought, Washanee, since the young man's words fell on my ear. Do you remember that voice, when it spake the tongue of our people?"

A flood of crimson flashed up to the girl's face, as she faltered:

"Remember? How should I, grandsire? It must have been a long time ago, if ever."

The old man was keen-eyed; but the natives, who live in our great forests, have a habit of looking into the far distance, and, though his heart was full of anxiety for the girl, he did not search her face. Perhaps, it was inborn delicacy that kept him from this; for such things do exist, in fine natures, even beyond the range of civilization.

"It does not seem long to an old man, who feels time grow shorter and shorter, every year that the leaves fall; but to you, seven years are one-third of all that you have known, and that is a long way off, when the young count backward; but for that, it might not have been wise to bring you into this new world."

"But I should have come, sooner or later. You always promised that; and I have longed for the time, as we pine for the spring sunshine, after a winter of snows."

"That is not strange," muttered the old man. "It is the craving of white blood in her veins."

"What did you say, grandsire?"

"I was talking to one who lies asleep with my fathers—a lily that I tore up by the roots, in my selfish youth, and carried with me into the wilderness."

The old man spoke mournfully, and his voice died away in hoarse whispers.

"You are speaking of my grandmother, I know," answered Washanee, in tones of gentle sadness. "She that was my mother's mother. How our people loved her."

"Yes, they loved her, and I—"

The old man broke off.

Washanee knew that he could not go on; for the cloak, thrown across his bosom, rose and fell with the struggle he was making for voice.

"The old women of our tribe never weary of talking about her, when they sit together, embroidering the doeskins."

"They loved her—they loved her!" he said, turning away, as if to avoid a subject that had become too painful.

"Grandsire, will you not tell me about her? Now that I am among these people, I should like to know how near I am to them; but you never speak to me of these things."

"Not here; do not ask it, now."

"But some day?"

"Yes. It must be, some day. Come, come, see how the crowd stare at us, as they go by."

Washanee turned her eyes upon the throng sweeping down from the Capitol. It did not take much to draw her attention from one subject to another, and this was a bright panorama of life that she had never seen before.

"How beautiful they are. Birds flocking away through the forests are not so bright, nor do they seem more happy. Oh, how glad I am that you brought me here."

The old man sighed; but moved on, without speaking. Washanee kept by his side, taking in the scene with intense delight. The elms, the velvet grass, with cool shadows lying upon it, were a marvel to her.

All at once, she uttered a cry of delight. She had caught the gleam of a vast flower-bed, just beyond the shadows cast downward by one of the great trees, and ran toward it, gleefully. To this young creature, flowers were things to be gathered at will, and she had never seen such as these before. There, set in a broad, star-shaped bed, all the earliest blossoms of spring threw out their glory of coloring, in rich contrast with the vivid green of the trees and grass that surrounded them.

Dashing toward this bright arena of flowers, the girl laughed out her eager delight, as she leaped into the thickest of them, fell down upon her knees, and stood up again, with both hands full of fragrant plunder.

Before the old man could interfere, she was coming back to him, with both hands full of

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hyacinths, crocuses, and jonquils—red, white, yellow, pink, and blue—all huddled together in sweet confusion. She had scarcely reached the edge of the grass, when Huestice Young appeared upon the walk, almost opposite to her. One moment she stood hesitating; then hurried toward him, and held out the flowers.

"They are beautiful—will you have them?"

Huestice Young paused in his walk, hesitated, and, at last, took one of the hyacinths.

"Take more—take all," said the girl, standing before him, with downcast eyes, and almost trembling; for all her animation was gone, and she felt that, in some way, he was wondering at her sudden appearance there—perhaps, condemning it.

Young smiled, kindly; but refused the offered flowers. He saw that the girl was quite unconscious of the depredations she had been making, and pitied her vague embarrassment.

"They are sweetest and best where they are," he said. "Take them home, and keep them alive, as long as you can."

Washanee held out the flowers, irresolute, and lifted her eyes to his, full of pleading; but he saw that a dozen curious eyes were watching them; and, lifting his hat, walked on. The girl followed him, wistfully, with her eyes, till he passed through the gate; then she turned, and walked slowly to her grandfather.

"You asked me if I remembered," she said, with tears in her eyes. "He has forgotten."

"And you must forget," answered the old man, with grave severity. "Come, now, let us go home. It is full time that you should know something about your grandmother."

"Was she unhappy, as I am now?" questioned the girl. "Are all maidens unhappy, when they come among white people?"

The old man bowed his head, till it almost touched his bosom, and walked on. She followed him, carrying her flowers wearily. They had become a source of annoyance to her; for, as she passed up the avenue, side by side with the chief, people looked at them, and smiled: a circumstance that aroused all the wild pride of her nature; and she threaded her way up the crowded sidewalk, with all the grand majesty of a forest queen.

## CHAPTER III.

The two persons just described entered a small public house, in one of the cross streets of the capital, and mounted to the second story, where they had taken apartments, a few days before. These rooms opened into each other, and were both sparsely furnished, and dreary as such places usually are. One of them remained in its original shabby condition; but to the other, this wild girl had given an air of picturesque comfort, that was almost gorgeous.

Before the dilapidated horsehair sofa, a huge black bearskin was spread; its thick masses of fur framed in a broad border of scarlet cloth, embroidered heavily with grass-work and beads, which spread out on the soiled, and in some places ragged, carpet, with sparkling brilliancy. Over the sofa itself, the deep tints of a Mexican blanket were thrown; and the rickety tables were concealed under covers combined from azure-blue cloth, and the delicate skins of some small animal, of a golden-yellow color, that must have been fur of exquisite fineness, so nearly did it resemble velvet. Boxes and baskets of birch-bark stood upon the tables, also lavishly covered with needlework; but mixed with the tinted grasses, peculiar to the Indians, was gold thread and silk, woven in a rich arrangement of colors, that gave to the dingy room an effect that was absolutely Oriental.

There could hardly have been a greater contrast than this room and the one beyond, into which the old man passed. There, no attempt at ornament had been made. The dingy carpet and ink-stained tables were given to the view, in all their dilapidation. The very sunshine formed a cloud, in the atmosphere of dust, floating upward, as the old man strode across it.

Washanee followed her grandfather into this room. Her face was anxious, her mouth firmly set. She had found resolution to question the chief about many things that had troubled her sorely of late.

The old man looked upon her, as she entered, with grave apprehension. He understood the expression of her face, and shrunk from it. Later on, he might have borne questioning better; but reticence had become a habit to him, and some things lay within his memory that could only be wrested from it with agonies of pain.

"Grandsire," said the girl, laying her hand on the old man's arm, caressingly, as any Eastern-bred girl might have done, "tell me now about 'the white lily,' that makes your eyes so heavy with sorrow, when you speak of her."

The old Indian was of a race that betrays neither fear nor surprise. He had known from the first what her request would be, and received it without flinching, as he would have met the blow of a knife.

"Yes," he said, very quietly. "We will speak of her. She was my wife, and your grandmother. You have a right to know all that I can tell you."

The old man sat down upon one of the old

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chairs, as he said this, and threw his cloak back till the scarlet lining was alone exposed, and made his seat imperial. This was the only touch of color in the forlorn room; but it invested him with a sort of barbaric warmth. His grandchild had knelt down, partly on the floor, partly on some folds of his voluminous garment that had fallen over it.

"Do not look so sadly upon me, grandsire," she said, folding both hands on his knee. "I will go away, and not ask you to talk, now that I see how cruel it is."

The old man laid his thin hands down upon hers, impressively.

"No," he said. "It does not belong to the chief of our race to shrink from pain; but I am an old man: the hair on my head has turned white since these things were buried in my heart. Yet no warrior of our people was ever known to shrink from danger, or murmur at torture; but when a grave is opened, all the flowers around it are dragged up by the roots, and seem to cry out with the pain of it. It is not fear that makes us hesitate on the brink, but something too sacred for a name."

"I know—I know. It is the feeling that lifts our hearts to the Great Spirit, before whom the bravest of the brave tread softly, and with bowed heads."

The girl bent her superb figure half way to the floor, as she spoke, and it was a full minute before her eyes were lifted to a level with those of the old man. Then they were full of serious questioning.

"I was young, then, Washanee; but our people had known me on the warpath more than once, and no one had seen me turn aside, while an enemy stood in front. How should they? Ours was a powerful tribe, and my father its chief. He was a man of thought, as well as action, and studied the welfare of his people, while his bravery added to their glory. In order to be a great leader, he would say, a chief should know many things beyond the warpath; and those things I must learn, he said, before I could take his place with the people. These ideas had been fostered by the missionaries and fur traders that came among us, bringing their learning and experience from the civilized world, from which we were then shut out by vast plains and a wilderness that seemed entirely our own.

"One of these missionaries, a wise and good man, proposed to my father, that I should go with him to the East, study the literature and habits of civilization, and carry all that was good in either back to my people. A religious society in New England, he said, had contributed for the scholarship of such pupils as could be induced to come, and there need be no impediment to my departure at once.

"My father was a powerful chief, and disdained the education that must come from charity. He had been a great hunter, and the traders were glad to give good prices for his pelts, so that he was not without gold, for which he had no uses in the wilderness; so he gave me plenty of this, and I, with another young man of the tribe, left our people, and came eastward with the missionary.

"The school, that we entered, was in the heart of New England. Of all the students, myself and my friend were the only Indians, and, at first, we were received with more curiosity than friendliness; but we were together, and entered upon our studies with an eager thirst for advancement, that soon won us into companionship, and afterwards into favor with our class.

"The school was situated in one of the most beautiful villages of the East, and though a certain prejudice rested with us always, as people of a savage race, we were measurably received into the social life of the place, and in many families became favorite visitors.

"There was one student in the school, with whom we became especially intimate, and—but why should I dwell on the trivial chain of events that led to my love for this young man's sister; the struggles that I made for a conquest of this passion; the stolid resolve of honorable silence, that kept me from even lifting my eyes to her face, or the maddening joy that seized upon me, and hurled all my honorable resolves to the dust, when I discovered that she, the fair white creature, loved me—me, the savage?

"We are not cowards—we Indians. I went, at once, to the mother, and told her everything, desperately; for I was without a shadow of hope. She was shocked, at first, and all the proud Puritan blood in her veins rose up against me; but she listened, and that was something.

"While I was speaking, Jane, quite unconscious of my presence, came into the room. She saw the pale agitation in her mother's face, and the despairing passion in mine, and came forward, hurriedly. Then, seized with sudden dread, she stood, with drooping hands and downcast face, in front of her mother, like some criminal, pleading for mercy.

"This woman loved her child, and had gloried in her delicate beauty. All the stubborn prejudices of New England hardened her face, as she turned it on the girl.

"'Is it true, that you love this—this man?' she said, in a voice hoarse and harsh with passion.

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'You, my only daughter, the most beautiful, the daintiest girl of the neighborhood. Speak, if you can, Jane Deming, and deny the infamy hinted at by this barbarian.'

"I held my breath. It seemed as if my heart must stop beating. If that fair creature loved me, I had only dared to suspect it till lately. I could not bear to see her insulted, in this way, and while she stood there, so pale and trembling, I thrust the words, she might have uttered, aside, with my own vehement speech.

"'There is no reason why you should put this cruel question,' I said, sternly. 'It is not her fault, that you became the kindest of my friends; that you invited me to this house, and encouraged the closest intimacy with your family. When your daughter became both my pupil and my teacher, it was with your consent. If this sweet intimacy placed me in terrible temptation, she had no share in it, nor had I a real consciousness of the danger; but when my heart turned traitor in my bosom, I knew that it would be a fraud to go on with the sweet duty you had permitted. In teaching her my own rude tongue, or listening to her voice as she trained me to hers, the delirium of a subtle passion had entered my veins, and I could not trust myself. I came here to say this, before I go back to my own people—to say this, and farewell, at the same time.'

"A faint cry broke from Jane Deming, as I said this. My heart leaped to the sound; but it kindled up the mother's wrath into fury.

"'By that cry, you share the infamy of this confession,' she said. 'You are grieved that this prairie wolf is about to prowl back to his native burrow.'

"Ours is a wild race, Washanee, and I was new to civilization. This woman's words stung me, like the lash of a whip. Love had made me patient till then; but I saw the girl shrink into herself, and shudder, when this coarse epithet was hurled from her mother's lips; and all the pride of my young manhood leaped to repel the insult, that I knew had wounded her more than it had myself.

"'The chiefs of my father's tribe do not patiently brook sneers even from women,' I said. 'There is not a man, west of the great father of waters, who would dare to whisper the name you have given me, in my father's presence. When he leads to the warpath, three thousand men follow him, asking no questions save that of his will. When he invites the chiefs of other nations to his council fires, they listen, and treasure up his words. You call this a proud state; but it is neither so fertile or broad as the hunting-grounds of which my father is chief. Is it the son of a man like this, that you dare to call a wolf?'

"Jane Deming had been pale as death till now; but all at once I saw the color leap to her cheeks and courage to her eyes; but my words only increased the mother's rage, and brought biting sneers in reply.

"'Excuse me,' she said, bending her form, stiffly. 'I did not know that we had been entertaining a prince of the blood royal. You were to blame, not to wear the crown of feathers and wampum belt; then we might have felt the honor. As it is, we are only farmers in these parts, and quite too humble for a more continued acquaintanceship with royalties of the woods, such as your highness is.'

"The woman made a low, stiff obeisance, as she spoke; then stood up again, with mockery in her cold, steel-gray eyes, and a curve of hate on her thin lips; and went on.

"'My daughter, his highness only waits for your farewell, before he turns his face toward the great hunting-grounds. Salute him, my child.'

"The girl lifted her head, a little proudly, I thought, and met her mother's full look; not defiantly, but with a certain degree of modest firmness.

"'If I must bid him farewell, it shall not be in terms like these,' she said; 'for, on all the earth, there is not a man whom I—'

"'Jane, Jane, do not dare to utter the words on your lips!' shrieked the mother, with a cry of horror and rage combined.

"'Oh, mother, your insults have made it less difficult to utter them, than it might have been,' was the gentle but resolute answer. 'You have asked me a question that he has never hinted at. I do love him, better than myself—better than my own soul—better than anything in the world besides.'

"The woman pushed back the chair her hand had grasped, and darting forward, seized her daughter by the arm, looking at me fiercely over her shoulder.

"'Take her,' she said. 'Take her from my sight. She has loaded the air I breathe with the infamy of her words. She shall never again cross the threshold of my home, nor stand by my grave when I am dead. I was a widow, with one daughter, dear as my own life. Now, I am a widow only. Take her out of my way, forever and ever.'

"With these fierce words, through which an unuttered curse rang ominously, she almost lifted the girl from her feet, and hurled her upon my bosom."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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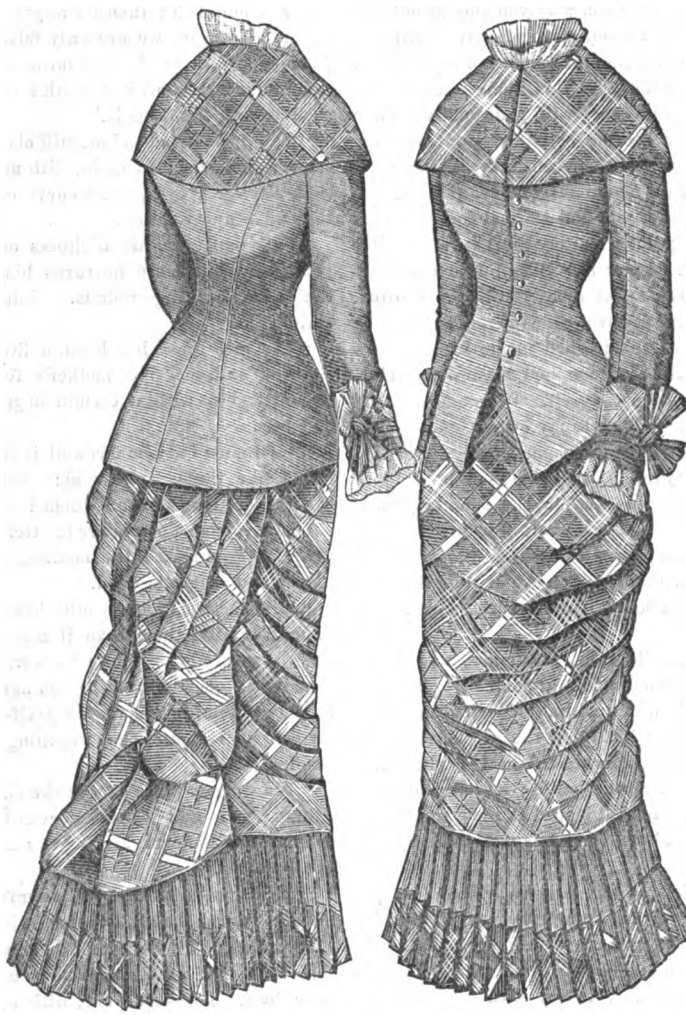
# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume, either for travelling or the street. The material is homespun and woollen plaid. In place of homespun, any self-colored or tweed-mixed woollens may be used. The skirt is made on a foundation of alpaca, or silesia, and has first a kilting of the plain material, bordered with a band of plaid. The full, round tunic is entirely of plaid, and is arranged upon the foun-



No. 1.

dation skirt, as seen by the illustration. We give the front and back, showing how to dispose of the fullness in plaits and pouffs. The basque bodice is of the plain goods, and has cuffs and an adjustable cape of the plaid. Six yards of plain and six yards of plaid will be required for this costume.

No. 2—Is a mourning costume, of camel's-hair, chuddah, or cashmere, trimmed with crape. The skirt has a deep, kilted flounce, edged with a



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band of crape. The kilting is done in groups, with space between. The tunic is arranged in a

No. 2.

point at the right side, and has a deep band of crape on the long side. The fullness at the back is in irregular pouffs. The edge trimmed with crape. Plain basque bodice, with cuffs and plastron of crape to match. Twelve yards of double-width goods, and four yards of wide crape, will be required. Instead of the crape, a band of mourning silk may be used.

No. 3—Is a very simple and easily made breakfast-dress, consisting of one skirt, with long basque, or matinée, as it is called. Our model is made of cashmere—light-blue, pink-

No. 3.

gray, or black—trimmed with knife-plaitings of cashmere and white lace, headed by a bias band

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of the cashmere, caught at intervals by a loop. This same trimming finishes the basque. Bows of ribbon are added down the front and on the sleeves. A muslin breakfast cap is worn with this costume. Black cashmere, with white lace, and ribbons of pink, violet, or crimson, makes a very handsome toilette.

No. 4—Is a house or dinner-dress, of cashmere and silk combined. Our model is of black and

No. 4.

white. A tiny check silk, in black and white, is used for the skirt, which is composed of ten narrow knife-plaited ruffles. The waist and sleeves are of black cashmere or surah silk, and the scarf drapery is of watered silk, which begins on the front of the basque, is carried

No. 5.

round over the hips, and from the middle of the back is draped in large pouffs, ending in a square scarf end. The front of the waist is trimmed with a rolling collar of the plaid, which is continued to the end of the basque, fastened by three bows, ornamented with small, cut steel buckles. A trimming to correspond forms the cuffs. Fine knife-plaiting of the plain material fills in the surplice. This model, in pale-blue or pink, with the knife-plaitings of surah silk, edged with some inexpensive lace, and the basque and drapery of soft cashmere, will make a lovely evening costume, be very dressy and effective, and not at all costly. Less expensive, if made entirely of cashmere or nun's veiling. Ten to twelve yards of double-width goods will be required. Five dozen yards of Breton or Val-edging, if the ruffles are edged with lace.

No. 5—Is a sailor costume, for a boy of four to five years, made of navy-blue cloth or flannel, trimmed with white braid.

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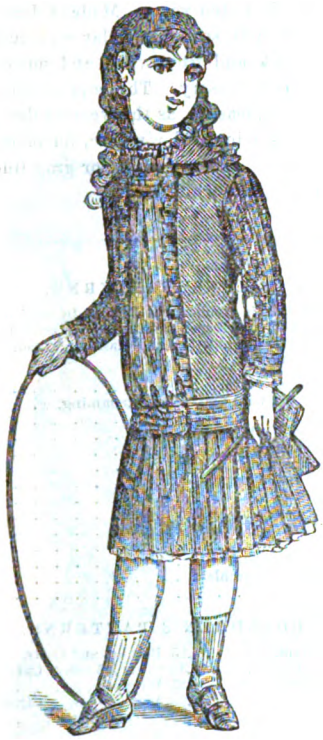

No. 6.

No. 7.

No. 6.—For a little girl, of four to six years, we have a pretty costume, made of soft cashmere

No. 8.—A.

or flannel. The front is gathered at the throat, and again at the waist, by several rows of gaug-

No. 8.—B.

ing. The elongated waist opens over this, and is edged with a narrow, plaited frill. A kilted skirt

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finishes all around, and is joined to the waist, over which a plaited sash is tied, in bow and ends, at the back. Close sleeves and turnover collar. The dress buttons at the back.

No. 9.

No. 7—Is an overcoat, for a boy of four to six years, of drab cloth, double-breasted, and buttoned with large buttons: very simple, and without other trimming than machine-stitched edge.

No. 8—Is a winter coat, for either a boy or a girl, from six to ten years. Made of drab, fleecy-lined cloth, with seal-skin collar and cuffs. We give the back and front view, and no other description is necessary. The cape is adjustable, and worn at pleasure, as the weather demands it.

No. 9—Is a braided pinafore, for baby of two to three years, made of white or gray linen, and braided with fine white braid.

### LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
| Polonaise, | .50 |
| Combination Walking Suits, | 1.00 |
| Trimmed Skirts, | .50 |
| Watteau Wrapper, | .50 |
| Plain or Gored Wrappers, | .35 |
| Basques, | .35 |
| Coats, | .35 |
| " with vests or skirts cut off, | .50 |
| Overskirts, | .35 |
| Talmas and Dolmans, | .35 |
| Waterproofs and Circulars, | .35 |
| Ulsters, | .35 |

### CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
| Combination Suits, | .35 | Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts | .35 |
| Skirts and Overskirts, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Polonaise: Plain, | .25 | Waterproofs, Circulars | |
| " Fancy, | .35 | and Ulsters, | .25 |

### BOYS' PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Pants, | .20 | Gents' Shirts, | .50 |
| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

## SUN-FLOWER DESIGN IN CREWELS.

In the front of the number, we give one of those costly and beautiful colored patterns, which are a specialty of "Peterson," no other American magazine being able to afford the expense.

The design is to be worked in Kensington-stitch, and may be used for a screen, sofa-cushion, tidy, chair-seat, etc. The foundation may be black cloth or satin, if used for screen or chair. For tidy or cushion, linen momie-cloth is most serviceable. Two shades of yellow, one of green, and one of a reddish-brown, will be required. Our design is so perfect in its shading, as to require no description: even the direction of the mode of placing the stitches is given, which is seen in the little network of black, which is over all the flowers and leaves.

## SCREEN FOR CHIMNEY-PLACE.

The foundation of this model, (given in the front of the number,) is white gauze; and the ornamentations are bouquets of field flowers, cut out of cretonne. Gum them on in the places designed for each bouquet—one at a time—and with colored silks of the same shades in the flowers and leaves. Sew them on by buttonhole-stitch, very carefully. The tiny border is simple: done in some fancy stitches, with the different colored silks; also the flounce at the bottom. Make it the proper size for the chimney-place that it is to garnish. When completed, hang it over an under foundation of rose-colored tarletan, doubled.

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# THE LEONARDO PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of the new "LEONARDO PALETOT" AND CAP, which will be the most stylish and popular costume of its kind, this winter.

In a sheet, folded in with this number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns, from which the Paletot can be cut out, without the aid of a dressmaker. The Paletot consists of five pieces, as follows:

No. I.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. II.—HALF OF BACK.
No. III.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
No. IV.—SLEEVE.
No. V.—CAPE.

The several pieces are joined by the corresponding notches, and the letters show where they are put together. The collar is made of seal fur. Cuffs may be added, and a muff to match. The cap is of seal plush, or fur. The collar and cuffs may be of plush, if preferred.

We would say, for the benefit of new subscribers, that a pattern should be cut out of a piece of paper (old newspaper will do), for each of these five pieces; and that then these should be fitted on the person, before cutting into the stuff. Of course, all this is obvious; but there is no harm in stating it.

# PATTERNS IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, three new patterns in cross-stitch. The two lower are especially suitable for slippers, chairs, cushions, etc. The lowest of all is to be done in five colors: that next above it in four: the upper in one, or more, as may be preferred.



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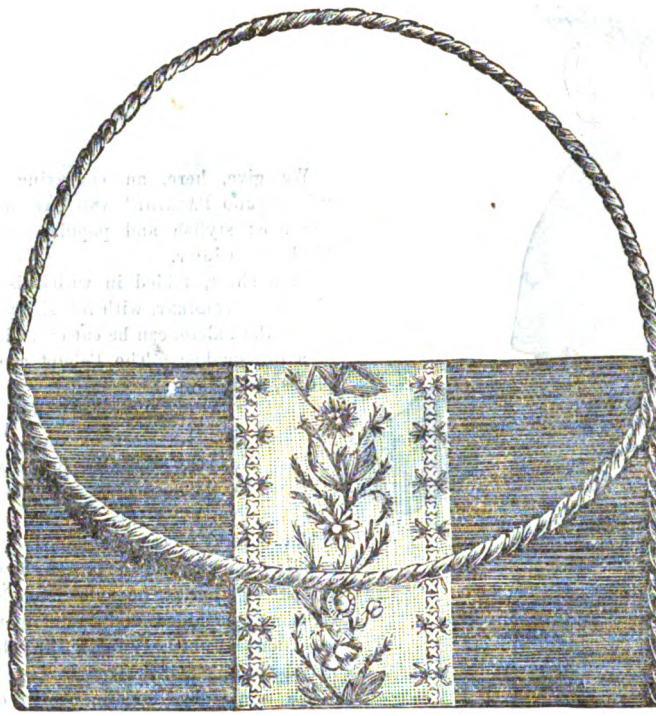
# POCKET FOR FANCY WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a very pretty design for a pocket, or bag, to hold fancy work. It is a very stylish, as well as convenient, affair, when a lady goes out to spend the afternoon, and wishes to take her work with her. In the front of the number, (on the same page as the patterns in cross-stitch,) we give, full size, the detail for the stripe.

The size of this pocket should depend on the kind of work it is to hold. The foundation is of fancy bronze canvas, and the pocket should be three times the width of the embroidered band, which is worked with silk, in long stitches. The poppies are in four shades of bright red, with pale-green centres and black stamens, dotted with gold-colored silk.

The daisies are worked with white wool, brightened with dashes of white floss silk, and French knot stitches of yellow silk in the centre. The corn flower is made with blue wool, shaded with pale-blue silk; the centre of olive-green and brown wool. The wheat-ear with five shades of gold-colored silk. The foliage is worked in several shades of green; the light branches in *point de russe* in moss-greens, browns, and golden tinges. The outer edges of the band are worked in cross-stitch, over eight threads of the canvas, in dull-green wool, and coarse, yellow silk. The leaves are in *point lance* in silks, alternately blue and green.

The pocket is lined with quilted satin, slightly wadded, and a small pocket is added inside, at the square end, to hold the scissors, needles, etc. Of course, if the bag is more than three times the width of the stripe, (as given in the front of the number,) then the stripe should be widened accordingly. We give the size that will, ordinarily, be found most convenient.

A shaded silk cord is sewn all round the edges, and forms the handle. One end of the canvas is rounded, and folds over to close the pocket, which is fastened with a button and loop.



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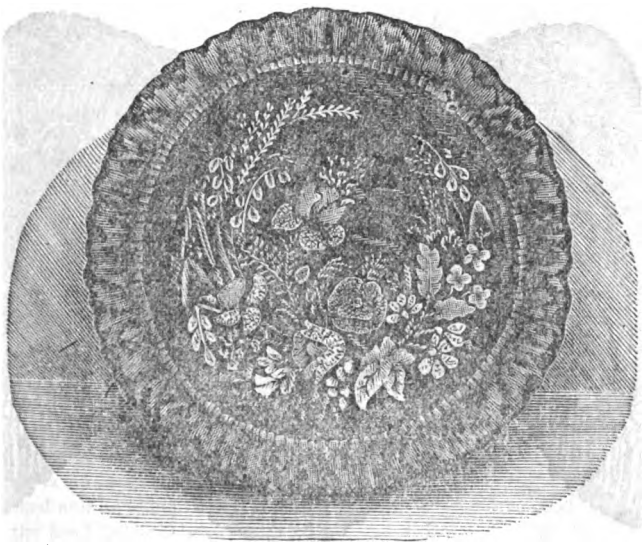
## ROUND CUSHION IN BLACK SATIN. (APPLIQUE.)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation of this cushion is black satin, and the design is formed of cretonne flowers and grasses, cut out, and appliqued on, with a good deal of fancy stitching in colored silks. First cut out, and then arrange the wreath of flowers upon the satin, basting them neatly and securely; then buttonhole the edges of everything with fine silks to match each flower and leaf. Add the veining of the leaves, etc. The sides of the cushion are of red satin, put in as a full puffing. The back is of plush, in crimson or maroon. A heavy silk cord finishes the seaming of the sides and back together.

## EMBROIDERED BAND: KENSINGTON-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a band, designed for the border of table-cover, lambrequin, curtain border, etc. It may be enlarged, or used in the size given. Work it on cloth, turc-satin, felt, or momie-cloth, as you prefer. Do the branches of coral in coral-red; brown for ends of the cat-tails; shades of green for grasses; and shades of silver-gray for the dolphin. Either crewels or filoselle may be used. The engraving shows the shading very well.

## DESIGN IN STEM-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The fern-leaf pattern, given in the front of the number, is very easily done, in stem-stitch entirely; and may be used as a border, or scattered all over a piece of work, as the taste may suggest.



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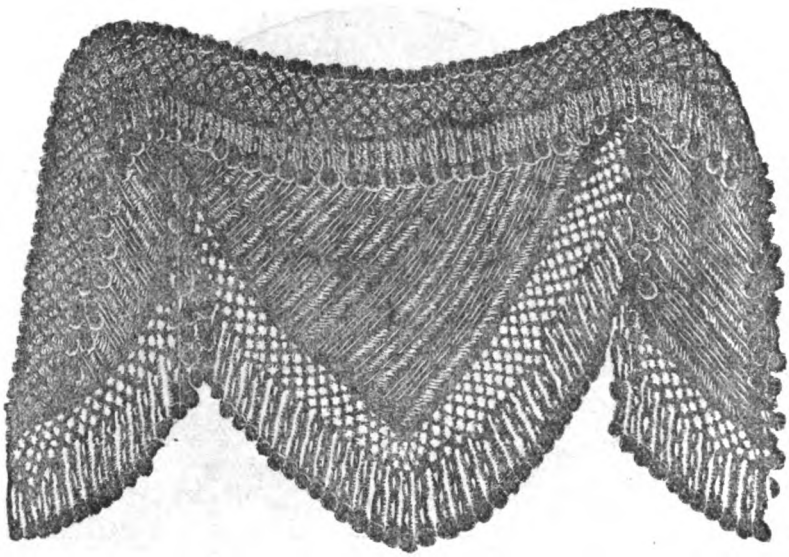
## FICHU IN CROCHET.

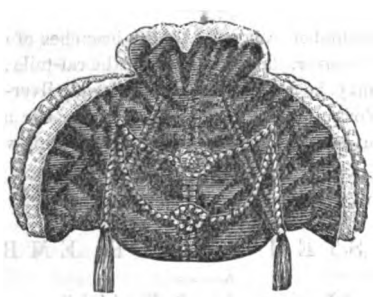
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This elegant fichu will be found very useful for breakfast wear, on a cold morning. Our model is a half-square, and is done in simple crochet, in stripes. Begin on a chain, the size you require. Narrow one stitch at the beginning of every row, until you work down to a point. Make the stripes shaded—as everything, now, is shaded. Black shaded to light-red, and black to light-gray, will make a very pretty combination; or shades of pink, and shades of olive. Finish with a deep fringe of chenille, or of the wools, tied to form the heading.

## BAG MUFF OF VELVET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Take a quarter of a yard of black velvet. Line it, and put in an interlining of wool wadding. Make a frill at the top, as you would for a bag; draw it in slightly at the sides, to shape it, and finish with a knife-plaited ruffle of velvet or satin ribbon, edged with white lace. Cord and tassels.



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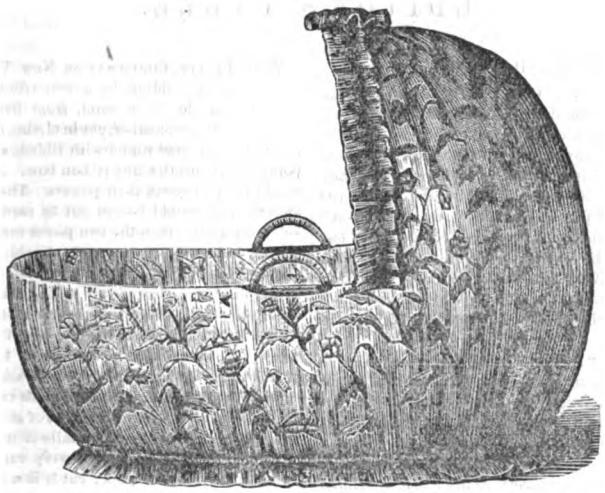
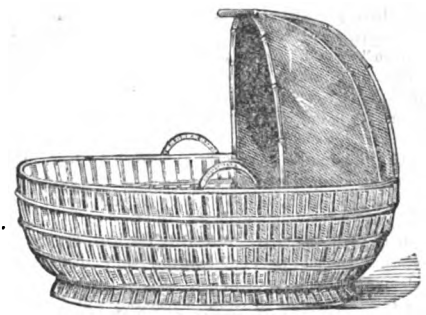
# BASKET CRADLE, TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A great advantage in this wicker cot is that it is so light to carry, that its transportation from one room to another is an easy matter. The cradle is given trimmed and untrimmed. In the untrimmed model, the head lining only is given, which is of white glazed chintz; but silk can be used, if preferred. The outside is covered with chintz, having a white ground, with a tiny pattern of rosebuds. The ruche around the head and foot is of the same material, and the handles are worked over with wools to match the colors in the chintz. Some cover these cradles with colored silesia, and over that dotted white muslin, and frills of lace, and bows of ribbon. Any basket-maker can make the foundation, from this model, by giving the proper size required.



# NAME FOR MARKING.

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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1882! GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER!—We issue this number as an earnest of the *progressive character* of this magazine, and call attention to the Prospectus for 1882, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book*, either in the United States, or, for that matter, in the world. We have attained this supremacy by giving *more for the money* than any other. We prefer a small profit, on a large business, to a large profit, on a small business.

We claim, also, that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other magazine. Its steel engravings are the finest, and a steel engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb colored plates (printed from steel, and not mere lithographs), have no rivals. The pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it also indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy*. Its illustrated stories and articles have proved so popular, that *we shall continue, and improve on them, in* 1882. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family, that pretends to culture, should take, at least, one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is our unrivalled engraving: "Hush! Don't Wake Them," or our fine Photograph Album. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1882. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving or Photograph Album, and also a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine, and both the engraving and Photograph Album are given, *three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

*Now is the time to get up clubs.* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Get to work at once.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

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THE ENGLISH AUTHORS COMPLAIN that their books are reprinted in America, without paying any copyright; and there is no doubt of the fact. On the other hand, the stories of our American magazines, especially those of "Peterson," are pirated in the same way, if we may use so strong an expression, by many of the English magazines, and have been for years. It is a curious fact, that, while England turns out scores of successful novelists, she seems to have very few authors who can write a good short story. Perhaps, this explains why "Peterson" is so largely utilized in the "sea-girt isle."

---

THE FASHIONS GIVEN IN THIS MAGAZINE, remember, are not those of any interested dealer, or second-rate New York or Philadelphia milliner. They are all from Paris, in advance. We have the best correspondents abroad, and the greatest facilities for getting the best styles. "Peterson" is conceded to be the highest authority in fashion.

VERY PRETTY CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS can be made, even by children, for a mere trifle. Spectacle cleaners are an example. Any child, from five to ten, can make these, out of wash-leather, cut in circles, about the size of half a dollar, and bound round with ribbon, sewn together at one point only, beneath a tiny ribbon bow. A spectacle case, too, would not be beyond their powers. The shape, which opens at both ends, should be cut out in cardboard, covered with velvet or satin; then the two pieces sewn together, and the sewing hidden by a fine cord. Nightgown cases, cushion and bed case for watch, handkerchief, smelling-bottle, etc., in braiding, are also within the capacity of children. Or small slippers, merely toes bound and sewn on straw or cork soles. Thick flannel is the best for these, and a tiny spray of flowers should be worked on the toes. Penwipers of all kinds. An easy one is made of odds and ends of wool, cut to a finger-length, a piece of cloth cut in vandyke at the edge wound round, and two straps of gold braid, like leather straps, the whole a good fac-simile of a roll of rugs. Some of the colored lamp-shades are very easily made by taking tissue paper, white or pink; cut it in a square large enough to cover the globe of the lamp; fold the corners together; cut from the centre a circular piece, large enough for the chimney to go through; then pass the paper through the hand, until it is creased with long creases all over, when the effect is excellent.

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SIDEBOARD CLOTHS are becoming more and more fashionable. A very striking style is to work, on the damask borders, grotesque animals with curling tails, similar to what one sees in twelfth-century missals. These are very uncommon, and look well worked in linen threads, or washing silks. We have also seen a handsome cloth, in which a flowing, conventional, rather heavy pattern was worked, on a band of blue linen, in white linen thread. The stitch used was herringbone, like the old Cretan work. We understand this stitch can be very quickly worked, and it certainly looks extremely well. Sometimes a motto is worked all along the front of the cloth. This looks very ornamental, and not too obtrusive, when the words are written diagonally, and separated by lines, and some ornamental device. To finish off the covers, lace can be used; but it is in much better taste to fringe out the material, and knot in some of the colors used in the embroidery.

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THE MAGNIFICENT COLORED PATTERN, in the front of this number, is one of those beautiful and costly embellishments only to be found in "Peterson." It is our New Year's gift to our subcribers for 1882. With it, we send our best wishes for their happiness. The expense of this superb illustration runs up into the thousands. "Peterson" is the only magazine, in America, that can afford those costly affairs.

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THIS IS THE ONLY LADY'S BOOK, remember, that has any pretensions to being a literary one. All the rest are mere dressmaker's advertising sheets, with stories that are copied, generally, from second-rate English periodicals. People of refinement must take "Peterson."

---

"AS PERFECT AS ART can make it," is the verdict of Camden (Ark.) Dollar. "Peterson's literature," it adds, "poetry and sketches, are by the best writers of the day."



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SPLENDID PREMIUMS FOR 1882.—Our new premium engraving, to be sent to persons for getting up clubs, for 1882, is entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," and is of the size of 20 inches by 16. No more beautiful ornament, to be framed, and hung on the parlor wall, could be desired. It is a work of real art.

*Or, in place of* this beautiful engraving, we will give, for a premium, a handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM. We are induced to make this offer, in consequence of the popularity of the Quarto Illustrated Album, which was one of our premiums for 1881. The Photograph Album is even more desirable. It is bound in leatherette, embossed and gilt; and contains places for twenty-four photographs, or more, of the *carte de visite* size.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or Photograph Album: and for some, all three. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again. But see the Prospectus on the last page of the cover.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1882. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those wishing to get up clubs.

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A VERY PRETTY PORTIERE, or a window-curtain, may be made of felt, which is now made for embroidery purposes: a kind of coarse cloth, which comes in all colors, and is very much cheaper than cloth. A light shade of blue, decorated in upright rows of sunflowers and leaves on their stalks, would be especially effective. The flowers may be done either in appliqué, or in crewel work. The curtain would be very much more effective with a band of dark-red plush, or velveteen, at top and bottom: the upper row being about a quarter of a yard wide, and the lower one three-eighths, for an ordinary door or window: and wider or narrower, if the door or window is higher or lower.

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"CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT."—A lady sends us a club for 1882, and says: "Being sick nearly all last winter, I failed to send on for my club, and we've all been lost, without 'Peterson,' ever since. 'Can't do without it,' 'must have it, this year,' is what they say, when asked to subscribe."

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FOR FIFTY CENTS we will send any one of our beautiful premium pictures, such as "Gran'father Tells Of Yorktown," "Not Lost, But Gone Before," etc., etc. A list of these pictures will be forwarded, post-paid, if requested, so that a selection may be made.

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"MORE THAN ANY OTHER." A lady sends us a large club for 1882, and says: "I am now acting as agent for all the popular works, and know that your magazine makes more improvements than any other." This, too, is the general verdict.

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ANY OF THE PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS, of former years, will be sent to persons getting up clubs, instead of "Hush! Don't Wake Them," *if preferred.* In such case, notify us, when remitting, what engraving is chosen.

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A MODEL HUSBAND is the writer of the following. He encloses two dollars, for "Peterson" for 1882, and adds: "My wife cannot get along without the magazine. We think it is the best, *at any price.*"

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THE POEM ON DEAN STANLEY, in this number, was sent to his successor, Dean Bradley, in advance of publication. In a letter just received, he highly compliments it.

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"I MUST HAVE IT." A lady sends us two dollars, and says: "I tried, this year, to do without your magazine; but I find *I must have it:* so I enclose two dollars."

WE HAVE NO AGENTS for whom we are responsible. Either *remit direct to us,* or subscribe through your local newsdealer, or give your money to some person getting up a club *whom you know of,* or are personally acquainted with.

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THE ILLUSTRATED QUARTO ALBUM, which was one of the premiums, in 1881, will be sent, this year, *instead* of the Photograph Album, whenever preferred.

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THE PRETTIEST CHRISTMAS GIFT, for a lady, whether a wife, sister, or sweetheart, is a paid up subscription for "Peterson" for 1882.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Hannah Jane. By David Ross Locke.* 1 *vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is one of those handsomely illustrated volumes, in which the engravings run a race, so to speak, with the text, to see which will win. The poem itself is from the pen of Mr. Locke, better known by his *nom de plume* of Petroleum V. Nasby, and is half humorous, half pathetic, with a very pronounced moral. It is the illustrations, however, which, in this case, take the lead. They are from designs by S. G. McCutcheon and E. H. Garrett, and have been arranged and engraved by George T. Andrew.

*The Mother's Guide In The Management And Feeding Of Infants. By John M. Keating, M. D.* 1 *vol.,* 16*mo. Philadelphia: H. C. Lea's Son & Co.*—We should think this book would eventually supersede all other treatises on the same subject. Certainly, one cannot well see how it could be better. The author holds the very highest rank in his profession, and is, in fact, a specialist in all that relates to infants, being the lecturer, on that subject, in the world-famed University of Pennsylvania.

*Bertha's Baby. By Gustave Droz.* 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—It is not saying too much to characterize this as the most brilliant book of its kind that has appeared. The reputation of Gustave Droz, high as it has always been in France, has been greatly increased, in fact, by this charmingly natural, yet sparkling, and at times comical, story. We are, therefore, glad to see this translation of the tale. The book ought to have, we think, quite an unprecedented sale.

*Spanish Fairy Tales. By Fernan Caballero. Translated by J. H. Ingram.* 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—We have, here, something quite fresh in the way of fairy tales. It is not so very long ago, indeed, that the brothers Grimm doubted even the existence of a national fairy literature in Spain. Most of these stories have been collected in Andalusia; but they are thoroughly Iberian, for all that. The volume is illustrated.

*"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep." By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* 1 *vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very noble poem, and most fitly illustrated. The designs are by Miss L. B. Humphrey, the engravings by Andrew. A portrait of Mrs. Browning, herself, is very gracefully introduced, in an embellished title-page. All the illustrations are good; and it is difficult to say which is best.

*Craque-O-Doom. By M. H. Catherwood.* 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This story is especially to be recommended, because it is somewhat out of the beaten track. Parts of it are intensely realistic. The name of the author is a new one, at least, to us; yet she writes as if a practised hand. Is it some one of established reputation, masquerading under an assumed name?

*Young Americans In Japan. By Edward Greey.* 1 *vol.,* 8*vo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Just the book for a boy; for it is full of stir and interest, and yet is not of the objectionable "blood-and-thunder" school. The text is very fully illustrated, there being no less than one hundred and seventy-one wood engravings.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THAT THIS IS THE BEST *as well as cheapest* of the distinctively lady's books, the newspaper press, with one voice, unanimously acknowledges. We have, before us, hundreds of notices to this effect. Says the Dayton (O.) Herald: "Among the great improvements made by American magazines, in none is it more marked than in 'Peterson.' We recommend it to our lady readers as the very best issued." Says the Havre de Grace (Md.) Republican: "The cheapest and best magazine, for ladies, published is 'Peterson's:' it always has the latest fashions; its steel engravings are superb; while its stories are always the best." Says the Reading (Pa.) Journal: "The best of the ladies' magazines." Says the Middleport (N. Y.) Mail: "Ahead of all its competitors; full of bright and sparkling things: as a lady's magazine, it is far in advance of all the rest." Says the Oakland (Cal.) Tribune: "In this, the editors have surpassed every previous effort." Says the Jacksonville (Fla.) Union, of the last number: "Better than ever." Says the Adel (Iowa) Era: "Indispensable in every well regulated family." In getting up clubs, show these notices. We could give hundreds of similar ones, if we had the room.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in Nervousness, Wakefulness, etc. Dr. Reuben A. Vance, of New York Institute and Bellevue Hospital, says: "The preparation on which I place the most reliance is Horsford's Acid Phosphate."

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THE SILK ORNAMENTS, manufactured by Palm & Fechteler, No. 403 Broadway, New York, are really very beautiful, and quite a novelty. They are used for decorating all sorts of articles, such as tidies, pincushions, satchels, lamp shades, etc.; and, in fact, any article made of silk and satin. The designs are all exceptionally tasteful.

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"CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT."—A California subscriber renews and says: "We are all so pleased with 'Peterson,' that we can't do without it."

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. I—THE COHOSHES—BLACK AND BLUE, CONCLUDED.

2. BLUE COHOSH. *Caulophyllum thalictroides.* Greek, *kaulos*, a stem, and *phullon*, a leaf: from its curious leaf or petiole. Of a different order and family from that of the Black Cohosh, spoken of in the December number. This, with the May-apple, belongs to the order Berberidaceæ; the Black, to Ranunculaceæ, or Buttercup family. Other names, for the Blue Cohosh, are Pappoose-root, Squaw-weed, etc., which indicate that our Indians used it both for themselves and children; which, in fact, is historical. The plant is glabrous, purplish, and glaucous, when young. Stem, twelve to eighteen inches high, generally two-leaved, compound; the lower, mostly triternate (bearing twenty-seven leaflets); the upper one biternate (or having nine leaflets); leaflets, two to three inches long, cuneate-obovate, mostly three-lobed; panicle, racemose from the base of the upper petiole; flowers, yellowish-green; sepals, six, with three bractlets; petals, six, gland-like, dilated, and somewhat hooded or incurved at the summit, much smaller than the sepals; stamens, six; seeds, with a fleshy integument, and a solid, horny albumen, deep blue at maturity. We describe this striking and curious plant thus minutely, as it is well worth hunting after, by persons living in the country, in rich woodlands, which, once seen, will ever be remembered. It is in flower during April or May; fruits in August.

Blue Cohosh is more valuable in diseases that are peculiar to women; in fact, there is scarcely one of their ailments, in which this agent may not be given with decided benefit. Its chief influence is exerted upon the mucous membrane of the utero-genital organs, and gives tone and energy to them, through its beneficent action upon this tissue. In treating female diseases, many physicians are in the habit of prescribing "a great variety of promiscuous compounds," without any correct knowledge of the specific relation of any one of the remedies used. Hence, good or successful results seldom follow such unscientific prescribing.

There is a doctrine of "specific medication" which is true; and every intelligent or enlightened physician, in this year of grace, should recognize the fact, and *know* that certain agents, embraced in our Indigenous Medical Flora, have specific action upon individual organs and their functions; and unless he be familiar with this doctrine, and this class of remedies, one can only pity the sick who may fall into his hands.

The Black Cohosh, or Snake-root, is suited to both male and female: in pleurodynia, infra-mammary pain, or pleuritic stitch; faintness or sinking at the pit of the stomach; hot flashes, incident to women; pain and soreness of the eyeballs; pain at the vertex; and irritability of disposition of women at certain periods, etc. The Black is also more useful in coughs and bronchial irritation than the Blue. The former influences the larger joints, in rheumatism, while the latter relieves the pains of the smaller, viz.: the hands and feet. In dysmenorrhœa, or mensual colic, spasms or pains of stomach or intestines, hysterical convulsions, etc., Blue Cohosh is the remedy. It is peculiarly valuable in leucorrhœa and urinary troubles. The fluid extract, in doses of a few drops (one to five) in sweetened water, or in syrup, is convenient for mothers to administer; or the active principle of the plant—*Caulophyllin*—triturated with sugar, one part to nine, and given in five-grain doses, may be used instead.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

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### No. 135.—LADDER PUZZLE.

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The uprights are words of nine letters each, the right meaning a district of country, the left, veneration. The rounds, beginning with the lower, mean: 1. One who cures. 2. Renown. 3. To embark in. 4. To endow.

*Harlem, N. Y.* MINNIE S. YOST.

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### No. 136.—RIDDLE.

I'm suspended in air, yet attached to the ground;
I'm travelled o'er, daily, without sight or sound.
Sometimes, a joy or a sorrow I bring—
Yet never a word do I say or sing.

*Chicago, Ill.* STELLA.

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### No. 137.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in wade, but not in bound.

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My second's in earth, but not in ground.
My third is in grain, but not in corn.
My fourth is in wail, but not in mourn.
My fifth is in graze, but not in eat.
My sixth is in fish, but not in meat.
My seventh's in kneel, but not in pray.
My eighth is in white, but not in gray.
My whole, you'll readily find, I ween,
Is something that recently all have seen.

*Darlington, S. C.* MISS A. A. MULDROW.

No. 138.—DECAPITATIONS.

Entire, I am a cereal of great value. Behead me, and I am a sensation everyone longs for in winter. Behead me again, and I am the ruling spirit and action at a feast. Beheaded again, I am a preposition. Once more behead me, and I am always in tea.

*McKinstry's Mills, Md.* MARY M. WEAVER.

No. 139.—EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 1, 6, 9, is an article used by authors.
My 1, 7, 3, is an excise.
My 1, 4, 8, is a number.
My 5, 2, 8, is a very useful instrument.
My whole is a wonderful invention.

*Grape Lawn, Va.* X.

No. 140.—ENIGMA.

My whole is a well-known remedial agent, which may be divided into five component parts.

My first is a narrow ribbon. If from it you take my second, which is younger, you give it what it did not possess before, but render it less agreeable.

My third is a pod. If to it you annex the last element of my first, you have a system.

My fourth is a bird. If to it you prefix the middle element of my first, you have a small piece of wood.

My fifth is found in every household. If to it you give the same prefix as to my fourth, you have the substance which secretes the greatest quantity of my fifth.

*Wellsville, N. Y.* S. F.

*Answers Next Month.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

No. 132.

The four figures are 8, 8, 8, 8; which, being divided by a line, drawn across the middle, will leave nothing.

No. 133.

I understood you undertook to undervalue my undertaking.

No. 134.

Heliotrope.

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

*Poor Man's Soup.*—Put one ounce of butter into a saucepan, with three large onions, shred fine, and fry them a pale-brown color; add half a tablespoonful of flour, stir for a few minutes, but do not allow the mixture to darken; then add one quart of common stock, previously flavored with carrots, turnips, celery, leeks, and parsley, boiled in it; stir until the soup boils, and season it to taste with pepper and salt. Peel one or two potatoes, cut them into small dice, and put them to boil with the soup. Cut some crusts of bread in long pieces, the size, and half the length, of French beans, dry them in the oven, and, at the time of serving, throw them into the soup; then stir into it, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with a little milk, and strained.

*Chicken Broth.*—Roast or bake, till turning yellow, two old fowls. Put them in a soup kettle, with three quarts of cold water, and set them over a rather slow fire. Skim, add a small onion, a leek, a few stalks of chervil, and two stalks of celery. Simmer gently, till the fowls fall to pieces, say four or five hours; strain, and set the broth aside. The next day, carefully remove all the fat. Beat up the whites of two eggs, with two gills of the cold broth. Heat the rest of the broth to boiling, then stir in the whites of the eggs; boil gently ten minutes, and strain it through an absolutely clean cloth. The perfection of this soup depends upon having it as clear and limpid as possible.

MEATS.

*Plain Chicken Fricasse.*—Cut up the chickens, and wash well in salt water; put them in a pot, with enough cold water to cover them; add (for two chickens) one-half pound of salt pork, cut up in thin strips; cover, and let heat very slowly; then stew, until the fowls are tender. Cook slowly —if they cook fast, they toughen and shrink. When almost done, add, if desired, a chopped onion or two, some parsley and pepper; cover closely again, and when it has heated to boiling, stir in slowly a teacupful of milk, containing two beaten eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of flour; boil up again, and add one tablespoonful of good butter. Arrange the chicken nicely in a deep dish, pour the gravy over, and serve hot.

*Mutton Stew.*—Take three pounds of breast or neck of mutton, cut in pieces, put in a stewpan with just enough water to cover, adding a pinch of salt; let it stew gently for one hour; skim off all the fat; peel and slice six potatoes, and four onions; then sprinkle, and put all the ingredients into another stewpan, in layers: first a layer of vegetables, then one of meat, and sprinkle seasoning of pepper and salt and savory between each layer; cover closely, and let the whole stew very slowly for one hour, shaking it frequently to prevent its burning. This is a good dish for a family dinner, and is easily made.

*Smothered Steak.*—Take one dozen large onions, boil them in very little water, until they are tender. One pound of steak, season it with pepper and salt, put it in a pan with some hot beef-dripping, and fry it till it is done. Take it out, put it on a dish, where it will keep hot. Then, when the onions are soft, drain and mash them in the pan with the steak gravy, and add pepper and salt to taste. Put it on the fire, and, as soon as it is hot, pour it over the steak, and serve it.

*Ham Cakes.*—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham, and making an excellent dish for breakfast, is: Take one and a-half pounds of ham, fat and lean together; put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage-machine. Soak a large slice of bread in a half-pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together. Add an egg, beaten up. Put the whole into a mould, and bake a rich brown.

VEGETABLES.

*Hominy.*—Wash it through two or three waters, pour boiling water on it, and let it soak for at least ten hours; then put it into a stewpan, allowing two quarts of water to one quart of hominy, and boil it slowly four or five hours, or until it is perfectly tender; then drain it, put it into a deep dish, add salt and a bit of butter, and serve as a vegetable, with meat. Samp is cooked in the same way, but rather less

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water is used; for instance, put a pint and a-half to one quart of samp. It is also good cut when cold into slices, and fried for breakfast.

*Onion Sauce.*—Boil some onions in milk, with pepper, salt, and nutmeg. When quite done, pass them through a sieve. Put some butter and flour into a saucepan; when the butter is melted, and well mixed with the flour, put in the pulp of the onions, and add either milk or cream, stirring the sauce on the fire, until it is of the desired consistency.

*Potato Noodles.*—Grate one dozen of boiled potatoes, add two eggs, a little salt, half a cupful of milk, enough flour to knead stiff, then cut in small pieces, and roll long and round, one inch thick; fry in plenty of lard to a nice brown.

DESSERTS.

*Recipe for a Small Quantity of Lemon Mince-Meat.*—One large lemon, three large apples, four ounces of beef-suet, half-pound of currants, half-pound of stoned raisins, four ounces of white sugar, one ounce of candied orange and citron. Chop up the apples and beef-suet, mix them with the fruit and sugar; then squeeze the juice from a large lemon into a cup; add a glass of sherry. Well mix the whole; it is fit for immediate use.

*Fig Roly Pudding.*—One pound of flour, six ounces of fresh beef-suet, half-teaspoonful of salt, one pound of figs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Chop the suet very fine, and remove all strings; mix well with the flour, salt, and baking-powder; make into a paste with iced water, and roll out in a sheet. Cut the figs into long slices, cover the paste with them, tie in a cloth, and boil in fast boiling water for two hours.

*Spanish Cream.*—One ounce of gelatine, three pints of milk, six eggs, eight tablespoonfuls of sugar. Soak the gelatine one hour in the milk, then let it come to a boil; beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar, and stir in; let it simmer, take off the fire, and pour over it the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth; flavor with the lemon or vanilla extract.

*Plain Puddings.*—Bread-crumbs, put into a pie-dish, with alternate layers of stewed apples and a little sugar, when baked, makes an excellent pudding, the juice of the apples making the bread-crumbs quite moist.

CAKES, ETC.

*Plum Cake.*—Take a good pound of butter, squeeze the water out of it, then beat it smooth with a spoon. Add one pound of coarse brown sugar, mix it well, then drop in ten eggs, one by one, out of the shell; beat all for ten minutes. Then add a glass and a-half of whisky, boiling hot, (prepared according to the directions given below,) three pounds of currants, well washed, dried, and picked, mixed on a dish with a pound and a-half of flour, to be added by degrees to the ingredients; not to beat much in this stage. Add half a pound of dried citron and candied orange-peel, shred in thick slices. Paper your shape, without buttering it, putting many folds of paper on the bottom, to prevent it burning. Bake five hours in a slow oven. Directions for boiling whisky: Put a handful of sugar, any sort, and a lump of butter, in a saucepan, to burn. When burnt, take it off the fire, and throw in a glass and a-half of whisky. Let it simmer until it has absorbed the color of the sugar. In this state, add to the cake. Icing the cake may be done a day or two afterwards, as it need not be put in the oven to dry. Half a pound of icing sugar, the white of one egg, well beaten; add the sugar, and beat on; then add half a wineglass of vinegar, and beat well together. Then lay it thickly on the cake with a knife; leave the cake in a dry place until the sugar is quite hard. The cake will keep three months.

*Gingerbread Cake.*—Take half-pound of butter, half-pound of sugar, two ounces of ground ginger, a dessertspoonful of carbonate of soda, a pinch of salt, and two teacupfuls of flour of rice. Mix these well together, then add one pound of syrup, a gill of rich milk, and seven eggs, well beaten. Stir into this mixture as much flour as will bring it to a proper consistency. Let it lie over night; put into a buttered tin, and bake for an hour, in a moderate oven. Any seasoning may be added. Some pieces of lemon-peel are a great improvement.

*Seed Cake.*—Beat three-quarters of a pound of butter to a cream, with a wooden spoon; then add one pound of sifted sugar. Beat them together, till like snow. Add nine eggs, one by one, into the batter. Beat it twenty minutes, then mix in lightly one pound of flour, well dried and rolled. Put all into a pan, with three folds of paper under it; and bake it in a well-heated oven, but not too hot. Add a wineglassful of seeds.

TOILET.

*The Hands.*—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time, to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in procuring a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit, which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon-juice will restore their whiteness for the time; and lemon-soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands, on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds; beat with three drachms of white wax and three drachms of spermaceti, beaten up carefully in rose-water. Gloves should be always worn on exposure to the atmosphere.

## FIRESIDE GAMES.

THE GAME OF MUFTI.—This is probably the best, as it certainly is the most possible, of all the games into which agility enters, and which can be played indoors. A number of chairs, less by one than the number of players, are placed in a long row, the chairs facing alternately in opposite directions. The players then proceed to march around the chairs, in single file, and to the sound of music, and continue to do so as long as the music is played. As soon as ever the music stops, every player must sit down; and, as there is one chair too few, one person is necessarily left without a seat, and is thereby put out of the game. A chair is then taken away, and the players resume their march, as before; a player and a chair being taken off at each sitting. The fun of the thing, as may be imagined, depends almost entirely upon the manner in which the music is managed; for the deceptions which may be practiced by the musician, are infinite. He may play a short air through, and allow it to die away on the last note. Every one of the players immediately captures a seat, but only to be urged on again by the music being continued in a faster strain than before; and as the musician will not stop in ordinary places, so he must be careful to stop in unexpected places, the more abruptly the better, and he will be rewarded by seeing a most amusing scramble for the chairs. The field will get gradually smaller and smaller, till nothing is left but one chair and two players; and here the skill of the musician will be shown by keeping them marching for as long a period as possible, and finally break off just as they are both passing the front of the chair; when they will, in all probability, sit down on each other. It is not fair to use ottomans or stools in this game, because the principle of it is that only one person should be able to occupy the seat at a time; and chairs with backs to them are, therefore, indispensable. It is necessary, too, that authority should be exerted to keep the players marching fairly, as long as the music is going on.

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## FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN. The front is trimmed with knife-plaitings of gold-colored satin, put on lengthwise. The train skirt is trimmed with the gold satin, as well as the short wrinkled apron front. The low waist is trimmed with the gold satin. A long trail of red roses and leaves passes from the left side of the waist to the right side of the skirt.

FIG. II.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF ÉCRU-COLORED SURAH SILK. The skirt is composed of fine plaitings of écru-red and green striped Pekin. Beneath this, are two narrow écru ruffles, and one of the Pekin. The écru surah falls over the plaited Pekin, in square tabs, which are hand-embroidered. The scarf is of the gay striped Pekin, edged with fringe, and tied in a knot at the back. The cuirass waist and sleeves are embroidered, and the *revers* are faced with the Pekin. High, standing collar.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE SATIN DE LYONS AND DARKER-BLUE VELVET. The light-blue skirt is trimmed with many puffings and narrow ruffles of the material, while the velvet skirt falls in a point, shawl-shape in front, forms a large puff at the back, and is tied in sash, which falls over the satin skirt. A plaited scarf of the light-blue falls again over the blue velvet; the low waist is edged with a band of the blue velvet, and has a bertlé of pearl lace.

FIG. IV.—BALL-DRESS, OF CRIMSON SATIN, brocaded in large, dull-yellow flowers. The bottom has a plaiting of plain red satin, which also edges the long train. The train is lined with plain red satin, which is turned back, and forms *revers*, fastened with a large red satin bow. Low bodice, with a point in front, and coat-shaped back.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE SATIN, with upright puffs. Over this is worn a white Spanish lace skirt, edged with a band of white satin. The pointed satin waist is trimmed with loops of white satin ribbon.

FIG. VI.—WALKING JACKET, BACK AND FRONT. It is of plain cloth, close fitting, and is machine-stitched at the edge. The front has cutaway basques, with large pockets. The collar forms small *revers*. The first figure wears a plain cloth skirt, draped at the back. The second figure wears a cashmere skirt, with a deep kilting, with scarf drapery above.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK SURAH. The lower part is trimmed with five knife-plaited flounces. Above these, the skirt falls full and loose, and is edged with many narrow puffs, and finished with a ruffle. The princess bodice is gauged above and below the waist, and forms *paniers* on the hips. At the back, it is looped irregularly. The sleeves have a puff at the top, and a plaited cuff, like the belt.

FIG. VIII.—VISITING COSTUME. The underskirt is of plaid satin, of brown shading to bége color. It is edged with four narrow ruffles of bége-colored satin. The tunic is of bége-colored cloth, and is draped high on one side, with cord and tassels. The bodice is round waisted, with plaid cuffs and belt. The *revers* are faced with the plaid satin.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PEACOCK-BLUE INDIAN CAMEL'S-HAIR, opening over a brocaded satin petticoat of peacock-blue. The camel's-hair skirt is sewed in plaits on the close-fitting bodice. The skirt is simply looped at the back. The bodice is fastened down the front by large, antique, silver buttons. The brocaded skirt is quite plain to above the knees, where it is trimmed by a standing ruffle, and many rows of gauging, of plain peacock-blue satin. Below these gaugings, a large, loose puff falls over a plaiting of plain satin.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN CASHMERE, trimmed with two narrow ruffles, falling below one deep, kilted flounce; a plain, draped overskirt; deep, tight-fitting visite of soft cloth, striped with brown and gray. It buttons down the front with large buttons, and has a deep cape, which is faced down the front with brown velvet, and has a brown velvet collar. Brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. XI.—DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN, for an elderly lady. The bottom and long train is trimmed with plaitings of satin. The deep, close-fitting bodice and front of the dress are trimmed with jet. The fichu and head-dress are of Spanish lace.

FIG. XII.—YOUNG LADY'S EVENING-DRESS. The skirt is of pink silk, trimmed with many narrow ruffles. The cream-colored nun's veiling overdress is edged with pink silk. The heart-shaped bodice is trimmed with folds of silk, and the sleeves correspond. Pink bouquet on the side of the bodice.

FIG. XIII.—BODICE FOR EVENING-DRESS, OF BLACK SPANISH LACE, over gold-colored satin. The bodice is gathered at the waist, back and front. The basque is pointed and edged with a ruche of lace at the bottom and at the neck. White, puffed undersleeves.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF AMARANTH-COLORED VELVET. The trimming, ribbons, feathers, and strings, are of the same shade. The ribbon is fastened with a cut steel buckle.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We have very little to add, in the way of general remarks, to what we have described above, and to the letter of our Paris correspondent below. The dresses we have engraved for the number, are not only the latest fashions, but the choicest and most elegant of those fashions. *They are, every one, Paris patterns.* Most of the so-called fashion magazines are now owned by dressmaking, millinery or dry-goods establishments, and are mere advertising sheets, designed to work off their second-rate and inferior articles. But none of the proprietors, or editors, of "Peterson," are tradesmen; none of them are interested in selling dress-goods or dresses: they have no temptation to be anything but strictly impartial. Nothing out of taste ever appears in these pages. We get the best patterns of Wotrh, Pingard, and others, and select only such as ladies of refinement should wear.

Short dresses more than hold their own. For full dress, we think a train an ornament; but even very elegant dresses are now often made short: they still fall flat in front, as we said last month; but they are more puffed out at the back. Paniers, or panier effects, grow in favor, though we cannot say that we admire them, as a rule. Trimmings of skirts vary with the fancy of the wearers. Fichus, collarettes, etc., etc., continue fashionable. Vests are again popular. Coat sleeves have resumed their sway. Mantles and wraps are nearly all long; but they vary greatly in design: frequently, to show off a stylish skirt, a shorter paletot is worn; sometimes they fit the figure, sometimes they are loose: different persons require different styles. Basques, pointed waists, round waists, and coats, can all be worn, at the taste of the wearer. But all this was said, in greater detail, in our November and December numbers; and as there has been no change since, the winter styles being fixed, and the spring ones not yet come in, we only now refer generally to it. As for hats and bonnets, we call attention, particularly, to what is said about them in our Paris letter, for which we now make way.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

We must signalize, amongst the later novelties of the season, the cloth dresses that are becoming very popular. These dresses are very becoming, and elegant in form and design. They consist simply of a long, straight, undraped polonaise, or rather coat, worn over around underskirt, also of cloth; which underskirt is bordered around the hem with a flat, stitched, cloth plaiting. The coat parts in front, just below the waist, and is long enough to touch the plaited flounce. It is made double-breasted, and when the coat is of black cloth, it is closed with very large flat buttons, covered with dead silk, while one solitary and still larger button is set on each of the sleeves. I have seen a suit of this kind made for an American lady, who is in slight mourning, on which the



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smaller-sized buttons were as large as silver half-dollars, whilst those on the sleeves equalled a silver dollar in their dimensions. Sometimes, these coats are made of blue cloth, and are worn over skirts of brown silk, the coat being then adorned with bright metal buttons; but dresses in this style are far less stylish than are the all-black costumes. If the cloth underskirt be found too heavy, the back breadths can be made of silk or of alpaca. Cloth suits, for young and slender girls, are made with a cutaway coat, showing a silk vest, while the coat opens at the throat to show a scarf necktie, fastened with a jewelled pin. The skirt is covered with a wide plaiting, crossed with a scarf drapery, just below the waist. For lighter cloths, the dress has a corsage trimmed with narrow black braid; while the skirt draperies cross and interlace in front. This dress has the tight-fitting paletot to correspond. Walking suits are often made with the paletot in a contrasting material, though always matching the dress in color precisely. Thus the dress may be in cashmere and satin, with the coat in plush; or may be composed of a cashmere tunic, looped over a plain velvet underskirt, while the coat is in stamped velvet. Fur is a good deal used on the half-long coats, this winter; it is put on in very wide bands, the cuffs and pockets being bordered to correspond. But fur is thus used on every-day costumes merely. For visiting suits, the fur-finished plush is preferred, as being much richer. I have seen a satin costume at Worth's, with the overskirt folded back in a deep square, so as to show a skirt-front entirely covered with bands of this heavy plush, the satin overskirt being draped very full behind. The effect was exceedingly rich and stylish. Heavy ribbed plushes are much used for trimming, while the smooth, short-napped plush continues to be the favorite for coats or bonnets. For opera-cloaks, the rich, watered plush is largely in vogue.

For morning-wear, there are pretty and inexpensive half-fitting sacques prepared, in cashmere or in colored flannels, trimmed with white or black lace, or with plaited or embroidered ruffles of the stuff. These are worn, either with skirts to match, or over a black silk skirt. For dressy morning-wrappers, plush is used; or else satin-finished surah, lined with flannel, and trimmed with cascades of white lace.

Evening-dresses are either a combination of satin and brocade, or embroidered satin and velvet of the richest possible description; or what is more costly still, they are of tulle of the most delicate possible hues, or else purely white. Sometimes, the perishable material is dotted or sprigged with silver; and, in the latter case, a toilette composed of that sparkling, vaporous material is exceedingly lovely. Worth is making up a good many tulle dresses now, some with the old-fashioned baby waist, (now become the height of the fashion again,) that is to say, cut low, and with the material, put in very full, and drawn in at the waist, where the juncture is concealed by a wide satin sash. I saw a dress of that description at his establishment, prepared for a young bride, the Princess Delgrado. It was in white and silver, with a white satin sash, and was trimmed simply with two long, straight trails of honeysuckle, extending down the front of the dress. Sometimes, these aerial dresses are made with a corsage in satin or brocade. Watered silk and satin, of precisely the same hues, are combined with good effect for evening-dress. They must match to perfection, while if satin is employed, with brocade or stamped velvet figured with flowers in their natural hues, the satin must contrast in color with the groundwork of the brocade. Gaily-colored brocades, particularly those with scarlet satin grounds, are a good deal used for trimming black silk dresses.

Worth has introduced a new style of transparent sleeves for dinner-dress, which will enable ladies to use their handsome lace for dress sleeves, without cutting it to pieces. The lace is set on transparent net or gauze, and is put on in ruffles crossing the arm, the under part of the sleeve being composed of the same material as the dress. The toilette, that was shown to me, was in pale-green satin, the sleeves being composed of ruffles of fine point lace.

Flowers are a good deal more worn than heretofore; but simply in the form of a bouquet de corsage on a ball-dress, with a small cluster to correspond for the hair. Except in the case of a wedding-dress, these flowers must contrast with the dress, yet must have colors that will blend well with those of the toilettes wherewith they are worn. Thus, pink geraniums were worn with the pale-green dress before mentioned; a bouquet of tea-roses and heliotrope with a pale-blue dress; and a cluster of deep-pink roses and white jessamine adorned a dinner-dress of dark-blue velvet. Great care must be taken in assorting the hues and style of the flowers to those of the toilette. One of the most dreadful combinations of the kind, that it was ever my ill-fortune to behold, was the wearing of nasturtiums of red and orange velvet, with a dinner-dress of pale-lilac brocade.

Hats are far less exaggerated in style than they were last season. The immensely large Gainsborough and Rubens hats are now no longer worn by the elegant ladies, but only by eccentric ones. The poke shape has almost entirely disappeared. Wide-brimmed hats are still worn, but in a very modified form, the Holbein shape having the preference, and being really picturesque and graceful.

In the matter of coiffure, the hair will be worn a good deal lower on the neck than it has been for some two seasons past, being arranged in loosely-looped braids, sometimes intermixed with curls. The style of dressing the front hair remains unchanged.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF BEAVER CLOTH, trimmed with plush. Plush fez, with tassel and band of fur.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S HOUSE-DRESS, of chestnut-brown camel's-hair. The princess dress is trimmed with many rows of darker-brown braid. Beneath the lower skirt, is a knife-plaited ruffle of brown satin. The sleeves are also trimmed with braid. The front is trimmed with many butterfly bows.

FIG. III.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS FOR A GIRL. The coat is of gray cloth, buttoned down the front, and the collar, cuffs, pockets, and muff are of seal-skin. The muff has a gay bird on the front. Hat, of seal-brown plush, trimmed with gray feathers.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S WINTER CAP, with turned-up brim.

FIG. V.—BOY'S PLUSH CAP, with brown cord and tassels.


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D. D. and Pastor Congregational Church.

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*A. C. Kendrick.*

D. D., Professor of Greek in the Rochester University and New Testament reviser.

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D. D. and Financial Secretary Howard University.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., January 18th, 1881.

Mr. H. H. Warner has placed in my possession the formulæ of the several medicines manufactured and sold under the general designation of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I have investigated the processes of manufacture, which are conducted with extreme care, and according to the best methods. I have taken from the laboratory samples of all the articles used in the preparation of these medicines, as well as the several medicines into which they enter. I have also purchased from different druggists in this city, Warner's Safe Remedies, and upon critical examination I find them all entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances.

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# WEATHER--OR NOT.

We admire the philosophy of the unfortunate man, who, when everything had been swept away, said, "Well, there'll be weather and taxes left, at any rate." Alas! weather is the "yellow dog" of all subjects; everyone thinks it his special right to try to better the weather, and hurls his anathemas against "Old Probabilities," and all who endeavor to assist him in regulating the weather. The following communication is from Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, Mo., the renowned meteorologist and weather prophet of the West. It does not discuss the weather but something surely of more importance to those who suffer with that painful malady he speaks of: "The day after concluding my lectures at Burlington,

Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 25; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours, I thought—as I had been using ST. JACOBS OIL with good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.

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Who honestly desrie Relief, I can furnish means of **Permanent and Positive Cure,**

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## THE HARP-ETTE,

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*Lydia E. Pinkham*

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**for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.**

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

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☞ **Sold by all Druggists.** ☜

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As it is for all diseases of the **KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.**

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

**THOUSANDS OF CASES**

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

**PERFECTLY CURED.**

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Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in **Dry Vegetable Form,** in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in **Liquid Form, very Concentrated** for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, **$1.00**

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**EPILEPTIC FITS.**

*From Am. Journal of Medicine*

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing, successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address, We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

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**Sold throughout the World.**


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**Overstrung Bass! Large Size! Great Power!!**
**PIANO** New Style No. 1890, **7 Oct.** Elegant Rosewood case, Large front, Round Corners, Carved Legs, and Lyre, Fine Mouldings, Agraffe Treble, Best Iron Frame, French Action, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only..... **$173.75**

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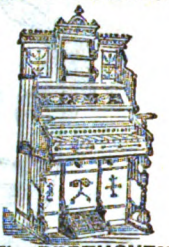

**BEATTY'S PIANOS, GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT** $125 to $1600. WARRANTED. If you cannot visit me be sure to send for **Latest Catalogue before Buying**

Always be sure to Remit by Money Order, Bank Draft, Express prepaid or Registered Letter. Money refunded after one years use if not just as represented.

**The BEETHOVEN**
**New Style No. 9000**
**27 STOPS.**
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FREE COACH Meets TRAINS.

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☞ I want it distinctly understood that I am prepared to offer to the public greater inducements to buy PIANOFORTES FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS than ever before. Why buy Grand, Square and Upright Pianos and pay manufacturers such enormous profits. Before you decide to purchase a Piano elsewhere, stop! Write at once for valuable information. Tricks of the trade Where the cost comes in; how a $297.50 Piano cost $1000 through agents—profits of from $500 to $700 made on a single sale. A $1000 Piano sold to one man for $800, to his neighbor, the same Piano precisely, for $950, to another for $650. *Is this just?* I have one price, no agents, sales are made direct, my catalogue has no fictitious prices—ONE PRICE TO ALL.

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**Price ONLY $222.75.**

A. "BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES.—" Magnificent holiday presents; square grand pianofortes, four very handsome round corners, rosewood cases, three unisons, Beatty's matchless iron frames, stool, book, cover, boxed, **$222.75 to $297.50**, catalogue prices, **$800 to $1,000**; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, after one year's use; upright pianofortes, **$125 to $255**; catalogue prices, **$500 to $800**, standard pianofortes of the universe, as thousands testify; write for mammoth list of testimonials; Beatty's cabinet organs, cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, **$80** upward; visitors welcome; free carriage meets passengers; illustrated catalogue (holiday edition) free."

**Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

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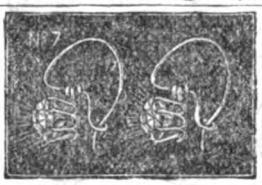

# AN ELEGANT GIFT

☞ What makes a more Beautiful Gift than a **SPARKLING DIAMOND?** We can think of nothing, and with this idea in mind, we have during the dull months of the past season, employed our Diamond Setters in making up a line of **SOLID GOLD JEWELRY**, and using our justly celebrated **French Diamonds** as settings. If you desire a beautiful ornament for yourself or wish to make a **handsome present** to some friend, now is your chance to procure a **limited number** of the articles illustrated in this advertisement at a **MERE NOMINAL PRICE.**

**DESCRIPTION OF ARTICLES**—No. 1, a **Solid Gold** Ring, solitaire, **French Diamond.** No. 2, a **Solid Gold** Ring, seven **French Diamonds.** No. 3, a **Solid Gold** Ring, three **French Diamonds.** No. 4, a **Solid Gold** Ring, five **French Diamonds.** No. 5, a **Solid Gold** Ring, three **French Diamonds.** No. 6, a Gent's Scarf Pin, one **French Diamond, Solid Gold** setting (we show in illustration but about 1-4 the length of the Pin. No. 8, a Gentleman's Shirt Stud, **Solid Gold** setting and spiral, single **French Diamond.** No. 7, a Pair of Ear Drops, **French Diamonds, Solid Gold** setting and wires. ☞ **Remember, all the above described goods are SOLID GOLD.** We wish to caution you against the many firms who are advertising cheap and worthless jewelry. Our goods are just as represented and if you are dissatisfied after receiving anything we advertise **your money will be refunded. Our prices for the above described articles, shipping charges prepaid,** to any address in the United States, until March 31st, 1882, will be as follows: (**provided, however, that when you order you will cut out this advertisement and enclose with the money you send us.**) We will send either No. 1, 6, or 8, upon receipt of **$1.65**; or, upon receipt of **$2.15**, we will send either No. 3, 5, or 7; or, upon receipt of $2.60, we will send No. 4; or; upon receipt of **$2.85**, we will send No. 2. Our object in offering a few styles or our **Solid Gold** Jewelry at the above nominal prices, is to secure **permanent customers for our other goods.** We can only send a limited number of these goods at the prices named, and to protect ourselves against jewelers and others ordering in quantities, we will insert this advertisement but **one time** in this paper, hence, **require you to cut it out** and send to us, with your order, that we may know you are entitled to the benefit of this offer. **Remember, we will not send more than two articles** for each advertisement sent us. You can make a selection of any **one or two** articles, and order them **at above price,** but should you wish to purchase more, we will furnish them at **prices** given in our catalogue which we will mail you at the time we forward your goods. We could never make the above offer unless we felt sure that you would be so **highly pleased** with our goods, that you will not only become **a regular customer yourself,** but will influence **your friends** to purchase from us by showing the beautiful jewelry we send you, at the same time exhibiting our catalogue to them, and in looking it over, we know by experience, ten chances to one they will find something they want. **The French Diamonds** we use as settings in our **Solid Gold Jewelry** are of our own importations, they are cut from the **whitest stone,** and exact proportions as the natural gem; they are very brilliant, and in fact we defy any one to detect them from the real **Diamond.** ☞ If you order a ring we will handsomely engrave any **initial, name, motto or sentiment** on the inside without **extra charge.** To ascertain the size ring you wear, cut a slip of paper so as to just meet around your finger and send to us; always state in your order what engraving you wish. **Cut this advertisement out and send to us before March 31st, 1882, as it will not appear again.** Send money by registered letter, money order, or draft. Postage Stamps taken. As to our reliability we are well known throughout the U. S. or you can write to any Bank or Express Co., or have your friends call at our elegant salesrooms in this City.

# READ

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75 cents to $175. Circulars free. Book of Type, 10 cents. 40 kinds of cards, 10 cents. Printers' Instruction Book, 15 cents. JOSEPH WATSON, 19 Murray Street, New York.

**50** Beautiful Chromo Cards, the New Picturesque, Bird & Motto Series, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. always please. A fine Album of Samples, 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

# AGENTS

Can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. **RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York.**

# AMATEURS' GUIDE:

Home and School Exhibitions, Practical Instructions, 10 Tableaux, 6 Plays, for 25 cents. Plays, Dialogues, Exhibition Goods. **Catalogues Free. Happy Hours Bazar,** 21 Beekman St., N. Y.

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SCHOFIELD'S PATENT

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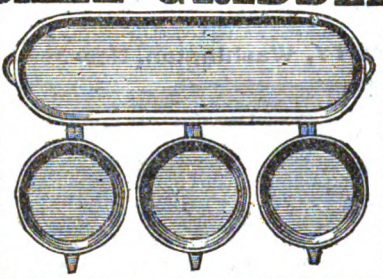
SEND for a SAMPLE and CANVASS YOUR TOWN.

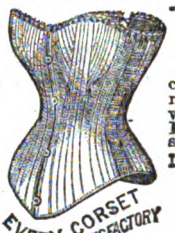


The **NEATEST** and most **PRACTICAL** thing ever seen. Pleases everybody. Every family wants one. No one after using will be without for many times its cost. ☞ **The Round Pans** being hinged separately, each cake can be turned into the long pan as soon as it is sufficiently done on one side, and the round pan returned ready for another cake. The Griddles are made of cast-iron and weigh 4 lbs. Sample griddle by express in shipping box 60c; by mail registered $1.25. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN.** Send for sample griddle and terms to agents; canvass your town right away, you will be surprised at the great number of orders you will get. Address F. M. VAN ETTEN, Manuf'r, 208 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

**BALL'S HEALTH PRESERVING**

# CORSET.

**SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.**



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**Is Approved by the Best Physicians.**

For sale by all leading dealers.

Lady Agents wanted.

**PRICE BY MAIL, $1.50.**

Manufactured only by CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill. And FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Ct.

**PENSIONS** For SOLDIERS, widows, fathers, mothers or children. Thousands yet entitled. Pensions given for loss of finger, toe, eye or rupture, varicose veins or **any Disease.** Thousands of pensioners and soldiers entitled to **INCREASE** and **BOUNTY. PATENTS** procured for Inventors. Soldiers land warrants *procured*, bought and sold. Soldiers and heirs apply for your rights at once. Send 2 stamps for "The Citizen-Soldier," and Pension and Bounty laws, blanks and instructions. We can refer to thousands of Pensioners and Clients. Address **N. W. Fitzgerald & Co.** PENSION & PATENT Att'ys, Lock Box 588, Washington, D. C.

**$50 Prize Puzzle or Word Hunt IN GOLD** will be paid by the publishers of **"SEED TIME AND HARVEST,"** which is a new Illustrated Rural Magazine, for the best lists of words to be formed from the eleven letters composing its name. Send six cents for the January number, which gives full particulars. Address SEED TIME AND HARVEST, La Plume, Lack'a Co., Pa.

Name this paper

**70 NEW & Beautiful Chromo, Motto, Bevel, Gilt-Edge, Imported & Hand Painted** Floral Cards, All the latest & best Styles, no 2 alike **10c. 50 Elegant** [Extra fine board] **Gilt-Fringe, Chromos, Fan, Ivy-Wreath, Gilt Vase of Roses etc.,** name neatly printed in fancy-type **10c. 14** packs $1.00 **Agents** can make **40** per-cent. **Beautifully** bound book of **Samples 25c. Caxton Printing Co., Northford Ct.**

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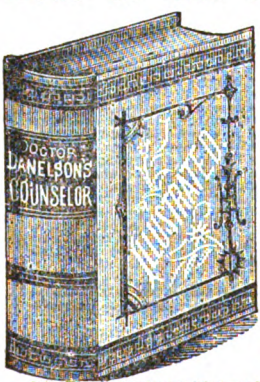


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**It gives Recipes** For preventing chills, ague, etc.; for a cholera mixture; for stopping convulsions; for curing drunkenness, falling sickness, disagreeable breath, whooping cough, etc. For all affections of the Skin, such as itch, rashes, pimples, tetter, milk crust, salt rheum, dandruff, liver spots freckles, ringworm, boils, felons, carbuncles, corns, warts, bunions ingrowing nails, frost bite, burns, etc. For successfully treating pneumonia, diphtheria, asthma, Bright's disease of the kidneys, deficient, painful and profuse menstruation, nervous debility, etc. The index refers to about **1,500** subjects treated in the "COUNSELOR," including every ailment man is subject to.

☞ The "COUNSELOR WITH RECIPES" will be sent, post-paid, and this opportunity may be the only one to secure a volume of sound and practical literature, which may be the means of saving your life within a month. The well should possess it in order to continue healthy, and learn by what insidious methods disease takes us when off our guard. The invalid will find every page of interest, and many exactly in point. Those with family cannot afford to pass it by, for it was written with especial reference to their daily needs. Price, in Elegant Cloth binding, **$2.50.** Leather, Library Style, **$3.00.** Agents Wanted. Sample pages, contents, terms, free. Address, **A. L. BURT, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.**

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M. M. Watts. Hawthorn, Fla., Nov. 2d, 1881.

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C. A. Walker. Eastman, Ga., September 18th, 1881.

Send money by Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letter. We will send the watch C. O. D. if Two Dollars is sent on account, the balance can be paid at the Express Office when the watch is delivered. Let us hear from you with an order.

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*Or, in place of* this beautiful engraving, "Peterson" will give, for a Premium, a handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM. This offer is made in consequence of the popularity of the Quarto Illustrated Album, which was one of the premiums for 1881. The Photograph Album will be even more desirable. It will be bound in leatherette, embossed and gilt; and will contain places for twenty-four photographs, of the *carte de visite* size, or, for the larger clubs, even more.

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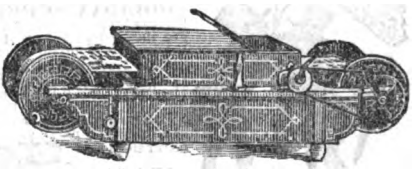
# THE ORGUINETTE



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SEE THE STORY "TO PASTURES NEW"

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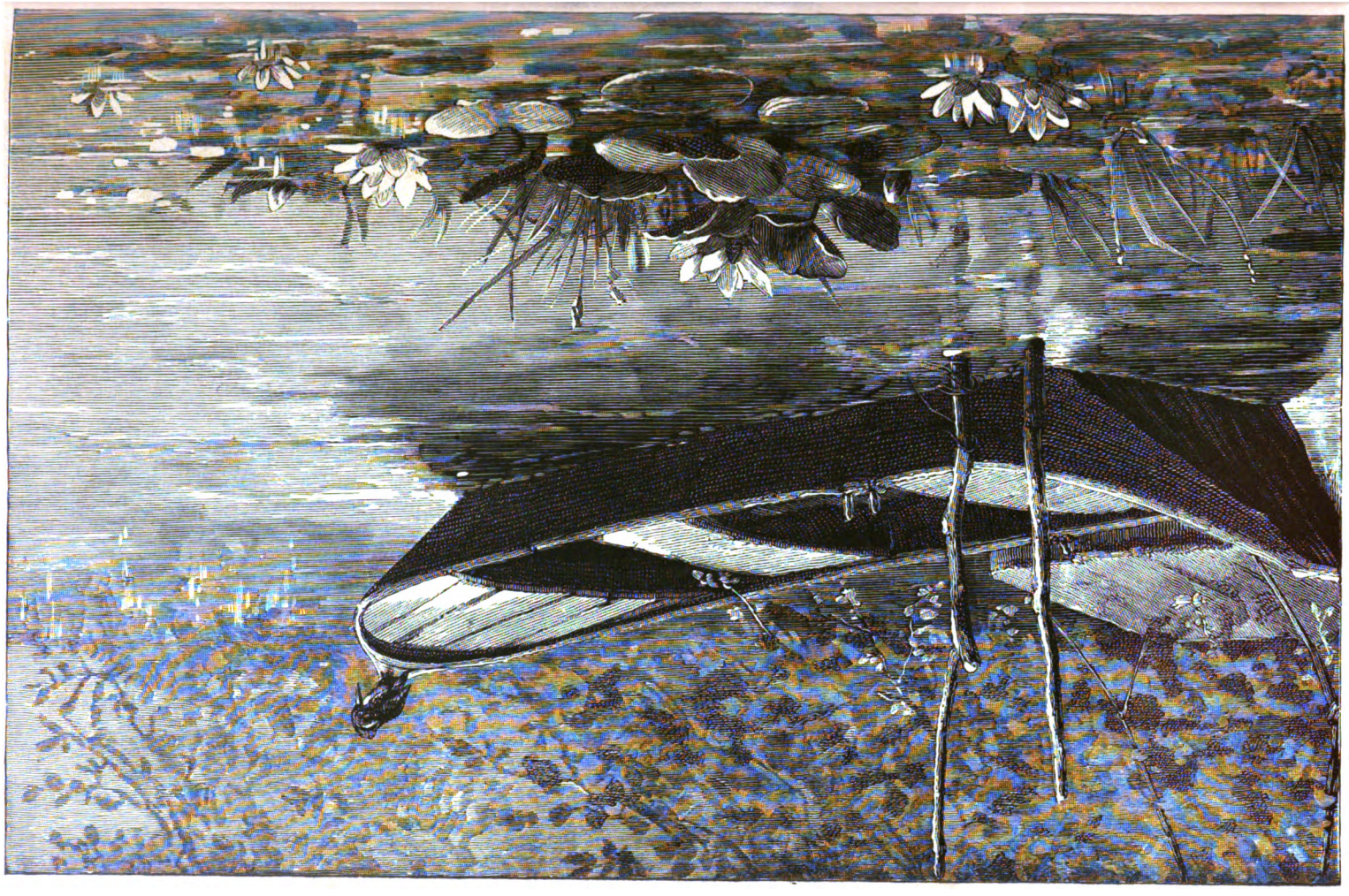

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"OH! DEAR, I CAN'T REACH IT."

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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LATEST STYLE FOR HOUSE-DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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NEW STYLE FOR WALKING-DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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DRESS FOR DINNER OR EVENING. NEW STYLE MANTLE. BONNET.

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NEW STYLE WINTER CLOAK. OPERA CLOAK. HAT.

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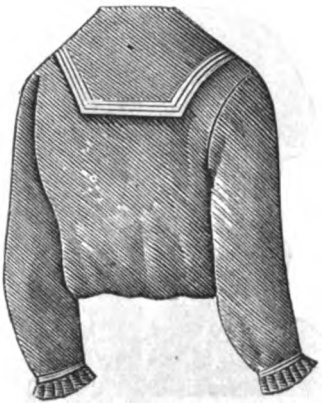

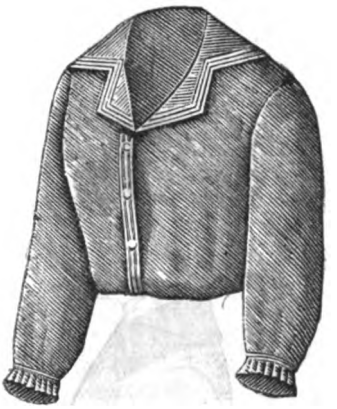

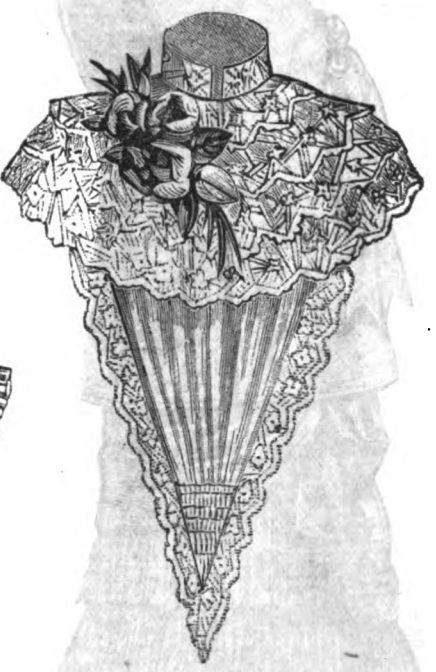

BLOUSE WAIST: BACK AND FRONT. BROCADED MANTLE. FICHU.

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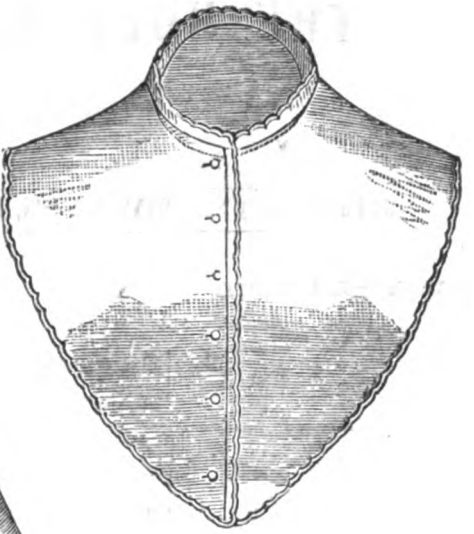

NAINSOOK SKIRT. FLANNEL CAPE. FLANNEL PETTICOAT. SURAH CORSAGE.

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# THE HOUR OF PARTING.

*FOR TWO VOICES.*

**As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.**

**Words by E. A. WHITE.** **Music by BELLINI.**

*Andante. espressivo.*

*cres.* *dim.*

1. Sad hour of parting, too quickly here, Spir - its to sev - er link'd by each thought,
2. O thou bless'd Spirit, bend kindly down! Droop-ing behold us 'neath adverse fate!

*p*

*cres.* *dim.*

Bringing thy an-guish, thy bit - ter tear, thy bit - ter tear.
Shel - ter us from its with - er - ing frown, its with - 'ring frown.

*cres.* *dim.*

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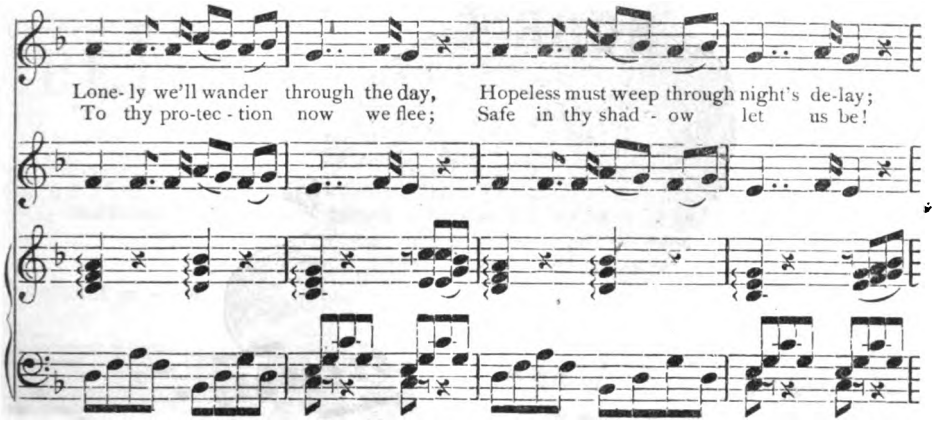


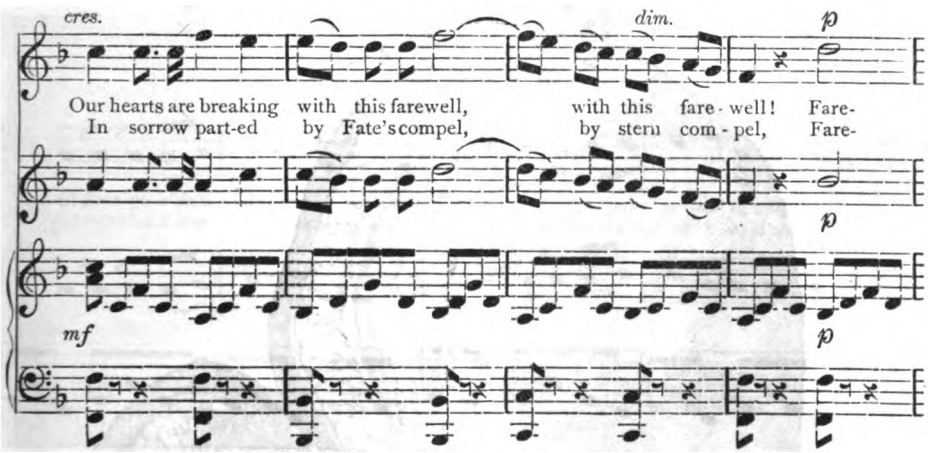


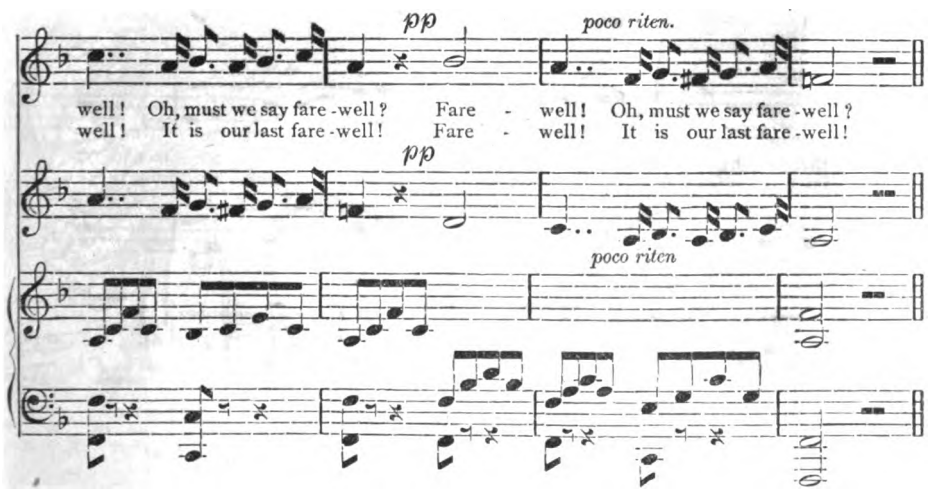


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COSTUME: CARDINAL CORSAGE AND HAT.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXI. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1882. No. 2

## "THE WIDOW'S CRUSE."

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THEY sat at their homely meal, the widow and her young son. It consisted of a cup of tea, and some bread, but no butter even. Fate had gone hard with them. They were at their last penny. "What will become of us," the widow said to herself, "heaven only knows."

It was winter, and one of the severest known for years; and the times were exceptionally hard. The country had not yet recovered from the great financial crisis of '73. Wages were low, and there was little to do, even at that. Hundreds of those, who had once thought themselves rich, were impoverished; the more fortunate, who had saved something, were forced to economize; the poor were starving; and among the poor, the very poor, was Mrs. Ashcroft.

She was a pale, overworked woman, still wearing a widow's cap, though her husband had been dead for more than three winters. She had traces of beauty left, notwithstanding her sorrow, her penury, and her mourning. There are women, now and then, whose hearts and faces are proof against the wear and tear of time: they seem never to lose the tender freshness of their youth; and Mrs. Ashcroft was one of them. It was in her nature to rise against fate, and to be young and happy. After all, age does not consist in years: it is the affections that make us young; and, in spite of all her tribulations, Mrs. Ashcroft was still young and beautiful, even under her disfiguring widow's cap.

Mr. Ashcroft had been wealthy when he married her. But only a few months before his death, reverses had come upon him, as upon so many in '73. When she followed him to his grave, her sorrow was embittered by the knowledge that she and her little ones were penniless. Yet her fortitude, her Christian trust, did not desert her. She left her luxurious city home, and sought an humble cottage, on the outskirts of a distant village, where she supported herself by fancy sewing, embroidery, and other accomplishments, which she had learned in happier days. But it was only a scanty support, at best; and often it failed her. It had failed her now. For weeks, she had scarcely had anything to do; the little she had saved had melted away; and now she was face to face with starvation.

Her marriage had been one of esteem, not one of "first love." She had been engaged, at one time, to a young man, handsome, ardent, and generous, with whom she had become acquainted under romantic circumstances. Afterwards, she could scarcely remember how, the cause seemed so trivial, a misunderstanding had arisen. Her lover was exacting: perhaps, the least bit inclined to jealousy; and she was proud and sensitive. So the "little rift" had widened imperceptibly,



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until, one day, in a fit of pique and anger, he had said, "Perhaps, I had better release you: I don't wish to hold you to a promise which you seem to repent." And she, all her woman's pride up in arms, had answered, "Thanks! You only anticipate me: we shall both be happier, if we part."

She soon repented of her folly; she felt that her heart was breaking; and she would have sent for her lover again. But her uncle, who had other views for her, interposed.

"You surely would not stoop," he said, "to such an unwomanly act? Why, your lover has already consoled himself with another."

That was enough. She made no further effort to undo what was done; but bore her heartache in silence. She never knew, or even dreamed, that her lover, loyal and fond as herself, bitterly repenting of his hasty words, had sent letter after letter to her, which her uncle had returned unopened.

Her cottage, though of but one story, and exceedingly diminutive, was, in summer, quite pretty. There were beds of flowering poppies and purple heart's-ease, in the green yard; and pots of heliotrope and mignonette stood on the little, movable shelf, outside of the window. The house, too, was scrupulously clean. Nor

was there any appearance of squalor and poverty about the outside, even now, in winter. Mrs. Ashcroft was too refined for that. But the flowers were gone from the window-sills; the poppies no longer bloomed; the tree, by the gate, whose shade was so pleasant in summer-time, was leafless; and the snow half buried the low roof, weighed down the firs, and covered the tiny garden in its chilly mantle of white.

Her little son, who had shared her meal, the elder sister having gone to put the youngest to bed, was wise, poor boy! beyond his years, as the children of the poor so often are. He had, days before, divined the straits to which they had come, and had been debating with himself how to assist his mother. He had finally formed a bold resolution. It was near Christmas time, and the main street of the village, he knew, was, at this season, thronged of evenings. Why not go there, and beg, for once, at least? He was not generally known; he had an old Scotch cap, that would disguise him: degrading as it was to solicit alms, it was better than to starve. If it had been only himself that was to starve, he

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could have died, silently. But to see his mother, whom he loved more than life itself, and his sister, and little brother, famish, that was more than he could endure. Anything, rather!

That same afternoon, Captain Ogilvie, having had his late dinner at the hotel, went out, with his sister, for a stroll, and to buy some Christmas presents. He and Miss Ogilvie had come to Riverview to visit so[illegible], but poor, cousins; and were stopping [illegible]. The young ladies, in the drawing [illegible] all they could, consistent with mo[illegible] his attention; for it was known th[illegible], and he was both handsome and di[illegible] as they could see. "Not over thi[illegible] said one, "and don't look thirty; and [illegible] a million in the China trade: my dears, I know he is wanting a wife; he has retired from business, and means to settle down: I shall set my cap for him." But neither the speaker, nor any of her friends, had been able, during the two days he had been there, to win more than a grave bow from him.

This evening, he and his sister had wandered from shop to shop; when, just as they were leaving the last, preparatory to returning to the hotel, Miss Ogilvie, who was slightly in advance, her brother still lingering in the doorway, was approached by a lad, apparently about nine years old, plainly dressed, yet scrupulously neat.

"Please, ma'am," he said, in a shy, timid voice, holding out a hand, "if only a penny. Mother hasn't a cent left in the house, and brother and sister are starving."

He got no further, for his forced courage gave way; shame was too much for him: he burst into sobs.

Miss Ogilvie stooped, sympathetically, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Poor child!" she said. "There, don't cry. I'll go home with you, and see your mamma. John," she turned to address her brother, "come with me: here is trouble we may relieve."

The boy looked up, and gave a start, as the light from the shop-window brought the captain's face into full relief; but he said nothing: and very soon the party of three were on their way to the cottage. When they had reached the rude gate, Miss Ogilvie turned to her brother, and said, "Perhaps, you had better wait outside, John, for I don't think they are ordinary beggars, and I wouldn't hurt their feelings for the world: in fact, I am not sure there isn't some mistake."

The appearance of the cottage convinced her

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more and more of this; so that, after hesitating a moment, she stopped, and said to the lad:

"My child, does your mother know you are out begging? Come, be honest; it shall not hurt you. What is her name?"

"Her name is Ashcroft," he stammered, with a palpitating heart. "But, oh! don't be angry with me. Don't say you won't help me. We are starving. Only, don't tell, and don't go in. Mother would die, rather than beg."

"Ashcroft?" she cried; and she seized the child's arm. "Did you live, once, in Baltimore? Was your mother's name, before she married, Hardinge?"

"Yes," said the boy, drawing close to her, and speaking in a whisper. "And I'm sure mother knows that gentleman. She has his picture. She keeps it in the bottom of the blue chest; and one night, she kissed it, and cried over it. I saw her. It must be him: there can't be two so much alike." And he looked back, over his shouder, toward Captain Ogilvie.

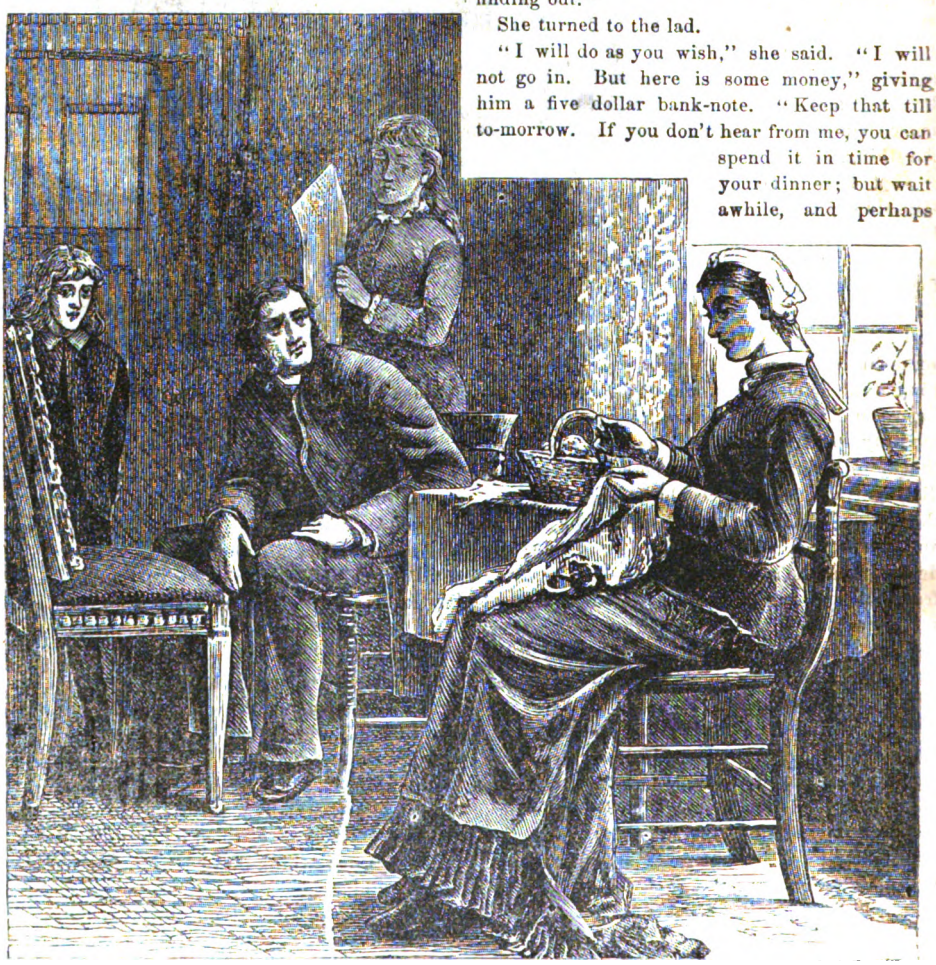
"Child," said his hearer, "where is your father? Why don't he take care of you and your mother?"

"Father's dead," said the boy, in an awed whisper. "He's been dead these three years; and he died poor, you know. That's why mother has to sew for a living, and can't get work enough to live on, even of that kind. Oh! dear, dear lady, do help her, and God will help you, may be, some time."

Miss Ogilvie drew her breath hard. She knew the romance of her brother's life. She had also known Mrs. Ashcroft in other days, and had always believed her more sinned against than sinning. Instinctively, she shrank from going in, under these circumstances. "Jack will be a better messenger, to-morrow," she said, to herself. "Truly, the ways of Providence are past finding out."

She turned to the lad.

"I will do as you wish," she said. "I will not go in. But here is some money," giving him a five dollar bank-note. "Keep that till to-morrow. If you don't hear from me, you can spend it in time for your dinner; but wait awhile, and perhaps



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I'll bring you even better news." With these words, she was gone.

The next day, after another cup of tea and a dry crust, Mrs. Ashcroft sat down to her work. The room, in spite of its general poverty, had an air of refinement, still. Elsie, the daughter, who was trying to learn to draw, was at work at a table near her mother; and Harry was standing by a chair, wondering if the time had not almost arrived to tell of his adventure of the night before, and burning to display his five dollar note, which assured them of a good dinner, at least, if not of many. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the widow, going on with her stitching, thinking it some poor neighbor.

But when the door swung back, and a tall figure entered, that she knew well, even after all the lapse of years, she started hurriedly to her feet.

The intruder came quickly forward, holding out his hand. Mrs. Ashcroft trembled so that she had to lay one hand on her chair for support.

"Therese!"

"Oh! Jack."

That was their meeting, after that dreary waste of years; and then their hands clasped. Miss Ogilvie, as the reader doubtless has suspected, had gone home and told her brother all.

Then they both sat down. Mrs. Ashcroft could only motion her visitor to a chair, and herself nervously resumed her sewing. Her little daughter, meantime, quietly put away her drawings, and motioned for her brother to follow her from the room. Then Captain Ogilvie found words, and explained all. At the end, he took the widow's hands, and said:

"Tell me, if everything had gone right, in the long ago, would you have been happier with me, Therese?"

Her lips quivered, and she looked wistfully up at him. "My husband was good to me," she said, softly; "and I tried to do my duty: but I have never ceased to regret that foolish parting, Jack. I think, now, that the fault was all mine; and I scarcely deserve that you should come back to me, with your dear, faithful love, in my present hour of trial."

"I deserve it, then, if you don't," he answered, softly. "I've lived all these years for your sake. Yesterday, my life was without an aim, or an object; and now—I am the happiest man the world holds. God bless your little boy. God bless my sister. Without them, after all, we might never have met. My darling, all toil and trial are over, for you and your children. We missed our springtime, Therese; but our Indian summer shall be all the brighter for it."

# MY VALENTINE.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

As I went down my garden,
Before the dew was dry,
Along the road to Harden,
A lovely lass came by.
Her cheek was rosy, rosy—
Blue, blue her eye;
I offered her a posy,
And she did not deny.
Pansy, pansy—
Yellow, white, and blue;
She has won my fancy,
Far away with you.

So much I mused about her,
I could not sleep o' night,
And one month without her
Left me weak and white;
Till lily-o'-the-valley,
Her leaves did decline;
And forth I must sally,
To seek my Valentine.
Pansy, pansy—
Yellow, white, and blue;
She has won my fancy,
Far away with you.

At long last I found her,
Alone in a wood;
With linnets warbling round her,
Would do your heart good.
Her cheek no more was rosy,
With woe her eyes were wet;
And to her lips a posy
Of faded flowers was set.
Pansy, pansy—
Yellow, white, and blue;
Have I won her fancy,
She so favors you?

Toward her I hasted,
And told my loving tale.
She saw my form was wasted,
She saw my cheek was pale;
And blushing rosy, rosy,
She sighed in my ear,
"The day I took your posy,
You took my heart's-ease, dear."
Pansy, pansy—
Wherever I go,
You shall be my fancy,
Of all the flowers that blow.



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# "TO PASTURES NEW."

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

EVERYONE pitied the Broomes, because they were going to live in the country. Some horrid bank or railroad had given out, and swallowed up half of their moderate income; and nothing was left to them, as aunt Jane sagely remarked, but to "cut their garment according to their cloth."

Sage remarks were aunt Jane's strong point. In these, and in giving advice unasked, she was positively lavish. She did not offer any practical assistance to her relatives—not she; but she advised them to go into the country: and when it was quite settled that they were to go, she said, spitefully, to her sister-in-law:

"Mark my words, Ellen: Every one of those girls is sure to die an old maid, in that out-of-the-way place!"

"Let us hope that they will at least *live* old maids," replied the mother, cheerfully: "celibacy not being necessarily fatal to life."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, to her intimate friend, Louie Burgess, "we are going to live at Mullen avenue, a horrid place, I think; and the house is not old enough or retired enough to be picturesque, nor anything else that one wants. But then, what can you expect for two hundred dollars a year? You can fancy a yellowish strip of country road, fringed with painfully young trees on either side; five diminutive attempts at villas behind each row of trees; and a general glare and barrenness of aspect pervading everything."

The girls bravely made the best of it, however. To be sure, the idiot who projected Mullen avenue—a "self-made" man, with more money than he knew what to do with—had spoiled a really picturesque bit of wilderness, to make this ugly settlement, and call it by his own ugly name; but the far-off views were pretty; and it is astonishing what wonderful effects can be produced, even in an unpromising house, by the exercise of taste and dexterity.

The Broomes had plenty of these qualities: Elizabeth was a born artist, though she neither handled pencil nor brush; Dora was a perfect housekeeper and cook, and withal, a very pretty girl; Adeline was a practical gardener, and a most successful florist; while Frank, the youngest, was as yet a troublesome school-girl, and somewhat incorrigible hoyden.

There was no Mr. Broome. Five years before, he had died peacefully in his comfortable city home, owing no man anything, and leaving his family more than respectably provided for. But the very investment, on which he had most confidently relied, proved the broken reed of all; and caused the hegira from city quarters and conveniences, to the barrenness of Mullen avenue.

"That horrid house of Mr. Mullen's, our landlord, rouses my indignation," said Dora, vindictively, "every time I see it. What an abomination it is, to be sure! Worse, if possible, than the avenue."

She and her elder sister were taking the usual daily walk to the post-office; and they were approaching the house in question: a huge expanse of light-colored stone, innocent of shade, but with various statues, in lieu of trees, dotted over the bare lawn. The statues looked bare, too; and it quite made one shiver, of a cool day, to see the poor things. They were very dear to the heart of Timothy Mullen, Esq., however, because they seemed to him to express wealth and taste.

His wife wore checked aprons, and lived principally in the kitchen; but the couple had a son, who was not cut after their pattern at all. This youth, who was both well-looking and well-behaved, was now gazing admiringly after the graceful apparition of Elizabeth Broome, as she passed with her sister, himself unseen; and he then and there resolved that the merest shred of an excuse should serve for a call upon the newcomers.

Being a man, however, he was naturally slow where ingenuity and *finesse* were required; and before he had succeeded in manufacturing a respectable excuse for presenting himself at Wisteria cottage—there really was a plant of that name at one end of the piazza—Miss Broome herself appeared at Mr. Mullen's.

Not that she voluntarily perpetrated so unmaidenly an act as that of calling upon a young gentleman. But when a distressed family unexpectedly find themselves with three or four feet of water in the cellar, decisive measures for relief are the first consideration. So, Elizabeth, embodying, as it were, in her own pretty person, the energy of the whole family, set forth, with her head rather high in the air, to complain to their landlord.



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Mr. Mullen, however, was absent on a journey; but, in his stead, appeared his son; and asked if he could be of use in his father's stead.

Elizabeth blushed with surprise and vexation, and the blush was wonderfully becoming. Rallying, however, she favored the young gentleman with as dry and practical an account of their condition, at the cottage, as a lawyer could have done. Mr. Mullen, junior, listened with praiseworthy gravity. He was not only a very nice fellow, but one of those fortunate individuals, who, without saying or doing anything in particular, always convey the impression of being perfectly well-mannered and uncommonly agreeable. His business was civil engineering, in which he had just finished his course of study; and he was now at home, on a visit, prior to his departure on a six months' trip.

"I flatter myself, Miss Broome, that I understand these things pretty well," he said, speaking of the inundated cellar; "and if you will kindly allow me, I will examine the damage done, at once. Allow me, also, the privilege of driving you home, as the sun is quite hot, and I pass directly by the house, on my way to N——."

There was no earthly reason why he should go to N——; but this happened to be the most convenient thing to say, and gave an air of respectability to his proposal, which could not be gainsayed.

So, with a somewhat queer feeling, Elizabeth found herself committed to a *tête-a-tête* drive, with a young gentleman, whom she had never seen before; and who evidently considered the beast before them a dangerous creature, if allowed to get beyond a snail's pace. The young lady laughed appreciatively at some witty remarks of her companion, and stole an occasional glance at the fine gray eyes, that flashed forth from the shade of the wide-awake hat; but the pleasant little journey had to come to an end, at last, as all pleasant journeys do; and four anxious female faces met them on the piazza, wondering what had happened now.

Mrs. Broome immediately decided that "old Mullen" had promptly sent a young carpenter or mason to repair the cellar, and conducted Elizabeth's companion there forthwith. The young man saw the mistake, and thoroughly enjoyed it, poking among the bricks and mortar as knowingly as if he had been a mason in reality.

"We are neighbors," said he, at last, somewhat to Mrs. Broome's consternation; "and a household of ladies is an appeal to every man's helpfulness. I am sure that my father would wish to do all in his power to have this bungling work repaired, and I will send up the proper workmen at once."

He was as good as his word. He even called, next day, to see how things were progressing, bringing a lovely bouquet, and an invitation for Miss Broome to accompany him on a drive, in search of a wonderful butter-woman, whom her mother was anxious to engage.

The errand was quite practical, you see; but the drive was pleasant, all the same. Only, Mrs. Okra, the lady engaged in butter pursuits, rather bluntly asked them if they were going to make a match of it.

"Not to-day," replied Granville Mullen, with a look of enjoyment; and Elizabeth was forced to laugh, in spite of herself, at the woman's puzzled expression.

Our heroine was decidedly embarrassed, though, during the remainder of the drive; and she began to think that she and Granville Mullen were getting entirely too friendly; at least, on so short an acquaintance. She must, somehow, she said to herself, put a stop to it; for it would never do to continue driving around the country, with him, in this way.

But this was easier said than done. Young Mr. Mullen seemed to have taken the whole family on his shoulders, and made himself invaluable to them all; and by the time that Louie Burgess, a school-mate of Dora's, arrived, on a visit, she found him established on a familiar footing. He was always available for driving, lawn tennis, and the other mild country dissipations that were possible; he was quite equal, in fact, to a brother; but Louie, being a young lady of discernment, did not consider his regard for Elizabeth at all of a brotherly nature. Elizabeth, however, flared up, whenever she was teased about him. "What," she cried, "marry a Mullen? The name is enough."

Louie, herself, was one of those unfortunate people who are always having accidents. The very day after she came, she was helping to nail up some window-curtains, when she slipped, lost her balance, and fell from the chair she was standing on.

She laughed merrily, at first; but, attempting to rise, she was obliged to sink back again. A badly-sprained ankle was no laughing matter; and somebody started at once for the respectable elderly doctor, who ministered to the ills of Mullen avenue, "and parts adjacent." The worthy man, however, was not to be found; and Granville Mullen drove at a furious pace for his college friend, Doctor Sathwaite, who lived about five miles off.

Doctor Sathwaite had a fine figure, and dark,

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laughing eyes; and poor Louie felt it to be hard lines, indeed, that her foot, the least pretty thing about her, should be the particular member selected for the attentions of this handsome young physician.

Dora, with her prettily waved hair, lovely complexion, and dainty hands and feet, made a charming little nurse; and plied the invalid, faithfully, with various appetizing messes, cooing over her the while, and sympathizing with her, in a very sweet way; until Doctor Sathwaite savagely wished that it was *she* who had got the sprained ankle: and had his fate and wishes agreed, it would probably have been the most tedious case of the kind on record.

It was slow enough, as it was; and Dora found that the next best thing to a sprained ankle of one's own, is to have a friend with one. Various little attentions were lavished on Miss Burgess, that they might be duplicated for Dora; and the drives were managed with a reprehensible disregard for plausibility. Taking Louie on a very short one, her medical adviser would carefully restore her to her cushions, some time before she desired it; then he would pick up Dora, for an endless round, to keep the wild-rose cheeks, as he said, from being dimmed by indoor confinement. "I don't wish," he gravely remarked, "to have nurse and patient on my hands, at once, you know."

"It is a little tough, I think," groaned Louie, one day, "to sprain my ankle, for another girl's benefit."

"You must be light-headed," rejoined Dora, with a crimsoned face. "Do stop talking, till you can talk sense!"

Dora tried to look unconscious, as she fastened a rose in her bright hair. But the doctor's step, at that moment, was heard on the stairs; and she darted from the room, muttering something about wishing to consult her mother, as to dinner.

"This must be a very bad sprain of yours, dear," said good Mrs. Broome, that evening, to Louie. "I had no idea that a doctor ever came, every day, to look after a matter like that."

There came a day, at last, when Mrs. Broome's eyes were opened; and after the fashion of people generally, she wondered that she could have been so blind. No objection could possibly be made to Doctor Sathwaite, and Dora was the first one of the family promoted to the dignity of being engaged.

Not long after this, Adeline's gardening propensities brought her into danger, also. Adeline was a picturesque-looking girl; and seen under the advantages of a most becoming straw hat, handling her rake in a graceful fashion, she was a refined edition of Maud Müller; and Judge Ark passed and repassed in his carriage, and cast admiring glances at her. In the end, Adeline Broome, whom he might have passed unnoticed at city gatherings, was carried off triumphantly from the pasteboard villas of Mullen avenue, to "dwell in marble halls."

But Elizabeth, though she professed to like young Mullen well enough as a friend, still laughed at the idea of accepting him as a lover. "Mullens are too common," she would say, saucily; "you find them at every roadside." "Yes, but there are Mullens, and Mullens, my dear," retorted Dora. "So, take care!" The only answer, however, was a saucy toss of the head, and the old reply, "What! marry a Mullen?"

At last, came a day, when Elizabeth and Granville were out, on the neighboring river, rowing. It had been one of those divine days, in summer, which come only once or twice in a lifetime. Somehow, Elizabeth, for once, forgot her scorn. The sky, the water, the gentle breeze, the trees overhanging the banks—everything, was poetical, romantic, imaginative, different from common life. They gathered water-lilies, and other aquatic plants; loaded the boat down with them: decked the sides with them. Granville repeated poetry; she sang tender songs; and the plash of the oars kept time in unison. All things became glorified. Her pulses beat fast. She could no longer frankly meet her companion's eyes. She felt the color flushing her cheek. Then, before she knew it, the boat had stopped; for Granville had ceased rowing. Unconsciously, his oars had caught in the thick network of aquatic plants, through which they were pushing; and instead of seeking to disengage them, he seemed to take it as a hint: and leaning forward, he stole his arm around Elizabeth's waist. What he said, he never could remember, nor could she. Only, as he laughingly answered, whenever questioned, "I was fast caught, you see."

"I have only *you* left, now, Frank," said her mother, sadly, after this last engagement became known.

"You won't have her long," returned aunt Jane, "with three such houses as she has to visit at. And I really think, Ellen, that, all things considered, you have done remarkably well."

"*I?*" remonstrated Mrs. Broome. "I have not done anything, and would have prevented most of it, if I could."

"Remarkably well," pursued aunt Jane, calmly. "Moving into the country has proved to be the very best step you could have taken. To be sure, the Mullens haven't a drop of decent blood in their veins; but they have money. Young country

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doctors are as poor as church-mice; but Sathwaite is a bright fellow, and will make his way. As for Judge Ark, although not particularly agreeable as a prospective relation-in-law, (to tell the truth, I can't bear the man,) he is certainly an unexceptionable *parti*."

And with this closing benediction, aunt Jane retired.

# JOHN'S C'RIS'MUS GIF'.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE IKE'S DAUGHTER."

DEAR MAMMY:

I bin ponderatin' now fo' quite a spell,
'Pon de 'cessity of 'formin' you dat I is mighty well.
So I take my pen in han', to-day, to 'municate de fac'
Dat I'se feelin' jus' as lively as a spider in a crack,
A-settin' safe an' easy, an' a-grinnin' in de gloom,
Whar ole trouble can't git at him wid de longest han'el broom.
I feel so mighty sot up, dat I dunno what to do,
To espress my pleasure properly to daddy an' to you.
So I'll put de question legally, an' "sum it up," I b'lieve,
By informin' you, de writer's *gwine be married C'ris'mus Eve.*

Yah! yah! I 'spec' my 'telligence is took you by surprise;
But when you sees de lady, *den* you'll open bof' yo' eyes.
'Kase she's lubly as de mornin', an' her linerments do shine,
An' her ha'r curl like de tindrels ob de water-million vine.
Her eyes is *dat* provokin', an' her figger is so trim,
Dat a man's heart 'gins a-thumpin', ebery time she look at him.
An' de way I got dis jewel, is bekase I was so smart,
Dat I beat another feller, do' he had de bestest start.
Miss Viny Small, ob Pinch-Neck, is a mighty belle, you see;
Bekase she's young an' bootiful, an' smart as she kin be.
An' she hab a heap o' lubbers, 'mong de boys about de town,
But de ones de mos' in yearnest, was myself an' Parson Brown.
You kin bet yo' life dat parson thought hisself a mighty man,
An a bright an' shinin' 'zample to de people in de lan',
De President, an' Goberment, an' Jedges all aroun',
I tell you wa'nt a sarkumstance 'longside o' Parson Brown.
I didn't think no big things ob dat minister myself;
He thought he was real chany—he was only common delf.
An' I didn't see no use for him upon de yearth at all,
A-settin' his perzemptuous eyes on my Miss Viny Small.

Yet I feared of 'dat ar' feller, from de very fus', bekase
He had, you see, such oily, sly, insinervatin' ways,
Mos' 'ooman folks is cottony, in some especial place;
But they all is soft as 'lasses, when a preacher's in de case.
And ef he's spry an' single, den de maidens, young an' ole,
Git powerful consarned 'bout de sabin' ob de soul.
No matter who de lady is, 'tis bad 'nuf, I say,
But when you want de gal yo'se'f, de dickens is to pay.

Well, I treat Miss Viny to de show, an' kar'ed her 'roun' to church,
An' done my level bes' to leave de preacher in de lurch.
I toted cakes an' candy, too, sum two, three times a week;
An' was savin' up my courage, t'well I got 'nuf to speak.
One evenin', d'out my thinkin', de whole thing come to a head.
(By de fool a-comin' blunderin', whar de angel feared to tread.)
A heap of us young fellers was a-standin' 'roun' de do',
Discussin' ob de wedder, in ole Nathan Brandy's sto,'
When Miss Viny's name was mention, an' dat fool, young Parson Brown,
'Gun puttin' on a conscious look, an' grinnin' all aroun'.
"Hie! Brown, you look so bumshus-like," said little Harry Wild,
"You want to make de 'pression *you* is won de lady's smile."
"Haw! haw!" larf'd Brown, a-brayin' jus' de same as my ole mule,
"I *think's* dat ef you'll notice good, you'll fin' it is de rule
For men o' *my* perfession, sar, to hab der pick and choose.
We'se only got to say de word. De ladies don't refuse.
An' 'bout Miss Viny Small, my frien', I guess you're mighty right,
'Kase I'se got my invitation to eat supper dar, to-night."

Dat feller look so braggish, dat t'was mo' dan I could stan',
A-settin' 'pon de counter, wid a big weight in my han',
Ten solid pounds o' iron, too, it was, I do suppose,
An' I accidental dropped it down, right on dat braggart's toes.
You might hab' hear dat feller howl, nigh a half a mile, I 'clar;
An' tho' he were a minister, de hypocrite did sw'ar.
He hopped aroun' upon one foot, an' groaned, an' tore, an' fuss'd,
An' 'clar'd I'd "fairly ruined him, he b'lieved his toe was bu'st."
I smothered down de larfter, whar was swellin' in my bres',
While I made my lamentations, fo' my drefful awk'ardness.
Well, he wouldn't 'cept my 'scuses, so I lef' him 'pon de flo',
A-settin' down an' nussin' ob his awful swollen toe.
He wouldn't eat dat supper, whar he bragged about, I knew,
'Kase a man ain't g'wine a-courtin', when he can't git on his shoe.

Well, to shorten up de story, I went dar myself, dat night;
An' sot beside my darlin', in de pine-knot firelight.
My arm, it slipped aroun' her, fo' I know'd what I was 'bout;
An' I whispered honied nothin's, to pervent her findin' out.
An' befo' she could git skittish, by diskiverin' my drif',
I had made her promise faithful, she would be "*my C'ris'mus gif'*."
So dis comin' C'ris'mus ebenin', gwine to see my joy complete;
'Kase she *sebber* lubbed dat preacher, 'spite o' all his big conceit.
An' dat's de yearnest narrative, ob how my lub was won;
So I'll sign myself, dear mammy,

Yo' respectful, lovin',
JOHN.

Po' SCRIPSHUM.

I ax dat darky preacher, when I met him 'pen de lot,
To perform de ceremony, an' unite de bridal knot.
'Kase *I* never b'ars no malice, when I'se got de bestest place,
An' forgives a man right squar'ly, when I beat him in de race.
An' I tole him dat de lady'd take it fo' a compliment,
An' de *fee*—dat wa'nt no object, 'kase I'd nebber grudge a cent.
Yah! dat feller was so mean hisself, he couldn't 'preciate
De largeness ob my nature; so de envi'ness an' hate,
It swelled him up wid passion, t'well I thought he'd sho'ly bu'st,
An' he swore—well, I forgive him—dat he'll "see me roasted, fust."

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# THE STORY OF A STORM.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48.

## CHAPTER IV.

### JACQUITA.

"WELL, wife," remarked Jabez Shillaber, to his spouse, as they retired to their well-earned rest.

"Well?" rather snappishly retorted his wife. "I hope't *is* well, I'm sure."

"Thought you said you wouldn't take summer boarders, nohow," chuckled Jabez, tugging off his heavy boot. "Seem to have got 'em, though, hain't you?"

"Boarders? Well, I suppose the sick girl has got to stay, whether or no—"

"I should say so, seeing the doctor said she wasn't to stir, hand nor foot, for weeks," dryly interposed Jabez.

"And goodness knows, I ain't the woman to grudge houseroom to a poor, dying creeter, flung right onto our own door-rock, as you might say," declared Hannah, with energy. "And I suppose the other girl will have to stop to nuss her, for I can't do it, and see to the house; but as for that fine madame, with her airs and her graces, and her 'good woman' to me—"

"Why, don't you call yourself a good woman?" inquired Jabez, much delighted to see his habitual commander and critic smarting under enforced patronage.

"If I be, it ain't none of her business," replied Hannah, angrily. "And if my sheets ain't linen, I guess they won't pizen her, nor her girl neither; and to say the least, it wan't very mannerly to go teetering 'round the parlor, quizzing all the pictures, and mantle-tree things, through her eyeglass; and talking a forrin language, and laughing with that girl."

"I didn't see the girl laugh none. To my mind, she looked most as mad as you did," said Jabez.

"Well, she did; and I guess she said something kind o' settin' down on the old lady, for she stopped laughin', and looked real provoked. I don't say but what the girl's well enough," allowed Hannah, grudgingly. "But I can't abide the mother; and as for that minx of a maid of hers, I won't have her another night under my roof, and that's flat."

"Well, if it's flat, it's settled, I do suppose. Pshaw! Call this a bed?" For they had given up their own room to the strangers. "Why, I didn't suppose there was a plank in the house, with a side as hard as that. Ugh!"

"Well," replied Hannah, gloomily, "it's the only bed in the house, while these folks stay. Madame has got the spare room, and the sick girl our'n; and the other girl and the maid are sittin' up: but, to-morrow, I'll have to fix up some sort of a bed, in the new room, for the girl: and the maid'll go to the hotel, or to Jericho; she won't stop here."

A snore from Jabez, testifying that the hardness of the couch had not banished slumber from his eyes, cut short Hannah's lamentations.

The next day, matters settled themselves, in some sort of shape; or rather, Magdalene settled them. At nine o'clock, the doctor came, reported all going on as favorably as could be expected, and then said:

"And now, ladies, what is the plan of the campaign? Miss Vivian will need a great deal of nursing, for a good while to come; and this young lady cannot give it alone: nor do I think the mamzelle, in there, will be of much use."

"Estelle!" exclaimed Mrs. Vivian. "Oh, you needn't count on her, doctor. She couldn't, and wouldn't, undertake anything like nursing. She's my own maid, you know; and really, she has no time for anything, except her regular duties. She can't nurse."

Doctor Williams drew his shaggy, white eyebrows together; and looked at the fine lady, with keen, and not favoring, scrutiny. He never had met a specimen of this sort of human being before; but he had heard of it, especially since the opening of the Silver Lake Hotel: and he recognized the species. What was more, he did not fancy it. Moreover, like most elderly, country doctors, Doctor Williams was a good deal of an autocrat, and not in the habit of concealing his sentiments.

"Perhaps, then, you're going to take care of your daughter yourself, ma'am?" said he. "I tell you, she needs care, or she'll die; and more than this young lady can give, willing as she is. She's half sick herself, this morning, from one night's watching. After all, it is a mother's place, beside her sick child."

"My dear doctor," remarked Mrs. Vivian,



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putting up her eyeglass, and contemplating him with supercilious curiosity, "do you really, for a moment, suppose me capable of taking care of a sick person? Don't you really see any difference between me and the women of this place—the worthy creature who keeps the house, for instance?"

"A difference between you and Hannah Shillaber?" exclaimed the doctor, with a short laugh. "Yes, madame, I do see a good deal of difference. If Hannah had a sick child, there'd be no question who should nurse it."

But here, Magdalene interposed.

"I have been thinking, mamma," she said, "that we cannot do better than to send for Jacquita. She is at home, in Savannah, to be sure; but she can be here in three days, if we telegraph at once. Mrs. Phillips will send her to New York, and the colonel can meet her, and bring her up here. He is at Long Branch, this week." Then, turning to the doctor, she continued, "This Jacquita is an old black woman, who nursed both Alice and me—"

"And Carlotta, and me, before you," interposed Mrs. Vivian, who had a not uncommon habit of referring everything to herself.

Magdalene went on, as if her mother had not spoken.

"And she has always been with us—we are Southerners, you know. She used to belong to us; and after the war, stayed with us at wages; and takes care of us still, when we are sick, or anything," continued Magdalene. "Alice is very fond of her, and was moaning for her, this morning—"

The doctor fumbled in his pocket for pencil and paper. "Here, my dear young lady," he said, "you write a message, as quick as you can, and I will drive over to the telegraph station, and send it. Nothing could be better. It may easily make the difference of life and death to my patient. Four days? She'll be in fever then, I suppose, and will need nursing, if ever a girl did."

"And I'll write a note to Colonel Lithbridge, too, shan't I, mamma?" asked Magdalene.

"Oh, you've planned it all; you needn't pretend to consult me—I'm nobody," replied Mrs. Vivian, peevishly: and the doctor, folding up the paper, and placing it in his pocketbook, muttered to himself, "That's a fact!"

Magdalene now turned to her mother.

"I know it is not very comfortable for you, here, mamma," she said, in her winning way; "and as for Estelle, I doubt if she would not leave you, sooner than remain here: so I was thinking it might be nice, if you would go to the hotel, where our rooms are all ready, you know; and you could sleep and take your meals there; and leave Estelle here; and you could drive over, and stay all day, if you chose. It would be almost the same thing as living here."

"And the colonel can take the room engaged for Alice and you," exclaimed Mrs. Vivian, joyously. "Well now, for once, Magdalene, you have shown some common sense, and hit upon a very good plan; for really, I could not possibly live here, with these common people—bovine, all of them," with unutterable contempt. "I have been trembling, all the morning, lest my maid gave warning: she hardly spoke, all the time she was dressing me; and, though I gave her my lace scarf, the only pretty thing I had with me here, she barely thanked me—"

"Don't talk nonsense, mamma," exclaimed the girl, half angrily, turning to leave. "Never mind Estelle now."

But suddenly, in the open doorway, she found herself face to face with a tall, stalwart, young man, who fixed his broad, black eyes upon her, with such an unmistakable expression of reproof, that Magdalene, still angry, exclaimed:

"Well, what is it?"

"I didn't say anything, Miss Magdalene."

"Miss Vivian, if you please, Mr. Shillaber; and if you didn't speak, you looked at me; and I insist upon knowing what you meant."

"Well, then, Miss Vivian, you won't know what I meant, for I shan't tell you," replied the young man, as he passed her, with a bow as haughty as she herself could have given.

Half-an-hour later, Magdalene came back from a rapid tour of the orchard and cornfield, lying adjacent to the farmhouse; and found her mother sitting beside Alice, who was trying to sleep.

"I spoke improperly to you, mamma," she said; "and I am sorry."

"Dear me, what next?" exclaimed Mrs. Vivian, scoffingly. "Magdalene apologizing! Wonders will never cease."

## CHAPTER V.

### DOUGHNUTS.

A WEEK later, everything was arranged, and going on as quietly as if no other condition of things had ever been contemplated.

Five days from that on which the stage-coach upset, the same stage-coach drove quietly down the hill, stopped at the head of the green lane, and there discharged several packages. After these had been handed down, a gentleman and a colored woman descended. The former was a fine, soldierly-looking man, in early middle life; but with more silver than sable in his magnificent

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beard, and an air of combined weariness and hauteur. The woman was short, squat, intensely black, and wore a Madras turban, and a necklace of gold beads.

Magdalene flew out of the house, like a deer, at sight of them. But she shot past Colonel Lithbridge, as if he was of comparatively small account, and pounced upon the negress, clasping her in an affectionate embrace, and kissing the sable cheeks, with loving fervor.

"Oh, you dear, old mamma! I am *so* glad to see you," she exclaimed. "And so will Alice be; and we are going to be *so* comfortable, at last."

"Mighty glad to see you, honey; and how's missy?" replied Jacquita, whose strong point was action, rather than speech, and who seldom uttered as long a sentence as this.

"And haven't you a word for me, Madge?" demanded the colonel, speaking in a cultured, but not altogether pleasing, voice.

Magdalene, suddenly losing all her gay *abandon*, straightened herself, and said, coldly:

"How do you do, Colonel Lithbridge? Mamma will be very glad to see you. But you know I don't like being called Madge. Go speak to mamma. There she is, at the door."

While the colonel advanced to the front-door, Magdalene beckoned Jacquita to follow, and conducted her to the back of the house.

The great kitchen, there, was all open to the July evening; and as they approached, a deep voice was to be heard, saying, decisively:

"And quite time they did go. Home isn't home, with a pack of insolent fools, making you feel that you've no right to your own parlor, and doorstep."

"Thank you, for one, Mr. Ray Shillaber!" cried Magdalene, standing upon the threshold, and looking splendidly handsome, with her hazel eyes full of light, and the rich color burning like fire upon lips and cheek, and the slant rays of sunshine kindling a dusky glow in the braids of her chestnut hair.

Ray, who was sitting sidewise, on the edge of a table, fanning himself with his palm-leaf hat, stood up, looked at her, recognized her beauty, and said nothing.

His mother, who was frying doughnuts, in a great flat kettle, and hardly heard what was said by either, turned toward the door, and said, pleasantly:

"Oh, have your folks come, Miss Magdalene? I was so busy, I didn't hear the stage. Did you, Ray?"

"Yes," replied Ray, succinctly.

"But was too ill-tempered to speak of it," muttered the young lady; and was a good deal astonished to receive a reply, in the same tone:

"Thank you, for one, Miss Magdalene Vivian. But, as it happens, I was not speaking of you."

"And that's the woman come to take care of Miss Alice?" continued Hannah, glancing at Jacquita, and skimming the crisp, brown doughnuts out of the fat. "Come in, and make yourself at home, ma'am. Don't she talk any English, Miss Magdalene?"

"Yes, indeed, she talks nothing else, Mrs. Shillaber; but she don't talk much, at all: and you mustn't call her ma'am, if you please. Her name is Jacquita."

"Jacquita? Well, I never!" exclaimed Hannah, skilfully dropping more doughnuts into the bake-kettle. "Sounds most like moskeeter."

"To be sure. We call her Jack, sometimes; and Alice and I always say mamma. May I have a doughnut?"

"Dear heart, do help yourself! Ray, get a china plate out of the settin'-room closet, and a napkin."

The young man scowled, and did not stir; and Magdalene, flashing a scornful glance at him, cried:

"Oh, pray, don't ask Mr. Shillaber to wait upon me; I don't care for plate or napkin, I assure you. How nice they are, ain't they?"

"I'm proper glad you like 'em. Won't she have some?"

"Who?" innocently demanded Magdalene, determined to break in her hostess, to saying Jacquita, at once.

"My mother referred to your servant, as I presume you understood," growled Ray; and as the fat was just then pretty quiet, his mother heard; and turning sharply around, said:

"Ray, I wish you'd take the pail out to the new well, and get some water for supper. It's colder."

The young man obeyed, without reply. As soon as he was gone, his mother, turning to Magdalene, said, anxiously:

"I hope you won't none of you take anything amiss that Ray says. He's a dreadful proud, high-stepping sort of a fellow, and as bold as a lion. If things don't suit, he'll out with it, if 'twas to the Queen of Sheby herself; and he got pretty mad, a while ago, when your ma wouldn't set down in the parlor, because he was settin' on the doorstep: and I believe she said somethin' about folks not knowin' their places, and I don't know what all; but Ray, he's that sort of a fellow, he don't feel nobody's any better than what he is; and we never had no boarders before; and he ain't used to not havin' the whole run of the house; and a separate table and all, it kind o' galls him; but lor', the boy ain't got no harm in him; and he'd do anything to help Miss Alice:

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he went over to the village, when he ought to ha' been at his dinner, to get them lemons; and he's just as keerful about noise as ever you see, and always hushin' up Jabez, who's young and foolish—"

"Don't say any more, Mrs. Shillaber. He's coming, and I think he's quite in the right. But don't let him know that you told me anything."

As Ray entered the kitchen porch, with his pail of bright and sparkling water, Magdalene disappeared through the door of the dining-room. A few minutes later, Estelle appeared, with a summons for Jacquita to the bedside of her nursling.

That very night, Mrs. Vivian, with her maid and Colonel Lithbridge, was driven over to Silver Lake Hotel; there to find, as she subsequently declared, her first night's rest, and her first civilized breakfast, since entering the valley of Crosnest. Her departure seemed to remove an element of unrest and discontent, that had pervaded the house, ever since her entrance; and everybody felt the relief. Magdalene's brow lost its frown, and her lips their air of severe self-control. Hannah began to sing once more about her work. Ray permitted himself to speak, and smile, when not absolutely necessary; and Alice's flower-like face began to gain a little color and light, and to lose the worried look that had so troubled Magdalene.

Of course, Mrs. Vivian drove over, at least once a day; but as the weather grew hot, her visits were confined to the morning: a message of inquiry sufficing for the evening.

These messages were generally brought by Colonel Lithbridge, who made them the occasion of protracted calls upon Magdalene. The latter received him capriciously: sometimes coldly; sometimes with polite indifference; sometimes, in the reaction from long hours in the sick room, with a gayety bordering on levity; and on a few delightful occasions, with a soft and pensive tenderness, the most dangerous of all her moods. It was on one of these occasions, that the colonel, who had walked over from the hotel, asked Magdalene to come with him, as far as the head of the lane, on his way home. She silently complied. Nor did she resist, when he took the lace handkerchief from her belt, and tied it over her head, *á là Rigolette*. The two strolled to the end of the lane, almost in silence. Here, Magdalene paused, and lightly leaned against one of the gate-posts. Lithbridge turned, and looked at her in wonder, almost in awe; for never had he seen her so beautiful, so spiritualized as now, by the radiant moonlight from without, and the yearning spirit within, that, pleading through her upraised eyes, seemed longing for heaven.

"What are you thinking of, Magdalene?" asked he, softly, after some moments.

The starry eyes slowly sank from the moon's mysterious face to his, and dwelt there, still with that strange yearning in their depths, as she answered, very gently:

"You wouldn't understand."

"Try me, and see," he urged, taking her hand in his.

She withdrew it, quietly, and shook her head.

"No, I wish you could, I wish anybody could; but I don't believe they ever will. I suppose every soul has its own wonders, and struggles, and longings, and they have to be worked out alone, and in silence."

"Child, shall I tell you the answers to all the wonders, and struggles, and longings of your soul?"

"You cannot."

"But, if I can?"

"Yes."

"In one word—love."

"I don't know what love is."

"No, my darling, you do not. Your fresh young heart is still untouched, but its own instincts are astir. It is like the water-lily blossoms, that feel the sun, and unfold their pure petals, to show him their golden hearts. Sweet, it is love you are longing for, and I will teach it to you!"

He tried to put his arms about her, but she drew back, still with that strange quiet, almost apathy of manner, upon her, and said:

"No. If it is love I want, it is not your love; do not speak of it again."

"But, Magdalene, I must speak, if not again, at least let me speak out now—"

A rustling among the thick bushes, bordering the road, and clustering about the gateway, startled both; but the sound of retreating footsteps showed that the intruder was going away: and after a moment's pause, Lithbridge continued, in a low and eager voice:

"I have loved you for years, Magdalene: ever since you began to blossom into the brilliant, high-hearted, powerful and fascinating woman that you are, to-night. Long ago, I determined that, if ever I married, you should be my wife; and I have only waited to see some sign of liking, some symptom of tenderness amid all the brightness, before putting my wishes into words."

Magdalene was no longer looking at the moon. But the cold brilliancy of that maddening orb seemed concentrated in her eyes, as she turned them upon the agitated face of her wooer, and slowly said:

"And you see the liking, and the tenderness in my mood, to-night, I suppose?"

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"Not for me, perhaps; not consciously for me: but yet I do see awakened tenderness, and a vague longing for something you have not yet found—"

"Yes," interrupted Magdalene, almost eagerly, "a longing for something I have not found."

"And I tell you, child, that that something is love; and that nobody ever has, nobody ever can love you, as I do; and that if you will but let me try, I will soon show you that all these vague yearnings, this aimless longing, that torments you, shall be satisfied, in the wealth of love I will pour into your heart, and in the response that heart will surely make, for love infallibly evokes love in an unoccupied heart. Magdalene, may I try?"

"Try to make me love you, do you mean? For I am absolutely certain I do not love you now. You must understand that, clearly."

"Very well, let it be so. You do not love me now, but you will let me teach you to love me?"

"If you can."

"But I must have opportunities. You must be engaged to me, and give me a lover's claims."

"By no means. That would be taking the prize, before you had run the race. If you make me love you, I shall naturally become engaged to you; but meantime, I shall remain as I am: free as air, in person, spirit, and affections."

"That is a very unfair bargain."

"Then don't make it. I am quite indifferent whether you do or not."

"Of course you are," exclaimed the colonel, in a rage. "You are just falling back, now, into your usual jeering, cynical fashion of meeting anything verging upon tenderness. I believe you have no heart, after all, more than other women."

"Why, who ever supposed I had?" exclaimed Magdalene, with a scoffing laugh. "I don't claim to be a *lusus naturæ*, and different from other women. But as you have lost your temper, and I have lost my interest in the conversation, don't you think you had better go?"

"Child, child! I have put the hopes and desires of years into your hands, I have laid my heart at your feet, and you treat them as toys, you trample them in the dust."

"In other words, you are 'the victim of a child's caprice,'" laughed Magdalene. "No, cousin colonel, as I used to call you, you won't get any more sentimentality out of me, to-night; and I am going home, and advise you to do so. Good-night."

But Colonel Lithbridge was too angry to reply, in any quiet fashion of leave taking; and as Magdalene ran gaily down the lane, he strode away in the moonlight, biting his lips, clenching his hands, and muttering words not good to hear.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BERRYING.

When Magdalene reached the door-stone, she was surprised to find it the pedestal of a tall, motionless, human figure. She was more surprised, when, in the deep shadow of that side of the house, she recognized Ray, and found that he intended to speak to her.

"Oh! Is it you?" exclaimed she, not knowing what else to say; and then waited, nervously conscious of two glowing eyes fixed upon her face, and an electric cloud of anger, or suspicion, or some unpleasant feeling, hanging about her.

"Yes, Miss Vivian, it is I," replied a gloomy voice.

"By the way, Mr. Ray, I have changed my mind: I had rather you called me Miss Magdalene, insead of Miss Vivian."

"I was obeying your orders."

"Goodness! How humble you are, all at once."

"I have had lessons enough, in the last three weeks, to make some progress. But I was waiting to tell you, that Sarah and Lizzie Blake said that you wished to go berrying, when they went; and they intend going, to-morrow, with Jabez and me: and if you would like to go too, we shall, of course, be very much honored."

"Ray, why need you always assume that tone with me?" demanded the girl, passionately. "*I* never have treated you as an inferior, or patronized you, or—or—anything; and why can't you behave like a reasonable creature, and put aside all that air of injured dignity, and 'grand, gloomy, and peculiarness,' that you always wear toward me?"

"Why can't I?" replied Ray, slowly. "Because—well, I can't just tell why. Perhaps, I have my puzzles, and wonderments, as well as you, Miss Vivian."

"I told you to say Magdalene; and how do you know, pray, that I have any puzzles and wonderments?"

"Just as old Bose here knows that the moon is bright—by looking at her face; and just as the fine lady moon can't help the dog looking at her, and thinking of her, and growling and baying at her, so Miss Magdalene Vivian can't help even poor Ray Shillaber reading her face, and thinking his own thoughts about it."

"And growling and baying at her, too," suggested Magdalene.

"Exactly. Very impertinent; but it can't be helped, that I see." And lifting the torn hat from his thick black curls, the handsome young cynic strode round the corner of the house, leaving Magdalene alone. She stood, for a moment,

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absorbed in reverie; and then went to Alice's room, where the sick girl lay, sleeping like a lily among her fair white surroundings: while Jacquita, black, ugly, and faithful, lay upon a couch close beside her. Magdalene looked on, silently, for a moment; and then crept up the stairs, and sat for quite an hour, staring from her window, into the fragrant gloom of the summer night.

Since she had been left alone, Magdalene had petitioned that she might eat with the family, instead of being served in lonely state by herself; and Hannah had so far complied with the request, that she and her two sons now sat at the table in the dining-room. But Shillaber himself, except occasionally at tea-time and on Sundays, preferred the freedom and despatch of the kitchen-table.

So, it chanced, that, coming into the dining-room, next morning, Magdalene found the two boys, as they were called, although Ray was more than two-and-twenty, and Jabez only two years younger, standing by the open window, and busily discussing plans for the day.

"The light wagon is plenty large for four; what are you thinking about, Ray?" exclaimed Jabez, a good-natured, freckle-faced, sandy-haired fellow, as unlike Ray as a plough horse is unlike a racer.

"Well, suppose there's more than four," suggested Ray, in a low voice, and moving away from his brother, who only raised his voice, exclaiming:

"How more than four? There's Sadie and Lizzie, and you and me. Who else? Mother won't go."

"I am going, Mr. Jabez," remarked a blithe voice: and Magdalene, radiant in a white dress, with carnation ribbons glowing from the crest of her sleek head, to the toes of her pretty slippers, made a mocking little bow to the younger brother, and shot a half defiant glance at the elder.

"You! Golly, why that's first-rate," exclaimed Jabez; and then conscious of his solecism, blushed furiously, and was suddenly silent. Ray, who never said "golly," and who, not having two sets of manners, could never be surprised into using the wrong ones, shot an angry glance at his brother, and said, haughtily:

"We shall be much pleased to have you go, Miss Magdalene."

"Thank you, Mr. Ray," said the girl, with a smile, accepting his use of her Christian name. "And when do we go, and how? You were talking of wagons: can't we have that nice, jumpity-jump one, that we went to the springs in? How is it, Mr. Jabez?"

"Why, you see," replied Jabez, recovering his equanimity, "we're most afraid you'd be crowded, five, so. Maybe though, you three girls might set on the back seat, together; Sadie and Lizzie's pretty slim, both of 'em; and you ain't very large."

"Oh, I want to go in front, and drive. I do so love to drive, especially down these steep hills."

"Very well," interposed Ray, hastily. "I'll settle it all. You shall drive, Miss Magdalene. Now, about our dinner, for we shall be gone all day."

"Oh! I don't know about that," exclaimed Magdalene, in a disappointed voice. "I don't think I could leave Alice all day."

"How is she, this morning?" asked Ray.

"Quite comfortable and bright; she wouldn't need me, I dare say; and mamma will be over, this morning: but you see, it's me, myself; I can't bear being parted with her, all day." And Magdalene looked at Ray, with a sort of appealing glance, as if sure of his comprehension and sympathy. He answered, with the first cordial smile she had ever seen upon his face; a smile so bright and frank, that it lighted up the dark features, and gloomy eyes, like a burst of sunshine, and said:

"Nor you needn't. I will drive you home, myself, any minute that you say, after we reach the high pastures."

"It's all of six mile up there," suggested Jabez, in a tone of remonstrance.

"What of that?" demanded his brother, angrily. "It won't hurt Tom, I guess; and I know it won't hurt me. Besides, I can change Tom for Kitty, while I'm at home; and maybe mother would want something done, and be glad to have me run in."

"Oh, it's all right, of course. Only, I thought you wouldn't pick many berries," suggested Jabez, who had a broad streak of New England thrift in his composition.

But Ray did not deign to notice this suggestion, in any way; and just then, Mrs. Shillaber entered, with a plate of biscuit in her hand. It was accompanied, too, by a roll of butter, churned by Hannah's own hands, and redolent of clover and cleanliness. Add to these, a delicious broiled chicken, and potato croquettes, with a great glass pitcher of ice-cold milk, and we need not wonder that Magdalene was supremely indifferent to the badness of the coffee, or the nomadic character of the tea, which could claim neither China, Japan, nor any other known habitat, as justly its own. Magdalene was young, Magdalene was strong and healthy, and consequently, Magdalene ate well, and with reasonable enjoyment, a fact of unending satisfaction to Hannah, whose own appetite was generally worked and worried

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away, and who "kept up," to use her own phrase, on the adulterated tea and coffee, and a beverage called diet-drink, brewed by herself, from various roots and barks.

Alice, being consulted as to her sister's absence, stoutly declared that she was perfectly able to be left all day; indeed, that she should rather prefer that state of things, to any other, as she could have such "splendid naps."

Magdalene and Alice were still talking, when a voice was heard outside, but softened down, calling:

"The wagon is ready, Miss Magdalene."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Ray, I will be out directly," said Magdalene, stooping to kiss Alice.

"What a nice voice that Mr. Ray has," said Alice. "So deep and grave, and still so musical. He ought to sing. I should like to see him."

"Yes, it is a good enough voice," replied Magdalene, indifferently. "And you can see him, very soon, I suppose; for the doctor says it will be good to carry you out on the stretcher, and let you lie in the sun, some hours, every fine day—"

"Yes, he talked to me about it; and I think it will be perfectly lovely," cried Alice, the soft color mantling in her cheeks.

"Well, to-morrow, if mamma approves, and the doctor will superintend, we will have you out, dearest."

And Magdalene stooped to kiss her sister again, and so hide the tears brimming her eyes: tears of love, and pity, and thankfulness for even so much amendment.

"And Ray can help carry me out," said Alice, with a shy little smile.

"Yes, you baby, with a new toy," laughed Magdalene. "But now, good-bye. What, all but crying! Well, I shall be home, by two o'clock, at latest. Very soon after mamma leaves." And without waiting for further remonstrance, she ran away; and passing through the dining-room, to the great kitchen, found the wagon waiting outside the door: where, two-and-twenty years before, the mysterious stranger, in his muffling cloak, had stood, upon that stormy Hallow E'en, promising to give Hannah Shillaber's dead baby back to life and health.

Forgetting that byegone time, which had indeed grown to be little more than a dream in her memory, Hannah now stood chatting with two pleasant-looking girls, who were seated upon the back seat of the wagon, and just then giggling violently at some remark of Jabez's, who was stowing the basket of provisions, the pails for the berries, and the meal for the horse, underneath the seats. Finally, he put a milking-stool between the two seats, and also between the two Miss Blakes, remarking:

"That's the stool of penitence, girls, and one of us three has got to set on it, and confess our sins to the other two. Guess it had better be Liz, hadn't it? She's the biggest sinner."

It was at this moment that Magdalene appeared, and a sudden constraint dropped, like a cloud, upon the two girls; who sat up straight, looked genteel, and remarked, in mincing tones:

"Good-day. Pleased to see you."

Ray, who had busied himself about the horse's head until now, came forward, with alacrity; and remarking, "This is your seat, Miss Vivian," handed her to the front bench, placed himself beside her, gathered up the reins, and started, so promptly, that Jabez had hard work to tumble in at the back of the wagon, and climb over the seat, to the penitential stool, which Lizzie found it funny to upset, just as he was seating himself, thus inducing a convulsion of merriment and scuffling, lasting, with the three, for at least a mile of the way.

Ray was annoyed, but not for himself; and Magdalene tried to see and hear nothing that would force her to appear annoyed. So she devoted herself to the horse, which, young and strong, required a good deal more driving than she knew how to give; and had not Ray's hand, eye, and voice, been constantly on the alert, she might have experienced an upset.

Presently, however, the road began to steadily ascend. At this, Jabez jumped out, to relieve the horse, while Sadie and Lizzie subsided into a quiet conversation. Magdalene, resigning the reins to Ray, suffered her delighted eyes to roam over the magnificent landscape unfolding before her, as they ascended the mountain.

The high pasture was reached, at length, and the three girls jumped out; the two Blakes with a solid bounce; Magdalene with a spring strong and light as a young deer. Ray, who helped all three, noted the difference. Jabez did not.

"Now, let's see who'll get berried first," remarked the latter young man, gathering the four tin pails in one hand, and jangling them together, discordantly.

"Why, there's none for me!" cried Magdalene, as they were divided around.

"I brought this for you," said Ray, somewhat embarrassed, and so somewhat surly; and from the breast-pocket of his blouse, he produced a silver porringer; the solitary piece of plate, except some spoons, belonging to the Shillaber family. Magdalene colored, half in pleasure, half in vexation; and as she took it, and followed the others toward the bushes, she said, in a low voice:

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"It is very nice, and I like it very much; but I wish you wouldn't make a difference for me."

"But there is a difference, and not of my making," replied Ray, almost bitterly. "You never could be like those girls—like us, I ought to say, for I am one of the same class as they. I am Jabez's brother."

"Oh, but that's all nonsense, you know," replied Magdalene, eagerly. "People are not made like—like stoves, for instance—all of one sort, run in one mould, and impossible to change. For instance, you were not cast in the same mould as Jabez, or the Miss Blakes. You are just as much a gentleman, when you are good-natured, as anybody need to be."

"As much as Colonel Lithbridge?" asked Ray, dryly.

"More, in some ways. Don't talk about him, please."

Her voice was so cold, that there was a silence of some moments. Then Ray said:

"I am going to answer your question, about how I knew of your having puzzles, and wonderments, more truly than I did last night. I heard you say it."

"Heard me? How?"

"I was sitting on a rock, outside the gate, looking at the moon, and thinking, when you and he came up the lane; and when you stopped, I looked through the bushes, and saw you, as you stood leaning against the post, with that white thing on your head, and your face turned up; and I forgot that I ought to go away."

"Forgot?" interrupted Magdalene, in would-be severity.

"Yes, forgot everything," said the young man, slowly, and fixing his intense eyes upon hers. "It was true enough that I read the wonderings and longings, that the moonlight pictured out on your face; but besides that, I heard you say it."

"And then?" demanded Magdalene.

"And then I went away," replied Ray, quietly. "Didn't you hear me go? I didn't try to hide myself."

"Yes, I heard you go."

The young man's eyes questioned her; but she would not answer; and presently, he said again:

"I have no right, no shadow of right, to ask; but I wish you would tell me, won't you?"

"Tell you what?"

"Whether you are engaged to Colonel Lithbridge?"

"What do you think?"

"I think not."

"Why?"

"I looked into your face, when you came up to the house, last night, and I couldn't see it."

"One would think my face were a Farmer's Almanac," cried Magdalene, with sudden pettishness. "You study it so, for every change of weather."

"A queer almanac, that shows fair and stormy, all at the same time," said Ray, quietly.

But Magdalene's mood had changed, and pouring her porringer full of berries into his pail, she declared:

"There, I've done. I'm going to gather some flowers; all by myself, thank you; and then I shall rest in the shade, until lunch; and then I shall go home."

"Very well, Miss Vivian. You will do just as you like, of course. I am ready to take you, at any time."

And she did do just as she liked, and hardly looked at, or spoke to Ray, again, until he was taking her home; when she scoffed, and jibed, and teased him, until he was wrought into a white heat of silent wrath, and looked as handsome as a young gladiator, thirsting for the combat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# COQUETTE.

BY JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

Only last night, at the Raynors' ball,
She twisted my rose in her shining hair;
And would I carry her fan and shawl?
And did I really and truly care
For her love? Ah, the night had been so sweet,
She never dreamed it could be this late—
Then a whisper of "Courage and love complete."
And of "all things coming to those who wait."

This morning, I saw her standing there,
'Neath the tree where the apple-blossoms fall,
And give him a rose from her shining hair,
Sighing, "I missed you, last night, at the ball;
What is the reason we seldom meet?"
Giving her hand at the garden-gate,
"Have the sharp thorns ruined love's bleeding feet?
All things come unto those who wait."

Loud in the branches the robins call.
Is the gloom, that has come on the summer air,
The shadow of God's hand over all?
At least, good-bye to you, lady fair.
Ah, I have found the tares in the wheat:
Deeper than tears are the stings of fate.
But surely, in front of God's mercy-seat,
The truth is coming. For that I wait.

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# THE RAILROAD TICKET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE train was on the point of starting, as Max Ingersoll entered the railway station of the quiet old German town, where he had been halting for a few days. He got his ticket, fortunately; but the instant after, the clerk shut the window of his office with a bang.

Ingersoll hurried out upon the platform, where the guard opened the door of an empty carriage; and Ingersoll sprang in, portmanteau in hand.

"How many minutes, yet?" he asked.

"About half a one," the guard answered.

"Just time to light a cigar," thought Ingersoll; and he put his hand in the breast-pocket of his coat, to take out his cigar-case. All at once, his face changed.

"I can't have forgotten it," he muttered, as his hands flew from one pocket to another, with a rapidity worthy of a conjurer. "By Jove! I have, though—left it on the table in my bedroom—what infernal stupidity! I must have a weed, by some means. No use to ask that brute of a guard. Maybe, the station-master would send—there must be a tobacco-stall—"

His sentence died away unfinished. He was rising to lean out of the open window, when his ear caught the sound of a girlish voice saying quickly, and in very agitated tones:

"But I entreat—the ticket-office was shut. I will pay at the first station. I must, must go to Nuremburg."

"You can't go without a ticket; it's against the rules; you will have to wait for the two o'clock train," responded an inflexible voice.

"I cannot—indeed, I cannot—it is very, very important. Oh, I must go!" cried the girlish voice—such a sweet, musical voice, with a piteous quiver in it, which showed that the speaker was near tears.

Ingersoll thrust his head out of the carriage, and saw a young lady, standing at a little distance, in a dark-green travelling-dress, and picturesque Tyrolese hat. She was pretty enough to move even a German railway official. But the station-master was inexorable.

"Stand back, if you please," he cried. "You can't go, I say."

"But I must—I must!"

"You can't go—stand back," was the only reply.

All this, of course, passed in a few seconds. But during them, Ingersoll had made another discovery. Besides his cigar-case, he had left behind, at the hotel, a little packet of important letters, which had been that very morning forwarded to him, and as yet only partially read.

The station-master, as he spoke, had begun ringing the bell. The girl had uttered a low cry. Ingersoll paused no longer; but seized his portmanteau, threw it out, and sprang after it.

"Here's a ticket," he exclaimed, thrusting his into the girl's hand. At the same moment, he fairly snatched her up in his arms, and lifted her into the carriage, which was already in motion. A porter, standing by, had just time to shut the door, as the train swept away.

Ingersoll saw the young lady lean out of the window, her face eloquent with thanks. Her portmonnaie was in her hand, and she was trying to extricate money from its recesses. Then the train steamed on; he caught one last glance of gratitude; and she was gone.

"The prettiest creature I ever set eyes on," muttered Ingersoll.

He picked up his portmanteau, as he spoke, and turned to leave.

"The lady has good reason to be obliged to you, sir," said a smothered voice, at his elbow. There stood the porter, who had shut the *coupé* door; and when Max glanced at him, he saw his shrewd, ugly face puckered into a perfect network of wrinkles, in his efforts to keep from laughing audibly. "It's not often, nowadays, that a German gentleman would do so much for a stranger. No, nor one of those rascally French, either, for all they brag so much about their politeness."

The fairly jeering tone, in which the words were spoken, and an unrestrained titter from the station-master, increased Max's irritation to such an extent, that he quite forgot his dignity.

"I have the good luck to be an American," quoth he. "We are in the habit of treating ladies courteously, in my country." Then he was so annoyed, at having made this speech, that he condescended to further explanation, before he knew what he was about. "I found I had forgotten some important letters. I should have had to stop over, for the two o'clock train, in any case." In a second, he was more vexed than ever, to catch himself explaining, especially



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when he saw that his hearers were incredulous. "Be good enough to take charge of my portmanteau, till I come back; and let me find you in the way, when I get here," he said, with cold severity, to the porter.

Max walked off, furious, when he had spoken, the angrier at the chorus of low chuckles that followed him. When he reached his hotel, he learned that his letters and cigar-case had already been safely put away by the inn-keeper, till they should be sent for. He read his correspondence, wrote two or three epistles, strolled about till noon, took an early dinner, and had coffee, and then went to the station. But on the way, he was in a maze of pleasantly vague dreams, as he had been all the morning. Wherever he looked, he saw always the same object: an exquisite, girlish face, with heavenly blue eyes, under the shadow of a Tyrolese hat; and no matter what sound he heard, it was half deadened by the pathetic tones of a girlish, pleading voice.

"Have I fallen in love, at first sight, and with a person I may never see again?" he asked himself, scornfully. Then he swore mentally that he would see the face again, and soon, too; and felt also a shrewd suspicion that he really was in love, absurd as it might seem.

At the station, the porter came up, with his portmanteau.

"You see I did not forget, sir," said the man, touching his cap, politely. "I have been on the lookout for you. There's a gentleman, down by the *café*, who wants to see you."

"A gentleman who wants to see me?" repeated Ingersoll, surprised.

"It's on account of the young lady." And now the porter smiled. "The young lady you gave your ticket to, sir."

Ingersoll followed the man to the *café*, at the further end of the long platform. Here, the porter addressed himself to a gentleman, at that instant coming out of *café*.

Ingersoll took a quick survey of the stranger: a stout, rather red-faced person of fifty-five or so.

At the first words the porter spake, this person hurried forward, and lifted his hat, with ceremonious politeness. Max returned the salute.

"I beg your pardon for the intrusion," said he.

"Not at all," said Max. "You wished to see me?"

"The porter tells me, sir, that you were to have left by the half-past ten train; but that you gave up your ticket to a young lady, who reached here too late to procure one."

Max bowed, and looked still more curiously at his interlocutor; for it was plain that his measured mode of speech was an effort to hide anxiety, anger, or strong emotion of some kind.

"A young lady, in a dark-green dress, and Tyrolese hat," pursued the old gentleman, in the same laboriously assumed tone of composure.

"Yes, that was her dress, I believe," replied Max.

"Ah!" said the stout gentleman, evidently much relieved. "Will you have the kindness to tell me what station the ticket was for?"

A new thought struck Max. Compliance with the stranger's request, might be far from a favor to the blue-eyed damsel. Yet, what possible excuse could he find, for declining to give the desired information? His momentary hesitation caused the other to make a movement of impatience.

"Perhaps, I might ask—" said Max. Then he stopped, and altered his beginning to, "May I inquire what special interest—"

"I am the young lady's father, sir," interrupted the elderly gentleman; and now his voice was as impatient as his face: "her father. My name is Heinrich Holdeniss."

Her father! Ingersoll remembered having been told by the loquacious landlord, that the fine villa, on the hill outside of the town, belonged to Herr Holdeniss, a retired merchant, and one of the wealthiest and most important personages the place could boast.

"The ticket was for Nuremburg. I had heard the young lady tell the station-master that was where she wished to go," returned Max, quickly, and in the most obliging tone.

"I thank you," said the gentleman, with another ceremonious lifting of his hat; which, of course, Max imitated. Herr Holdeniss motioned to the porter, who was standing at a little distance, and put some money in his hand, saying:

"Get me a ticket for Nuremburg—second-class."

While lighting a cigar, Max furtively watched him, and decided that the look of relief in his face was proof that his previous agitation had been caused by anxiety.

"By the way," said the Herr, "which class was your ticket for?"

"Second," said Max. "I am too old a traveller to waste money on a first, in Germany."

"Ah," said that gentleman, "the porter told me you were an American—but that must be a mistake—you speak German like a native."

"Yes, I am an American. But my grandmother was a German, and brought me up to speak the language."

"So!" returned Herr Holdeniss, who had taken out his pocket-book, and extricated some

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money. "I cannot repay your kindness; but I can replace the price of the ticket."

Of course, no refusal was possible; so Max bowed, and took the offered florins, saying:

"I am very happy to have been able to be of service to your daughter: she seemed so exceedingly anxious—so distressed, when she found that she must lose the train."

"Ah!" said Herr Holdeniss, again, but in a less cheerful tone; and took a pinch of snuff. "An American? Always courteous to ladies, the Americans. A fine country—a noble country—the most interesting I ever visited."

"So you have been there?" said Max.

"Oh, yes. Spent twelve months, partly on business, partly to have a change, just after my poor wife's death, four years ago; my daughter went with me; she was only fourteen then."

The utterance of that name gave Max an additional interest in the subject of the Herr's travels.

"Was your daughter as much pleased as yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Girls always like everything new. I put her to school, in New York, for six months. She speaks English perfectly. I am not a bad hand at it myself," he added; and burst into the language, which he spoke fluently enough, though with such an execrable accent, that Max only understood about half of a voluble account of a visit to California.

The porter came back, with the ticket, at this moment; and informed the two gentlemen that it was time to take their places. His practiced eye speedily lighted upon an empty *coupé* toward which he conducted the pair.

"If you do not object to our making the journey together?" said Herr Holdeniss, treating Max to another wave of his hat.

"I shall be delighted," cried Max, with an evident sincerity, which would have surprised his most intimate friends, had they looked at the stout party, without having first known that he had a pretty daughter.

"This is very comfortable," said Herr Holdeniss. "I have a great many good friends in America. I wonder if we possess mutual acquaintances there?"

Upon this hint, Max gave his name, and added particulars in regard to himself, that he was not in the habit of bestowing upon strangers. Sure enough, not only did Herr Holdeniss know a number of his friends, but when he went to America, had taken a letter of introduction to one of Max's uncles, who had a seat in the Senate of the United States, and had been very civil to the traveller.

"I remember his speaking of a nephew, who had just graduated from Yale, with great honors, and had gone to Europe," said Herr Holdeniss; "that was you, I suppose?"

"I don't know about the great honors," said Max, laughing.

"I do," said Herr Holdeniss. "And have you been over here, ever since?"

"I went back once, for a few months, only."

"Hum!" quoth Herr Holdeniss. "So you don't mean to have business or a profession?"

"Oh, I don't propose to be an idler," cried Max, eager to produce a good impression; "but—but—well, I have not been obliged to hurry in making a choice," he added, a little confused between his desire to excuse his procrastination, and his dislike of uttering what might seem a snobbish allusion to his large fortune.

"So!" ejaculated Herr Holdeniss; and his tone showed that he quite understood the case.

But what Max wanted, was to persuade his new acquaintance to talk of his daughter; and, if possible, to induce him to give some explanation of her journey, which had evidently been undertaken with an attempt at secrecy. Presently, some remark of the other's enabled him to say:

"So the porter did not recognize Fraülein Holdeniss?"

"No, both he and the station-master are new people here. I should have gone to her aunt's, at a venture. I didn't like to telegraph, for my sister-in-law is an invalid, and easily alarmed. It was all right enough. The whole thing was a whim—a girlish caprice: girls are made up of them." He was looking at once vexed and amused; and now had recourse to his snuff-box, and muttered something to himself, of which Max only caught, "If she had waited to hear, she might have saved herself a wild-goose chase, and me too."

But now he began to talk of other matters. Yet though their conversation was so free, that, by the time their two hours' journey came to an end, they were on the most friendly terms, not one word further of explanation did Max get in regard to Miss Lina Holdeniss' departure, which looked so much like a flight from her parent's roof. Still, the old gentleman talked a good deal about his daughter, incidentally, in giving details of his own past, which he did with great freedom, and in a very interesting manner. Max learned that he had commenced life penniless, but had, years ago, retired from business, with a fortune, which, according to moderate Teutonic ideas, was more than ample.

He had had his little romance, too, German-like; and could still dwell, with a certain degree of romantic feeling, upon its memory; elderly,

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and stout, and given to snuff-taking, as he was. He narrated his idyl, to be sure, while eating a sausage and some black bread, which he had bought at a way-station; but there were tears in his eyes, all the same. He had loved, and been loved by a young lady, belonging to a family who could write *Von* before their name; and who cast her off, when she insisted on marrying beneath her. But the two had been very happy; and though her husband was poor when she accepted him, before a decade elapsed he could surround her with every comfort, and such luxuries as suited their simple tastes.

"She was an angel," sighed Herr Holdeniss. "The most wonderful combination of intellect and sweetness. *Ach, Gott!* to hear her repeat Schiller, and Goethe, was music. She could make such coffee as I shall never drink again; and the real receipt for cream-cabbage died with her —died with her." And Herr Holdeniss gulped down his sigh and his last bit of sausage together.

There was one of the deceased lady's relatives, who had not deserted her, he went on to say: a sister, a few years older than herself. This sister had married a rich old man, with a title, who had treated her very ill; but he had been a long while dead; and his widow now lived, contentedly, at her country-seat, a few miles from Nuremburg. Aunt Caroline, Frau von Kleuze, was very fond of her niece. It was to her the young lady had gone, this morning; and then Herr Holdeniss looked vexed and amused again, as he added:

"But whether, this time, she will not have had to pass a bad half-hour—the aunt Caroline is very particular." Then he checked himself, in the most provoking manner; and began to talk of the celebrated great trees in California, to the great exasperation of Max, till he secretly cursed those astounding marvels of nature.

The train, at length, puffed into the Nuremburg station. Max had been haunted by a mad hope that his new friend might ask him to go out with him to Ledenthal. But, no! The new friend expressed renewed pleasure at the acquaintance; learned what hotel Max meant to put up at; said he should call, if he stopped over the next day; but gave no hint that a visit, on Max's part, would be agreeable to himself, or the mistress of Ledenthal. I regret to say that Max, internally, called him "an old, sausage-gobbling, German fox!" Even elegant young men can be very inelegant in their reflections, under sufficent cause for irritation.

Max, being close to the door, got out of the carriage first. As Herr Holdeniss was descending, his foot slipped, and he would have fallen, except for his companion's timely aid. As it was, the old gentleman had twisted his ankle, sufficiently to make the pain very severe, for a few moments; and he uttered numerous groans, interspersed with sundry German oaths, each a yard long. When he grew quieter, Max said:

"Take my arm, and give me your travelling-sack. Lean on me. So. That's right."

They passed through the station, and out upon the broad grass-plot, decorated with flowers and shrubs, and sat down on a bench, to rest for a few moments.

"I am better now," Herr Holdeniss said. "I believe I shall take a turn or two on the turf—that will put my ankle straight."

If the venerable parent's heart was not harder than a rhinoceros' hide, Max thought, it would soften, under his tender attentions; and he aided the Herr, in his little promenade, with as much solicitude as a mother would her lame child.

But he received no invitation to Ledenthal, in spite of this; and that was what the sly young man was after.

"A friend of mine lives quite near the station," said Holdeniss. "I must stop and speak with him. I shall walk to his house. So, good-bye. A thousand, thousand thanks. I am charmed to have met you. Adieu, adieu!"

He was gone; and Max, instead of seeking a hack, strolled away to the further end of the lawn, and sat down under a linden tree, and upbraided fate and fathers; and then fell to dreaming of those blue eyes, that had looked so gratefully at him, earlier in the day. He would see them again, he vowed, finally, in spite of parent, or aunt Caroline; and soon, too.

Sooner than he imagined! He was roused by the rustle of a woman's dress, looked up, and started to his feet: for there, only a few paces away, was the lovely girl, in a dark-green dress and Tyrolese hat; and she was more lovely than ever, as she half paused, and glanced towards him, with a smile, at once embarrassed and mischievous.

"Fraülein Lina!" he exclaimed, in a voice of delight, and he hurried toward her, so bewildered by this unexpected bliss, that he hardly knew what he said or did. "You here—you have not gone out to your aunt's, at Ledenthal?"

"Not yet," she replied, smiling and blushing. "My courage failed—I was afraid she would scold me, though she never does. So I determined to wait, and go by the post-carriage, that leaves after this train comes in. I saw you and papa: where has papa gone?"

This address, speaking as if to a person whom she knew, completed Max's bewilderment, equal



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though he was, usually, to any emergency; and to increase his dazed state, she still regarded him with that mingling of fun and embarrassment.

"He has gone on to his friends, near the station. He will get a carriage, then, to drive out to your aunt's, expecting to find you, Fraülein Lina."

"So, you told him where the ticket you gave me was for?" she asked, laughing outright, though the pink in her cheeks deepened to damask.

"Yes—he—I—oh, I hope I did not do wrong?"

"Oh, no—quite, quite right." She tried to subdue the confusion, which rendered her so beautiful, and went on: "I should have come out, when I saw you and him. I was there, behind the thicket, reading; but I thought I'd better let him get to my aunt's, first—only I was curious to know why you waited. And I've not thanked you for the ticket—and, oh! I must pay you."

"But your father did that," he said.

"Ah, did he? Well, you will let me thank you?" Now she looked terribly embarrassed, and as if she had a mind to run away; but stood her ground. "It was very kind of you—and—and now I will admit that it was childish and silly of me to run away—but—but, well, nobody must ask me to explain, else I shall run away from Ledenthal, also."

The glance and smile, which accompanied this speech, dizzied Max out of his last faint gleam of sense; he knew that he was going to utter words that would be both mad and impertinent: still, he could not refrain; he must speak.

"Fraülein Lina!" he cried; but was checked by the headlong approach of a little man, in a porter's garb, shrieking:

"Fraülein, Fraülein, the post is starting! I have hunted for you everywhere. Quick, quick, they won't wait."

The young girl started off, with the fleetness of a deer; looked back over her shoulder, and waved her hand, crying:

"Till we meet, adieu, adieu!"

Positively, she had crossed the lawn, before Max recovered himself sufficiently to follow. Away he darted; stumbled over some obstacle; fell flat; picked himself up; and rushed on, reaching the side of the station building just in time to see the post-wagon drive off, with Lina Holdeniss therein. The carriage turned; she saw him; waved her hand again; and then was gone.

Max stood, for a few moments, stupefied; then remembered he had left his valise by the bench where he and Herr Holdeniss had sat; and went back to get it. As he stooped to take it up, he saw a large-sized morrocco letter-case lying on the ground beside it—Herr Holdeniss' letter-case—Max had seen it in his hand, two or three times.

Here was a direct interposition of destiny in his favor. However mad Max might still be, in regard to most matters, he was perfectly clear and sane on one point—it was his duty to take that letter-case out to Ledenthal, with as little delay as possible.

He drove to a hotel, ordered a room, and went through a pretence of dining; then changed his clothes; and very handsome he looked, in the stylish, light-gray costume.

Presently, he found himself driving through the approaching sunset, along the smooth highway. After a few miles, the coach turned into another road, which led through a smiling, well-wooded valley; and at the end of an hour, reached a tiny hamlet, which could boast no house of importance enough to look like the dwelling of Frau von Klenze.

However, though the coachman, being new to Nuremburg, could give no information, there was a little inn in sight, and in the entrance stood the fat landlord, who looked good-natured enough to give advice in the premises. To the eager inquiries of Max, he replied, at once:

"The-ever-to-be-most-highly-esteemed, the-so-much-honorable, noble Frau von Klenze! Of course, I know her house—it is not far. The road to the left—but it wants mending. I should advise the Herr to walk. If he passes down my cabbage-patch, and across the field, and mounts the hill, he will see the mansion below him, and can go through the fruit-orchard and garden."

The consequence of implicitly following which advice was, that, in about twenty minutes, Max reached the gate of the large, old-fashioned garden; and saw, before him, the house, with a broad terrace, that was decorated with pots of flowering shrubs; while beyond, several glass doors led into the dwelling itself.

He had come so quickly, that he was almost breathless. So, to recover himself, he sat down, on a moss-grown sundial, till, physically, he had cooled off somewhat. Then he rose, and walked along the centre garden path, till he gained a leafy arbor, built directly over it.

He stopped again, for, seated in a rustic chair, beneath the emerald screen, he perceived Lina Holdeniss. She was leaning back, resting her head on her hand; but her brilliant color and her smiles were gone. She looked pale and dejected; and Max could have sworn that he distinguished the traces of tears upon her cheeks.

Some involuntary movement of his arm caused

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a rustle among the vines. Lina raised her eyes, and saw him. She started up; made a movement as if to flee; then stood still, looking at him; but as horrified and frightened as if some noxious reptile had suddenly appeared at her feet.

"Fraülein—Fraülein Lina!" he exclaimed. "In heaven's name, have I frightened you?"

The words died on his lips, for a gust of passionate anger swept across her face, leaving her paler than before. Then he saw what was more inexplicable than her terror, more painful than anger—a slow smile of scorn, of unutterable contempt, wreathe her beautiful lips.

"Frightened?" she repeated, with a wave of her hand, as if brushing off some troublesome insect. "Frightened—of you?"

It seemed to Max as if he must be in some horrible nightmare. This could not be real.

"Fraülein Lina?" he repeated.

"How dare you?" cried she.

Max had a hot temper of his own, and this conduct stirred it somewhat, even amid his confusion.

"My errand must be my excuse for this intrusion," said he, drawing himself up to his fullest height, and looking very stately, though he trembled so that his grandeur was a little marred. "It was necessary I should come—I could not send. I came to say to your father—to bring your father—"

"Now, then, oh, then, heaven!" cried Fraülein Lina, her eyes blazing more hotly than before. Then she regarded him from head to foot, and added, "And it is necessary for me to tell you that I find your coming uncalled for—indecent—yes! And I spoke graciously to you, at the station yonder. I will never forgive myself—I—oh, what is your visit to me, that I should even be angry? My father—you came to see my father—well then, you shall. I will call him. I—"

"Fraülein Lina!" he broke in, interrupting the passionate utterance of her rhodomontade.

"I will call him—do you wait here," said she, imperiously.

She darted out of the arbor, and up the terrace-steps; and as he, mechanically following, reached them, she fled through one of the open doors, and disappeared down the corridor.

Max dropped into the nearest chair, and sat utterly confounded; while a new thought disturbed his brain, so unutterably terrible that his anger was lost in pity.

"She is mad—she must be," he muttered. "Oh, the poor, beautiful, young creature! Can she be? How else to account for her conduct in the garden, and now here—and her father's anxiety to follow—"

He was interrupted by a voice, calling:

"Lina! Lina! Who were you talking to? What—"

It was Herr Holdeniss, emerging from an open door, lower down the terrace. He was rubbing his eyes, and yawning, in a fashion that showed he had just wakened from a nap. He caught sight of the visitor, and exclaimed:

"Herr Ingersoll—or am I asleep, still?"

"Yes, it is I," said Max, coming forward, and trying to compose himself. "I beg your pardon for intruding. But I found your letter-case, on the station-lawn: so I thought it best to bring it out myself, at once."

"How kind of you, how thoughtful," cried Herr Holdeniss. "And I did not even know I had lost it—full of important papers, too; what abominable carelessness on my part."

"I am very glad I happened to see it. I will not disturb your siesta further," said Max, with more than Castilian stateliness.

"What, the deuce! You don't mean to fly off in that fashion," cried the old gentleman, catching his arm. "I'll tell you a secret. My sister-in-law is the best creature living, but crochetty. I knew, when I told her about you, she would bid me invite you; but since you are here, do wait: I'll find her, and explain."

"No, no, thanks," said Max.

"You must—you shall! And Lina must thank you—"

"Oh, there is no need of that," broke in Max. "I must tell you, that, just after you left the station, I saw your daughter. We spoke, and she was very civil. I met her now, as I came in. I can't imagine how I have offended her. I could not, in the least, comprehend the extraordinary things she told me—"

Herr Holdeniss interrupted.

"Told you? That was odd for her to do. I suppose you'd said I knew your uncle, and so she felt acquainted. I've had no time to mention you. Well, well, no wonder she is upset and vexed. So she told you?"

"Why, the old man is mad, too," thought Max.

"And women are such incomprehensible creatures," pursued Herr Holdeniss. "Since she has spoken, I'd like to tell you the whole. You see, German-like, I thought it my duty to arrange a marriage for her. My old friend, Peter Dornheim, had a son in England. I knew him a little; a handsome fellow; money; good business. I'd no mind to buy my girl a title, and a husband, who would despise her and me."

"Hopelessly mad," thought Max.

"So, when Peter and I had settled matters, I told Lina. That's nearly a month ago," continued

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the father. "She was very rebellious; vowed she should detest the man: but I thought that would wear off. Well, the fellow himself did not write, or send a photograph; but Peter said it was all right—"

"Oh," broke in Max, "I must tell you that you misunderstood me. Miss Lina spoke of none of these things."

"No, I suppose she hated to give the details," said Holdeniss, and was deaf when Max tried to explain. "But, this morning, I got a telegram from the young chap, to say that he would be at my house, at ten o'clock. I told Lina, and the monkey just put on her hat, and ran off here to her aunt," concluded the old gentleman, laughing heartily.

"Oh!" ejaculated Max.

"Yes, but she needn't have been so silly. The fellow came to confide a secret—he was married already. Some low match. He is afraid to tell his father yet: he wanted me to take the blame of the breaking off of the proposed alliance upon myself; he admitted he oughtn't to have waited so long to tell me. But, after all, I was rather sorry for him."

"Oh!" was all Max could say.

"But this is the odd part. I told Lina, when she got here; and it seems, though she professed to be so averse, and ran away this morning, to escape seeing young Dornheim, that she must have been weaving a little romance; for she turned very pale, and shut herself up in her room. Hush! here she comes."

But when Lina saw Max, she started back, stammering out that she thought her father alone.

"Don't run away, Lina," said Herr Holdeniss. "I want to introduce my friend—"

"Your friend?" interrupted Lina, with a scornful laugh. "Oh, there is no necessity for an introduction. Mr. August Dornheim and I have already met twice."

"August Dornheim? What, the deuce," cried her father. "This an American friend of mine—Mr. Max Ingersoll."

Lina's embarrassment was pitiful to see, but she behaved very bravely. She walked up to Max, and extended her hand.

"I beg you pardon," said she; "you must have thought me crazy. But I saw you with papa; you called me by my Christian name; my mistake was quite natural."

"Quite," said Max, in high delight; "but I'm glad I'm not Herr Dornheim, for I judge you don't like him."

"I never saw him," said Lina, recovering her dignity.

"To own the truth, Lina," said her father, "I thought you had told Ingersoll, so I've let it all out."

"Papa!" cried Lina, half vexed, half laughing. "Well, now, let us never mention the odious, selfish man's name again."

"What, the deuce!" cried her father. "But so, why have you been fretting, or cross, ever since I told you he was married? And, by the way, when you met Ingersoll at the station, you thought he was Dornheim. It's lucky you didn't scratch him."

"You hadn't told her then," exclaimed Max. before he knew he was thinking aloud.

Lina's intolerable confusion, as she ran back into the house, on a pretense of calling her aunt, was a confession which Max dared not then admit to himself he understood; but which he afterwards did: it was a confession, that, mistaking him for the proposed bridegroom, she had felt that running away to escape him, had been a silly thing to do.

Ingersoll stayed a month at Nuremburg, instead of the three days he had expected; and before the enchanted weeks ended, such mystery as there was, had been fully cleared up.

Max had confided to Lina that he fell in love with her, at first sight; and Lina had admitted, that, when she saw him crossing the station lawn, with her father, she recognized that her youth had found a hero to realize its dreams. The only mistake she made was in the hero's name, but even intuition must stop somewhere.

# LINES.

BY A. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Love, on your grave, in the ground,
  Sweet flowers I planted are growing
Lilies and violets abound,
Pansies border it round,
  And cowslips all of my sowing;
A creeper is trying to cover
Your name with a kiss, like a lover.

Dear, on your grave, in my heart,
  Grow flowers you planted when living:
Memories that cannot depart,
Faith in life's holier part,
  Love, all of your giving;
And Hope, climbing higher, is surer
To reach you, as life grows purer.

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# MY CHRISTMAS DINNER:

## A TALE OF ARTIST-LIFE IN PARIS.

BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

We first knew each other at the "*Atelier C*——," in Paris, long ago, when we studied, hoped and despaired together. I speak of my friends "Mac," and "the Baron," so they were called.

Now, they are married, and have happy homes, to which I am always welcome. I drop in, to dine and share their happiness, almost too often; but I cannot help it: they will never give me a hint, even, that it is inconvenient; and I—well, I am getting old and selfish, and somehow can't see it.

My course in life has been less pleasing than theirs, since that time. My eyesight returned to me, after a mishap, too late in life to help the old ambition which once burned in me to be a great artist. I have remained single, too; though, of course, I came near to being married, once. Circumstances, "over which I had no control," kept me a bachelor; so, since then, I have lived in and out of the gay world, playing godfather to my friends' children, and trying to be a philosopher. "To be a philosopher,"—as I often remarked to the Baron—"one must—" But I am getting beyond my depth; and besides, it has nothing to do with my story.

On Christmas day, I always dine alone. In the old times, before my own family was scattered, Christmas was the feast of all the year. My brothers and sisters were there; my mother, (bless her!) at the head of the table; my father, (bless him, too!) at her right hand. He would never sit at the other end, opposite her: never. "Do you think I am going to give the best seat at the table to one of my young rascals?" he would say; and catching my mother's lovely eye, he would bow, and drink her health. I never saw my father's left hand, just then, nor my mother's right; and I knew they had met beneath the table.

Time came when I had to leave my home, to go abroad, to study my art; and—I did not know it then—to be forever separated from that dear, old, Christmas dinner. Then, I always dined alone, and ate my "family dinner," even if I was all the family; but I drank the same old healths, and my plum-pudding had a piece of holly in it, as it always used to have: and there was no one to make remarks about the weather, if (the roof of my garret leaking) a few raindrops found their way near the region of my cheeks.

Once, however, I broke my rule; and sitting here alone on this Christmas night, I felt that I must relieve my mind: I must write something, to tell the world how three men dined together, one Christmas night, and came to be good friends, who were once anything but pleased with one another.

I arrived in Paris, when twenty odd years old. I went through the time-worn farces of a "*nouveau's*" life in the *atelier*. I was painted prussian-blue, paid my *pour boire*, bought milk and *savon noir* for the older men, fagged like an Etonian, and was as miserable as all *nouveaux* are. I dearly loved my art, and had talent, too; which, unluckily for my country, was never allowed to burst into genius. A year's hard study, by day and night, so affected my eyes and health, that I had to give up all work; now and then, I could sketch a little, but never study in an *atelier*.

Fortune had favored me with a good income; and, I suppose, wanted to equalize things: not give *one* too much, you know; so she took away my strength, and made me see what a fortunate man I was the more strongly—pardon the bull—by taking my eyesight, too. Still, a good bank-account, youth, and the hope that my eyes would soon be better, kept me, during the winter months, at Paris; and the other seasons, at Barbizon, with my French friends, M—— and R——. Their souls, so full of music and poetry, we still see in their pictures; and through all their struggles and trials, they could ever sing and lend a little of their light to others. They painted as I had dreamed of painting, some day; how little they were appreciated then: can anyone tell how much they are loved now?

I had a studio in Paris, which I needed to store my furniture and tapestries in, and which a young artist kept for me. As I could not paint myself, I thought the best thing I could do was to busy myself with those who could. Consequently, I lived with the artists in Paris, and was one of them. There were two men in the *atelier*, in whom I was much interested: "the Baron," and "Mac." How "the Baron" ever got that name, I don't remember. "Mac" was the contraction of—say Macpherson. I knew little of them, for two rea-



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sons: When I myself was a student, the Baron and I were looked upon by the Americans as rivals; and we could not, in all human nature, be friends: while Mac was so cold and *brusque*, and, in his manner, so much of a bear, that I could never bear him; he would not tolerate me.

The Baron was quite young, and had lots of light hair, once golden, and blue eyes, set far into his head—and never at rest; his figure was tall, slender, and loosely put together. Often, we tried to be friends; we were drawn towards each other, but a cruel, cold, something prevented familiarity. He was not well off, but rich in his talents and disposition; by far, the strongest of us all as an artist. He was as much loved and looked up to by us all as he was admired. When I was forced to stop studying, and give up what I was so fond of, the Baron came to me, and expressed such warm sympathy, (confirmed by those blue eyes of his, for they could not lie any more than his tongue,) that all barriers were down, and I found a true friend where I had lost something else. So, it was not long before the Baron became an *habitué* of my *atelier*. Mac never offered a word of sympathy, was as *brusque* and distant as ever. The Baron knew him no better than I did, but had a high opinion of his talents. "Mac isn't the man you think he is," he said. "He is so poor, and you are so confoundedly condescending, that, although I think he likes you, you will never find it out." Mac was a large Scotchman, who had the papers of an American citizen; had red hair and beard; and rather affected the mysterious, from mere bashfulness; wore a cap down over his eyes, and a large Spanish cloak; lived, no one knew where nor how; and made drawings, which, though often incorrect, had still a feeling of tenderness about them, utterly at variance with the rude character he outwardly affected to be.

There was another American in the *atelier*, a peaked little chap, named Wight, whom the Baron patronized; and whom, consequently, I made the butt of many flat sarcasms. A Frenchman laughs at small stature; and on these occasions, when the little chap felt hurt, the Baron would comfort him. Mac would sing out, "Shut up, blast you!" at me; but just as sharply, "Get out of my way, you little beggar," at Wight. He would not let me chaff him; but, at the same time, had no kind word to give, himself. In my secret heart, I had a compassion for the boy; but was jealous of the friedship my (at that time) rival gave him. He had been cast off by his father, so the story ran, because he would be an artist; and had worked his way over from New York, in a sailing vessel. I knew he was poor, as nearly all the students were; but gave him little thought, and no comfort. He passed entirely out of my mind, after I left the studio, until, one morning, I sauntered into the *atelier*, to see the Baron's work. During a *repos* of the model, a knot of us drew together, to smoke and talk.

"What's become of Wight?" I asked, noticing the absence of the former butt of the mess. No one knew: he had not been there, they said, for several weeks. Some one thought he lived at No.——, *Rue de Seine*.

After the Baron's work was over, that afternoon, he proposed going to look up Wight; I consented, and off we started, found the place, and asked for him. The old *concierge* told a pitiful tale: how Wight had lived there all the winter, in a little room on the sixth floor, without any fire, and had boarded himself; how, not having seen him for a day, she had gone up to his room, and found him in bed, "no fire, few bedclothes, and in a raging fever." We were shocked, as you may suppose; and went up to see him, with the old woman. We entered. The room was bright enough then, and a good fire was burning in the grate; but, besides a chair, old trunk, and a few canvases, there was no other furniture than the bed, on which lay poor little Wight, with his face to the wall. Skeleton enough he had been before; but now, the change was awful. He could not turn around—he had not the strength. We asked if we could do anything for him—couldn't we sit up and nurse him?

"Non, non, messieurs," the old woman said. "I thank you, very much; but monsieur wants *me* to watch him: will have none of his fellow-students, who, (he says,) care nothing for him."

I then urged her to get everything needful for his comfort, slipping into her hand a bank-note: she would not receive it.

"Non, monsieur; I am Monsieur Wight's friend; and he has everything he needs, now."

"But, madame, I am Monsieur Wight's friend, also."

"Then, why did you not do something for him, before?"

She would not take the money: incredible in a Paris *concierge*. We saw we could be of no service, and left, promising to call again. I felt I had received a rebuke, which would give me something to think over. I had spent my money where I would be requited by the society of men I liked: where it would pay me back.

I did not feel like talking, on the way home: no more did the Baron; so, after a dinner, dull as our walk had been, we separated.

A *concours* at the school, the next week, took

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up so much of the Baron's time, that he could not go with me to see Wight; and I was afraid to go alone · I felt contemptible by the side of the old woman.

I met Mac, one very cold day, on the street, without his usual cloak; he wanted to pass, but I stopped him.

"*Tiens*, Mac, how d'ye do? Haven't seen you for an age."

"Well, thanks, *au 'voir!*"

"Say, Mac, have you heard anything of Wight? How is he?"

"Heard he wasn't very well."

"How's your work going?"

"Badly, *au 'voir!*"

And so he passed on, leaving me commenting on his rude behavior. I saw the Baron at dinner, who said he had heard Wight couldn't last long "Galloping consumption" The Baron was going to see him, but I prevented him, sending him to bed, instead. He was so weak and worn out with his work, for the prize, that I was afraid for his health I promised to go myself, and tell him the news, before returning to my own home

It was the last day of the *concours*, and the work had been judged, that afternoon, but the result had not been published. The Baron had the best chance of all, but his work was too delicate in color—so I thought—to please the strict, academical notions of the master Mac had no chance he had given up, for some reason He could not make a drawing, which would hold its own with those of Frenchmen, who could do nothing else He had, that morning, thrown it up, in despair, as I heard later, and the Baron told me, that, although he had said little about it, still he felt, as he thought, very keenly, his failure in not being able to compete I finished my dinner, and went to a reception at Madame R——'s, where I knew I should meet the *patron*. Knowing him socially, as well as in the school, I felt no hesitation in trying to find out who had won; but before I had a chance to speak, he said

"I must congratulate you · one of your countrymen has taken the *prix*"

"Eh?"

"Yes, Monsieur X——."

"The Baron, by Jove!"

"It will not be known for several days, so that was *entre nous*, you know"

"Certainly, certainly, monsieur"

I had gained what I came for, and soon after took my departure; and drove from the gay scene, to the *Rue de Seine*

The old *concierge* said Wight was very low, and could not live through the night; that he had hardly been able to speak for several days. We went upstairs, together, and on opening the door softly, I saw something which nearly knocked me off my feet.

There, his back toward me, with one hand supporting the poor, emaciated body of Wight, and with the other giving him a cup of something, was that hard-hearted, *brusque* bear of a "Mac." I hardly recognized the tender voice, that spoke, to be that of the Scotchman.

"Try to drink just a little, Billy. I know it hurts, but just a little—for me. There, there—you shall rest again."

"Has Monsieur Macpherson been here often?" I whispered, to the *concierge*.

"Every night, monsieur, he has watched with Monsieur Wight."

"But you said he would not have anyone but yourself."

"Yes, monsieur; but he came: came often, and stayed. You left, and stayed away."

Mac had, by this time, laid the poor boy back again, gently: no woman could have done it more so; and smoothed his pillow, while talking to him.

"No, Billy, I gave up the *concours;* no chance for me, among the Frenchmen; and even if there were, the Baron would have taken it: yes, and the Baron deserves it, if he can get it. I'm going back to Americ—that is—" he said, noticing a shadow cross Wight's face, at the mention of going home—"that is, you know, I shall try to stay here; but my money is gone: no, it was going, you know, but I have lots now; yes, yes, and you shall pay me when you get well; but, that doesn't matter, I'll get on well enough, old boy; and when you are through with this, why, we'll go off to Barbizon, together." A sad smile stole over the poor patient's face, which as much as said, "talk on, but you know it's a dream" "And we'll see Millet, and Rousseau, and—is that comfortable?—get rich, too, you know; and, in the early spring, Barbizon, old chap! Barbizon!"

By this time, Wight's smile showed that he had seen us, and was pleased to have us hear the generous talk of his new-found friend. It was time to speak; so, walking over to him, I said, gently as possible, "Mac, how's the boy?"

Mac jumped up, as if the chair had suddenly become red-hot, his face looked as if it had, at any rate. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming? I might have staid away."

"Mac, you are putting us to shame."

"It's none of your business, what I am doing," was his answer

I took no notice of this; but, sitting down on

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Mac's now empty chair, said to Wight: "Has Mac been a good friend to you, Billy?" His eyes brightened up, and he struggled until he managed to get out:

"A—a—an—angel."

"Well, then, Billy, you'll soon get over this," —he shook his head, slightly—"and then we will all go off, as Mac says, to Barbizon, and to the sea, too, in Normandy—to the woods and sea; and then, when we have all got well, got good and strong, we'll go to Venice, and to Florence, where there is so much sunshine: to sunny Italy, eh, old boy? and see whole oceans of pictures." The light, which first came into his eyes, at the mention of all this pleasure, died away; and I saw, too well, that he knew how ill he was. He looked up, a second or so, from Mac to me, and then at Mac again, trying, like a dog, to express his meaning, while he could not speak. "Yes, yes, Billy,"—and I whispered—"The Baron couldn't come, this evening; because he, too, isn't well—but, just think, he has taken the *prix*—and—and, Billy, Mac has just received a legacy,"—I am sorry to say, this was fiction; but I wanted to take one thorn out of the poor little fellow's pillow—"Mac has enough money, now, to study here in comfort; and you shall, too, Billy."

The poor boy, by great effort, gave my hand a pressure; while a look of perfect peace came from his eyes: he tried to speak, but the effort set him coughing. Mac almost pushed me from the chair, and endeavored to give him some medicine. He could not take it; his poor tongue, too much swollen, would not let it pass: and while he racked himself, Mac held his hand, supporting him, and still talking to him in the gentle tone I had not dreamed he could use. It finally ceased; and the boy lay, for a long time, looking at Mac, with a smile on his lips. Gradually, his eyes closed, the smile remaining: and it never departed; even after Mac, laying his burden back on the pillow, and disengaging his hand, said:—and Mac's eyes were wet, the big Scotchman's voice was husky—

"Billy has fallen asleep."

When all had been arranged, and two of the students called in to guard the poor little deserted temple of a body, Mac and I left together.

"Come home with me, Mac, and we'll make coffee. Where's your cloak?"

"Left it home."

But Mac, unexpectedly, accepted the invitation. We made coffee, strong coffee; but the easy chair, and cheerful fire, had their effect on Mac, worn out as he was.

"Old man," I said; and he wearily opened his eyes: "I've two rooms here, and the beds already made, so you just tumble in."

He had no strength left to refuse. I saw him safe in bed, and fast asleep; then I returned to my chair. My cigar was good, and I was wide awake. Too late, now! I remembered poor Wight's history. Mac, I knew, had been as *brusque* to him, as to us all; but had heard our conversation about the little chap, and had gone there after the Baron and I had left; found him sick; and, with the goodness of a true man, had not left the care of him to another. "He came and *stayed*." He nursed him, gave him everything he could, even to the cloak upon his back—for that had gone for *bouillion* and wine; and after watching all night, he worked all day, never telling a soul; and yet, that great rough bear of a Scotchman, upon whom I looked down as a boor, had been doing deeds as gentle and as great as they were unostentatious. No one—not even the Baron—knew what he had done: he had given the strength he needed to compete for the prize, where it could never be known nor repaid. Little Wight was buried by the students. Mac came with them, and did his part merely as one of them. The Baron and I were chief mourners. I heard one fellow say of Mac, "So, that old bear has put in his phiz, to make it the more mournful."

That was all the reward he got from men: they little knew how much more than all others he could look down on the face of the dead without remorse.

Sorrow lasts but a short time, visibly, with students. A few days after the funeral, came Christmas; and Mac surprised the Baron, by accepting an invitation to a Christmas dinner, given by me. We dined all alone, in my little *salle à manger*.

"Mac, are you going home, in February, as you expected to do?" the Baron asked.

"No, I shall stay longer, a year or two. I have taken *Théon's* old studio, as I have a picture to paint—" he hesitated; I said, "Mac, your cigar isn't lighted." He went on. "That legacy never came; but, far better, the good Lord has sent me a Christmas, indeed: somebody has found out that I can paint, and—if he could only have known it, wouldn't that poor little fellow in the *Rue de Seine*, that was so forgiving—"

Here, he grew choky, and so did I. And I do not exactly remember how we ended the dinner. But that Christmas made me think less of myself, and somewhat more and better of others. Since then, the Baron and I have felt ourselves honored, in being recognized as friends, by "Mac, that bear of a Scotchman."

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# A MOUNTAIN IDYL.

BY MRS. E. W. DEMERITT.

A FAMOUS prima-donna had been giving a concert, in the parlor of the large hotel at Mount——. The few last rich notes of song had died away on the air; the applause had ceased; and slowly the audience was breaking up into little knots, with the usual interchange of greetings and comments.

Outside, by one of the long windows that opened on the broad piazza, stood a young girl, bending eagerly forward. The hood of her waterproof cloak was drawn back, and the light from within fell on her fair hair, her wide-open, blue eyes, and her red, parted lips.

"Oh, Dick," and the words ended with a little shiver, "wasn't it beautiful? If I could *only* sing like that."

Her companion, a tall, broad-shouldered, young countryman, was leaning carelessly against the window-frame, with his dark, earnest eyes fixed as intently on the girl's face, as hers were on the gay scene before them.

"I think—I am almost sure—I could do it, if I tried," she continued, without waiting for an answer. "Listen, Dick!"

She dropped her head slightly, and warbled, in a clear, flute-like voice, first softly, then louder, two or three bars of the song she had just heard, ending with a crisp, little run.

"There, I knew I could do it," she cried, gleefully, "only, somehow, I do not exactly know how to manage my breath; and my voice seemed to run away from me. How pretty it is, in there. The beautiful dresses, the long trains, the bright lights, and the flowers. How glorious it must be to stand there, with all those faces looking at you, and all those grand people listening. as if their lives depended on hearing every word you sang. And the applause, Dick —I don't see how anyone could help singing after *that*."

A troubled expression passed over the young man's face.

"Let us be going, Milly," he said, abruptly, "or some of these fine people will be coming out here, and find us peeping."

But the girl did not stir. Her face was still turned toward the parlor.

"No one will think of coming out here; the dampness would spoil all those pretty dresses."

She pressed her face, as she spoke, close to the window-pane. "I believe I could stay here all night, and watch," she added.

"Come, Milly." Dick spoke sternly now. "It's after half-past ten o'clock, and I promised aunt Rhoda to bring you back early. The chances are that we will get caught in the rain, as it is; the sky is as black as pitch."

Milly yielded, reluctantly, to his grasp. But as they reached the edge of the piazza, and Dick sprang lightly to the ground, and raised his arms to assist her, she cast a last, lingering glance at the window.

"There's the beautiful lady who sang, Dick," she said, "standing there, with all those people pushing and crowding, to get a chance to speak to her. I had rather be in her place, than be a queen on the throne. How nice it would have been, if *we* could have walked in at the front door—I, with my long train, and you, with your white gloves, and have sat down with the best of them, instead of creeping up on the piazza, and standing outside, in the darkness, listening—"

Dick lifted her to the ground. "Put this on, Milly; it's a chilly night, if it *is* July," said he, drawing the hood of the cloak over the girl's head, and allowing his hand to linger, for a moment, on the rippling hair, with a caressing touch. "What a flighty little Milly you are, after all! To think that a few fine dresses, and gay people, should be able to turn such a sensible little head as yours."

"Not so flighty as you think, perhaps," returned the girl, proudly, drawing away from him. "And it isn't the sight of the fine dresses, and gay people: it is the thought of what I might do with my voice, if I only had the chance. There's trouble ahead, Dick. It is coming slowly but surely. I've lain awake, many a night, thinking of it. Aunt Rhoda is old and feeble, and that trouble with uncle Seth's eyesight is growing worse, all the time. Ever since he had to pay those notes, that he endorsed for a friend, and we had to put a mortgage on the farm, it has been very hard to get along. If his eyes should give out entirely—I hardly dare think of it—there is no one but me for them to lean upon in their old age."

"You're not the only one, Milly," said Dick, bringing his hand down, heavily, on his arm. "There is a good, strong arm—and a willing heart to back it."



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"But you have your mother, and your education, to look out for. No—no—it's very kind of you to feel that way, but we have no claim on you. It wouldn't be right—".

"No claim?" echoed Dick. "*No claim?*"

His heart beat fast, as he bit his lips hard, to keep back the torrent of impetuous words, that struggled for utterance.

He and Milly had reached the gate, by this time, and in stooping to unasten the latch, he gained a little leisure for self-control.

"What have I to give her but myself," he thought. "And what am I but a great, hulking fellow, who has not yet found out what his place is to be in the world. Better wait forever, than come to her empty-handed."

He opened the gate, for her to pass through, and then, aided by his strong arms, she sprang into the wagon.

"No claim, Milly?" he repeated, bitterly. "No claim! It's a pity if the girl I have known ever since she was a baby, whom I have drawn to school on my sled, and who has been to me first playmate, then friend—I say, it's a great pity, if the girl who is as dear—as dear—as dear—" Dick felt the blood mounting to his forehead, as he continued, stammering, "as dear to me as—as—a sister—cannot feel that she has the best claim on me in the world. And as for uncle Seth, who, in his prosperous days, has done so many kind turns for mother and me, why, his claim is so plain that a blind man could see it. Oh, Milly, don't speak like that again. You don't know how the words hurt. Hold the reins for me, a moment, while I look for the lantern. Where can it be?"

Just then, there was the pattering of feet on the gravel walk, and a young woman ran down to the gate, swinging a lantern in her hand.

"Here's your lantern, Dick Ashley," she said, raising it so that the light showed her to be a bright, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, rustic beauty. "I thought you would be wanting it, so I came down, and took it up to the house, to light it for you. And I should have been back sooner, only I was hindered, in helping with the supper. Well, how did you like the concert? You haven't thanked me, Milly, for getting you a place, where you could see and hear it all."

"Thank you, Kate. It was a great treat. I shall remember that voice as long as I live. And all the time the lady was singing, I felt as if I was going up—up—up—I don't know where."

"Well, Milly," and Dick laid his hand on her arm, "please *don't* go up—we want you down here, just at present. You see, Kate, whenever Milly gets into her romantic flights, I am the weight to pull her down to sober common sense: otherwise, we might lose her."

Kate's keen eyes caught the movement of Dick's hand, and a scowl passed over her handsome face.

"Milly loves music so well," she said, "and understands so much more about it, that she feels differently from us. Now, for my part, Dick, I think Milly's voice just as fine as the one you heard to-night; and I believe she could sing just as well, if she had the teaching."

"Milly doesn't need any teaching. She sings well enough as it is."

"Oh, Kate. Oh, Dick," said Milly, deprecatingly, while Dick held out his hand, impatiently, for the lantern.

"I do," reiterated Kate. "It's the solemn truth. I only wish I had Milly's voice. You wouldn't catch me settling down in a stupid place like this, when I might get to be rich and famous. There's no end to the luck a good voice brings. Why, there's Miss B——, up at the house, the lady who sang to-night: they say she was a poor, country girl; and someone found out what a voice she had, and gave her lessons; and now she is just rolling in money. She takes care of her mother, that gray-haired lady, who sat near the door; and does so much good besides. And I can see, as I wait on her at table, how much everyone, even those grand 'stuck up' people, thinks of her."

Kate was the daughter of one of the village farmers. She taught school the greater part of the year, and during vacation, eked out her scanty income, by waiting on table at the Mount —— Hotel.

"Wait a moment, Dick," pleaded Milly, as the young man murmured something about its being time to go. "How long will Miss B—— stay at the hotel, Kate?"

"Only this week. Then she goes to Europe, to rest. She gave that concert, last night, to help one of the poor women at the hotel. She is a kind body, and seems to be always ready to do a friendly act."

The young horse darted forward, as he felt the sudden sting of Dick's lash. "Good-night, Kate," called the young man. "You and Milly will catch your deaths, standing out here in the damp."

Kate stood, for a moment, listening to the sound of the retreating wheels. "Look sharp, Dick Ashley," she said, with a mocking laugh, "or you'll lose your pretty bird. You think you have her safe caged; but for all your watchfulness, she may fly out into the world and leave

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you; and *I am the one who has unfastened the door.* I've seen that Milly has been uneasy in her mind this long while, thinking of the old folks' trouble, and wanting to earn something to help them. It only needed those words from me to start the thing. With Milly once well out of the way, Dick might have eyes for girls who are far more handsome than she. It's a game worth playing, at all events, and I am willing to risk everything on it."

Dick, alarmed and vexed at the turn conversation had taken, drove home in silence; and Milly was too busy with her half-formed plans, to say more than a word or two.

"Good-night, Milly," he said, tenderly, as he unlocked the door of the farmhouse for her. "I shall not see you again for three weeks. I am going to start, to-morrow, for cousin John's. He is the one who has promised to give me a little help in my education; and I shall make him quite a visit. Don't borrow any trouble. There will be a way provided, without your putting your shoulder to the wheel; trust to me for that. So, go to sleep, without a thought of what is to come. The 'darkest day,' you know, 'is just before the dawn.'"

The day after the concert, aunt Rhoda sent Milly up to the hotel, to tell the housekeeper that she could have "that week's churning," for the hotel table, if she wished it. The young girl had delivered the message, and was walking slowly down the broad, well-kept walk, when she noticed that the great piazza was nearly deserted, it being the hour when almost all the ladies were dressing for dinner.

But one lady sat, by the side of the front door, reading, and as she raised her eyes from her book, Milly saw that it was the singer, whom she had heard the night before.

It was a strange thing for shy little Milly to do, but before she thought, she found herself standing before the lady, who was looking at her curiously.

"If you please, ma'am," said Milly, blushing, "I heard you sing, last night; and it was so beautiful. And I think I can sing, too; and we are so poor; and need the money so much at home. I wonder if you would tell me if my voice was worth anything."

The lady dropped her book. "What is it, my dear?" she asked, kindly. "I don't quite understand."

"If you would only, *please*, see if I could sing, ma'am." Milly, as she spoke, wrung her hands, nervously.

"Oh, you want me to try your voice. Why, of course, I will. Come into the parlor, and you shall sing for me, and then I will sing a little for you. Don't be afraid. There is never anyone there at this hour. We can have it all to ourselves."

She led the way, and Milly followed, timidly. The large parlor was deserted. Seating herself at the piano, Miss B—— ran her fingers lightly over the keys, and then asked, "What can you sing, my child?"

"All the old hymns and songs; uncle Seth likes the old Scotch songs best of all."

"Do you know this?" playing "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town," and she looked up at Milly, as she spoke. Milly nodded assent.

"Very well, now sing, right out."

Milly's voice trembled and hesitated, at first; but the accompaniment gave her courage, and then it poured out rich and strong, filling the large room, and echoing through the hall and corridors.

The lady paused in astonishment. "Why, of course, you can sing. My child, you have a glorious voice—now, go on—"

After the song was finished, Miss B—— tried Milly's voice in sustained notes and scales; and, at the end of the brief lesson, the delighted pupil found herself sitting by the teacher's side, pouring into her sympathetic ears all her troubles and fears, and hopes and plans.

It was the talk of the whole town, when, just a week from that time, Miss B—— left for Europe, taking Milly with her. It had required much persuasion, on her part; but when she had satisfied uncle Seth, that Milly would be in good hands, he reluctantly gave his consent. Miss B—— undertook to pay all expenses, and the only condition of the agreement was a solemn promise, that Milly should not sing in opera, the good old man having inherited, from his Puritan ancestors, a horror of the stage.

When Dick came home, he was stunned by the news of Milly's departure. Great, too, was his astonishment and grief, when he found she had gone without one little note, or word of special farewell.

"Did she leave nothing with you, Kate?" he asked, as he overtook that young woman, on her way to singing-school.

It was too dark for him to notice Kate's flushed face and confused manner.

"No," said Kate, slowly, "the fact was, Milly's head was completely filled with her new friends and new life. And she did not have all the luck, Dick. I have been appointed post-mistress. It will be far better than tramping through the snow to teach tiresome children."

But Dick hardly heard what she said. He

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was thinking of Milly. "It's but the beginning of the end," he murmured. "She will never be the same Milly again. Oh, why did they send her out into the world, away from those who love her best."

He wrote her kindly, once, twice, three, *four* times, without receiving an answer. Then, in a fit of indignation, he wrote to Miss B——, demanding an explanation—and that too failed to win a reply.

"Are you sure you put on the right stamps?" he asked of Postmistress Kate, and she assured him that she "was sure."

They had letters regularly at the farmhouse, however, and Kate seemed to be the favorite correspondent. Dick began to look on her as the only link left between him and Milly. He left, after awhile, for a neighboring town, to study for the ministry; but came home frequently; and never failed to pass a part of the time with Kate; for, in spite of Milly's cruel neglect, he found himself hungering for the slightest tidings of her.

For the first two years, Milly wrote that she was studying hard, and making rapid progress. Presents came to the farmhouse, and money to pay the interest on the mortgage. There were also pretty little gifts, sent through Kate, to old friends, Dick being the only one forgotten. At last, came the news of a grand triumph. Milly had sung in public, and her success was assured. Various extracts from foreign journals were copied by the papers, lauding the beauty and talent of the young American singer. Then Milly pleaded for two or three years more, and accompanied the letter with a check to pay off a portion of the mortgage; and with this, came a photograph of herself, in *grande toilette.*

Meantime, the years went by. Seven had passed. During that time, gentle aunt Rhoda had been carried to her last rest, and slept in the village cemetery. Milly's money, however, procured a capable housekeeper for uncle Seth, in the person of one of his nieces.

Dick, too, had been fighting his way in the world; and climbing step by step. The Reverend Richard Ashley was beginning to be widely known, as the able, earnest, young pastor of the large and flourishing church in the city of ——.

Uncle Seth finally placed himself in the hands of a skilful oculist, for an operation on his eyes. It proved unsuccessful; and the good old man was doomed to total blindness. Dick heard of the result; and hurried to the farm, to offer what comfort he could.

It was a beautiful day, in June, when he stepped upon the platform of the station at Mount ——. In front of him, stood a lady, who had just left the forward car. Something familiar in the quick step, and carriage of the slender figure, caused Dick to start, violently. The lady was dressed in deep mourning, and wore a heavy crape veil over her face. Handing a baggage-check to one of the drivers, she passed into the waiting-room. Dick felt strongly impelled to follow her; but chiding himself for his curiosity, turned on his heel, and walked away.

Across the track, was a footpath, leading to a short cut, through the fields and woods, to the farm. But Dick had a business errand, at one of the houses near by, and he followed the main road. When he left the farmer's house, he turned aside from the highway; and crossing a field, reached the bypath to the farm. How the old memories came surging into his mind! How often had Milly and he walked under those trees. Yonder, was the little brook, with the broad stepping-stones, which they had crossed a hundred times. He strode forward, rapidly, and stood by its brink. In the middle of the stream, on a large, flat stone, stood the lady whom he had seen at the station. The recent heavy rains had washed away some of the stones; and a wide space of rushing water rolled between her and the bank.

It was but the work of a moment to roll a stone into the stream, and to assist her to spring to the other bank. As she threw back her veil, to thank him, Dick raised his eyes, and saw—Milly herself.

"I came but yesterday," she explained, after an awkward silence. "Miss B—— died, suddenly; and her mother and I left, at once, for home. I did not telegraph, because I wanted to surprise them at the farm. Are they well?"

"You have not heard, then?" returned Dick, gently. "It is as you feared. Uncle Seth's eyes have given out."

"Oh, why did they keep it from me?" she cried. "I would have come, at once. It is a mercy that I am able to take care of him."

They walked along, slowly, talking of uncle Seth and his affliction.

"It seems but yesterday that I left," murmured Milly. "Thank God, if *friends* prove fickle, there are some thinge that do *not* change. This path, this brook, seem the very same that I left, years ago; and these trees are not altered: even the little flowers are in the old places. How is—Kate?"

She spoke hesitatingly, now.

"Kate?" he repeated. "Kate? I do not know."

"Do not know?"

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"She left here, four years ago—married a gay young clerk; and went out West to live."

"I—I thought she was married to you," gasped Milly. "In every letter, she spoke of seeing you, being with you; and the others wrote in the same way. She told me she was going to be married; and I supposed, of course, it was to you."

For the first time, Dick smiled. "I did see a great deal of her: it was the only way I could hear from you," he said.

They had reached the short lane, by this time, that led to the farmhouse.

"One word, Milly," said Dick. "I have a right to know. Tell me what I have ever done, that you should answer none of my letters, that you should leave without one word of farewell?"

"It is the very question I have been longing to put to you. I left a long, long letter for you, with Kate. I wrote, again and again: I sent messages and gifts by her, until hope died in my heart. And all these long, weary years, poor, little, homesick, far-away Milly has been waiting and praying for one word of encouragement from her old friend—is it possible that Kate—"

"I see it all, now," replied Dick. "She has very nearly made a total wreck of two happy lives."

The sound of a voice, singing an old, familiar hymn, came through the open door of the farmhouse. Milly lifted her finger to Dick, and hurried through the hall, into the kitchen.

Uncle Seth, with a bandage over his eyes, sat in an arm-chair, with his niece on a low stool at his feet. As the young woman arose, in surprise, Milly motioned for her to be silent.

"Why do you stop?" queried the old man, impatiently. "That was one of Milly's favorite hymns. But you don't sing it as she did. Go on, Sophia."

The girl obeyed. But after the first line, a clear, rich voice joined in the refrain. The old man started to his feet.

"Milly," he cried, groping with outstretched arms. "It is—it must be—Milly, come back again."

Milly threw her arms around his neck, and answered, brokenly, "It *is* Milly, come to be eyes for you, in your blindness—to stay with you, always—to share her good fortune with you—to leave you never, never more."

A smile lighted the meek, patient face.

"I am content, now. It is Milly, come back to me, and—to Richard," he continued, hearing Dick's voice.

Dick could not speak; but his earnest eyes put the question that his tongue refused to utter.

Milly's lips parted, in a happy laugh, as she stroked the old man's silver locks.

"It is Milly come back to you—to you, and to Richard," she added, gently, placing her hand in the young man's eager grasp.

# ASHES.

BY EMMA E. DIX.

I rolled strips of paper there,
  Of every tint and hue;
Bright as the Western glories, when
  They brighten up the view.
Each held a promise, sacred once,
  And each had held a heart;
And on the glowing embers there,
  I laid them each apart.

The bursting flames joined over them;
  And with a with'ring sigh,
I saw the hopes of youth and love,
  In glowing ashes lie.
Ah! heart of mine, and memory,
  Why dwell you still on one?
The ashes yet are glowing bright,
  But life is all undone.

A light glows o'er the meadow far,
  And through the woods between.
Oh, light of love, come back to me,
  It burns for me, I ween;
Strange fancies o'er me gather thick,
  A ray of light I grasp—
It may not be. Oh, life! Oh, love!
  My empty hands I clasp.

Oh! ashes, glowing bright and red,
  With deep and fated breath,
I gaze upon your graying light,
  And sigh me, "Is it death?"
Oh, God! will only ashes gray
  Lie on my heart's hearth-stone?
Are all the vivid dreams of life
  To die out, one by one?

Up, up the chimney, yes, I see
  The lighter ashes go;
The dying embers cease to flame,
  And grayer still they grow.
Oh, love, and heart, and memory,
  There's little yet is left:
It's only ashes, gray and cold,
  Of life and joy bereft.

I yearn, gray ashes, how I yearn
  To see you beam once more;
To see your bonnie flame of red
  Begem me, o'er and o'er.
Love, joy, and hope, no more can be
  The flames that brighten life.
Ashes, cold ashes, whiter now,
  There's neither joy nor strife.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.

## CHAPTER IV.

WASHANEE sprang to her feet, as the old man gave this description of a scene, that was not the less exciting, because it had happened years and years before. In a rush of feelings, that brought the hot blood to her cheeks, and fire to her eyes, she began to pace up and down the length of those two rooms, like a panther that suddenly finds its jungle too dense for free movement.

"And this was a white woman? One of those I have envied—of whose blood I was so proud? This was the Christian that missionaries would have us imitate? They pity our savage condition, and would redeem us from it. Why, grandsire, there is not a squaw in the meanest wigwam of our grounds, who would not scorn to deal so rudely with her own child. The bravest of our men would never have dared to insult the son of a great chief, as this white-faced woman did."

"Why did these people ask you to come among them?"

A faint, sarcastic smile crossed the old man's lips.

"They invited us from the wilderness, that we might learn all the charities of their civilization—that we might learn to call our Great Spirit God, and worship him according to their laws of reverence."

"So, in their eagerness of conversion, they forgot that we Indians have feelings, like other people: pride, honor, everything that goes to make brave manhood, and devoted womanhood. In order to save your soul, this devout woman forgot that you had a heart, grand and generous as ever beat in a human bosom. But the white girl—she that was thrown like a broken lily on your bosom—what did she do?"

"She was, indeed, white then—pale as snow, and seemed almost as cold. She drew herself from me: for I had not dared to touch her; and, for a moment, she stood under the blaze of her mother's wrath, mute and shrinking; but she had some of the woman's fire in her blood, and the insults rained upon her brought it to her face.

"'Go,' the mother was saying, 'follow your savage into the woods; creep into his wigwam, with half a dozen other copper-faced wives, who will help you to cook his meals, dress his deer-skins, and tramp by his side, loaded down with game, like a mule. Go; but remember, when you come whining back, with baskets to sell, and begging cold meat at the door, the dogs shall drive you from my house.'

"Jane Deming was standing perfectly upright, now—a fair, queenly girl, stung into wonderful dignity by this coarse assault. Before she could speak, I answered the woman.

"'No,' I said; 'this lady may never be my wife. I have not dared to hope it. But no other woman shall ever share my home, be it wigwam or palace. The love that I have given to her, is hers forever and ever. This much, at least, I have learned from your civilization. We savages can be faithful even to an idea.'

"Jane Deming reached forth her hand. A flash of living fire thrilled through me, as her fingers closed on mine.

"'I will go with him,' she said, 'to his cabin or wigwam. I will carry such love, such faith as few women ever bestowed on a husband. You are right, mother. There is no affection, no respect for me, here. I will seek for both, among his people.'

"Then, while I stood there, dizzy with glad surprise, she turned her face to mine; and I saw her eyes fill with tears, that thrilled through every tone of her sweet voice.

"'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die; and there will I be buried.'

"Never since the world began, I do believe, was so much feeling thrown into one breath of speech. Gently, reverently, I drew her toward me; and while the mother stood mute and awe-struck, led her from the room, and out of the house.

"Scarcely had the door closed upon us, when it was flung open again. A cloak and bonnet were hurled through the opening; and this was all the farewell that your grandmother took from her home."

"But that was enough," exclaimed the Indian girl. "Oh, that grandmother was a glorious



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creature. Tell me, am I like her, in anything? Was she so very fair, or a little dark, like me?"

The old man smiled, as men of his race seldom do; and laid his hand lovingly on the young enthusiast's head.

"She was delicately fair," he said; "with the color of a wild rose in her cheeks."

"Not like me, then? Oh, grandsire, it will be a long, long time before all the Indian blood is washed out."

A look of surprise betrayed the effect this speech had upon the grandfather.

"Does that trouble you, then?" he said, gravely, and with a little touch of reproach.

"What, the Indian blood? No, no. Only—" Washanee hesitated.

"Well?"

"Only this: Do white men—gentlemen, I mean, not traders and agents—ever really love girls that are dark with Indian blood?"

"Your grandmother loved one, who had no other blood in his veins," answered the old man, quietly.

"Oh, but you were a chief—young and grand looking. I know that from what you are now."

"And you are beautiful, Washanee."

"Beautiful? Am I really, really beautiful—that is, I mean as people think here? In our hunting-grounds, of course, I know what the young chiefs think; but it is not for them that I care. Tell me again, grandsire, that I am beautiful."

"Very beautiful, Washanee."

"As she was? Tell me that."

"Most men would think so."

"But not like her. She had hair bright and golden, like corn-silk, when the ears are ripe. Our people have told me so, many a time. Now, see, mine is as black as a crow's wing."

"That is like night and morning: both are beautiful."

"Ah, I see," rejoined the girl, thoughtfully. "Besides, this lady was very fair; and she loved you."

While these reflections occupied Washanee's mind, a shy look of bewilderment and doubt struggled within her; but something in her grandfather's face reminded her of their selfishness, and all personal thoughts were flung aside.

"But what did you do, grandsire—you and the lady—after her mother had turned her out of doors?"

"It was night, then. Dew was heavy on the grass, and stars shone thickly overhead; never were two creatures more completely alone. For some minutes, we stood together, in the holy stillness, lost and irresolute. This great change in our lives had come upon us in a single hour. I had entered that house, hopeless, desperate, prepared to be expelled from it forever; and, in a few hurried moments, found myself standing before it, with the young creature, to whom I had not dared to lift my eyes, mercilessly thrown upon my protection. Where should I take her? Under what roof could I ask shelter? Not in the house where I boarded: there, prejudice, strong as that which had driven us from her home, would meet us with denial.

"While these thoughts shot through my mind, Miss Deming stood regarding me with a look of piteous appeal. I could see, by the starlight, that tears were swelling into her eyes; and that her sweet mouth quivered with the sobs she struggled to suppress.

"'Is there no place,' I said, speaking my desperate thoughts aloud, 'where you might wait, while I find means to leave this place?'

"'But where can we go?' she questioned. 'Driven from my mother's door, who will receive me? Ah, yes,' she added, brightening up, 'there is an old woman, across the meadows yonder, who has loved me always. She was the half sister of my father, who is dead: a kind, good woman, who will have the courage to take me in.'

"'For an hour or two—only that,' I said; for my mind had been hard at work, under the aching joy of my heart: and a vague outline of my plans was already formed. "For, oh! my beloved, before the sun is an hour high, to-morrow, we must be married.'

"'But how?' she questioned, lifting her eyes, in which both joy and affright were breaking through suddenly checked tears. 'No minister in all Connecticut would dare to marry us.'

"'I know; I know the intention of marriage must be twice proclaimed, in open church, before any legal ceremony can be performed, in Connecticut; but over the border, which we may reach by daybreak, the laws are more liberal. I only want a little time to prepare for the journey.'

"'And then?'

"The poor girl spake under her breath. A terror of the wide, wide world was before her, in which she had only me to trust. Is it wonderful that she could not speak aloud?

"'Then,' I said, gently drawing her to my bosom, for the first time, 'then you will be my own, own wife; and we will go wherever you may desire.'

"A smile quivered across her sweet face, as I looked down upon it, forgetting everything but

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the heaven I saw there. She drew a deep, long breath; and at once surrendered herself to my guidance.

"The moon rose, as we went along the foot-path, through the meadows, lighting up the tall grass, and turning the dew to a silvery mist. It seemed to me as if the Great Spirit of my fathers had cast a glorious veil over us, through which we were passing into a new world. There was something so solemn and sweet in this idea, that a spell of silence held us, until we came in sight of the widow's house.

"There was no necessity for knocking, even at a neighbor's house, at this time, in old Connecticut. Miss Deming had only to lift the latch of her relative's door, and we were in the presence of that good woman, who sat beside a little, three-legged stand, on which was a huge old Bible, a tallow candle, and a snuffer-tray. She was busy cutting carpet-rags, which she sewed together in strips, and wound into a huge ball, in her lap.

"When she saw us, the woman arose, laid the ball upon the floor, and with the usual formalities, offered us each a chair, dusting them off with her apron. Then she proceeded to snuff the candle, and went to work again, as if quite unconscious that a visit of that kind meant anything more than a neighborly call, which need not interfere with her usual occupation.

"'I have come to stay with you, a little while,' said Jane. 'Only an hour, aunt Betsy.'

"The girl's voice trembled, and she spoke with forced cheerfulness.

"'It was kind of you, Jane, to drop in after candlelight, just as you used to, when one is likely to feel most lonesome. The evenings are getting to be long, at this time of the year; and it's like you, to think of coming over. Sit down, sit down. Won't the Indian student draw up a chair, and make himself sociable? I suppose he wouldn't feel hurt, if I asked him to tell us about his tomahawk fights, and scalping frolics? Or has the Christian religion took such hold of him that he can't bear to talk these things over?'

"'Not just now,' I said, quite at a loss how to address this singular old woman. 'I must go away, for awhile; but will come back again. Till then, Miss Deming will perhaps wait for me.'

"The old woman looked at me, through her spectacles; rather surprised, no doubt, that I could speak English, and deport myself like other students of the school.

"'Oh, yes, you can come back again, if she's a mind to let you. Jane never was so easy to scare as most folks.'

"It was foolish, but the old woman's words smote me cruelly; and I went out of the house, feeling like a culprit. Was it a matter of surprise that this fair girl should endure my presence for an hour, when she was about to trust herself to me during her entire life?

"I crossed the meadows again, and sought my Indian companion, in the rooms that we occupied together. To him I related all the events that seemed to have crowded my destiny into a single hour. He was startled, almost terrified, by the step I proposed to take; but I was the son of his chief, and he a true henchman. That which I resolved, he was ready to execute. It was settled that he should go with us into New York State, witness our marriage, and then make his way back to our nation; while I followed, more leisurely, with my bride. There was no discussion about his stay in the school. That we both knew to be impossible.

"I have told you that my father had learned the secret of surface gold, and understood its value among the whites, though the Indians considered it as worthless in their traffic. This crude gold he had been gathering for years, believing that some day it might be of importance in his negotiations with the Government, which was encroaching upon him all the time. He had supplied me abundantly with this precious metal, in its crude state, which I had found no difficulty in turning into coin; but until that night, I never knew its value. A farmer in the neighborhood had a strong pair of horses, and one of those covered carriages known as a rockaway. I had hired this team, more than once, for a drive about the country, and understood its management.

"We went at once to the farmer; and I paid his price, without question, for the whole establishment, in which we drove to the house in which I had left Miss Deming.

"Poor girl! The time of my absence had been full of terrible suspense to her, and of great tribulation to the old woman; whom I found cold and stiff, like a creature frozen in her seat. Jane had told her all; and sat shivering under her entreaties and prophesies of evil, immovable in her intent, but suffering terribly.

"When she saw me, her sad, white face kindled up; she wrapped herself in the cardinal cloak, and tied her bonnet with eager, trembling hands.

"'Come,' I said. 'We are ready.'

"Jane went up to her relative, and reached out her arms, with a passionate eloquence of pleading; but the old woman held out both hands, palms foremost, in repulsion, and turned her head away.

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"'Oh, aunt Betsy—aunt Betsy, kiss me once. Speak one kind word to me, before I go.'

"A ring of anguish, in that cry, reached the old Puritan's heart, in spite of herself. All at once, her stern face, wet with tears, was turned; and, impelled by an irresistible force of pity, she reached forth her arms.

"'Oh, Jane, Jane, God forgive—God help you!'

"This half blessing, forced through a world of prejudices, was answered by a clinging embrace, and passionate kisses; but, half angry with herself for being so merciful, the old woman put the girl, not ungently, aside; and turned upon me, implacable.

"'Take her,' she said, 'take the soul you have stolen; but keep her safe. If a tomahawk or scalping-knife ever comes near her, there is not a Christian society in all New England that will not call on the Lord for vengeance. Oh, young man, God forgive you! God forgive you!'

"The old woman dropped into a chair, and covered her face with both hands. Thus, we left her—your grandmother and I—forever.

"We reached the borders of New York State by daylight; and at ten o'clock, that morning, Jane Deming was my wife. That day, my friend left us; and went forward, to prepare my father for the coming of my bride. Then followed a long journey, such as no two persons ever took before or since, I do believe, at the end of a wedding. We did not fear the time. Why should we, when every day of our new lives seemed a journey through Paradise? Over mountains, along beautiful river courses, we went leisurely southward, till my love was greeted, in her way, with the music of mocking-birds, embankments of cherokee roses, and the velvety whiteness of great magnolia blossoms.

"This was the wilderness, Washanee, through which I led your grandmother to her home: a log house, that had been built for her, by many willing hands, when the tribe heard of our coming. Truly, it was no more than a double cabin of logs, hewed smooth with the tomahawks of our warriors, carpeted with rare furs, and hung with embroideries, such as our women weave for the warriors' moccasins, and their own festive dresses.

"The cabin itself stood almost within the shadow of a huge live oak, that spread its branches over the fourth of an acre. Through them, shone the deep green of mistletoe, and the misty gray of clinging moss. The waters of a rapid stream flashed, here and there, through thickets of crab-apples, wild plums, and tangled vines, haunted by orioles and mocking-birds. Towering above these, was a clump of magnolia trees, their beautiful foliage glossy and green as drifted emeralds, all the year roun

"My father, who had been in cities, and was quick to gather ideas from what he saw, had selected this lovely spot for my home, with tender regard for the tastes of my Christian wife; and had, with the help of the missionaries, embellished it with some little appearance of cultivation. For her, he had prairie roses transplanted from the forest, and yellow jasmines from the swamp, which were already climbing over the hewn logs of our cabin. For her, he had obtained seeds from the traders, and a pretty vegetable garden was starting into life, within view of the back windows.

"They call us savages, and dealt with us only as barbarians then; but no bride was ever received with greater homage, or more perfect kindness, than mine, when I brought her into this wild home. Her beauty won the hearts of our people; her accomplishments filled them with astonishment. Among all our tribes—for you know, Washanee, that our nation was made up of many tribes—she was received as their 'white queen,' as my father had been their general chief. I do not think my wife was unhappy in her new life. She took her part in it with the genial interest of a woman resolved to throw her whole soul into the ideas of improvement that possessed us both. She at once identified herself with the people; became deeply interested in their traditions; adapted herself to their usages; and in her sweet, gentle way, introduced some of the more refined habits of the East among them.

"This was a labor of love for us both. In my travels, I had learned something of the beauty that well-applied art can give to nature; and, while I was always foremost among our young men in the hunting season, spent much of my leisure time in teaching them how to make their homes more comfortable, and their laws more complete. Our own domestic life had a charm which won even the rudest of our race to something like imitation.

"All this, Washanee, happened before our people crossed from the beautiful lands, over which our fathers had hunted so many years that the oldest man of the tribe had lost all power to count them; and by fraud, false pretenses, and that inert force a strong hand can urge unseen, we were driven across the Mississippi. Part of our tribes, yielding to insidious persuasion, went first. Then the waves of civilization beat on us so strong that we were compelled to follow—a doomed people a doomed people."



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Again Washanee sprang to her feet; but the old man restrained the passionate movement, with a motion of his hand, which she obeyed like a child, and sat down again, quivering with excitement.

"Yes, we were lured, cheated, and driven from our homes. Oppression breeds hatred, both in the oppressor and the oppressed; and where hatred is, strife must follow. Resistance, with us, is but the forerunner of extermination. The strong trampling down the weak: that is, and has been, forever and ever, since the Great Spirit placed man upon the earth."

"Go on, go on! I cannot hear it," cried Washanee. "When I hear these things, every drop of blood in my veins is Indian; and I grow savage, like the fiercest of our people."

A flash of fiery approval shot across the old man's face, usually so grave and still; but he was used to stern self-control, and gave no other sign of the old savage feeling, that had for a moment leaped to his heart.

"They drove us from our homes, our villages, our wigwams. Our broad, beautiful hunting grounds were in the way of their civilization. They drove us from the streams where our fathers had speared fish, hundreds of years; from the graves filled, generation after generation, by brave warriors; from the cabins we had learned to erect; from all and everything that had given us the power of a great nation. The progress toward civilization which my wife had made among our women; her school, in which young girls were taught domestic habits and the rudiments of education, were swept away. How could we ask an embittered people to imitate those who were demanding submission to fraud, or hunting them down like wild beasts? Three thousand warriors were ready to follow their chief to the war-path, even when many of our braves had been lured across the great river; but what were they, opposed to the greed and force of a nation—ruthless, ruthless in its greed? To resist, was only to deliver our people up to slaughter. My father was a wise man, brave as the most reckless youth of the tribe; but a grander statesman than any we have seen up yonder, to-day. He comprehended the inevitable; and subduing the savage instinct that would have urged some men to extermination, led his people, like a funeral train, to the far-off wilderness, in which they were to make a new struggle for life. In that long, sad journey, your grandmother suffered greatly: no tenderness or care could save her from that. When we reached the far-off wilderness apportioned to us, all the vigor of her youth was exhausted. She was now indeed cast into the very depths of our savage life."

"Poor, poor lady," murmured Washanee.

"Then it was that I began to comprehend the great wrong I had done this fair, delicate girl, in sundering her from her own people; and from that day to this, the bitterness of self-reproach has followed me."

"But she loved you. She never ceased to love you. Oh, grandsire, was not that compensation enough? I would rather have the love of one grand heart, than anything else on earth. That would make the densest woods like heaven, to me."

The old man shook his head; and through all the eager fire of her own eyes, she saw that a mist of gloom was gathering over his.

"My wife was never her own bright self again, after that," he said. "The task of reorganizing a wild people into something like the domestic comfort of the East, was too much, after this cruel uprooting of the nation. Still, her influence remained, and her life was not altogether dreary, until after our child—your mother—was born; then I think her gentle nature shrank from the isolation which her marriage had entailed on the child. Nothing of this was expressed in words; but I could read it in the anguish of her eyes, and the mournful hopelessness with which she took up a mother's duties."

"But, she loved the baby—surely, she loved it?" said Washanee.

"Passionately; but with wistful watching, as if she expected to find the curse of mixed blood hisking out in its smiles. It was like the worship of something she feared."

"Ah, you must have felt that?"

"Yes, Washanee, the curse of an unequal marriage was on us both; and it never was lifted, to the day of her death."

"But it was not then that she died. They have told me that my mother had grown to be a tall, fair girl, before—"

"I know, I know—"

The old man put out both his hands, nervously, as if to repel further questioning; but Washanee was too deeply in earnest for attention to a mere sign.

"Tell me of her—my own, own mother," she said, looking wistfully on his face. "Am I like her? Was her hair really golden, or only so when the sunshine was on it? That was what one of the old women of our tribe said of her, once."

"We will not speak of her," said the old man, growing pale about the lips, with that strange, leaden pallor that is only known to the darker

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races. "That brings us so close to the death of my wife, that it wounds—oh! it wounds."

Washanee looked up, suddenly. The anguish in that speech startled her into bitter self-reproach. Her grandfather's hands were pressed over his face; and, for the first time in her life, she saw tears trickling from beneath them—the painful tears of an old man, who looked upon such weakness as a shame to his race.

Feeling as if she had committed sacrilege, the girl arose, softly, and stole out of the room.

## CHAPTER V.

"I HOPE it will be no inconvenience to you, Constance; but I have invited Young to dinner, this evening," said General Noel, as he entered the room in which his daughter was dashing off the last wave of her enthusiasm, at the piano. "His speech has been a grand success. I only wish we had time to give him a little festival, in honor of it."

"Then you liked it, papa?" said the young lady; striving, with a girl's pretty craft, to conceal the triumph that quivered around her mouth, and flooded her whole face with sunshine. "I thought it rather good, for a first appearance. A little too much poetry, dashed in, here and there, for experienced old orators like you, perhaps; but, on the whole, worth listening to."

"Worth listening to?" Why, the creature had held her breath, and clasped her hands, in an ecstacy of admiration, half the time while Young had been speaking; and her eyes were full of craving for more praise from her father, notwithstanding that transparent pretense—for transparent it would have been to any man but the father, who was so well accustomed to her graceful ways, that he forgot to scrutinize them.

"Yes," he said, carelessly, "it really was worth listening to. As for the poetry, of course, that is to be excused, in a young man; but take it altogether, the speech was a fair beginning, very fair, indeed—"

"Very fair, indeed? Oh, father, it was beautiful."

"Statistics and all," was the smiling reply.

"Every word of it. You never saw such enthusiasm as there was in the galleries. One strange-looking girl, who sat close to me, was carried quite beside herself. I wish you could have seen her."

"I did see her, perhaps. A tall, dark-eyed girl, with a scarf twisted about her, in which all the colors of our woods in the fall were matted together; and a queer sort of a hat, with a long red plume floating around it. Isn't that the person you mean?"

"Of course it is. You must have looked at her sharply, to remember all that; but wasn't she grandly beautiful, when her face lighted up so?"

"Yes, she was beautiful," answered the father, turning away, as if the subject had exhausted itself.

"But, she puzzled me so. Have you any idea what country she comes from?" Constance persisted in asking. "Is she Spanish, Italian, or Creole?"

"None of these, probably; but how can I tell? Faces that are a marvel in any country. The beauty of more than one race seems to perfect itself in them; they cannot be considered as a type. But we must not stand talking here, my child. Have I not told you that there will be a guest—perhaps more than one—to dinner?"

Constance gathered up her lace scarf from the carpet, to which it had fallen, and ran upstairs, thinking, "Oh, this has been a happy day, and now he is coming to complete it."

A few moments later, the young lady came down again, and found her way into a small green-house, at the sunny end of the house, where she went roaming among the flowers, clipping their blossoms with ruthless prodigality. When she came back again, her arms were full of them; and she was busy as a humming-bird, arranging them in vases for the drawing-room, and in a broad plateau on the dining-table. It would have been a charming sight, could anyone have watched her, so smilingly busy among the flowers, matching the colors, trailing a vine here, surrounding a cluster of yellow roses with heliotrope there, or throwing a dash of scarlet geraniums into the snow of cape jasmines: with all the inspiration of an artist in love with his work.

Then, very much to the astonishment of the negro cook, Constance went down into the kitchen, and exhibited profound interest in the dishes intended for the table that day; flattered the old functionary upon the delicious quality of her terrapin sauce; and was quite sure that old auntie would dress the partridges after her own perfect fashion, because it was so pleasant to hear those particular dishes praised by her father's guests.

The jolly old slave seated herself in a kitchen chair, and swallowed all this sweet flattery, as if it had been a drink stolen from her own allowance for wine sauce; but she was not to be deluded into idleness, because of it. Drawing a yellow earthen bowl into her capacious lap, she performed a gentle accompaniment with a soft beating of eggs; now and then lifting her

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spoon, to see the froth fall, and uttering an ejaculation of contentment or disgust, as the thoughts of previous dinners brought these feelings uppermost in her memory.

"Jes' tell me this, 'for' we perceeds to mix de sass, miss: Am dar to be any pore white trash 'mong de pussons present? I wants to know 'bout dat, 'for' I puts forth de abilerty as you praise so. Pussons broughten up on hog and hominy can't 'preciate."

Constance laughed, pleasantly.

"Oh, there need be no trouble about that, auntie. The gentleman coming to-day will thoroughly appreciate the best you can do."

"One ob dem Congersmen?" questioned the old woman, dashing her spoon down, with a force that scattered flecks of froth over her lap, at the idea.

"No—a Senator. Like my father, auntie."

"Oh!"

The old woman's spoon gave out a more regular cadence, after this. Being satisfied that her genius would not be thrown away, she subsided into general good nature again, and Constance left the kitchen, satisfied that her little dinner would be a success, as far as aunt Dinah was concerned. It was a success. Huestice Young had not lost the inspiration of a great effort, when he entered the house of General Noel, and found his daughter alone in the drawing-room, now made cheerful with the bloom and fragrance of flowers. She was very beautiful, this young girl: a very picture of youth and happiness, in its most attractive form. With that unconscious art, which love teaches before it is itself discovered, she had arrayed herself in a dress of delicate blue, folded surplice fashion over her bosom, and held in front by a cluster of blush roses; for, in her dress that day, she had paid that one guest the compliment of a toilet that would have befitted a large party.

Young, who was no critic in grades of costume befitting different occasions, felt the effect of this delicate homage, without understanding its full significance.

Constance came forward to meet him, promptly, and with her usual grace of movement; but, seized by a strange sensation of awkwardness, checked herself, and slowly dropped the hand that thrilled with eagerness to clasp his, and chilled her greeting with something like coldness.

The young man's heart had leaped in his bosom, when he first saw her so full of eager welcome; but this change struck him with a sense of disappointment, and their meeting was almost like that of strangers.

"My father is in the library," she said. "Some one of his constituents has called, I think. He will be down presently."

"He is kind, to give me the pleasure of seeing you alone," said Young, who felt himself strangely embarrassed. "If I only knew how to express my thanks."

"For what?" questioned the girl, lifting her eyes to his. Young had, as if by accident, rested his hand, for a moment, on his bosom, where the poem lay folded, and was watching her face with smiling interest, expecting to see it flush, or in some way confess the authorship by change; but her look fell away from his quite naturally, and the color in her cheeks lost nothing of its delicate bloom.

Why was he disappointed? Why did his heart sink with a thrill of absolute pain? Had personal vanity deceived him in this? Was the lady ignorant of the existence of a paper, on which he had built such hopes?

A flush of shame was about his eyes, when Constance repeated her question.

"What have you to thank me for?"

"For your presence at the Senate, to-day," he said, recovering himself. "I saw you there, and felt the compliment greatly."

"Oh, that was divided among so many—besides, the whole nation will be thanking you, to-morrow. What is the mere presence of one poor girl, compared to that?"

"To me, worth it all," he said, with a sort of desperate courage.

Constance lifted her eyes quickly, and dropped them again. This time her face was flooded with color, as if someone had dashed a handful of roses against it.

"I think my father's visitor is going," she said, after a moment of embarrassing silence. "It is not often that anyone is permitted to keep invited guests waiting so long."

"I, at least, should be grateful," said Young, mortified by this return to what seemed almost like a confession to him, and sinking down to this commonplace half compliment.

They were standing opposite a door that led into the entrance hall, when a man came down the stairs, and passed almost noiselessly out of the front door. Notwithstanding the weather was not really cold, he wore a blue circular cloak, which was rendered conspicuous by a crimson lining, which gave a force of color to the garment, which was almost barbaric. The man who wore it was a little above the middle height, and slender and upright as a dart, though many gray threads shot their silver through his thick and jet-black hair.

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"It is the strange man I saw in the gallery, to-day," said Constance, following the man with a look of surprise. "What can he be doing here?"

"I, too, saw him," said Young, "and was struck by the singular intelligence of his countenance. The closeness of his attention was something marvellous, if he was what I almost think him, one of the chiefs that came here with the Indian Commission. There was another person, too—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Constance, with a faint thrill of jealousy, which she had never felt before, and did not understand then.

"A young person, who sat near me—strange-looking almost as this man, and, as it seemed to me, the air of the woods about her. Still, she listened to you like one absorbed."

"I noticed her. Who could help it? In all my life, I never saw anything of the kind so wildly beautiful."

"Yes," said Constance, faintly, "she was beautiful."

"With a heathenish sort of beauty, though, such as an ancient priestess of the temple might possess. I remember thinking this, even while absorbed in speaking. Since then, I cannot get her strange presence out of my head."

"She seems to possess the power of haunting one. I, too, have been wondering who she is, and even papa noticed her enough to be curious," responded Constance, somewhat relieved by the heathen qualification given to Washanee's beauty.

"I wonder what detains papa now," she continued, feeling the awkwardness of her position. "Oh, here he comes."

General Noel came downstairs slowly, and with a puzzled, if not anxious, expression of countenance, that rather surprised his daughter. He smiled, however, on seeing Young near the door, and directly all his old cordial manner came back; for in all Washington there was no man who surpassed him in perfect hospitality.

"Have I kept you waiting?" he said, addressing Constance. "It really was not to be helped."

"One of your usual callers?" she answered, with a little of that disdain which the families of great men are apt to bestow on the people they represent.

"No," the general answered, turning to his guest. "This was a very unusual one. I have never been more interested in my life. It is wonderful to meet a native-born savage with attainments that few of our own learned men can boast of."

"Then he is an Indian," said Constance. "A real, real savage."

"But no common savage, daughter. He is a chief of many tribes—the son of an old line of these forest kings, and the peer of any man among us in statesmanship and gentlemanly bearing. The wilderness must be a rare place for thought, Young, when it sends out such men as this."

"It is a rare place for sport, I can answer for that," said Young, laughing. "Some of those backwoods fellows are brave companions in a buffalo hunt or bear fight. I have had a little experience with them in that way; but failed to discover any great philosopher or savant among them."

"Then you could never have met this man, for his attainments are wonderful, and his ideas of government those of a deep thinker. In our interview, I touched upon many subjects, in order to test him; but in nothing did I find him wanting."

"Deep thinkers are not always educated men," observed Young.

"But he *is* educated. No man among us speaks purer English, or expresses himself more clearly."

"But how is this possible?" asked Constance.

"I did not venture to ask him; for I assure you the old Indian is a man with whom one hesitates to take a liberty; but he gave me to understand, that, in his early life, he had been grounded in the first rudiments of education in a New England school. After that, he learned much from a missionary, who took great interest in his progress, and more from his father, who was both a brave chief and a wise ruler."

"I must have heard of this man," said Young, after an effort of thought. "Is he not a chief of the Cherokee tribes?"

"The principal chief. All the more powerful because of his education, which gives him a mysterious influence among this superstitious people as a medicine man. There was a slight tinge of sarcasm in his grave smile, when he told me that."

"There was such a man in power, when I spent some weeks among the Cherokees, with other students, in our first dash of freedom from college life; but he was on the war-path, then, helping some more western with his warriors, who did not all at once take kindly to agriculture. The people spake of him, then, as brave among their bravest, and one who got his thoughts directly from the Great Spirit."

"So he is almost an acquaintance of yours," said Constance, smiling a recognition of the servant, who came to announce dinner.

That was a pleasant meal; for love, new born

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and all unseen, hovered among the flowers, and gave a relish of nectar to the wine, at least to one person present. The conversation was unstudied, broken, and sparkling; full of wise thought carelessly uttered, in which Constance joined, with that graceful flow of language in which women of tact perfect the enjoyment of a small dinner-party. The girl was still young; but, in her father's house, she had been made familiar with the best society of the nation; and, to his guests, her presence was its highest attraction. Still, she was not entirely herself, that day: a shy sort of consciousness fell upon her. Instead of the bright flashes of wit that usually sprang to her lips unawares, she seemed to listen, but wandered off into dreams, as if her senses were lulled to inaction by the breath of so many flowers.

Young saw this appearance of smiling lassitude; and mistaking it for indifference, was wounded by it: so, when he only passed through the drawing-room, and went with her father into the library, after dinner, Constance looked after him, wonderingly; and was equally surprised, a minute after, to find that her eyes were full of tears.

"Tears?" The girl was angry with herself; and dashing the shameful drops away with one sweep of her hand, went to the piano, and sent a waltz ringing through the house.

Young heard it, and set his lips firmly together.

"It is a pæan of joy over our departure," he thought. "How could I dream that she had any part in this?"

The young man pressed his hand against the paper, still so carefully folded against his heart, and was half minded to fling it into a waste-basket that stood beneath the library-table, and let it haunt his fancy no longer. Then, with the inconsistency of an untried passion, he became weary of the political talk into which General Noel had drifted; and the elder man, seeing this, proposed that they should descend awhile, and listen to the music. But the waltz stopped, with a sudden crash of sound.

Constance heard their steps upon the stairs; knew that angry tears were flashing down her cheeks, and would betray her; so she fled from the room, by an opposite door; ran breathlessly up to her own chamber, where she stood panting for breath, as if some enemy had been pursuing her.

As she stood with one hand against her heart, the image of a girl, half angry, half weeping, with a dash of shame in her countenance, appeared in a large mirror, just before her—a girl that she could not help thinking beautiful: thinking beautiful notwithstanding her ignominious flight; but for whose very image she began to feel burning contempt.

"You cowardly thing," she said, shaking her clenched hand at the image; "how dare you look me in the face, with your miserable eyes flushed with tears? And—and—oh, I could dash my hand at you through the glass! What does he think of you? What can he think of you? No wonder your lips curve with scorn. No wonder you look at me as if I had betrayed all the dignity of my sex. But wait awhile. It is not too late to redeem one's self. They will scarcely have missed me."

With a wave of the hand, she dismissed her image from the glass, as if it had been her slave; went to a marble basin in her dressing-room, and bathed her face in it; rearranged the golden disturbance of her hair; and drawing a deep, long breath, descended the stairs, with the walk of a queen proceeding to her state-chamber.

Nothing could be more perfect than the proud composure of this girl, as she returned to the drawing-room; or sweeter than the smile with which she accepted Young's assurance that he had been lured by the sound of music to break up a most interesting conversation with her father, only to find the piano mute, and the room empty.

"Oh, that could hardly be called music," she said. "No wonder it disturbed you;" and without further pressing, she moved toward the piano, and swept her hand over the keys.

"What shall it be? I sing a little, if you like that."

Young was enchanted. He had been in the habit of seeing young ladies in society full of those shallow excuses and flimsy protests that merely invite importunity, when asked to sing; and this frank offer surprised him into fresh admiration.

"I am no great judge of music; but love it, without knowing why," he said, with equal frankness. "Simple ballads please me best, if you would condescend to them."

"Condescend to them? Why, they, are in music, what wild flowers are to a landscape. Besides, my father loves them. They rest him, when he is tired of thinking."

While she was talking, Constance began to play a soft prelude. Then the smile that had curved her lips, in speaking, seemed to melt into the music of a touching little ballad. This held the young man spell-bound behind her chair, until its last tones died away in the rustling whispers of a Virginia creeper, that draped an open window near them, with a frost-bitten splendor of crimson and green leaves.

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Really good music leaves little room for compliments. The effect is more likely to be breathless silence, than the elaborate praise which mediocrity renders a social duty. Young did not utter one word of the exquisite sensations this girl's song had inspired; but he moved to the end of the piano, and leaned upon it, expectantly.

Constance, now entirely self-possessed, lifted her eyes to his face, when he made this movement; smiled an assent to his silent pleading; and began to search among her music for something that might promise greater pleasure.

"Let us have that dashing little concern you sang the other night," said her father, from his chair. "Young will be sure to like that."

Constance received this suggestion a little nervously; and threw sheet after sheet aside, in what seemed to be a vain effort to find the song in question. At last, her hand hesitated on what seemed a perfectly fresh sheet; and with an anxious glance at her father, she was about to slide it to the rejected pile, when he spoke out, rather impatiently:

"Why, Constance, that is it, under your hand. How can you mistake the paper?"

"Ah, yes, it is here," answered the girl, blushing so guiltily that the young man marvelled at it; and placing the sheet in an open music-book, where it was in a way concealed, touched the keys with a sort of nervous uncertainty, altogether unknown to her former practice.

Young wondered at this change in her manner, especially when she began to sing. For some minutes, her voice was forced, and she seemed uncertain about the words; but this soon passed away, and forgetting everything else, he was swept away by the bright, exhilarating music of a song that no one but General Noel had ever listened to before.

"That is what I call a battle-piece," said the father. "You can fairly hear the soldiers gathering, and the war-horses prancing. It makes one feel like a hero, sitting here on the soft cushions of an easy-chair."

"That is the way in which many great men fight for their country," answered Young, laughing. "But you are leaving out some of the words, Miss Noel. That is not fair. We must not be defrauded out of a single note."

The young man came around in front of the piano, as he said this; and leaning forward, attempted to examine the music.

Constance hurriedly placed one hand upon the sheet; but not before he had discovered that both the notes and the words were in manuscript.

"Ah!"

This single ejaculation alone escaped him. Constance heard. Her face and neck were instantly flooded with scarlet, and her hands dropped down upon the keys, with a crash of discord.

A flash of triumph followed the single word that had escaped the young man; but a look of distress followed his first glance at the girl, who sat shrinking, as if with shame, beneath his eyes; and he addressed her so indifferently, that she looked up, reassured.

"I suspected that you were defrauding us of the most thrilling notes," he said, "now I am sure of it, or you would not hide them from me. General, will you not command her to give them in full?"

Young sauntered toward his old place, by the end of the sofa, where he stood with downcast eyes, that Constance might not be disturbed by a glance; but all the time a half mischievous smile quivered about his lips.

The girl saw this, without really looking that way; and it aroused a spirit of defiance in her. Down went two dimpled hands on the keys, and it really was a battle song that rang out from under them, thrilling the very air with a martial clamor for war.

All at once, this grand burst of song was answered from the window, full, deep, and rich, as if a flock of mocking-birds had been aroused to completeness of music there. General Noel sprang from his seat, in amazement. Constance and Young turned toward the window. There, resting her elbows on the sill, and her chin in the palm of one half-folded hand, they saw the bright, wild face of Washanee looking in upon them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# LINES.

BY MAGGIE MAC ADAMS.

Dear hands, that held so tenderly my own,
That were so quick to wipe away my tears,
Gone. And I have their memory alone
To cheer me, in the coming weary years.

Dear lips, whose lightest tone my heart more moved
Than could the fabled music of the spheres.
The fondest praise of others, less beloved,
So those lips praised not, fell on heedless ears.

Dear eyes, that smiled so sweetly down on me,
In whose blue light my inmost thoughts shone plain!
Gone from me now, so far, so utterly,
That they shall never smile on me again.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of plain and striped beige-colored camel's-hair cloth. The petticoat is kilt-plaited, and made of the plain material. Over this is arranged a scarf tablier, quite short, which is of the striped cloth. A plain round waist is worn with this skirt, with close sleeves. Cuffs and collar of the stripe; waist of the plain material. The coat basque worn with this costume is of white or very light fawn-colored cloth, made to fit the figure. The sleeve is wide at the wrist—Chinese fashion—and has a plaited lining of plush. Upstanding collar, lined with plush. Medium size buttons. Ten yards of plain camel's-hair material; two

No. 1.

No. 2.



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and a-half yards of the stripe. For the coat, two and a-half yards of double-fold cloth; three-quarters of a yard of plush will be required.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, for a young girl, made of pin-striped or small check cloth. The

No. 3.

skirt has a deep box-plaited flounce, reaching as high as the knee. Over this is arranged a short tablier, plaited scarf fashion across the front, and slightly looped at the back. A plain round waist, or short basque bodice, is worn under the outside jacket, the latter of which we give. This fits the figure, and is made double-breasted, with two rows of buttons. A rolling collar; the back part of velvet, the front faced with the material. Cuffs to match. Twelve to fourteen yards of material will be required, double fold.

No. 3—Is a house or visiting-dress, of plain and brocaded silk; suitable in black, dark-blue, garnet, plum, or any self-colored plain and brocaded stuff, either in silk or woollen goods. The skirt is made on a foundation of alpaca or silesia, in color to match, faced on the outside, one-quarter of a yard deep, with the plain material. On this foundation there is placed, first, a narrow knife-plaiting of three inches depth—over this, another of eight inches—then the tablier of the brocade is arranged: very much wrinkled in front, and puffed at the back. The edge of this overskirt is slashed at intervals, forming deep

No. 4.

tabs, which are bound with the plain silk as a finish. The basque bodice is finished in the same way, on the skirt of the basque, and the sleeves. A narrow knife-plaiting is added under the tabs, to finish the sleeve at the wrist. A

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rolling collar opens over an inside handkerchief of soft surah silk, of any contrasting color which may be becoming. A bow of ribbon finishes the point of the collar, and the end of the basque. Five yards of brocade, and eight to ten yards of plain, twenty-four inch wide silk, will be required for this costume.

No. 4—Is a simple and stylish walking-costume, for a young girl, of cloth, with plush trimming. There is only one skirt, on which is a knife-plaited band, edged top and bottom with a border of plush, two and a-half or three inches wide. Over this is worn a deep coat, which fits the figure, and is faced with the plush, on the turnover collar, and on the fronts, where it is turned back as revers, from the point where the coat is last buttoned. Pockets and cuffs are also made of plush. Light-brown cloth, with seal

No. 5.

plush, is most stylish, and generally becoming. Seven yards of cloth. Two and a-half yards of plush will be required.

No. 5—Is a costume of cashmere beige, for a young girl of twelve to fourteen years. It is quite short—just to the top of the boot. One skirt, on which are three knife-plaited ruffles, headed by a puff, with a narrow knife-plaited ruffle as finish,

No. 6.

top and bottom. Over this skirt, a polonaise is made; opening in front, and gathered up into a bunch, where it is finished with two loops and ends of ribbon. A small shoulder cape is made of striped beige. The cuffs and belt are of the same. A fancy stripe may be used in contrasting colors that blend with the rest of the costume. Ten to twelve yards will be required of the plain, and one yard of fancy stripe.

No. 6—Is a very pretty and stylish house-dress, for a young girl of twelve to fourteen years. It is made of light fawn, drab, or gray merino or cashmere, with pink trimming. The skirt has,

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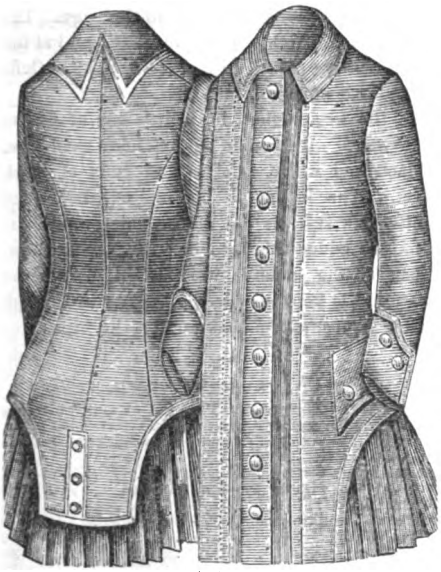

No. 7.

No. 8.

first, a kilt-plaiting, eighteen inches deep; over this is arranged a scarf tablier, the ends of which are draped, and tied at the back. This drapery is edged with a bias fold of pink cashmere or silk, put on with two rows of stitching as a finish. The basque bodice is finished to correspond, as are also the collar and cuffs. Eight to ten yards of merino or cashmere. One yard of pink cashmere for trimming, or two yards of silk.

No. 7.—We give the front and back view of a costume for a girl of six years. It is made of

No. 9.

dark-green tweed, with silver buttons. The Princess front buttons in the centre, and is hollowed out at the sides, to display a kilted skirt. The back is hollowed so as to form a square basque on the kilted skirt. Collar, cuffs and pockets are trimmed with braid.

No. 8—Is a paletot, for a girl of seven to nine years, made of dark-brown cloth, fastened down the front with horn buttons. At the back, is a long pointed hood of cloth, lined with brown satin. Square side pockets, with revers of brown satin. The sleeves are piped with satin at the wrist.

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No. 9—Is a knickerbocker suit, for a boy of six to eight years, made of checked cloth. The short pants are fulled at the knee, and made to bag over, by having an elastic in the edge. The coat is laid in two box-plaits in front; and at the back, these are fitted into a short yoke. Cuffs and collar bound with braid.

No. 10—Is a blouse, for a little boy of five to seven years. It is made of pin-check cashmere, in black and white. Collar and cuffs of black velvet. The blouse is box-plaited, back and front. The skirt is cut at the sides, and box-plaits are added there, to increase the fullness. A belt of the same is worn quite low on the waist, and is kept in place by being run through narrow straps, at the back and on the hips.

## LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
| Polonaise, | .50 |
| Combination Walking Suits, | 1.00 |
| Trimmed Skirts, | .50 |
| Watteau Wrapper, | .50 |
| Plain or Gored Wrappers, | .35 |

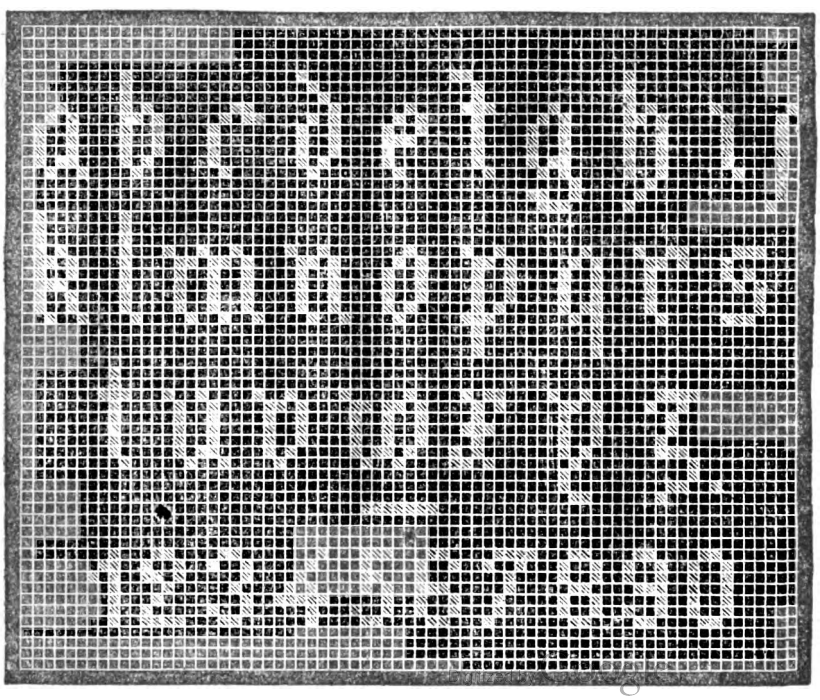
## CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
| Combination Suits, | .35 | Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts | .35 |
| Skirts and Overskirts, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Polonaise: Plain, | .25 | Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters, | .25 |
| " Fancy, | .35 | | |

## BOYS' PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Pants, | .20 | Gents' Shirts, | .50 |
| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.



# THE STONOR CORSAGE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, two engravings of a new and stylish basque, called the STONOR CORSAGE,

pointed, as will be seen, in front, and forming a coat-tail at the back. The larger cut represents the front; the smaller one, the back. We give an entire figure, in both cases, so as to show what sort of a skirt is prettiest to wear with this corsage.

Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, on which we give, full size, the seven pieces of which this very effective basque is composed. They are as follows:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—HALF OF SIDE-PIECE.
IV.—SLEEVE.
V.—PUFF FOR SLEEVE.
VI.—EPAULETTE.
VII.—HALF OF COLLAR.

On the front we have marked, by rows of small dots, the breast plaits, and the fish under the arm. On the side-piece, the plait of the coat-tail is marked in the same way. In the back, the plaits are marked similarly. In the collar, we have cut a notch, at the place of the shoulder seam. In the sleeve, the top side is widened at the back seam, and the under side narrowed, so as to take the seam out of sight, and more under the arm; the top side must, therefore, be fulled at the elbow, as shown by the pricking: the *top* part



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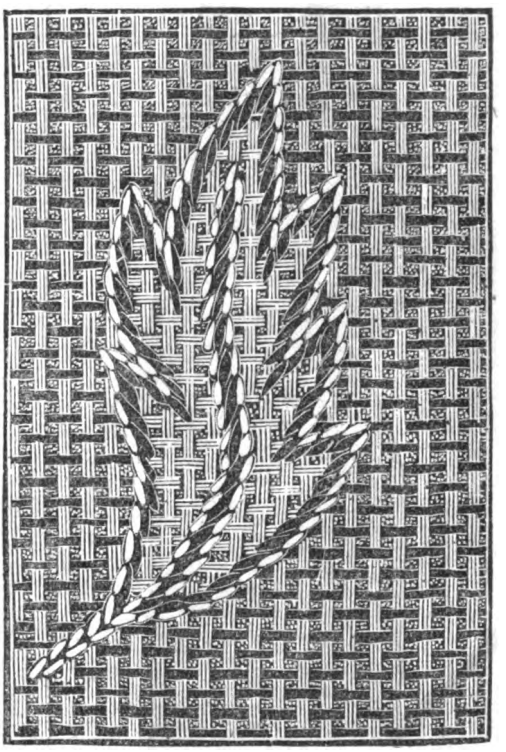
of the under side of the sleeve is marked by two small cuts (11), so as to leave no chance of its being sewn in wrong side upwards.

At the top of this sleeve, there must be a puffing, as shown in the engraving; and over this puffing, and under the arm, the epaulette is placed.

Notice, that the place marked by two cuts goes under the arm, and corresponds with the two cuts in under side of sleeve; the notch corresponds to the notch in the sleeve-head, and the pointed ends being folded over on the pricked lines, and meeting at top of shoulder, and so forming the epaulette.

## ANTIQUE DESIGN FOR CHAIR, OR SOFA CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: A piece of coarse, but firm and good quality, linen huckaback. Some mulberry-colored filoselle for the grounding, and for outline of design. Some Japanese gold thread, which does not tarnish. The bolder the design, the handsomer and more fitting for the purpose it will be. Sketch any bold pattern on the huckaback (the pattern given is merely a trial of the working), either with pencil, or with a camel's-hair pencil, dipped in a solution of Prussian-blue and gum-water. A large design from any cretonne, arabesque pattern can be copied with clear tracing cloth and pencil; then cut around the pencil marks, and pin the design on the huckaback; and then trace around with hair-pencil and blue. Then darn the ground with filoselle, forwards and back only, going as far as the outline of the design; then, with crewel, work in stem-stitch the outline of the design, and finally outline it with the gold thread. The engraving shows the stitches in the darning, which should not be seen. For scarf table-covers, mantel lambrequins, and sideboard cloths, this darning of the ground of huckaback is very appropriate; and, by all odds, the most artistic art-needlework we have yet had, being copied from the antique.

We have seen a mantel lambrequin, designed at the New York art school, and darned in this manner, which was simply exquisite. The work is as easy to do as it is elegant.

## PANSIES IN KENSINGTON-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a colored illustration of PANSIES, to be done in Kensington-stitch, in either crewels or filoselle. Satin, cloth-felt, mummy cloth, all are equally desirable for working on. The material depends upon the purpose for which the work is designed. Cloth-felt, or satine, for a table-cover, is the best. For tidy, use satin or plush. This design is equally suitable for painting on satin or silk: for toilet mat, pin cushion, etc.; tidy, or scarf table-cover.

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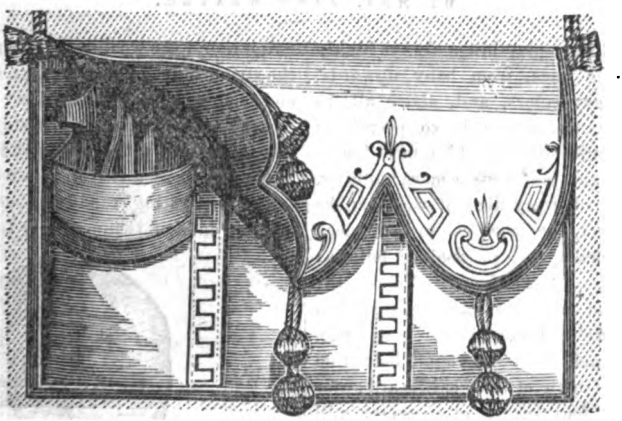
## HANGING SHOE-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



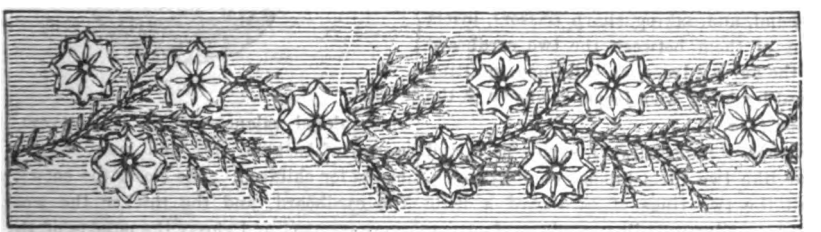
Make up with brown holland or sheeting, and line with cloth. Strips of red turret braiding, or narrow strips of cretonne, divide the compartments. The lambrequin cover is cut in three deep scallops, and a simple pattern is braided on in red worsted braid. Worsted balls ornament the point of each flap. Bind all round with red worsted braid, and add a loop at each end to suspend the bag. Hang upon the inside of a closet door, it will be found most useful, and a very neat place to keep out of sight boots and shoes in use.

## WORK-BASKET,

### WITH DETAIL OF DRAPERY: FULL SIZE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Any round or oblong fine willow basket, of the required size and shape. The drapery is worked on canvas or cloth, and done in colored crewels or filoselle. The leaves and branches in shades of green, and the flowers in blue for forget-me-nots, with yellow centres.





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# NURSERY BALL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Soft woollen balls are playthings always highly appreciated; little ones, from baby upwards, delight in their gay colors, and, above all, in their fluffy substance, which is so peculiarly attractive to infantile fingers. Like most home-made playthings, the ball costs a mere nothing, as odds and ends of every kind of wool can be used for it; in fact, the more colors introduced the better. To make one, proceed as follows: Cut out two circles of cardboard, of about the size you intend the ball to be, varying, say, from four inches to twelve inches in circumference. In the centre of each, cut out a round hole from one-third to one-fourth of the cardboard; for instance, a circle four inches in diameter will have a hole from one inch to one and a-quarter

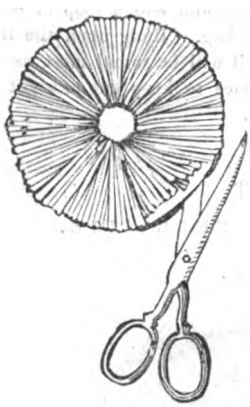

Fig. 1.

inches across. Place these two rings together, thread a needle with doubled wool, and pass it through the hole, over and over the ring. At every fresh needleful, let the ends of wool come outside, and continue to wind till there is no more room to pass the needle through the hole. The winding finished, hold the covered circle in the left hand, and, taking sharp scissors, insert one point of them between the two cardboard rings at the outer edge, then cut along, splitting the several layers of wool loops, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 1).

These loops, when separated, spring back, and stand out like two little brooms on either side. Now pull the two rings of cardboard a little apart, just to allow winding a piece of strong twine round the wool in the centre; after passing the string four or five times, knot it very tightly, and you may then with safety remove the supporting cardboard circles by snipping them here and there, and withdrawing the pieces. In Fig. 2, the ball is seen tied in this way.

The separating cardboard being withdrawn, and the ends of twine snugly tucked inside, the

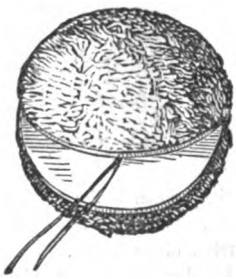

Fig. 2.

bristling wool is combed or rubbed together, when it presents a solid ball, that is trimmed till the shaggy surface is as smooth as velvet (Fig. 3).

If not utilizing stray skeins, shaded wool might be chosen as the simplest medium of obtaining a mottled appearance. In other ways, regular stripes, spots, and various markings can be reproduced by winding each round, or each half and quarter of a round, in distinct and well contrasting colors; in short, numerous little freaks can be tried for fresh diversity.

In the same manner are made the small fluffy balls, which are now so abundant in the finish of

Fig. 3.

embroidered valances, small table-covers, trimmings of baskets, etc., and many woollen garments for children. The closer the entwining of the cardboard, and the thicker the wool, the more compact and glossy the outside of the ball.



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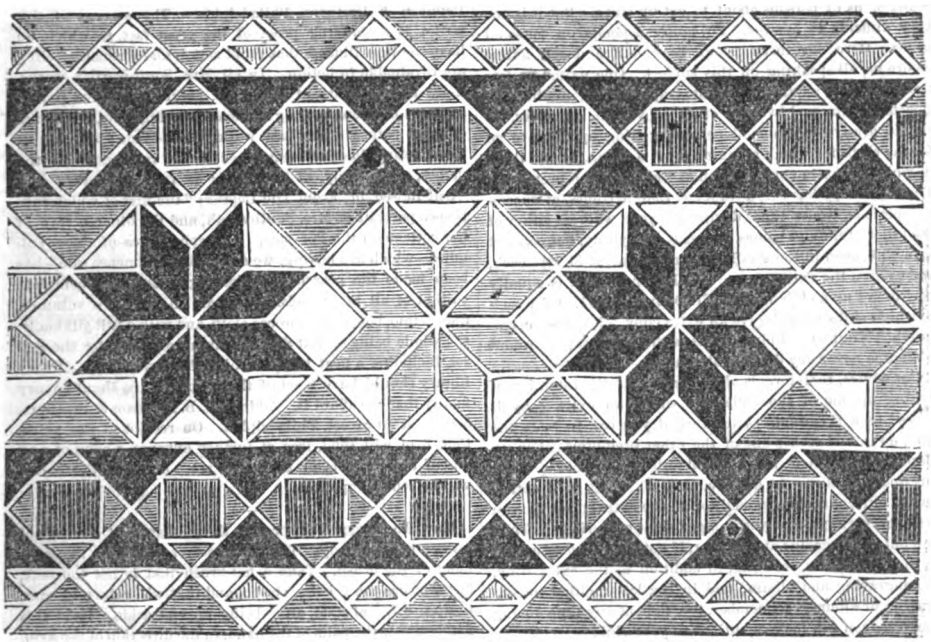
## DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a very beautiful design for patch-work. The different colors may be assorted according to taste, or the colors of the odds and ends you have to dispose of. The effect, when the colors are judiciously discriminated, is exceedingly fine.

## NAMES FOR MARKING.

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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

What Is Our Best Premium?—This is a question often asked of us by persons about to get up clubs. But it is one very difficult to answer. So much depends on personal tastes. Here, for instance, we have half a dozen letters before us, all speaking on this subject. One writer prefers the engraving, another the Photograph Album, another the Quarto Album, and two the extra copy. For ourselves, we should always recommend persons getting up clubs, to go for the clubs for which an extra copy is given, or for those in which an extra copy is given as well as other premiums. The extra copy has this advantage, that it comes, at successive periods, twelve times during the year, whereas either of the other premiums comes but once. Anybody, too, can get up a club, even in the smallest town, of four, at $1.62½ each, and so earn the extra copy. In a larger town, it is equally easy to get up a club of six at $1.50, or ten at $1.40, for each of which clubs we also give an extra copy. No other magazine holds out such inducements as this extra copy. About *it* there is never *any* disappointment.

Our advice, therefore, is *always begin* with the intention of getting up one of the clubs, for which an extra copy is offered as a premium. After this, if you can increase the club, do it, and secure one of the other premiums. For example, you begin to get four subscribers, at $1.62½ each; but find it is as easy to get five, at $1.60, which will entitle you to our engraving, in addition to the extra copy. Or you discover, perhaps, that you can get eight subscribers. Then you put the magazine at $1.50; or, if not eight, at least seven: in the former case, securing, in addition to the extra copy, the engraving and album; and in the latter, either the engraving or album. Remember, too, that, at any time during the year, you can make additions to your club.

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Long Gloves, carelessly wrinkled on the arm, continue to be the fashion for evening-wear, and the loose-wristed ones are easier to put on and off, than those with six or eight buttons. They have the disadvantage of not fitting the hand as closely as the buttoned ones. Tan-colored gloves are universally worn, some preferring the light shades, others the dark ones; but no one now thinks of matching the gloves with the dress, as tan assimilates, according to present fashion, with black, white, and colored dresses.

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"Nothing To Be Compared."—A lady, subscribing for 1882, writes: "I took 'Peterson.' for several years, till last year, when I thought I would take something else, for a change; but I find that there is *nothing to be compared* with 'Peterson.' I will do my best, when I receive my first number, to get up a club."

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Photographers Very Often mount their photographs, especially those of the *carte de visite* size, on too thick a card. The result is, that, when they come to be put into an album, at least when the album becomes nearly full, they strain the back, or split it, or else break the clasp; and sometimes, both.

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Of The Many Premium Engravings, which we have issued for getting up clubs, the one for this year, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," seems to be altogether the most popular. Everybody likes it. It is certainly one of the most charming possible.

Mrs. Southworth's Novels, so world-wide in their popularity, have just been issued, in a new edition, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The success of this writer is a standing proof of the great fact, to which we have so often alluded, that rapid action and dramatic feeling are invaluable in fiction. In all Mrs. Southworth's works, there is originality of character, great descriptive power, strange and even startling incidents, stirring plots, and scenes of great pathos. Her last work, "Self-Made; or, Out Of The Depths," has just been issued, in two volumes, under the names, respectively, of "Ishmael; or, In The Depths;" and "Self-Raised, or, From The Depths;" the first of which contains a portrait of Mrs. Southworth, and the other a view of her cottage on the Potomac. The appearance of these volumes—which are having, we are told, an immense sale—has been made the occasion for issuing a new and complete edition of all her novels. They are in forty-two volumes, duodecimo, bound in morocco cloth, and with a full gilt back: the whole being sold at $1.75 a volume, or $73.50 for the full set, including a neat box in which they are put up. Every library should have a set of these novels. So should every family that can afford it. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. On receipt of the price, that firm will send, free of further expense, a copy of any one of these novels, or the entire set. A list of the books will be sent on application.

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How To Brush Velvet is a thing, easy as it seems, not known to everybody. The whole secret lies in the management of the brush. Take a hat-brush that is not too soft, but that has the bristles elastic, and that will return at once to their original state, after being pressed aside. Hold this firmly under the palm of the hand, in the direction of the arm, and with the bristles downward; and pressing them, first, gently into the substance of the velvet, then twist around the arm, hand, and brush, all together, as on an axis, without moving them forward or backward. The foreign matters will thus be drawn up, and flirted out of the flock, without injury to the substance of the velvet; and the brush must be lifted up, and placed in a similar manner over every part required to be brushed. By this means, velvet will be improved, instead of deteriorated; and will last for years.

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The Illustrated Quarto Album, which was one of our premiums for last year, will be sent, this year, *instead of the Photograph Album*, whenever preferred. But in such cases, when remitting for the club, advise us of the preference.

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The Popularity Of This Magazine was never so great as it is this year. Everybody is discovering that is better to subscribe for something that is reliable, and not for a mere catch-penny, as so many other so-called monthlies are.

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Additions to Clubs may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers are sent, an additional premium will be given. Go on, all through the year, therefore, adding to your clubs.

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"Such A Lonely Year."—A lady writes: "I have done without 'Peterson' a whole year; *and such a lonely year!* Nothing can fill the place of 'Peterson.' Take it all in all, it cannot be surpassed."



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SPLENDID PREMIUMS FOR 1882.—Our premium engraving for this year, to be sent to persons for getting up clubs, is entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," and is of the size of 20 inches by 16. No more beautiful ornament, to be framed, and hung on the parlor wall, could be desired. It is a work of real art, and a copy should be had by every family in the land. It is, on the whole, we find, the most popular of our premiums for 1882. Nothing gives such an air of refinement to a room as a handsome engraving. "One *good* engraving," the N. Y. Tribune says, "is worth a dozen chromos."

*Or, in place of it*, we will give, for a premium, either a PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, or our QUARTO ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, which was so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1882. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those wishing to get up clubs.

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WE REPEAT AGAIN that we have no agents for whom we are responsible. Either remit direct to us, subscribe through your local news agent, or join a club, *the getter up of which you know.*

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ANY SUBSCRIBER for this magazine can have either the "Photograph Album," or the "Quarto Illustrated Album," for fifty cents. Or we will send both for one dollar.

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"I AM SIXTY-NINE."—So writes a lady, who sends us a club for 1882. She adds: "I have taken 'Peterson' since 1851, and like to read it as well as ever I did."

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Brushwood. By T. Buchanan Read. Illustrated from Designs by Frederick Dielman. 1 vol., small 4to. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Among American poets, T. Buchanan Read, in some respects, stands foremost. He had not the imagination of Lowell, nor the wide culture of Longfellow; but he had great delicacy of touch and an exquisite ear. Above all, he was distinctively national: more so than any other; by which we mean that he was full of local color. In this respect, his "Wagoner Of The Alleghanies" has no equal in American poetry; and scores of his smaller poems testify to the same close observation of Nature, here. Nor was he less realistic, when his themes were foreign. There is no poem in the language, at least none that we can recall, which gives so true, yet so poetical a description of the Bay of Naples, as his "Drifting," a charmingly illustrated edition of which was published, by Lippincott & Co., about a year ago. The volume before us is a companion one to that, and is illustrated with even more taste and beauty. The scene, as in "Drifting," is in Italy; but among the hills: not on the sea. Both text and engravings breathe the very air of that sunny and romantic land. No more meritorious book of the kind has appeared this year.

*Our Young Folks Abroad. By James D. McCabe.—1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The idea of this book is capital, and that idea is well carried out. The author imagines an American family, with four boys and girls, starting on a tour through Europe, and these he accompanies, giving illustrations of all the principal places which he describes in the text, until finally he brings their travels to a close at Constantinople, having first gone over France, Germany, Italy, and Greece. The type is large, the paper fine, and the engravings carefully printed.

*Sabine's Falsehood. By Madame La Princesse O. Calacuzene Altieri. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a love-story, and a very charming one. The plot is admirably managed; the incidents are quite pathetic; the characters are well conceived, and graphically delineated. Sabine, the heroine, appeals to our hearts, from the first. She is one of the noblest of women: her very faults are virtues in excess. The translation is very good. The book itself is printed in clear, elegant type, in striking contrast with the cheap trash of the day.

*Severa. From the German of E. Hartner. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wistar. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Mrs. Wistar is not only the best translator that we know of, but she shows great taste in selecting the stories to translate. Hence a novel, with her name on the title-page, is always sure of readers. We took this one up, expecting to be pleased; but we have been more than that: we have been delighted. "Severa" is simply the most charming love-story that we have read, since we read "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," translated by Mrs. Wistar, years ago.

*The Fortunate Island, and Other Stories. By Max Adeler. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—In a neat little preface, written with exceptionally good taste, the author says that, if the tales, in this volume, "are not so amusing as others he has written, they will perhaps be found to be quite as entertaining; and possibly, in some particulars, more instructive." This verdict, however, is quite too modest. Max Adeler never has written a dull page, but these pages are even brighter than usual. The volume is illustrated.

*The Young Folks' Robinson Crusoe. Edited by William T. Adams. 1 vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a condensation of "The Children's Robinson Crusoe," written by Mrs. E. Ware Farrar, and originally published more than fifty years ago. That work, as the name implies, was a condensation of De Foe. This is an improvement on Mrs. Farrar.

*The Tribulations Of A Chinaman In China. From the French of Jules Verne. By Virginia Champlin. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—No author, in the same line, can be compared to Jules Verne. Where others would flag, he keeps the interest alive. The book is copiously illustrated, there being no less than fifty engravings.

*At Home. Illustrated by J. G. Sowerby. Decorated by Thomas Crane. 1 vol., small 4to. London: Marcus Ward & Co.*—This is, beyond all question, the best book for children, of its kind, that has appeared this season. It is impossible to imagine how illustrations, or decorations, could be made more charming.

*Raleigh: His Exploits and Voyages. By George Makepeace Torole. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Mr. Torole has already made a reputation in his "Pizarro," "Marco Polo," and other similar books intended for the young. This is quite up to the rest of the series. It is, in fact, more interesting than most..

*Ballads in Black. With Forty-Eight Full-Page Silhouette Illustrations. 1 vol. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a series of original shadow pantomimes, with full directions for producing shadow pictures. They are really very funny. The ballads are by F. E. Chase. The illustrations, which are equally spirited, are by J. F. Goodridge.

*The Unseen Hand. By Elijah Kellogg. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The story of a neglected, almost ruined, orphan; who rises to influence, as a pioneer, and makes his mark in life: admirably conceived, well told, and with a useful moral. The volume is illustrated.

*The Double-Runner Club. By P. B. Shillaber. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is one of the popular "Ike Partington Series," and will be found to be a capital book for boys. It is illustrated.

*The Art of Knitting. By Lucretia P. Hale. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.*—A carefully compiled little treatise, forming one of the "Tilton Needlework Series." The stitches, etc., are illustrated.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT SUBSCRIBERS SAY.—The unanimity with which our old subscribers renew, this year, and testify, at the same time, to the progress of this magazine in merit, has never been equalled. One of them writes: "I have been so much pleased and profited by it, that I cannot afford to do without it." Another says: "It has been in our family over twenty years: I can't do without it." Another: "This is the twelfth year since I began to take your magazine." Another: "I like it better than any I ever took." Another: "It is the best magazine, for the money, I ever saw." Another: "I send two dollars for 1882: it is from a thirty-five year subscriber." Another: "I send you a club of nine, for the best magazine published: I had thought I could not spend the time, this year, to get up a club; but when the last number came, I felt that I could not get through the year without 'Peterson;' and I have had no trouble to get these nine names." Another: "We have taken your magazine for many years, and think there is no other so good." Another: "Dear old 'Peterson' was sadly missed in our home, last year." Another: "You see I have increased my club from last year: we find we need it in every family: the patterns are invaluable." Another: "I have been taking other fashion magazines, but none of them comes up to 'Peterson.'" Another: "I send a club of six: I did not get up a club for 1881: I have missed the dear old book so much." Another: "One word: I must say that 'Peterson' grows better every year." These are but a few out of thousands of similar letters.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, for Dyspepsia and Nervousness. The late Winslow Lewis, M. D., the distinguished physician of Boston, said: "Having in my own person experienced those ills for which the Acid Phosphate is prescribed, I, having found great relief and alleviation by its use, most cheerfully attest my appreciation of its excellence."

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. 2.—DANDELION—TARAXACUM.

*Leontodon taraxacum*, or *Taraxacum dens-leonis*. *Leontodon*, Greek, lion's-tooth; *taraxacum*, Greek, *tarasso*, to stir or disturb, in allusion, perhaps, to its supposed active or cathartic properties. Order, Compositæ. The dandelion is a stemless perennial; leaves, consequently, all radical, lance-oblong, four to twelve inches in length, unequally and acutely runcinate and dentate. From their midst, arises one or more flower-stems, or *scapes*, which are simple, smooth, hollow, fragile, and terminating, at a height of four to six inches, in a large, golden-colored, compact flower, which closes somewhat in the evening, and expands with the morning sun. This flower-stem, or *scape*, is short (two to five inches) in flower; but becomes much lengthened in fruit, *i. e.* a globe of light pappus, which is blown off by the wind.

It is abundant in most parts of the globe. In this country, it adorns (?) our yards, glass plots, and pasture grounds, with its bright, golden flowers, from the early spring, to the close of summer. The young leaves are blanched by some mothers, and eaten with as much relish as the endive or lettuce, as a salad.

The root is the medicinal part, and should be gathered in September. It is then several inches in length, as thick as a small finger, and tapering; lightish-brown externally, whitish within, with a yellow, ligneous cord passing through its centre, and abounding in a milky juice. When dried, it possesses no odor; but a sweetish, mucilaginous, bitter taste. The root is not injured by boiling. It is still much employed in Germany (Löwenzahn), and formerly was popular here with many physicians (botanic and eclectic); but it now seems to be on the wane, although it doubtless still possesses all the virtues hitherto ascribed to it. These are tonic and alterative, diuretic and aperient—acting mildly upon the liver, stimulating secretory action, and reducing chronic engorgements. Even the late Professor Wood declared that his experience with it was favorable.

The powdered root of the dandelion has been mixed with ground coffee; and, without doubt, to the benefit of those who drank it. It has also been used as a substitute for coffee, roasted and ground, and then prepared in like manner as coffee: and to those who habitually use strong coffee, a change to this article, occasionally, for a short time, would, no doubt, be very beneficial. Medicinally considered, this root is one of those mild or simple agents that can be highly recommended to those mothers, who, especially, are prone 'to doctor' for every little ailment that occurs in the nursery, possessing the saving virtue of preventing them from drugging the little ones with more active, and perhaps injurious, remedies. The writer is more impressed, daily—after the weary rounds of a professional life of over thirty-six years, in city and country, in private and public charities—that too little attention is given to hygienic measures, and too much dependence is placed by mothers upon the powders, pills, or drops, ordered by the family physician, to be given by mouth. This done, and she thinks her duty is performed. Physicians are much to blame for this, ofttimes. They either overlook the importance of attention to the surface of the body, or take it for granted that mothers will attend to the regulation of diet, regimen, bathing, or keeping the cuticular surface clean; when in fact there is no duty more demanded of the physician than this:—to daily impress upon mothers and nurses the absolute necessity of washing the surface.

Homœopathically, taraxacum is serviceable in dyspepsia, with *patchy* tongue, and itchy eruptions, preceded by disorder of the stomach and bowels. Dose, one drop of the mother tincture, several times a day.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

### No. 141.—CHARADE.

I rode beneath a sultry sky—
  The prairie-grass was sun-embrowned;
When suddenly, I chanced to spy
  My whole, just springing from the ground.

My first, the only weapon near,
  I wielded with successful whack;
Then rode along, without a fear—
  For broken was my second's back.

*Hantsport, N. S.* ANSER.

### No. 142.—RHOMBOID.

*Across.*—1. An esculent plant. 2. The person to whom goods are committed in trust. 3. Easily bent. 4. A little grain. 5. Pertaining to the nerves. 6. Australian wild dogs.

*Down.*—1. A letter. 2. A Jewish month. 3. To describe well. 4. The white juice of certain plants. 5. Foreign. 6. Withered. 7. Tedium. 8. Threefold. 9. Tardy. 10. An interjection. 11. A letter.

*Harwichport, Mass.* K. ELLEY.

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No. 143.—Enigma.

As high as the heavens,
As deep as the sea,
As boundless as earth,
As the air, ever free.

*Plainfield, N. J.* Viola.

No. 144.—Word-Square.

1. A salt-pit. 2. A crystallized substance. 3. An island of Austria. 4. The foot of an animal. 5. The price to be paid for conveying mail. 6. The larvæ of ants. 7. Closest.

*Lebanon Church, Va.* O. C. O. La.

No. 145.—Double Acrostic.

1. A philosophical bottle. 2. A sea. 3. A state. 4. A game for boys. 5. To exclude. 6. A prophetic bird. 7. A familiar appellation.

The answer is to be given in compound words. The initals of the first half give the name of a United States President; and those of the last half, the name of the Vice-President elected on the same ticket.

*Byfield, Mass.* Lydia D. Thomson.

*Answers Next Month.*

Answers to Puzzles in the January Number.

No. 135.

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No. 136.

A Telegraph.

No. 137.

Magazine.

No. 138.

Wheat, heat, eat, at, t.

No. 139.

Telephone.

No. 140.

| 1. | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. |
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| Taste | less | Cod | liver | Oil. |

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

FISH.

*Mashed Salt Cod.*—Take some salted codfish, that has been soaked for at least twenty-four hours. Boil it in plain water, drain it, carefully pick out all the skin and bones, and separate the flesh into small flakes. Put the flakes into a basin, and work them with a fork, until every flake is broken into little pieces. Rub a saucepan freely with garlic, put the fish and a small quantity of fine salad oil into it, stir well with a fork. Place the saucepan on a very slow fire, and never cease stirring the contents: pour into it salad oil and milk alternately, in the smallest possible quantities, but continuously, until the mixture assumes the appearance of a thick, creamy paste. Season with white pepper, add some lemon juice, and never leave off stirring: for it is upon the thoroughness of this operation that the success of the dish depends. Serve piled on a dish, with bread sippets fried in butter.

*Scalloped Fish.*—Any cold fish, one egg, milk, one large blade of pounded mace, pepper and salt to taste, bread-crumbs, butter. Pick the fish carefully from the bones, and moisten with milk and the egg; add the other ingredients, and place in a deep dish or scallop-shells; spread over with bread-crumbs, butter the top, and brown before the fire; when quite hot, serve.

MEATS.

*Beef Cakes.*—Take some cold roast beef, that which is underdone is best, and mince it very fine; mix with it grated bread-crumbs, and a little chopped onion and parsley; season it with pepper and salt, and moisten it with some beef-dripping and walnut sauce; some scraped cold tongue or grated ham will be found an improvement; form it into broad, flat cakes, and spread a layer of mashed potato thinly on the top and bottom of each; lay a small piece of butter on the top of every cake; place them on a dish, and set them in an oven to brown.

*Fried Chicken.*—After neatly dressing and carving in pieces of proper size, parboil a half-hour or longer, until tender; take out with a fork, and place in a frying-pan of melted butter; fry brown by frequent turning to keep from burning. A nice gravy is made by pouring the broth in which it was boiled into the frying-pan, with a thickening of flour and any seasoning preferred. Curled parsley, arranged as a garnish, adds to the general effect.

*Cutlets of Cold Mutton.*—The remains of cold loin or neck of mutton, one egg, bread-crumbs, brown gravy or tomato sauce. Cut the remains of cold loin or neck of mutton into cutlets, trim them, and take away a portion of the fat; should there be too much, dip them in a beaten egg, sprinkle with bread-crumbs, and fry them a nice brown in hot dripping. Arrange them on a dish, and pour around them either a good gravy or hot tomato sauce.

*Ham Pie.*—Pick the ham into small, fine pieces, boil a cup of rice, beat up two eggs, and stir it with the ham and rice, season with pepper, salt, and onions; put it into a deep pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

VEGETABLES.

*Parsnips.*—Wash well; scrape them, and cut in two or four pieces lengthwise; boil in water with a little salt in it until tender, which will be in from one-half to three-quarters of an hour; when quite done, dish up in a warm dish, with melted butter poured over them, or warm butter with a little minced parsley in it; or mash the parsnips and form into small cakes, roll in flour, or dip in egg and bread-crumbs, and fry a light brown; send to table very hot. You can also brown the parsnips sliced rather thick.

*Fried Potatoes.*—Pare, wash, and slice thin, raw potatoes, lay in ice-cold water an hour or two, dry in a napkin; have a pan of hot lard, and put in a few at a time, and fry a light brown, sprinkle with salt, and turn with a fork, take out with a wire spoon, and put in a dish and set in the oven until all are cooked. To be eaten either hot or cold.

DESSERTS.

*Pumpkin Pudding.*—Take one pint of pumpkin, that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt, in half a pint of warm milk, one-quarter pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together; one pint of rich cream will be better than milk and butter; beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other

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ingredients, alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wineglass of rose-water and two glasses of wine, mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon, mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

*Lemon Pudding.*—One-half pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of sugar, the rind of a lemon, chopped fine, and the juice. Mix with two eggs, and boil two hours, in a buttered mould. Serve with or without wine sauce.

CAKES.

*Crumpets.*—Mix a quart of good milk with water to make a batter; add a little salt, an egg, and a tablespoonful of good yeast; beat well, cover it up, and let it stand in a warm place to rise. Clean the muffin plate, or, not having this, a frying-pan, while warm, over the fire, and rub it with a greased cloth, or a little butter tied up in a piece of muslin; pour a cupful of the batter into the pan or on the plate; as it begins to bake, raise the edge all round with a sharp knife. When one side is done, turn and bake the other side. Crumpets are generally now poured into proper sized rings of tin, which makes them all of a size and thickness.

*Pastry.*—A very light, flaky pastry is made with equal weights of flour and butter, by rolling it out thin and letting it stand in a cool place for a-quarter of an hour; fold and roll it out again, and again let it stand a short time before cutting into the required form. I have also been told that sal volatile is used to make puff pastry; but this is a secret of pastry cooks, not a household recipe.

*Buckwheat Cakes.*—The New York Tribune, in an article on this subject, says that science has even revolutionized the method of making buckwheat cakes. The old way, setting to raise over night, souring, fermenting, decomposing, and destroying the nutritient part of the flour, carbonic acid gas was produced, and the cakes made light. But a well-founded suspicion has always existed, that buckwheat cakes made in this manner are unwholesome and indigestible, because the chemical action, that takes place, so alters the flour from its original character, that the souring or decomposing process continues in the stomach, and gives rise to dyspepsia and kindred troubles.

The new way does away with all decomposing, all fermenting or souring, and places upon our tables smoking hot buckwheats in less than fifteen minutes. The leavening element of the new process, which is the "Royal Baking Powder," being mixed with the flour and moisture added, evolves the leavening gas, and in no way changes the dough from its original sweet and nutritious condition.

In point of heathfulness, it is a positive fact that buckwheat and griddle cakes, made in this way with the "Royal" powder, are very healthy, and can be eaten with impunity by dyspeptics and invalids, without discomfort.

Various preparations and mixtures have been put on the market from time to time, to take the place of the "Royal Baking Powder," such as "self-raising" or "griddle cake" flours; but analysis shows many of them to be made from unwholesome substitutes and strong acids, which have a corroding effect on the membranes of the stomach. It is much safer for all consumers to purchase flour themselves, that they know to be good and reliable, and add the baking powder at a considerable saving, than to purchase any of the so-called "self-raising" flours, which are usually compounds of the vilest nature, containing alum or phosphates. It is stated that three-fourths of the "self-raising buckwheat" sold in the market is nothing more than "middlings," or the dark-colored siftings and impurities which form the refuse in the manufacture of the higher grades of flour.

The following is a good recipe, and most economical:

*Quick Buckwheat Cakes*—To one pint of buckwheat flour, while dry, add two teaspoonfuls of ROYAL BAKING POWDER, a teaspoonful of salt, one scant tablespoonful of brown sugar or New Orleans molasses, to make them brown; mix well together, and when ready to bake, add one pint of *cold* water, or sufficient to form a batter; stir but little, and bake immediately on a hot griddle.

☞ The Baking Powder, continues the New York Tribune, should never be put into the batter, but always mixed with flour in a dry state.

## FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—CHILD'S OUTDOOR COSTUME, OF RED CLOTH. The loose coat is belted at the waist, and is trimmed with rows of braid of the same color. Seal-skin toque, with red pompons.

FIG. II.—WRAP, OF GREENISH-GRAY DIAGONAL CLOTH, made very long; and the fullness and ease that are required are given by the plaits that are laid at the back, from the waist down. At the waist, is a shirring; and small plaits extend from the neck to the waist. The sleeves are put in *panier* fashion, and are square at the waist. A narrow red kilt shows below the wrap. The bonnet is of black beaver, lined and trimmed with red.

FIG. III.—SKATING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The petticoat is green cloth, striped with black, over which the upper part of the dress opens. It is ornamented in front with gimp trimmings. The close-fitting jacket, which is cut away in front, is double-breasted; has large *revers* and pockets; and is also ornamented with gimp cords and fastenings. Black plush toque, with bird's-wing, and long veil.

FIG. IV.—SKATING-DRESS, OF BROWN DRESS FLANNEL. The petticoat is of darker-brown plush. The overdress, of flannel, is princess shape; is slightly gathered in front, below a band of the plush that goes around the neck, and down the sides, like a boa. The dress is also slightly draped at the back; and the muff, cuff, sleeve and pocket trimmings, as well as the Leonardi di Vinci hat, are of brown plush.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FINE GREENISH-GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt has four gathered ruffles around the bottom. Above these, it falls with scant fullness in front; and is slightly draped at the back. The Directoire coat is of dull gray and red plush, in quite a small plaid. This coat does not fall in the hard, swallow-tail lines, at the back, of those of last season; but is rounded, and falls a little looser. Bonnet of greenish-gray plush, with plumes of the same color, lined with dark-red.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK VELVETEEN. The front of the skirt is laid in kilt-plaits, with a loose, shirred trimming at the top of the flounce. One side of the princess dress falls straight down with the kilt-plaits, and is trimmed with two rows of black crochet buttons. The opposite side is turned back, and draped rather high. The front is trimmed with two rows of buttons, and finished with a bow of rich black gros-grain ribbon. The large square collar and three-quarter sleeves are trimmed with heavy white lace. On the collar, it is laid quite flat. The cream-white felt hat is lined with cream-colored surah silk, and is trimmed with a long red plume.

FIGS. VII. AND VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, FRONT AND BACK, OF BÉGE-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt has a deep kilt-plaiting, and the draped overskirt is short, and round in front; while at the back, it is longer, and falls in points. The bodice is pointed, back and front, with a band of dents, or battlements, at the edge of the basque; which dents may be lined with either brown or crimson satin; or narrow braid may be used, if preferred. The collar and cuffs correspond.

FIGS. IX. AND X.—WALKING-DRESS, BACK AND FRONT. It is made of all-wool black and white shepherd's-plaid. The lower part of the skirt is laid in large box-plaits. The tunic is short in front; opens diagonally; is fuller on the under and right side than on the other; and is drawn back and

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draped at the back, falling nearly to the bottom of the skirt. The bodice is coat-shaped, and the whole is simply trimmed with narrow black braid. Gray felt bonnet, trimmed with black velvet, and black feathers.

FIG. XI.—DINNER OR EVENING-DRESS, OF BROCHÉ SATIN, OF A GOLDEN-BROWN COLOR, WITH A SEAL-COLORED BROWN VELVET OVERDRESS. The broché skirt is laid in wide box-plaits. The velvet polonaise opens in front, and is draped at the back. Jabot and ruffles on the sleeves, of point lace.

FIG. XII.—MANTLE, OF BLACK SATIN MERVEILLEUX, with a flounce at the bottom, and at the sleeves, of plain black satin. The quilted standing collar is of the same, trimmed with black lace. Bow of black watered ribbon at the back.

FIG. XIII.—BONNET, OF DARK-BROWN PLUSH, trimmed with many curling tips, of a lighter brown.

FIG. XIV.—WINTER CLOAK, OF BLACK CORDED SILK, cut to follow the lines of the figure at the back, with a watered plush collar and trimmings for the sleeves. The long bows and ends at the back are of watered ribbon. Black silk costume, and black beaver hat and plumes.

FIG. XV.—OPERA CLOAK, OF WHITE CASHMERE, trimmed with a band of chinchilla fur. Sable or any brown fur would look equally well, and is more becoming to most persons than swan's-down, though the latter has the price to recommend it. The collar and the trimming down the back are of white surah silk, and the cloak is finished by large bows of white satin ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—HAT, composed entirely of small metallic-looking feathers, with a rosette of red feathers in front.

FIGS. XVII. AND XVIII.—BACK AND FRONT OF A BLOUSE WAIST, for a young girl or young lady. This waist may be made either of flannel, camel's-hair, surah, or of any material that is preferred. It is cut low in the neck, and a plaited chemisette, with a standing collar or ruffle, can be worn inside, if preferred.

FIG. XIX.—MANTLE, OF BLACK BROCADED SATIN, trimmed with fur. This model makes a beautiful opera or evening wrap, if made in crimson, white, or blue brocade, and trimmed with a brown or gray fur.

FIG. XX.—FICHU, made of gauze, and trimmed with lace. A large bouquet is placed near the neck, at the side. The back is long, and is gathered into a point, at the waist.

FIG. XXI.—NAINSOOK SKIRT, TO WEAR WITH AN EVENING-DRESS. It is ruffled at the bottom, and trimmed with embroidery. The ruffles at the top are necessary to give the full effect that is now fashionable to dresses. In some instances, these ruffles are attached to the skirt: in others, they are buttoned on.

FIG. XXII.—FLANNEL CAPE, for wearing beneath a mantle. It is done in buttonhole-stitch on the edge, and buttons down the front.

FIG. XXIII.—FLANNEL PETTICOAT, embroidered around the bottom, and trimmed with wide torchon lace. This is a beautiful petticoat for a bride, in white flannel; or it may be made in light-blue, pink, or violet.

FIG. XXIV.—CORSAGE, OF BLACK SURAH, with *paniers* of the same material. The white *crêpe lisse* falls in festoons at the top and bottom, and is tied across with black satin ribbon. Cream-colored, light-blue, pink, or red surah, would make a very dressy bodice for a young lady.

FIG. XXV.—CARDINAL CORSAGE, made of black velvet, and richly embroidered. Gold lace can be used in place of the embroidery. A surah sash, the color of the dress, is worn below the waist. The hat is of black velvet, bound with plush, and ornamented with long plumes.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Copper color, as well as venetian red, are favorite colors this winter. Copper color looks well mixed with brown or black for street-wear, or with white or a light-blue for evening-dress. The red shades should be worn with extreme care, for they look badly, if not successfully combined with other colors. Lemon, cream, amber, and old gold, all look well with it; and for out-of-door wear, black is the best color. Black evening-dresses are still great favorites, especially with married ladies; and when worn with steel, gold, red, or amber trimmings, are very beautiful. The very long trains are seldom worn, except by matrons; and they are frequently pointed at the back. All dresses are yet worn flat in front, and on the sides, though on the hips a full appearance is given by the *paniers;* and at the back, by the very full drapery, or by the bustle or *tournure*. This bustle is worn rather low down—not close up to the waist—and shirred. Gathered flounces are an old fashion revived, and a relief to the eye, after the long reign of knife and side-plaiting.

The making of dresses has gone through some variations, The skirts are wider, and are all short, except for quite dressy occasions. Two yards and a-half is now the usual width; puffings take a variety of forms; flounces cut on the straight, and gathered, so forming a heading, are occasionally replaced by a series of puffs to the waist, some two inches wide. The bodices are made as jackets, in thick materials; thinner ones are gathered and belted. The tunics are longer, and more irregular in their draping; for, except in the case of scarf tunics, two sides are rarely alike; and they are much trimmed with fancy plushes. Waistcoats are introduced on many bodices; a novelty are thick, coarse linen waistcoats. with serge dresses. Large sashes on the back appear on many winter dresses.

Evening-dresses are made of soft silk and nun's-cloth, trimmed with a profusion of lace.

*Mantles and Bonnets* have the widest range in choice possible. Except for young people, the small capote-shape bonnet is the most generally worn, though all sizes and shapes are seen.

*Fur* was never more popular than at present. Large capes, reaching nearly to the waist, are popular; and paletots, cloaks, mantles, and dresses, are all trimmed with it.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The fashions, during the past month, have been more remarkable for what has *not* been worn, than for what has been. The modes are, in fact, approaching a sensible and practical simplicity. The wild profusion of trimming that has been in vogue for so long, has disappeared, to a great extent. Plain skirts, of rich, heavy material, simply finished with a drawn bias puff, placed at the very edge, or with a wide heavy ruching around the hem, are universally popular. These skirts are made of plush or watered silk, for very elegant toilettes; and of velveteen for more ordinary costumes. In the former case, the corsage may be of brocade, or of satin, or of watered silk, particularly when the skirt is of that material. The corsage may be a deep Louis XV. coat, or else a Directoire coat, with long coat-tails, or else a cuirass. In the latter case, there is always a scarf drapery arranged on the skirt, of the same material as the corsage. With the velveteen skirt, a cashmere corsage and drapery; or else a Directoire coat, in lady's-cloth; or, perhaps, for street-wear, a long, straight, cloth paletot may be worn. A very pretty dress is made of a short skirt of black velvet or velveteen, with a full, heavy ruching of cashmere around the hem. Over this skirt is worn a very gracefully draped polonaise of black cashmere, parting in front, so as to show the velvet underskirt, nearly to the waist, and draped at the back, the drapery beginning at about a foot below the waist. The polonaise is finished with a velvet collar and cuffs, and is closed with small velvet buttons. This suit may be made in dark-brown, marine-blue, or myrtle-green; but the velvet and cashmere must match each other exactly in hue. For *very* full dress street suits, bands of velvet, embroidered with flowers in their natural tints, either in floss silks or colored beads, are employed. They look well on stamped velvets, in

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dark and neutral tints. Stamped velvet is much less worn now, than it has been, heretofore: its place—as the most fashionable of rich materials—having been taken by watered silk and plush.

The great art, now, in a street or visiting-costume, is to have every part of it—dress, bonnet, cloak, and muff—to match precisely in color, though they may all be of different materials. The gloves alone are permitted to form a contrast; and these are almost invaribly now of undressed kid, in various shades of tan-color. A very elegant toilette, in this style, is composed of a skirt of watered silk, finished with a deep ruching of satin; a velvet capote bonnet, bordered with a band of beads of the same hue as the velvet, and with strings of watered silk, and a long velvet paletot, lined with satin, and made with shirred sleeves. A small muff, in shirred velvet, with bow of watered silk, completes the costume.

The Directoire coats are very useful and pretty articles of dress; and made of lady's-cloth, they are not expensive. They are worn, by the Parisian ladies, with various styles of skirts. Thus, I have seen a myrtle-green coat, worn with a skirt of silver-gray surah; next, with one of dark-green satin and cashmere, and then with one of black silk. The prettiest that I have seen are made double-breasted; and are closed with fanciful buttons, of steel, oxydized silver, or gilt. They are cut away in front, a good deal like a gentleman's dress-coat; and terminate in two long tails at the back. A satin scarf-cravat, and little gold scarf-pin, are worn at the throat. They are also made exactly like an ordinary cuirass—corsage closed to the throat—but are less natty and characteristic in that form. They are very useful in enabling the possessor of any one of them to wear out an infinity of old skirts that have survived their corsages. A light-gray cloth coat is especially pretty, with skirts of black and white material, either stripd or checked. Of course, skirts of any large-figured stuff, except perhaps a plaid, should never be worn with a Directoire coat.

For evening-dress wear, silks and satins continue to be the favorite materials; very few gauzes being made up, even for very young girls. Plain light failles are the most in vogue for young ladies' wear, and pale, tinted satins are also employed. Ball-dresses, for youthful wearers, are *invariably* made short—that is to say, with round skirts, of the regular walking-dress length, clearing the ground well all around. I am glad to see that this pretty and sensible style is maintained, this season. One of the few gauze dresses that have been made up lately, was gotten up for one of the young belles of the American colony. The short skirt was covered with narrow plaited flounces of white gauze, striped with pale-pink, the pink stripes running transversely—that is to say, around the skirt. Over this flounced underskirt, was draped a vaporous mass of plain white gauze, covering the upper half of the skirt behind. This white gauze overdress parted in front, so as to show the underskirt, clear to the waist; and was edged all around with white silk lace. The corsage was of plain white gauze, lined with white silk; and was cut square, being finished with a flat fichu of the gauze. The half-long sleeves were unlined; and were composed of strips of shirred gauze, and bands of white lace, placed alternately; and were finished with lace around the arm. Slippers of bronze kid, of the Charles IX. style, with buckles of Rhine pebbles on the strap that crosses the instep. Pale-pink silk stockings, long Mousquetarie gloves, of cream-white undressed kid, and a white satin fan, painted with a spray of wild roses. No ornaments, except solitaire pearl earrings.

A very new and lovely material for opera-cloaks has just been introduced: it is called velvet-cloth, and is a long, close-napped, woollen velvet, with some admixture of silk in its texture; being very soft and glossy. It comes in the various shades of white. In cream-white, finished with a deep fringe, composed of balls of woollen chenille, strung on silk cord, and lined throughout with rose-pink satin: the wraps thus composed are deliciously pretty, and are less perishable and also less expensive than are those of plush. The paletot shape is the one preferred for making up these dainty garments.

Ostrich-feather fans are still the rage, and are carried in more preposterous dimensions than ever. I know of a Parisian lady who has imported twenty magnificent feathers from Africa, and will have a fan made of them that will be nearly a yard long.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF DARK-BROWN CLOTH. The trousers reach below the knee. The coat is rather long, and is cut with an easy spring over the hips. There is a wide and long rolling collar, and the brown cloth vest buttons on one side. Brown cloth cap.

FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS, OF GRAY LADY'S-CLOTH. The skirt has plaitings of gray silk, let in between each wide cloth plait. The tunic is of the cloth, draped at the back; and below the bodice, is another shorter plaiting, like the bottom of the skirt. The long pointed waist is finished by a ribbon tied as a sash, where it joins the plaited ruffle. Gray felt hat, and plumes.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE CASHMERE. There is a narrow knife-plaiting around the bottom. Above this, is a trimming of brown velveteen tabs, turned up and pointed, and fastened with a large button. A broad scarf of brown velveteen passes below the waist, and forms a trimming at the back. The white cloth coat is cut in battlements, to show the brown velveteen scarf beneath. The cuffs and collar are of seal-skin. Brown beaver hat, and feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Girls dress so like their mothers, that it sometimes seems that what answers for one, if only made smaller, will do equally well for the other: poke bonnets, basques, scarf trimmings, all are reproduced on the child's toilette. In one thing, however, they differ: they are allowed greater latitude in colors than older people.

Red is a very favorite color for children, this winter. Many are seen, every day, in our large cities, dressed entirely in red: stockings, cloak, and jaunty little round cap; sometimes with, sometimes without tassels. The little ones look very bright and picturesque; and the color adds greatly to the brightness of a gloomy, gray day. Many of the cloaks are simple-fitting sacques, with large round capes, which are gathered up the back, *Colleen Bawn* fashion.


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# THE LIFE OF WOMAN.

**How it is Shortened and How it may be Prolonged.**

**Synopsis of a Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Dr. Kenton Before the Woman's Society of New England.**

[New York Home Journal.]

Introducing her lecture, which was heard by a large and refined audience, by reference to the true position of woman in society, and how her physical condition affects her social and intellectual standing, the lecturer said:

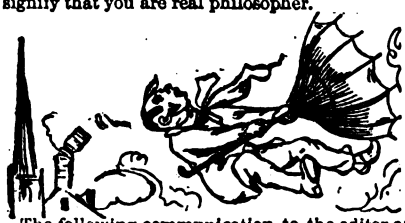
They who have made careful investigation, tell us that heathen women are much more able to endure pain than are the women of civilization; but civilized women resent the charge that they are weaker because they are civilized. A distinguished writer says: "If the women of civilization are less able to endure the taxation of their physical resources than are heathen women, it is a mere accidental circumstance, and one within their control." When the body is healthy, beauty is certain to appear, even in features once plain. With health and beauty in all their attractiveness a new life dawns, enjoyment begins, and all the luxurious attendants of a healthy body come forth. The maiden feels the glorious possibilities of life; the mother becomes conscious of the grandeur of maternity and the joys of a family. The Creator has given both woman and man perfect physical forms, and each is constitutionally equal to all natural demands. If women believe in the fatalism that disease is a necessary condition of their existence, it is chiefly because the schools of medical practice have been incapable of competing with the multitudes of ills which, by personal carelessness or professional incompetency, they have permitted to fasten upon woman.

A few weeks ago I received a call from a charming lady, who stated that she believed she was suffering from a paralyzed liver, and wished to know if I could in any way aid her recovery. There is no doubt that thousands of women are suffering to-day from similar troubles, who do not recognize their cause so nearly as this lady did. Paralysis means death of the member paralyzed, and torpidity of the liver is the first stage of its dissolution. A torpid and diseased liver carries the elements of disease to all the other parts of the system. With an imperfect liver comes biliousness, languor, a sense of bearing down, constipation, displacements, uterine troubles, and the thousand ills which are coupled in their train. Then follow impure blood and all the evils which an imperfect circulation causes. No woman is seriously sick for any length of time when the blood is pure, and no blood can be impure when the liver and kidneys are in perfect order. I feel it my privilege to-day to state that I believe there is a means whereby women who are suffering can obtain complete relief, and those who are in health be continued in its enjoyment. A few years ago a prominent and wealthy gentleman, residing in Rochester, N. Y., was given up to die of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. By means of a simple and purely vegetable remedy he was restored to perfect health. So efficient did this remedy prove in the case of many well-known men, that it began also to be used by ladies, and to-day thousands of women in all parts of the land, owe their restored health and continued happiness to the wonderful power and efficacy of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and Safe Pills. The first cause of ill health is impure blood. The performance of the natural functions of womanhood and motherhood is not a disease, nor should it be so treated. If, however, the blood be impure, it is certain to produce poisoning effects in the parts with which it comes in contact, and thus cause inflammations and the innumerable ills which make the physical life of woman so hard to endure. I am aware a prejudice exists against proprietary medicines, and that such prejudice is too often well founded, but we should discriminate—not condemn all because some are inefficient. The merits of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and Safe Pills have been proved beyond a doubt, because *they deal directly with the causes* of all female troubles.

The lecturer closed with an enthusiastic commendation of this wonderful remedy, and urged her hearers to judge of such remedies on their merits, and not through senseless prejudice.

# FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the least improved upon of all appliances for human comfort, the shape being now as it was in those youthful days of the world. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession—the last one who gets it owns it. The following facts about umbrellas—especially the last one—may serve every reader a splendid purpose sooner or later: To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but drippings of the rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies that "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella signifies that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella in a rain-storm shows I am sure of getting rheumatism, and will have to use ST. JACOBS OIL to get well." To keep a fine umbrella for your own use and a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL always in the house, in case of rheumatism or accident, would signify that you are real philosopher.



The following communication to the editor of the Salem (Mass.) *Register* shows how an artist treated his visitor: "I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hatch's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and put on a great many airs, making himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and stayed two months. I then decided that the next time he came I would change his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of ST. JACOBS OIL—morning, noonand night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer, as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does, just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long. J. S. LEPAVOUR.

(Write for particulars; mention this publication.)

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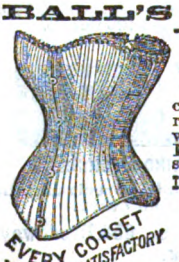


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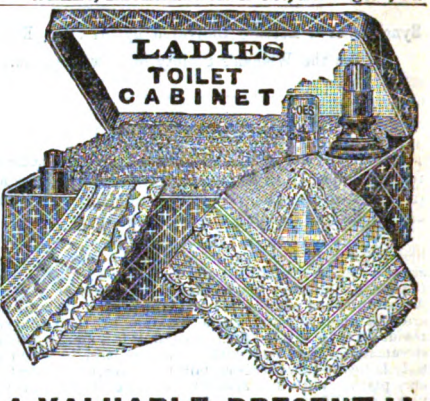


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A MERRY SLEDDING PARTY.

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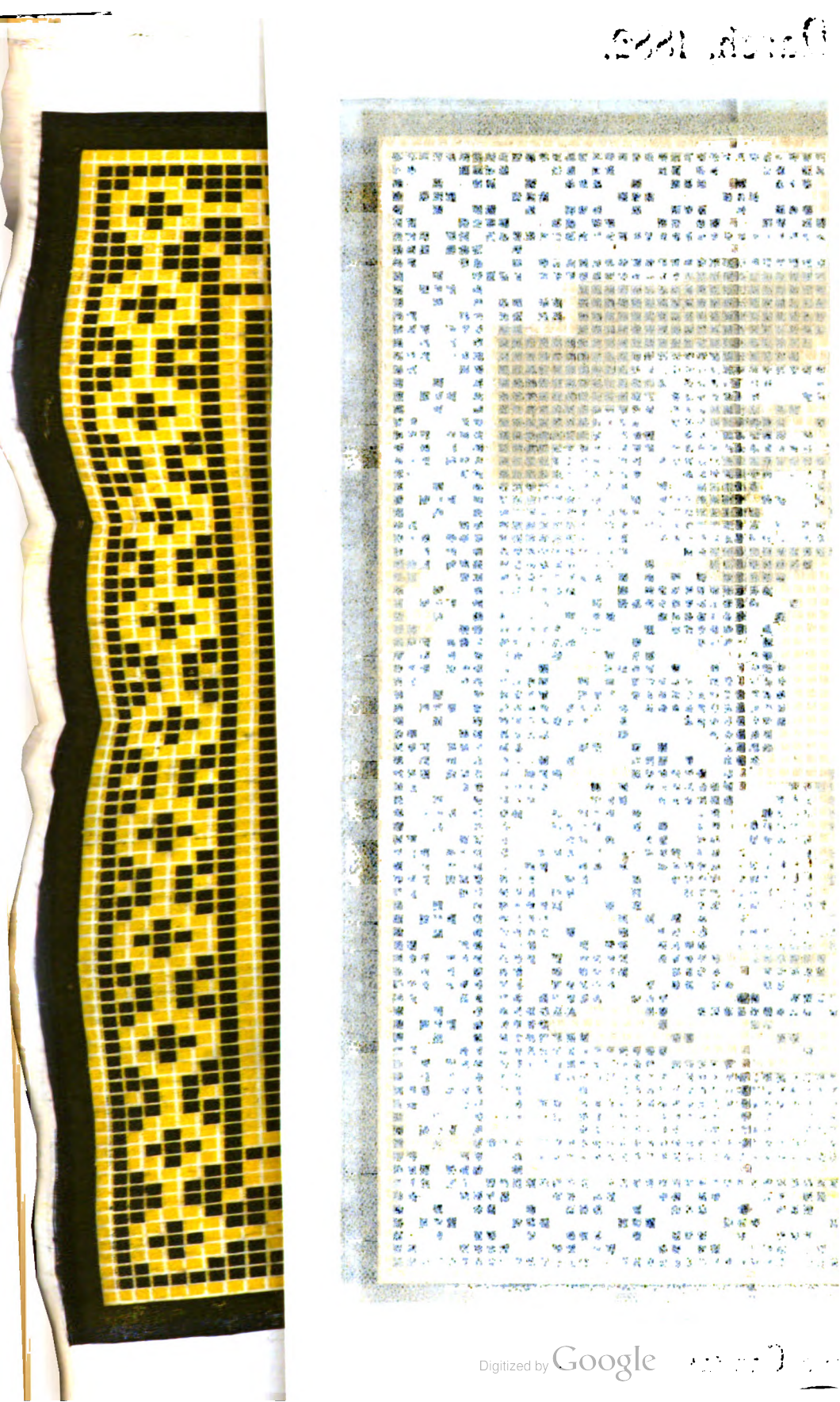

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FANNY. [*See the Story, "How My Aunt Managed."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

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STREET COSTUMES FOR SPRING.

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SPRING WALKING-DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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HOUSE-DRESS· BACK AND FRONT.

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OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS. HOUSE DRESS.

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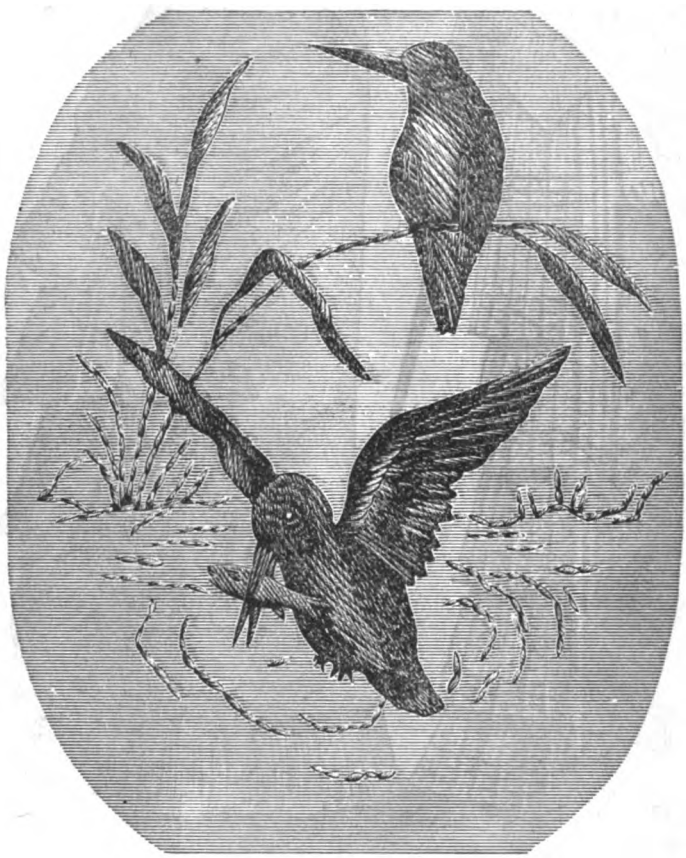

TRAVELING-BAG: FRONT AND SIDE. DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

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JAPANESE DESIGNS FOR D'OYLEYS.

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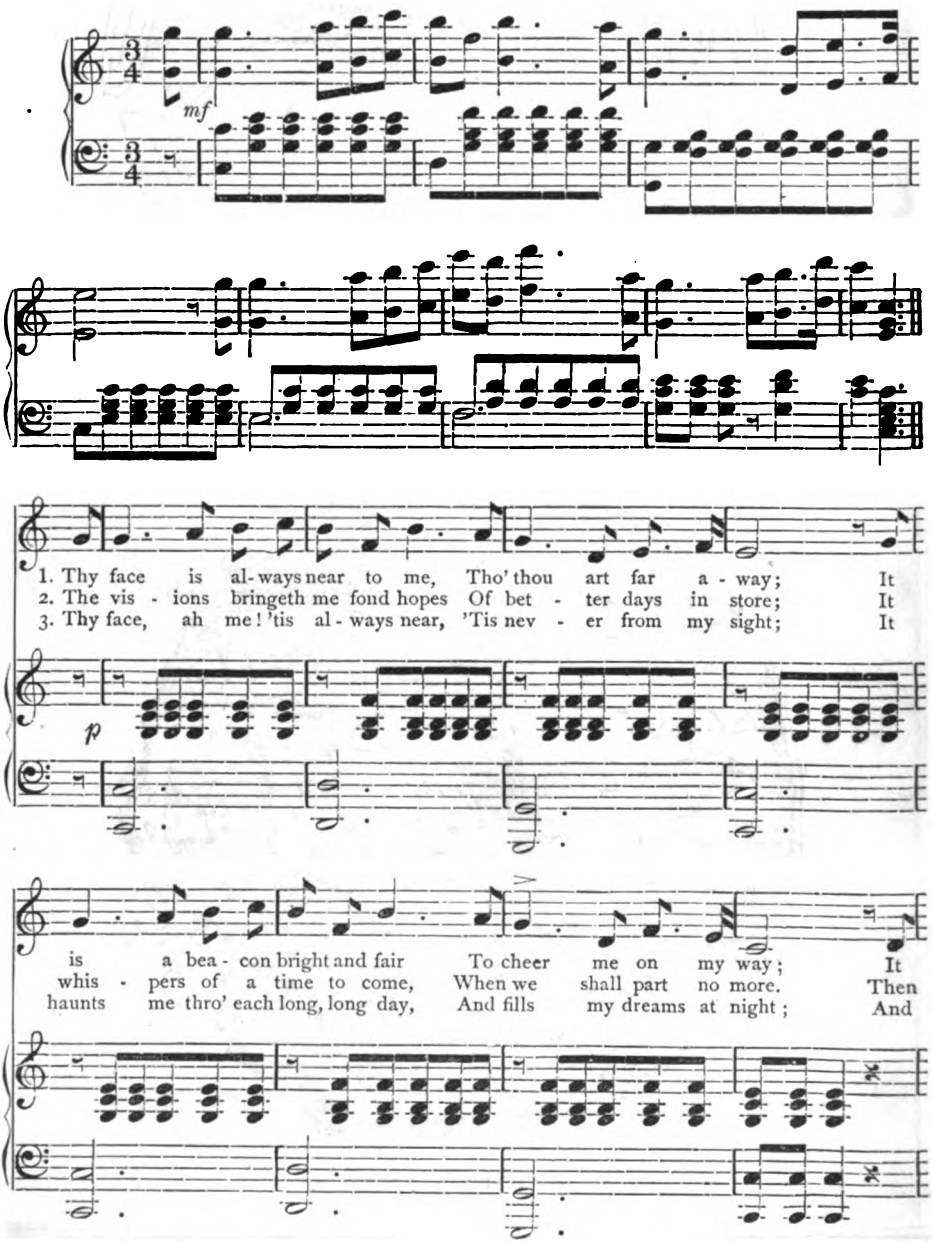
# THY FACE.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by R. LEJOINDRE. Music by C. H. R. MARRIOTT.

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is a star to guide me thro' This bus - y world of pain, A
rest with me, oh, vis - ion bright! My on - ly hope thou art; My
yet it is a source of joy, It is my heart's great wealth, And

*mf*

*rall.*

bea - con bright to rest with me Un - til we meet a - gain.....
on - ly joy, my on - ly grief Is when we are a - part..... } Thy
on - ly would I lose it for The vis - ion's own dear self.....

*f*

*rall.*

*a tempo.*

face is al - ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a - way; It

*mf* *a tempo.*

is a bea - con bright and fair To cheer me on my way.

*rall.*

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SPRING HAT, WITH FEATHERS.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXI. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1882. No. 3

## HOW TO RIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES."

RIDING on horseback has the advantage of being both healthy and agreeable. A smart canter, or a swinging trot, brings muscles into play, that otherwise would remain unused; stimulates a torpid liver; and quickens all the vital powers. Nor does a lady ever look better, than when on horseback, provided she rides well. Physicians, now, universally recommend horseback exercise. To be able to ride gracefully is regarded as the first of feminine accomplishments.

But here comes the difficulty. There is riding, and riding. To sit a horse gracefully, to manage him skilfully, is a gift that does not come by nature, except in very rare cases. To acquire the art of equestrianism, therefore, is very desirable. No lady wishes to go bumping along on horseback; to sit crooked; or to be, in any way, a "guy." We propose, in consequence, to give a few hints, that, if followed, will enable ladies to acquire, even without a teacher, the art of riding well.

The first thing is to be able to mount and dismount gracefully; and, with a little care, this is easy to accomplish. You have, perhaps, laughed at the spectacle of some fair rider helplessly poised in mid-air, between the horse and the assistant, or making several efforts before a successful one lands her on the saddle. The first of these misfortunes is occasioned by standing too far from the horse; the second, by not straightening the left knee well in taking the spring. Stand with the right shoulder as close to the horse as convenient; place the forefinger of the right hand between the reins, the hand on the pommel; put the left foot into the hands of the attendant, the left hand on his shoulder, and spring into the saddle. Now, mark, if at this moment you are careful to straighten the left knee sufficiently, you will find yourself in your place without the slightest trouble; otherwise your whole weight falls on the hands of the person assisting you, with the result that you are pushed up by main force, and what should be an elegant action is converted into an awkward scramble. The whip all this time is held in the right hand. On raising this hand to the pommel, do not hold the whip in such a manner that you will sit upon it when you spring. Many good whips have thus been broken; and, apart from this, a clumsy effect is produced. The whip is a necessary adjunct for a lady, as we shall presently see; but never carry a very limp one; it



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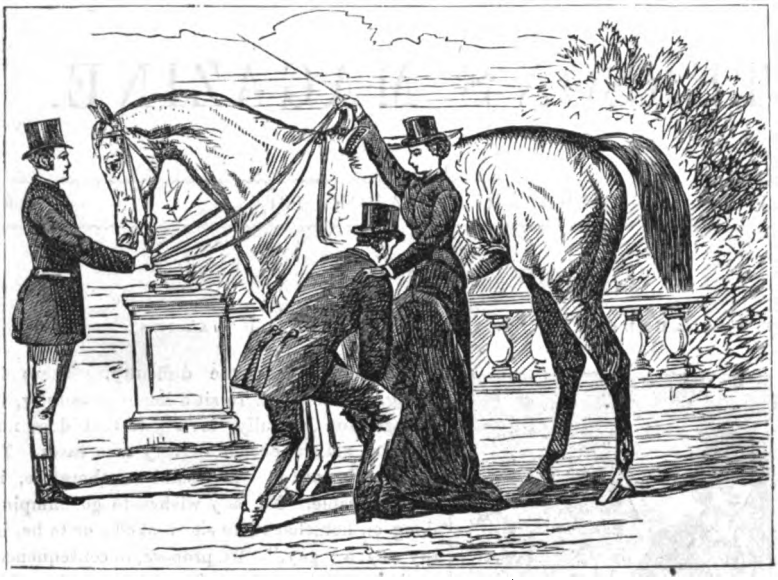

MOUNTING.

is apt to tease a horse if carelessly handled. The whip should be straight, moderately supple, and light. This will put you "square" in the saddle.

Having gained the saddle, before placing the knee over the pommel, with the right hand slightly ease your habit, that no drag or wrinkling may follow; then put the knee into position, the left foot in the stirrup, and you are fairly mounted.

In order to alight, disengage the foot from the stirrup, remove the knee from the pommel, and on this same pommel place the right hand; with the left take hold of the habit, and thus, as you slide down, prevent the feet from becoming entangled. There is not so much danger of this now as formerly, and the short skirt at present worn is certainly more sensible than the cumbrous and flowing garment of years gone by. If assistance be proffered, to break the jar of the descent, avail yourself of it by placing the left hand, which can still retain the habit, on the hand of friend or attendant; and, as you reach the ground, make the faintest possible rebound. The word sounds almost too decided, the movement is so slight; but it gives a certain elasticity to the frame, and does away with the sudden jerk often experienced. One word more on the subject of dismounting. Be careful never to lift the knee from the pommel, until you are quite ready to quit the saddle.

Having got gracefully into the saddle, the next thing is to fix yourself there. The first point is to settle the length of your stirrup. Novices invariably prefer this too short. It gives them a sense of greater security, if they can feel the leg wedged in between the stirrup and the third pommel (all good saddles are now made with this third pommel); but it is a mistake. Too short a stirrup destroys all freedom of the limbs, and throws the body over to the right. Better have the stirrup too long than too short. Indeed, it is capital practice to ride occasionally with a longer stir-

SITTING SQUARE IN SADDLE.

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rup than usual, or even with none, provided you resolutely guard against all tendency to lean to the left. It will teach you to balance yourself in the saddle, and to adapt your movements to those of your horse, with a degree of ease that will amply repay any exertion you may find it at first. Learn to alter your stirrups without aid. The balance-strap is ready to your hand on the off side, and renders this a very simple operation.

The seat and the hand must be perfectly independent of each other. A steady seat is never gained while any assistance is taken from the reins; therefore, it is a good plan for the learner to have her horse led at first. Sit square, so that you look straight between the horse's ears; keep the right shoulder well back, and let the weight of the body fall exactly in the centre of the saddle. No bearing on the stirrup, mind. There the foot must rest steadily, the knee slightly bent, and the toe pointing to the horse's shoulder. You say, perhaps, "It is all very well to talk, but my right shoulder *will* come forward, especially in the trot, although I am always trying to prevent it!"

Well, we are not going to trot, just yet; and suppose, in the meantime, we treat that obtrusive right shoulder as we sometimes do obtrusive

FAIRLY MOUNTED.

people: just leave it to its own devices, and turn our attention to the left knee.

If we can only get this valuable ally to do our bidding, we shall soon conquer the shoulder. In other words, while the knee is kept well against the saddle, in such a way as to turn the heel slightly from the horse, the shoulder will be in its proper place. Try it, and see what a different thing is the position thus obtained, from that in which the rider hangs on the near pommel, and bears heavily in the stirrup.

In this case, the elasticity of the figure is altogether destroyed. "Good riding," says a high authority, "consists in a foreknowledge of what direction any given motion of the horse would throw the body, and a ready adaptation of the whole frame to the proper position, before the horse has completed his change of action." This can only be acquired by practice. It is this that we mean when we speak of elasticity. Without it, you can never become a good rider, much less a graceful one. Meantime, keep the elbows close to the hips: not stiffly, of course. We often see ladies, with their arms projecting out; forming, as it were, a triangle; and flopping up and down, like the wings of a bird. This is very ungraceful. Nor can the hands work properly, when the elbows stick out in this manner.

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The management of the reins comes next. It is surprising how many girls, really ambitious of riding well, take no trouble to understand this thoroughly. They know that the bridles generally used have two reins, and that these are called respectively the curb and the snaffle; but they are by no means certain what difference exists between them; and they would probably be puzzled to decide, in a hurry, which was which. Now, of these two reins, the upper one belongs to the bridoon, or snaffle: and this is united in the middle by a buckle; the lower to the bit or curb: which, instead of a buckle, has a sewing. They are, therefore, readily distinguishable; but in order to obviate any confusion on the part of a beginner, and also because her hand is too harsh and uncertain to be trusted with the means of severer restraint, it is usual to place the snaffle rein only in her hand; and when she has become accustomed to that, to supplement it with the curb.

HELD SO TIGHTLY AS TO IMPEDE NATURAL ACTION.

Now, having mastered this difference between the two reins, the next thing to do is to learn how to hold them. With the right hand, take up the snaffle rein at the buckle; place the third finger of the left hand between this rein (so that you can lightly feel the horse's mouth), and turn it over the forefinger, on the off side. Next, take up the curb rein at the sewing, pass the second, third, and fourth fingers through it, and turn that also smoothly over the forefinger, and the other rein. Then, to guard them from slipping, place the thumb upon both.

There is still another way of holding the double reins, which it may be as well to describe. It is to separate the bridoon rein with the second finger of the bridle hand, and the bit rein with the little finger, turning them both over the fore-finger; and not forgetting to call in the aid of the thumb, to keep them from slipping. Some prefer this method, owing to the ease with which, while using principally the bridoon, the bit may be brought into play, with a pressure of the little finger.

The hands should be light, firm, and never inactive. When the horse is walking, no less than in his more animated movements, the "correspondence," as it is called, between his mouth and the guiding hand, must be maintained; and this is equally lost, if the reins are held so tightly as to impede his natural action, or slackened until he is deprived of all support.

When this latter fault is indulged in, the horse gets into a careless, shambling gait; is liable to stumble; and is technically termed "disunited." In order to "unite," or "collect," him again, raise your hand, with a quickening touch on the reins. The fingers of the bridle hand should always remain sufficiently unclosed to allow of their free play; and as he lifts his head, gently bring him up to the bit, with a simultaneous pressure on either side of the leg and whip. Thus he is "united," and the "correspondence" restored. To preserve it, the hand, while its motion is so slight as to be almost unseen, must follow the impulse of the horse's head, as it advances and recedes, with every step. This "give-and-take" movement is the foundation of all understanding between the horse and his rider. A heavy hand makes a horse pull, or else hang upon the bridle. You are, perhaps, surprised to see some that annoy you, in this way, ridden apparently with-

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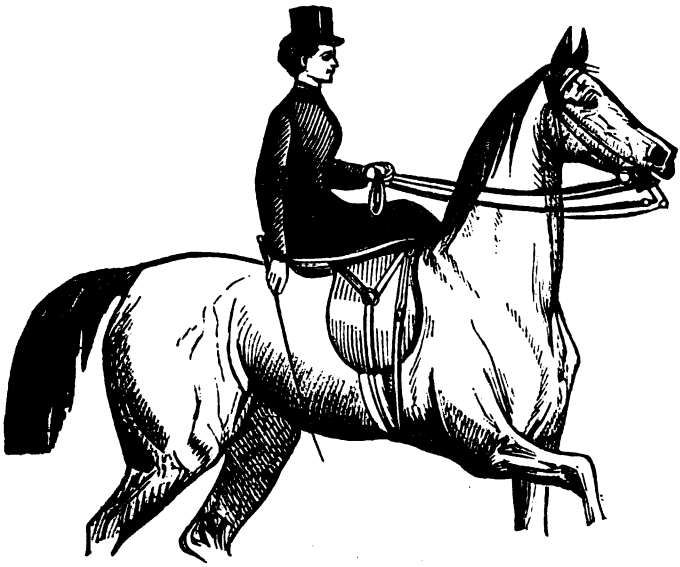

THE HORSE PROPERLY COLLECTED IN HAND.

out fatigue, or even effort, by other ladies. The reason is not far to find.

You trust to your strength—in which you are no match for your equine friend; they, to the delicacy of their hands: which, gradually eased to his peculiar bearing, enable them to feel his mouth, and bring him under control; to his comfort, as well as their own. Lightness, then, is the first essential; and the hand which accomplishes its object, with the least display of force, is the most perfect hand.

But decision should mark it, also; for indecision prompts those jerks and snatches at the reins, which are sure to defeat their own end, and spoil the temper of the horse. Every operation of the hand is to be gentle and gradual, that he may learn to rely on the will that directs him. And remember, that any unsteadiness of the elbows gives fickleness to the hands. In turning to the right, increase the bearing on the right rein, by a slight movement of *the wrist*, which brings the back of the hand upward. In turning to the left, bring the nails upward, and the third and little fingers will press the left reins. The extra bearing on one rein must not, however, lead you to neglect all feeling on the other, or you lose the power of steadying the horse. For this reason, a common custom of making the turn by pressing the outer rein against his neck, is to be avoided; for then the inner one is slackened, and just when he most needs support, it is withdrawn.

The next thing to consider is the paces of the horse. Having learned to sit properly, and having acquired the management of the reins, you are in a condition to make your steed walk, trot, canter, or gallop. Horses, just as human beings, differ in their ways of walking. Some carry the head low, moving loosely and carelessly; some insist upon ambling, which is a nondescript gait, between a walk and a trot; and some step out well, with that freedom and animation which are the perfection of the movement. In the first of these instances, you must rouse your careless steed, with quickening touches on the reins, to make him work up to the bridle; for if not kept well in hand, he may stumble: and further to emphasise your wishes, press the left leg and whip lightly against his sides. In the second, to overcome the ambling, he should be pulled up, and made to start afresh. It is a habit not always unpleasant, but better discouraged, because it spoils the other paces, and is usually regarded as a consequence of bad riding. In the third and last instance, when the horse, carrying his head well, walks away, with a firm and regular step, all you have to do is to keep the hands steady and pliant, so that they feel every beat of his action; yield to his movements; and enjoy the result. When wishing to stop, slightly throw back the shoulders, at the moment of increased bearing upon the reins; this, with an instant's pressure of foot and whip, keeps him together, and prevents him from making the stop on his shoulders.

The trot is the most difficult pace to learn. The rein belonging to the snaffle is sometimes called the trotting rein, being the one generally used in this pace. At the commencement, therefore, it should be rather shortened. The alternate action of the horse, in trotting, makes it necessary for the rider to rise and fall in the saddle, in regular time with his step. If this time be not perfectly kept, a jar ensues, which is fatal to all elegance, to say nothing of comfort. At a certain point, the movement gives an impetus to the body; and when once this can be felt, and taken advantage of, the first difficulty is overcome—you have learned to rise.



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What you have now to avoid is the awkward habit of twisting yourself to the left, and rising too high, or so quickly that you fall twice, when once would be better. Let us assure you that no hard work is needed. The instant the impetus is given—a light pressure of the foot in the stirrup, induced by a momentary straightening of the knee, the latter being all the time kept close to the saddle—will cause the rise to be made more squarely, and without a bend at the waist. But if you persist in pointing the left foot, and consequently the knee, outward, or neglect to keep the heel lower than the toe, you will never trot comfortably, but always with uneasiness and fatigue.

Do not fancy, that, the faster the trot, the greater the skill displayed; but regulate the pace, so that your horse may not break into a canter; for he will be likely to do this, if trotting at full speed. Should this happen, bear strongly on the right or left rein of the snaffle: if the right, using the first and second fingers and the thumb of the right hand. This will throw him out of his stride, and bring him back to the trot.

In the canter, the great thing is to have the figure pliant and easy. Sit well in the centre of the saddle; and keep as close to it as possible, consistently with accommodating yourself to the movement. Few people find any difficulty in the pace. It is, therefore, a tempting one for the learner; who is apt, however, to lean too far back, and to be somewhat unsteady in her seat: an evil remedied by a proper use of the near pommel, the support of the right knee.

The horse should lead with the right foot, when cantering. If he starts with the left, bear on the opposite rein, which will bring him right. A lady never looks as graceful, when a horse leads with the left foot, as when he leads with the right. As soon as the action is properly begun, maintain an equal feeling on both reins: you will be sensible of the cadence of every step, if you have him well in hand. Should he change to the trot, of his own accord, employ hands, heel, and whip to collect him, and make him resume the original pace. When stopped, he will almost invariably trot a few paces before halting; be in readiness for this, or you will, by jolting helplessly in the saddle, make a bad finale to your canter.

From the canter to the "hand-gallop" is an easy transition; too easy, some unlucky individuals have found it; who, not having their horses well in hand in the former pace, have made acquaintance with the latter, and even perhaps with the full gallop, earlier than was desirable. The *first* inclination of a horse, to gain upon the hand, must be checked; lest he, by degrees, break away, and defy control; and what would have been easy, if taken in time, prove a task beyond you. As soon, then, as the inclination is perceived, at every beat of his forefeet on the ground, draw the reins gradually and firmly upward to the waist. So you pull him together, by an alternate easing and feeling of his mouth, at every stride. But it is possible he may still resist the hand, and a gallop threaten to end in his running away. In such a case, avoid, above all things, a dull,

A FREE CANTER.

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heavy pull at the bridle; which will have no effect on his speed, and only take from you all power of guidance. While you retain presence of mind, and can guide him, you are still comparatively safe. The voice will often soothe an excited animal, and he is greatly influenced by the calmness or terror of his rider. Speak to him; and if you are inwardly quaking, do not let him know it. Remember, that any display of fright will make matters worse; so you may as well be brave.

Besides, you are not yet at the end of your resources. Sitting well back, bear heavily on each rein, alternately. This kind of sawing motion on the mouth, will, probably, soon stop him. If not, slacken the reins an instant; and then draw them suddenly up, with all your strength, the body inclining backwards, and care being taken that the shock of the halt does not throw you on the pommel. We give these directions, in case a sudden fright should set off

THE PERFECT HORSE AND RIDER.

your horse, or his spirits get the better of him. But if your horse runs away a second time, sell him, at once. No lady, however good a rider, should own a runaway horse.

A very dangerous trick, with some horses, is rearing. We repeat, here, what we have said of runaway horses: never keep a horse that has a habit of rearing. But if, at any time, your horse does rear, it is of the utmost importance to cease, immediately, bearing on the reins. Not only must the head be eased, however, but the body of the rider must be inclined forward, so as to throw the weight on his shoulders, and thus force him down. The least touch of the whip, or tightening of the bridle, or pressure of the heel, while your horse is rearing, will cause him to rise higher; perhaps even to fall backwards: but when he is coming down, and his forefeet near the ground, give a smart stroke behind the saddle: being prepared, meanwhile, to keep your balance, in case

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or a plunge forward. It will not do to hear on his mouth too suddenly, for fear it will make him slow again. If the intention to rear be perceived in time, you may frustrate it by checking one side, and coaxing him with the other, keeping the hand low. He is thus compelled to move a hind leg, and his attempt is foiled. To divert him from making another, turn him round two or three times.

A horse that habitually kicks is also to be avoided. But the best horses will kick, sometimes. In this emergency, keep him thoroughly in hand; for while his head is up, you may be sure he cannot do much harm with his heels. The first symptom of kicking should be met by a sharp reminder from the bit, chiding, at the same time, with the voice. If continued, sit back, and raise the hands, not to pull at him, but to give you the power of snatching his head up, at every effort he makes to get it down. It is a sign which is considered that kicking may, occasionally, proceed from an ill fitting saddle. Ascertain this, as soon as possible, or if there is anything else causing him pain.

When riding a horse that is apt to shy, do not forget his weakness, and on meeting with anything likely to startle him, slightly turn away his head. Your aim is to prevent him from noticing it; and by touching him lightly with heel and whip, on the side to which you are bearing, and speaking kindly, he will scarcely be accustomed. But if some is over so suddenly turn and scream, or do so if I have him back. Turn his counterfeit scream, and then endeavor to soothe and cast him until he approach and see what is occasion of fright. Keep his mind, yet a present to hold him steady; or he may perhaps, fly hastily past the obstacle. He will learn from your self-possession that no fear is groundless.

In conclusion, two or three simple rules should ever be borne in mind.

If about to ride with several others, when mounted, move forward a few paces, and then keep your horse perfectly quiet, or he may make his companions impatient, and restive while your friends are mounting.

Always start gently. It is unwise to excite a horse, directly he leaves the stable, and equally so to bring him home heated with a hard run, or a long canter. Let him walk a short distance at least, before you dismount.

In going up hill, give him his head freely, and on a bad road do the same—so far as is consistent with keeping a watchful hand upon him, that he may pick his way safely. On a newly repaired road, ride where the stones are thick, rather than where they lie loosely scattered about the hard ground.

## WINTER AND SPRING.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

To that springtime long ago
How my heart with rapture turns;
When with spirits all unbounded
Walked we, where the wood-spring bubbled,
'Mid the ferns.
As they felt December's snow;
And my heart with fondness yearns
Over those memories upspringing,
I can almost hear the singing
Of the wood-thrush in the woods,
Growing green and sweet with buds.

I shall never, never know
Whether, in the weary years
That have crowned my days with sadness,
You have walked life's way in gladness,
Or in tears.
Wild December's tempests blow;
But my spirit almost hears
Gush of wood-spring, and the tender
Song of thrushes, while the splendor
Of your eyes, dark and divine,
Seem to smile once more in mine.

## LONELINESS.

BY BLANCHE B. BROWNE.

Tired of hearing strange voices,
Tired of treading strange ground,
Tired of clasping strange fingers;
Tenderly, earnestly longing
For those that lie under the mound.
I've travelled the storied rivers,
And trodden the classic street;
Have heard the grand music of ocean;
But, silently, memory brings me
A voice with music more sweet.
Alone, under goldenest sunbeams,
The quiet glimmer of stars:
Alone, 'mid the world's love and sorrow,
And the din of its noisy wars,
Oh, lift thou, latch, at the gateway
Where opens the starry road,
And winds on in lofty silence
Up, up to the feet of God!
For up that road must I journey,
With the death angels, silent and white,
'Ere I tenderly clasp the loved fingers,
And melt from out darkness to light.

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# AN OLD ROMANCE.

BY A. C. GORDON.

I HAD checked my horse, in the shade of the chestnut tree near the fence, where I saw an old colored man chopping wood. I was very thirsty, after my hot and dusty ride; and I asked him to draw me some water from the well in the yard. I thought, at first, that he eyed me rather suspiciously; but I am certain, now, that this was merely my fancy.

Laying his axe against the log, he brought me, in a long-stemmed Virginia gourd, a draught of the coolest water I think I ever drank. Having handed me the gourd, he leaned both arms upon the fence, and regarded me contemplatively, as I sat there in the saddle. But I could see that he did not recognize me at all. It had all been so very long ago, that I scarcely wondered. I had grown bearded and gray, and somewhat rotund, since we had last met; and I was glad he did not know me.

I could not fail to note that the years had dimmed the erstwhile keen sight of his honest eyes—eyes which he would now and then shade with his hand, as he looked at me, earnestly. But the features of the rugged, homely black face were otherwise unchanged; and I should have known him anywhere. Certainly, most of all at this place, where I had once known him best.

The sight of him there stirred old memories in my heart, and tears sprang into my eyes, which I hoped that he would not see.

There it all lay before me. The fair, bright landscape; the long lane, hedged with white, blossoming thornbushes; the green woods in the distance, through which I knew the little brook was running, with a placid murmur, just as it ran eighteen years ago, over mossy rocks and shining sands, with bubble, and spurt, and eddy. Only, there was nothing now to dye its waters with the crimson hue which they wore, that day, in the early June, back there. And the house, too, with its wide piazza, its old-fashioned gable roof, and its faded brown window-shutters: it all seemed very little changed. Even the caged mocking-bird hung in the library-window, still; yet it could scarcely have been the same bird. The very leaves on the honeysuckle vine had the cool greenness of that old time; and the well-bucket, at the end of the long sweep, seemed an unchanged and familiar friend.

There was no sound audible about the house, embowered in its sylvan shade, and pranked out with early summer roses, now that the axe of the old wood-chopper had, for a while, suspended its labors.

"Though the kitchen fire suffer for it," I thought, "I'll talk to him about that time, and *her*."

I looked up under the eaves of the house, and saw the rent that had been made there by the cannon-ball, when the battle was fought, many years ago, in the wheat-field, out to the left, through which the little brook runs, before it enters the woods. I pointed to the hole, and asked him how it came, as if I did not know; and in reply, he told me the story of my own life.

"Dat hole?" he answered. "A cannon-ball made dat hole, at de battle o' Piedmount. From up No'f? Well, you ain't de fus' from up No'f dat's been heah; an' some on 'em stayed. But dem times is done over. See out yondah, whar dat wheat is gittin' yellah? Well, sah, dis niggah's knowed de day when dat groun' wahn't teh be seed, 'count o' de dead men what lay 'roun' dar on it. Was de battle fit dar? I should think it was. An' de beatenes' battle dat eveh I see. Dey stahted by sun-up; an' all day long, in de hot June sunshine, dem cannons was a-boomin', an' a-boomin'; and men was yellin', an' marchin' fo'ards, an' goin' back-'ards, and fightin' like devils. Dat branch, over dar, run blood foh two days; an' it was jes' awful, twell dey got all o' dem dead men undeh groun'.

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"Mars' George was a soljeh—you don't know Mars' George?"—with an expression of compassionate regret on his face—"He was a Tuckahoe Verjinyin, from beyond dem mountains; an' he used to come oveh heah, from de Univussity, wid my old marsteh's son, what died, when dey was Univussity students togetheh. Miss Ann wahn't nothin' more'n a small gal den, clim'in'



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or a plunge forward. It will not do to bear on his mouth too suddenly, for fear it will make him rise again. If the intention to rear be perceived in time, you may frustrate it by slacking one rein, and bending him with the other, keeping the hand low. He is thus compelled to move a hind leg, and his attempt is foiled. To divert him from making another, turn him around two or three times.

A horse that habitually kicks is also to be avoided. But the best horses will kick, sometimes. In this emergency, keep him thoroughly in hand; for, while his head is up, you may be sure he cannot do much harm with his heels. The first symptom of kicking should be met by a sharp reminder from the bit; chiding, at the same time, with the voice. If continued, sit back, and raise the hands: not to pull at him, however; but to give you the power of snatching his head up, at every effort he makes to get it down. It is worth while to remember that kicking may, occasionally, proceed from an ill-fitting saddle. Ascertain this, as soon as possible, or if there is anything else causing him pain.

When riding a horse that is apt to shy, do not forget his weakness; and on meeting with anything likely to alarm him, slightly turn away his head. Your aim is to prevent him from noticing it; and by touching him lightly with heel and whip, on the side to which you are bearing, and speaking kindly, this will perhaps be accomplished. But if, seeing the object, he suddenly turn half around, do not try to force him back. Turn him completely around, and then endeavor to soothe and coax him, until he approach and pass what has occasioned his fright. Ease the hand; yet, be prepared to hold him steady: for he may swerve, and fly hastily past the obstacle. He will learn from your self-possession that his fears are groundless.

In conclusion, two or three simple rules should ever be borne in mind:

If about to ride with several others: when mounted, move forward a few paces; and then keep your horse perfectly quiet, or he may make his companions impatient and restive while your friends are mounting.

Always start gently. It is unwise to excite a horse, directly he leaves the stable; and equally so to bring him home heated with a hard trot, or a long canter. Let him walk a short distance, at least, before you dismount.

In going up hill, give him his head freely; and on a bad road do the same—so far as is consistent with keeping a watchful hand upon him—that he may pick his way safely. On a newly repaired road, ride where the stones are thick, rather than where they lie loosely scattered about the hard ground.

## WINTER AND SPRING.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

To that springtime long ago
How my heart with rapture turns;
When with spirits all untroubled
Walked we, where the wood spring bubbled,
'Mid the ferns.
Coldly falls December's snow;
But my heart with fondness yearns
O'er those memories upspringing,
I can almost hear the singing
Of the wood-thrush in the woods,
Growing green and sweet with buds.

I shall never, never know
Whether, in the weary years
That have crowned my days with sadness,
You have walked life's way in gladness,
Or in tears.
Wild December's tempests blow;
But my spirit almost hears
Gush of wood-spring, and the tender
Song of thrushes, while the splendor
Of your eyes, dark and divine,
Seem to smile once more in mine.

## LONELINESS.

BY BLANCHE E. BROWNE.

Tired of hearing strange voices,
Tired of treading strange ground,
Tired of clasping strange fingers;
Tenderly, earnestly longing
For those that lie under the mound.
I've travelled the storied rivers,
And trodden the classic street;
Have heard the grand music of ocean;
But, silently, memory brings me
A voice with music more sweet.
Alone, under goldenest sunbeams,
The quiet glimmer of stars:
Alone, 'mid the world's love and sorrow,
And the din of its noisy wars,
Oh, lift thou, latch, at the gateway
Where opens the starry road,
And winds on in lofty silence
Up, up to the feet of God!
For up that road must I journey,
With the death angels, silent and white,
'Ere I tenderly clasp the loved fingers,
And melt from out darkness to light.

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# AN OLD ROMANCE.

BY A. C. GORDON.

I HAD checked my horse, in the shade of the chestnut tree near the fence, where I saw an old colored man chopping wood. I was very thirsty, after my hot and dusty ride; and I asked him to draw me some water from the well in the yard. I thought, at first, that he eyed me rather suspiciously; but I am certain, now, that this was merely my fancy.

Laying his axe against the log, he brought me, in a long-stemmed Virginia gourd, a draught of the coolest water I think I ever drank. Having handed me the gourd, he leaned both arms upon the fence, and regarded me contemplatively, as I sat there in the saddle. But I could see that he did not recognize me at all. It had all been so very long ago, that I scarcely wondered. I had grown bearded and gray, and somewhat rotund, since we had last met; and I was glad he did not know me.

I could not fail to note that the years had dimmed the erstwhile keen sight of his honest eyes—eyes which he would now and then shade with his hand, as he looked at me, earnestly. But the features of the rugged, homely black face were otherwise unchanged; and I should have known him anywhere. Certainly, most of all at this place, where I had once known him best.

The sight of him there stirred old memories in my heart, and tears sprang into my eyes, which I hoped that he would not see.

There it all lay before me. The fair, bright landscape; the long lane, hedged with white, blossoming thornbushes; the green woods in the distance, through which I knew the little brook was running, with a placid murmur, just as it ran eighteen years ago, over mossy rocks and shining sands, with bubble, and spurt, and eddy. Only, there was nothing now to dye its waters with the crimson hue which they wore, that day, in the early June, back there. And the house, too, with its wide piazza, its old-fashioned gable roof, and its faded brown window-shutters: it all seemed very little changed. Even the caged mocking-bird hung in the library-window, still; yet it could scarcely have been the same bird. The very leaves on the honeysuckle vine had the cool greenness of that old time; and the well-bucket, at the end of the long sweep, seemed an unchanged and familiar friend.

There was no sound audible about the house, embowered in its sylvan shade, and pranked out with early summer roses, now that the axe of the old wood-chopper had, for a while, suspended its labors.

"Though the kitchen fire suffer for it," I thought, "I'll talk to him about that time, and *her*."

I looked up under the eaves of the house, and saw the rent that had been made there by the cannon-ball, when the battle was fought, many years ago, in the wheat-field, out to the left, through which the little brook runs, before it enters the woods. I pointed to the hole, and asked him how it came, as if I did not know; and in reply, he told me the story of my own life.

"Dat hole?" he answered. "A cannon-ball made dat hole, at de battle o' Piedmount. From up No'f? Well, you ain't de fus' from up No'f dat's been heah; an' some on 'em stayed. But dem times is done over. See out yondah, whar dat wheat is gittin' yellah? Well, sah, dis niggah's knowed de day when dat groun' wahn't teh be seed, 'count o' de dead men what lay 'roun' dar on it. Was de battle fit dar? I should think it was. An' de beatenes' battle dat eveh I see. Dey stahted by sun-up; an' all day long, in de hot June sunshine, dem cannons was a-boomin', an' a-boomin'; and men was yellin', an' marchin' fo'ards, an' goin' back-'ards, and fightin' like devils. Dat branch, over dar, run blood foh two days; an' it was jes' awful, twell dey got all o' dem dead men undeh groun'.

"Yes, sah, right heah; an' I seen it all. Mars' Linkum gave me jes' as much freedom as he gin dose totheh niggahs: but I ain't neveh felt free 'nough yet teh leave dis heah place, whar my mammy an' my daddy growed up an' died, an' whar all my white folks is. I was heah dat day, jes' like I had been heah afo'; an' jes' like I'se done been heah eveh since.

"Mars' George was a soljeh—you don't know Mars' George?"—with an expression of compassionate regret on his face—"He was a Tuckahoe Verjinyin, from beyond dem mountains; an' he used to come oveh heah, from de Univussity, wid my old marsteh's son, what died, when dey was Univussity students togetheh. Miss Ann wahn't nothin' more'n a small gal den, clim'in'



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apple trees down heah in de orchahd, an' ridin' de colts bah-backed, an' wadin' aroun' out dar in de branch; but it seemed like dat boy sort o' tuk a hankerin' arteh heh, from de very fus'. He used to go down teh de woods, an' watch heh wade, an' laugh at heh, an' make willow whistles for heh, and ketch her dese heah dragon flies an' things, an' go all 'roun' de country wid heh. My ole 'oman had a sort o' 'spicion o' how it was all gwine teh 'en; 'case she used teh say teh me, 'Johnsey,' she say, 'I hope Miss Ann ain't a-gwine teh marry dat Tuckahoe boy. Dese heah Eastern Verjinyins is blue-blooded enough; but dey's got such a raft o' kinfolks: an' dey'll all come oveh heah, an' eat us out o' house an' home.'

"But de wah broke out, an' we didn't see nothin' mo' o' Mars' George foh about fo' yeah. He went in de ahmy, an' he stayed dar.

"Miss Ann, she kep' a-growin', an' a-growin'; twell, de fus' thing we all knowed, she was a young 'oman, an' jes' de purtiest you eveh see. Heh eyes was de bigges' and de blackes', an' heh face jes' de bes'-lookin' dat eveh was looked at. I'se seed de soljehs, when dey was camped neah heah, stop right dar, whar you is now, an' stah oveh dat fence at heh. Dey used to like de wateh, out o' dis well, betteh'n any wateh 'roun' heah; an' I 'spec' I knows de reason.

"Well, one day, de soljehs wid de gray clo'es—our soljehs, you know—come, an' sot dere camp about a mile off, over yondah. Dey hadn't been heah a week, when de blue folks tuk'n come, too; an' den stahted de battle. You see dat stone fence, way off beyond de turnin' o' de lane? Dar's whar de Yankee batteries was; and sich anotheh lot o' fiah an' truck as come out o' dem cannons, dat day, neveh was seed afo', dis side o' de bad place.

"De cap'n o' dat Yankee battery was a young fellah, an' jes' de braves' dat eveh stepped shoe leatheh. Five times, dat day, ouh soljehs got in line, behind dat fence way oveh yondah—you can't see it now, 'count o' de wheat—an' dey chahged dem cannons. An' dat young fellah stood dar, jes' as calm an' cool as ef he was stan'in' at ole marsteh's breakfast-table, waitin' foh him to say grace, twell de Confedrick soljehs 'u'd git close teh de guns; an' den I could heah him say, 'Fiah!'—and sich anotheh thunderin' an' lightnin' I neveh heerd nor seed. It jes' mowed de men down, same as a reapeh cuts down de wheat in de wheat-field. Five times I watched 'em go through dat same thing. De balls was a-flyin' everywhichways; an' dat hole, up dar in de house, is whar one went in, from dem very cannons.

"Miss Ann? Yes, sah, she stayed heah through de whole thing. Ole missus an' she stood out dar, on de back porch, part o' de time, an' watched de fightin'. Dar wahn't nothin' skeery 'bout dem wimmen. Dey comes of a brave breed.

"Yes, sah, five times. De gray jackets chahged 'em five times. Fo' times dey got druv' back, an' lef' de way lined wid corpses. De las' chahge dey made, dey come on slowly. De young cap'n was still a-standin' dar, as peart as a cricket. He had got up on de fence, dis time; an' as de line o' gray marched fohw'd agin, he said 'Fiah!' an' waved his hat. I seed him drop from de wall, befo' de flash come from de cannon; an' den I knowed dat one o' dem Confedricks had done shot him. Dey tuk de battery, dis time; an' de fight ended, long to'ds evenin'.

"He was fotched up heah, teh de house, an' I holp 'em tote him up dem front steps dar, inteh de blue room, ovehhead—dem windehs lookin' dis way—see? He was shot in de shouldeh, but not so very bad; an' only needed good nussin', de doctah said. An' I 'spec' he got it. Who? Miss Ann. Ef she didn't watch oveh dat man, no man eveh was watched oveh, in dis worruld. Foh nigh about six weeks, she nussed him. She used teh set fresh roses, an' flowehs, an' things, on de white table, at his bedside, twice a day; an' I used teh see him look at heh, in a hungry sort o' fashion, whenever she moved about in de room. He stayed heah about a mont' longeh dan he ought teh ha' stayed, anyhow; an' den he went away. Pris'n? He was on his pay-roll, an' dat was how it come he didn't go teh pris'n, when he got well agin.

"Yes, sah, he was sort o' crazy about heh. I could see it. Of course he was, an' I didn't blame him. Dey used teh walk togetheh; an' he would read teh heh, an' sing teh heh, an' try teh please heh in diff'unt ways. Seems like I can see 'em now, settin' in dat arboh, down dar at de foot o' de lawn, a-talkin' it all oveh. Ole mis', she begin teh get sort o' oneasy; an' I says teh my ole 'oman, says I: 'Ye needn't be skeered o' Miss Ann marryin' any Tuckahoe Verjinyin, wid a million o' po' kinfolks. She's a-gwine teh hitch on teh dis heah Yankee, an' go way from dese pahts, when de wah is oveh.' But de ole 'oman, she jes' say, 'Psheh!'

"One day, when he had done got well an' soun', he went away. She stood dar, on de front porch, wid heh arm 'roun' dat pillah, an' looked sort o' sorrowful at him, as he rid down de lane. I remember de red rosebud he had in his buttonhole, dat day. I got it foh heh, off'n

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de ole rosebush, dat growed undeh de library windeh. De dew was on de grass, in de early mornin', and she didn't want teh wet heh feet. De rosebush? Oh, it's been dead many a yeah.

"Come back? I should 'spec' he did. Dar was lots o' come back, in dat man. He was one o' dese heah die in de las' ditch fellahs. Arteh de wah ended, he 'peared heah agin; an' de same ole thing went on onst mo'; walkin', an' ridin', an' talkin', an' courtin'. But I knowed, den, dat it wahn't gwine teh come teh nothin', an' I couldn't he'p feelin' sort o' sorry foh de young cap'n. How? 'Case Mars' George had done been back heah, sence de Yankee went away; an' one day, down dar, undeh dat Lomba'dy poplah, nex' de woods, I seen him kiss de young missus; an' I knowed den what man she was gwine teh marry. Dat was de year arteh de Confedricks went up, when de Yankee cap'n come back. I ain't neveh seed him sence.

"Yes, sah. Mars' George and Miss Ann was married, de next winteh. Dar's de oldes' daughteh, now," and he pointed, proudly, to a slight figure, clothed in white, which flitted across the front piazza, and suddenly disappeared.

I laid a coin in the horny palm of the old man, and riding slowly down the lane, which was fragrant with odors of thornblossoms, halted again at the edge of the woods. Here, I tied my horse's bridle-rein to an overhanging bough, and seating myself on a stone, near the babbling, careless little brook, read a letter, which, worn, and time-stained, and tear-blotted, has been my companion for sixteen years. And this is what I read:

"You will credit my sincerity, when I assure you, that no future visit, or letter, can avail you, to change the determination, on my part, which I had to announce to you, when I saw you last. I will not deny that I am flattered by your devotion. But while appreciating it at its very highest worth, I can but regret, deeply, that your feelings should ever have been such as they are, and that what I supposed to be mere friendship, has proved to be something else.

"I will not condescend to the unmeaning commonplace of expressing the wish, that we may always continue friends, and that we may meet again in after years. You have asked for bread, which I may not give; but I shall not mock such a one as you with a stone. For your own sake, and for mine, as I know that you love me, with your whole heart, and as I know that I love another, with all of mine, I pray God that He may keep us always widely apart. A. M."

I have obeyed her. Though I have stopped at her gate, and talked with her servant, we have not met again.

I remounted my horse, and riding slowly back by the way I had come, passed once more by the shady, embowered spot, that held my lost love.

Johnsey was no longer visible. The only living creature, that I saw, was a little brown wren. Following, with my eyes, its flight towards the eaves of the house, I perceived that it had built its nest in the hole made by the cannon ball from my battery, eighteen years ago.

# IS IT LOVE?

BY KATE AULD.

What makes thy beaming eye so bright?
Why glows it with that tender light
  Whene'er it looks on me?
Thy smile is sweeter, nor can I
Divine the veriest reason why
  This change can ever be.
Yet still I know the change is there;
I mark thy burning cheek so fair,
  And e'en would prove
The reason for those smiles so bright,
And wherefore fills thine eye with light?
  Is this love?

You brought me once a garland bright,
Of fairest blossoms, pure and white,
  And placed it o'er my brow.
I thought not, then, they e'er should prove
The offerings of thy tender love.
  May I believe it, now?
I know not, nor I ask not why
My heart throbs so when thou art by.
  Oh, ne'er shall rove
My fancy from its idol; thou
Alone reign'st in this bosom now.
  Is this love?

Art thou beside me?—how the blood
Leaps to my brow—a scarlet flood,
  That fades when thou'rt away.
And kindled eye, and burning cheek,
Their tale of love will ever speak,
  Plainer than words can say.
I tremble when thy glance I meet:
None other than thine accents sweet
  My heart can move;
And oh, 'tis happiness to me
To think of, live for, dream of thee.
  This is love!

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# HOW MY AUNT MANAGED.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MARTIN came into my study, and informed me that my aunt had arrived: an aunt who was my detestation.

"She's brought a deal of luggage, sir," he said. Martin was a model of an English servant, and used very lofty language. "She has ordered the blue room to be prepared for her, and she does not approve of the new curtains; so she has informed Mrs. Sharpe that they must be removed. She desires to have luncheon promptly. I was to request you to come down, immediate, sir."

Martin bowed himself out, with his usual appalling dignity; and I sat, gazing ruefully at my pile of manuscript. A week more would have finished my book. But it would have to wait, now. There was always a whirlwind of calls and invitations, during my aunt's visits, which precluded the possibility of work.

My relative and I never could agree upon any subject, human or divine. We exasperated each other unspeakably; and whichever visited the other's house, usually left it, vowing never to cross the threshold again; but the vow was always broken within six months: for we really had a strong mutual affection for each other. When apart, we recognized this; when together, we fancied, for the greater portion of the time, that we detested one another. You have had such relatives—haven't you?

I was at my country home: a fine old place, among the Catskill mountains, where I had gone early, in order to work undisturbed. No wonder I was vexed at this visit, as unexpected as it was unwelcome.

I went downstairs, in no amiable mood. Martin had told me that my visitor was already in the breakfast-room, so I went at once to that apartment.

Sure enough, there sat my aunt, bolt upright, at the head of the table, on which the cloth had not yet been spread. She still wore her bonnet and travelling-jacket, and looked tired and severe.

"How do you do, aunt Gwyn?" I cried, doing my best to look and speak civilly. "This is a most unexpected pleasure, I assure you."

"Humph!" she said. "Unexpected? Yes. But if that is the way you look, when you are pleased, what sort of an expression do you put on when you've got the toothache?"

I laughed, as if I thought her jesting; we shook hands, and I dutifully kissed her cheek: it was rather dusty, however, and not very kissable.

"You will like to go to your room," said I: "the one over the library is the most cheerful. Shall we go up?"

"Walter, have you eyes in your head?" she asked, disdainfully.

"Why, yes, I think so," I answered, endeavoring to speak jocularly.

"Then you must see that I am fainting with fatigue," she retorted, sitting still more erect. "I have travelled all night, and all the morning. It is half an hour past your luncheon-time, and nothing ready yet—such housekeeping."

I rushed to the bell, and pulled it. But Martin appeared, at that very moment; deftly laid the cloth; prepared the table; and brought in a dish of savory cutlets.

"And where have you come from, aunt?" I asked.

She regarded me from head to foot; deliberately ate a whole cutlet; and then replied, by asking:

"When did you turn play-actor?"

"Play-actor?" I replied, a little querulously, perhaps; because I saw, by the preternatural solemnity of Martin's face, that, though he appeared deaf and blind, he was enjoying the scene.

"If you have not, why are you rigged out in that fashion?" inquired she. "Your coat would be more suitable, if you were sixteen, instead of six-and-thirty."

"Oh, come, that's too bad," I laughed. "I'm not quite thirty-five, as you well know. And I thought this coat rather a neat affair."

"I'll trouble you for another cutlet, Martin," said my aunt, in her serenest voice, ignoring my reply. "Very good cutlets, you may tell the cook, Martin. Neighborhood pretty healthy, this spring, Martin?"

"Very healthy, ma'am," said Martin.

"Never more so," cried I, not relishing being treated like a school-boy in disgrace, before my own servant. "Put the strawberries on the table, Martin. I think, aunt, you will own you never saw finer grown under glass."

"None for me, Martin," said my aunt.

"Bring some apricot marmalade, Martin," I



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said. "I know that is your favorite sweet, aunt. Here is some nice cream, too."

"None for me, Martin," said my aunt.

"Then you may go, Martin: we don't want anything more," I observed, as calmly as I could speak.

"Come here, Martin," said my aunt.

He went up to her chair, and she whispered something in his ear; he turned to the door; she arose, swept me an overwhelming courtesy, and sailed out, Martin following.

I stared after her, angrily; and no wonder.

"By Jove!" I cried, "she was never so utterly diabolical before. If this goes on, I'll clear out, and leave her the house to herself."

I had scarcely pronounced the words when Martin entered again, bearing a large dyptich—that is, a wooden picture-frame, with two doors—and stood it on the table. It was an antique, and about as marvellous a bit of carving as I ever saw. I opened the doors, and beheld a little picture of Fra Angelico's—a genuine Fra Angelico—which I had seen two years before, when in Europe, in an old Sienese palace, and had then tried in vain to purchase. "With her thanks," said Martin, gravely; and then left.

I felt conscience-stricken. I might have known my aunt would not have made herself so particularly disagreeable, unless she had a great pleasure in store for me. It was her way. I ought to have been more patient.

I spent a full hour examining my treasure, unable to tear myself away from it. I was interrupted by the opening of the door; and in swept a handsome old lady, attired in the most becoming and artistic of morning costumes; her masses of snow-white hair piled in curls about her smooth forehead; her black eyes shining; her proud old mouth sweet with smiles.

A stranger would have sworn that this elegant dame could not be the dusty, crumpled, cross old woman, who had sat at the luncheon-table; and even I, accustomed to these transformations, felt a thrill of surprise and admiration. I hurried forward to meet her. She kissed me on both cheeks; shook my two hands; and said, as if this were her first greeting:

"How do you do, my dear boy? How well you are looking! I am very, very glad to see you again. I've missed you dreadfully."

"Why, aunt, you look as handsome as a picture," cried I. "What a capital idea is this visit. And how am I to thank you for this magnificent present?"

"Well," said she, coolly, "I remembered how you had longed for it. Mrs. Dorrance wrote me, from Siena, that the Tolornei palace was being sold up; so I telegraphed her to buy this thing, at any price; and here it is."

My aunt, it was evident, was in her sunniest mood. What did it mean?

"New York suddenly got so warm, it was unendurable," she said. "Everybody was flitting. By the way, the Stamfords have come up to their country place, haven't they?"

"I believe so. Several other families, too; all earlier than usual. But I've not paid any visits."

She shook her head at me; but refrained from uttering her usual animadversions against my recluse habits. So, as a reward, I added:

"But now you have come, we will go everywhere. I don't wish to bury you alive."

"Oh, it makes no difference to me," she said. "I could live on a desert island, if I had just a few congenial friends about." I looked as if I believed her, though I knew that in town she lived in a ceaseless round of dissipation, and hated to miss a ball as much as if she had been sixteen. She had no children, and was fond of chaperoning her young friends; of contriving matches for them, too; and usually she succeeded admirably.

"I have been taking a liberty with you," she said, presently, laying her hand coaxingly on my shoulder.

"You could not. And whatever you have done, I am certain to be delighted," said I, though I began inwardly to shiver.

"Well, I may as well confess. Mind, you will have no trouble. I have already told Mrs. Sharpe how many people she may expect. I'll manage everything. You can just think you are visiting me."

"Oh, you have invited some company," returned I, and, in spite of my efforts, my voice betrayed my consternation.

"You see, I owed several people a return, and my Lenox cottage is being repaired," she said, lightly. "So I have just asked a few nice friends to come here, next week. I didn't write, because it would only have worried you."

I looked at the Fra Angelico, and that gave me strength to say I did not mind in the least. I hope the Recording Angel will forgive me.

"And who is coming?" I asked.

"Only the two young Gowers, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, and Harry and Miss French, and Mrs. Osborne and her niece—"

"I didn't know she had a niece," I interrupted, in a quavering voice, appalled by the length of her list.

"She is from Baltimore, a Miss Harland," answered my aunt, in a tone which implied that

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the young lady was of no particular importance. "I had to ask her, because she was at her aunt's, and I have visited Mary Osborne so often in Vermont, and offered no return."

"Oh, quite right," said I.

"That is all," said my aunt, "except Fanny Goldborough. I have asked Fanny. She has just got back from Europe—"

"Asked Miss Chatterton?" I broke in. "No Mrs. Goldborough! Surely, she's not coming here."

"Now, my dear boy, don't be impetuous—only listen."

"Oh, she can come, if she likes. After all, it is indifferent to me," said I, turning red and white, in a fashion which contradicted my words.

"She and I talked it all out, very frankly," said my aunt. "We both agreed it was better. You can be good friends, now. I hate to have people saying you have never got over that youthful affair. Be advised by me, my dear boy. I am quite right."

She was so very positive, and treated the visit as a thing of such slight consequence, that I said no more, from very shame. But, nine years before, when Mrs. Goldborough was Fanny Chatterton, a girl of twenty-two, she had nearly broken my heart, by jilting me, to marry a rich old man. A few months after she did this, I had unexpectedly inherited a large fortune. I had never seen her since; for her home had been in Paris. She had been a widow now over two years, and had come back to America to live. It was Fanny's conduct which had turned me into a sort of hermit, or sent me roving about the world, like a Wandering Jew. The keen pain had long since passed. But the habit of seclusion had become so fixed, that I shrank from society. The cynicism and the misanthropy remained, too, though I felt humiliated that I could be weak enough to have been brought to that strait, by a heartless woman's treachery. But they remained, just as a scar will, long after the wound has healed. I had avoided Paris, because I was afraid to meet her; afraid that I should find my cure not so complete as I tried to believe; and now I heartily dreaded her coming, and was, in fact, secretly angry at it.

Late in the afternoon, on the day when my visitors were to come, the overseer of my farm met with a severe accident. I was obliged to go to his house, and could not get back until late. When I reached the door, Martin told me that the people had all arrived, and had gone to their rooms, to dress for dinner.

I went up to see the men, and then hurried off to dress; and was much too long about it; for when I got down into the library, most of the party were already assembled, including several of our neighbors, who had been invited to dine with us.

The misfortune of my overseer served as an excuse for my delay, and the talk about it covered my embarrassment. My aunt had already related it; but, with her customary readiness, she began, as soon as I entered, to ascribe my troubled looks to the painful scene I had gone through.

"Poor dear Walter has such a tender heart," she said; and everybody agreed with her. It is astonishing, I thought, cynically, how easy one finds it to make people believe in the virtues and graces of a man who has a million at his disposal.

Presently, Mrs. Osborne came in. I was very fond of the sweet, gentle old lady; and we stood talking for some moments. Then aunt Gwyn led me up to Miss Harland, to be presented; but I was in such an inward flutter, that I hardly knew what either of us said; and I noticed nothing about her appearance, except her eyes; and these, not because they were beautiful, though they were, but because they looked so earnest and truthful. Her voice, I observed, too, was soft and clear as the notes of a silver bell.

I had already discovered that Fanny Goldborough had not yet appeared; and I knew I could neither think nor speak, with any degree of calmness, until that meeting was over.

"I am afraid dinner is late," my aunt said, apologetically, to old Mr. Howard, who was beginning to fidget and grow cross. "We are waiting for naughty Mrs. Goldborough. I have sent up to tell her so."

Just then, the lady appeared, beyond the arch which divided the library in the middle. I was standing near my aunt. She wore a lace cap on her head, in the English fashion, and a lace ruff around her throat. A diamond cross, hung on a black ribbon around her neck, was her only ornament. "How beautiful she is, still," I involuntarily said to myself. We had both chanced to be leaning a hand on the table, and I shook so that I felt it tremble.

My aunt gave me a quick, warning glance. I remained gazing at Mrs. Goldborough, as she approached, bewildered, speechless. She was still radiant in the beauty which had fooled my senses away so long ago. And I—I was wrinkled and gray, as I well knew, looking even older than my years. And it had been her work!

"Oh! you naughty Fanny," cried my aunt.

"Have I kept you waiting?" she said, sweetly. "Ah! you know I am always late."

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Again my aunt gave me a warning glance. I knew it meant that I ought to advance and meet the guest. But I could not. I was unable to stir.

In another moment, Mrs. Goldborough was quite close. I could see her plainly, now. Her figure was graceful and slight as ever. But the face? It was handsome still, but positively a mask of red and white paint. The eyebrows were pencilled by art; the brown hair had been made golden; the dark eyes had gained a restless, hard expression. I was not sure that she was not enamelled, even.

I think no human being ever experienced a quicker revulsion of feeling. In an instant, I was steady as a rock; cool as a northern morning. This woman was not the girl whose loss had cost me such years of suffering. This was the dashing, worldly Mrs. Goldborough, who had sold herself for wealth and position. She had nothing—never had possessed anything—in common with my lost idol. Nay, that object had never had any real existence. I had loved an ideal, merely.

I stepped forward, holding out my hand; and saying, blandly:

"I trust Mrs. Goldborough has not forgotten me?"

She had seen me, the moment she entered, for she had eyes like a lynx; but she uttered a little cry of surprise, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Walter." Then she laughed, in a confused way, as if annoyed at her lapse. "How do you do, Mr. Temple?" she continued. "I should think you must be vexed enough, at our taking your house by storm."

"I am only a visitor, too," I said, laughing. "It is my aunt's house, for the present. But I am charmed to find myself visiting at it, at the same time as Mrs. Goldborough."

My aunt had moved away. We were standing quite alone.

"How strange it sounds, to hear you call me by that name," she said, reproachfully. "Such old friends as we are! I mean to call you Walter, all the same. I did it unintentionally, just now."

"I shall be flattered," said I.

She sighed, a little too ostentatiously, perhaps; but before she could speak, dinner was announced. Some gentleman came up to lead her into the dining-room, and I hastened off to offer my arm to old Mrs. Howard.

At table, I found that I had Miss Harland for my neighbor; and as Mrs. Howard could not do two things at once, and was devoted to her *menu*, the young lady and I talked a good deal together. We chanced to differ upon certain subjects; and there is nothing which so quickly makes people acquainted, I think: that is, if there be neither dogmatism nor acrimony on either side. She told me I was a misanthropist, and rated me therefor; but so prettily, that her taking the trouble to reprove became a compliment.

The entire evening was very pleasant, except for one half-hour, when Mrs. Goldborough got possession of me, and insisted on talking about old days; attempting, it is true, no direct reference to the relations which had existed between us, but bringing in constant allusions thereto; showing, also, that she wished to render it plain that her former conduct caused her regret and remorse; and that, in spite of wealth and position, life looked very cold and dreary to her.

People usually say that a man never sufficiently recovers from a deep, earnest passion; but that the woman, who was its object, can regain a certain influence over him, by such allusions: I know, however, that, in my own case, the effect was exactly the reverse. I think, though, that this arose, in a great measure, from the fact that I could not connect this painted, worldly woman with the girl I had loved. The traces of physical resemblance only irritated me. This dashing Mrs. Goldborough seemed a sort of caricature of Fanny Chatterton; and I resented her having any knowledge of my dead and gone romance, as I should have done if an entire stranger had presumed to mention it.

Alone in my room, that night, I held a long communion with myself; and went through a very stern reviewal of my conduct, during these past years. I had been a fool, not to have put my courage to the test, long before. I had been weak and contemptible, too, in allowing suffering to become such a tyrant over me, that, long after active pain had ceased, the chains of habit had hindered me from making a resolute effort to overcome my misanthropy—my shrinking from society.

I awoke, the next morning, with an unusual elation of spirits. I stared hard in the glass, and informed my image that a man was still young at six-and-thirty. There was yet time for a great deal, both of enjoyment and usefulness, I said to myself; and half the energy spent in clinging to misery, and regarding the seamy side of things, would, if devoted to making the best of matters, render life and the world cheerful and pleasant.

The next few days were quite gay and exciting. Several of my neighbors had guests, too, so that we made up a large party for all sorts of expeditions, and some plan for amusement was constantly on foot. Mrs. Goldborough took possession of me as much as she could, and worried

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me a great deal; for though, as her host, I was forced to treat her politely, yet the more I saw of her, the stronger grew my aversion.

Others regarded the state of affairs between us, however, differently. One day, I overheard Fred Gower say to his brother:

"The widow has thrown her net over Temple again. What an ass he must be!"

"I always knew he was," returned the younger Gower, calmly. "Your bookish men, that write verses and have theories, are always asses."

I had just gone to my room, that night. I had been walking up and down the terrace, after the rest had retired, when there came a knock at my door, and aunt Gwyn entered. The moment I saw her, I knew she meant to be disagreeable.

"Will you sit down?" I said, politely, however.

"No, I won't," she snapped.

"Bless my soul, aunt, what is the matter?" I cried. "If anything has gone wrong, say so, for heaven's sake. Don't stand looking at me, as if I was a robber and assassin."

"I want to ask you a question," said my aunt.

"Very well," said I.

"You've been making a fool of yourself, for a good many years," she observed, composedly, still eyeing me.

"That is a matter of opinion," I retorted, with elaborate politeness.

"I want to know if you mean to prove a bigger one than ever?" she asked, regardless of my remark.

I knew very well what she meant. I could not blame her, any more than I did the two Gowers for their frankness; still, her inquiry did not tend to put me in a Christian frame of mind exactly.

"Do you, or don't you?" persisted my aunt. "No beating about the bush, if you please. Yes or no. Then I shall understand what I have to depend upon."

"No," said I, too eager to convince to be very angry. "No, ten times over—you may rest satisfied."

She took the lamp off the table, held it close to my face, and regarded me sternly. Then she closed her right eye, as if to concentrate her vision, and it stared at me like a signal-light. Then she opened that, and fixed me with her left optic. Then blazed away at me with both orbs, for the space of many seconds.

Finally, she stood the lamp on the table again; turned towards me; nodded three times; and said, slowly:

"I see you don't. I have made a mistake. It isn't you, who are a fool this time; it's Jane Gwyn—the Lord be praised for it. Good-night, nephew. Now I can go to sleep."

She departed, with as much majesty as if the old dressing-gown she wore had been a velvet train, and left me to my reflections.

Aunt Gwyn's sweetness, the next day, and during the remainder of our guests' sojourn, was something marvellous; but to nobody was she so sweet as to Fanny Goldborough; and the widow repaid it in kind; indeed, their mutual affection was a touching and improving spectacle.

I began, at last, to wonder if it had been in regard to this lady, that aunt Gwyn had feared I meant to play the fool. Why on earth did she pet the widow so outrageously? Why help her to opportunities to torment me? It really seemed as if I had misunderstood my relative, after all. However, I did not choose to ask questions, or offer explanations. If she saw fit to think I cared about Fanny Goldborough, and could be insane enough to want me to do so, she must. Only, in that case, aunt Gwyn possessed less good sense, in her hard old head, than I had given her credit for.

Of course I had been falling in love, during this fortnight; and of course it was with Agatha Harland. You know that already. But I did not know it, as yet. We are all much quicker at discovering our neighbors' secrets than our own.

When our party broke up, my aunt and I went to Richfield Springs, and several of our late visitors went there also. Among them were Fanny Goldborough, and Mrs. Osborne and her niece. We remained a whole month; and before it ended, I had learned my own secret, though I could not venture, after so brief an acquaintance, to reveal it to Agatha Harland.

At the expiration of this time, Mrs. Goldborough was obliged to go to New York, to give evidence in a lawsuit, long impending between her and some of her husband's relatives. It had been understood that my aunt was to accompany her. Poor Fanny, she said, pleaded so piteously, that she could not refuse; and my aunt calmly insisted on my going also. I refused outright, at first. But I knew very well I should have to give in. Everybody always had to, where Mrs. Gwyn was concerned.

But the night before that set for her departure, aunt Gwyn was taken ill, and the doctor declared she must not stir. I could not find out what ailed her, nor could anybody else; for she refused to see a human being besides the physician and her maid.

Mrs. Goldborough showed that she expected me to go, all the same; but I was dull of under-

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standing, and terribly engrossed by anxiety for my kinswoman. The widow left, in the morning. In the evening, aunt Gwyn appeared, gorgeous in a new gown, and the most becoming head-dress ever an old lady sported.

"Only an attack of spasms," she said. "Luckily it has passed. The doctor thought I was certain to be ill a week; but he says I must be very careful."

There was something so vague and uncertain, about this mysterious disease, in which aunt Gwyn occasionally indulged—contradiction brought it on—not getting what she wanted caused it—that we, her friends or relations, were terribly frightened, whenever she announced that she felt the malady hovering about her.

"Poor Fanny," sighed my aunt. "I did so hate to let her go alone. I have just written her a note, Walter, to say how disappointed you are."

Between wrath and wonder at aunt Gwyn's blindness, I was speechless, and she only shook her head and sighed again:

"Poor Fanny. I am very, very fond of poor, dear Fanny."

At the end of the week, Mrs. Osborne announced, unexpectedly, that she and her niece were going up to Lake George. I sat quite stupefied by the blow, which was given at breakfast.

Aunt Gwyn uttered a cry of amazement; turned to the physician, who was seated next her, and exclaimed:

"Well, doctor, isn't that the oddest coincidence? Only last night you told me I must go there—the mountain air was what I needed—and I was just about to speak of it."

The doctor looked a little blank; coughed; broke an eggshell with his spoon.

"Mountain air is a good thing," said he.

"And you said I must have it?" cried aunt Gwyn.

He turned and looked at her. She eyed him steadfastly; upon my word, one might almost say menacingly.

"Oh, yes—absolutely necessary—absolutely—without loss of time," assented the doctor, in great haste, and then devoted himself to his egg.

"That settles the matter," cried aunt Gywn. "Pack your knapsack, nephew. I'm sorry to be such a bother; but duty is duty; and unless you are worse than a heathen and a publican, you will not dream of deserting your poor old relative."

So we four started together, and a blissful ten days followed; for I began to hope that Agatha Harland was not wholly indifferent towards me. Nay, I may, without laying myself open to the charge of masculine vanity, go further than that—her behavior gave me reason to think she was growing to care for me.

And then, one day, aunt Gwyn came into Mrs. Osborne's parlor, where I sat reading aloud to the old lady and her niece, and cried out, with her customary abruptness:

"Good news, good news! I have just had a telegram from Fanny Goldborough. The suit has been put off again, so she is coming up here. She will arrive to-morrow. Isn't it delightful? We have all missed her so. Poor, dear Fanny!"

The two ladies expressed a mild degree of satisfaction; but I could get up no approach to enthusiasm, or even pleasure. However, aunt Gwyn did not seem to notice that, and talked for some moments in a cheerful way, about the delight we all felt, in knowing we should so soon have Fanny—poor, dear Fanny—back again.

And she came, the next day; perfect in dress, languishing in manner, and more like a painted doll than ever. During the evening, she forced me to walk up and down the long verandah with her; told me of her troubles; her loneliness; openly regretted the waste she had made of her life, and begged me to forgive her for having cast a shadow over mine. I behaved as well as I could. But if I looked the fool I felt, how could I be blamed?

"Have you missed me?" she asked.

"What an unnecessary question," faltered I.

"At least, you have had Agatha Harland's society," said she. "Such a dear girl! Did you ever notice that one eyebrow—it's a little higher than the other?"

"Never!" cried I, indignantly.

"It's the left, I think. Just notice, when we go in," drawled the widow. "But you can't enjoy her society undisturbed much longer. You will have to fall back on poor me to amuse you, monseigneur. Henry Meares is coming up, soon—and then—and then—"

She broke off, with an affected laugh, which exasperated me to such a degree, that I longed to strangle her.

"And who is Henry Meares?" I asked, as indifferently as I could.

"Why, her cousin. She is engaged to him. Hasn't she told you?" cried Mrs. Goldborough.

"No," I said. "I suppose she thought it none of my business."

"The truth is, it's a secret. I found it out by accident," pursued Fanny. "Agatha's father is opposed to the match. Don't let anybody know I told you."

Fortunately for me, some other people appeared, at the instant. I got away to my room,

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without betraying myself; but Walter Temple and I had a very stormy season, after we got there. Fool that I had been, to trust a woman a second time; to be deceived by a pair of candid eyes—by an innocent smile. I deserved my misery. I had brought it on myself.

You can easily picture the sort of Walpurgis night I spent. You can imagine what life and the world looked like to me, when I saw the next morning's sunrise, and gazed at its brightness across the awful blackness of my misery.

I packed my portmanteau. I meant to leave at once. Whether or not my aunt was satisfied with such explanation as I could find, mattered little. Go I must and would, without again setting eyes on the cruel girl who had deceived me, for she had—she had seen that I loved her, and held her peace.

A message came from my aunt. She wished to speak with me at once. She was seated at her writing-desk, in her private parlor. She wore a severe costume of steel-gray color, and a close cap without a ribbon. During our whole stay, her charming costumes, and her picturesque head-dresses, had been the admiration of everybody, and the despair of all the women of her age.

She looked up, as I entered, and paying no attention to my greeting, asked, quickly:

"What ails you? Have you had cholera morbus in the night?"

"Never had it in my life," said I, feeling crosser than was poetical, and no wonder—the idea of being asked if one had colic, when one's heart was breaking.

"Then you're threatened with it," said she, stoutly. "Nothing but a disordered stomach ever gives one that color."

"You seem rather pleased," said I, with a sardonic grin.

"Ah, you are cross—of course—one always is when bilious," pronounced aunt Gwyn, cheerfully.

"Well, I don't mean to trouble anybody thereby," said I.

"That's right and religious," said my aunt.

I waved right and religion aside, with a tragic gesture, and continued:

"I am obliged to go home. I must start immediately."

"The change may ward off the attack," said my aunt, in a tone of utter indifference. "Well, since you are going, I have no time to beat about the bush—I must speak out. You are a man of honor, and I can trust you. Perhaps, too, what I have to say will make you so happy, that it will cure your biliousness. Sit down, nephew."

I obeyed in silence. I was too angry and hurt to expostulate. She sat eyeing me. I saw she meant to force me to speak.

"What do you wish to tell me?" I asked.

"Fanny Goldborough and I had a long talk, last night—"

"That doesn't concern me," I interrupted.

"Yes, it does," said my aunt. "Nephew, she thinks it possible you still care for her, and I think so, too. Well, I'm the friend of both. Mind, I am acting on my own responsibility, entirely. I may say I have no warrant for the assertion. But if you want to marry Fanny, I think you will find she bitterly regrets her past conduct—would gladly listen—"

"I wouldn't marry her, if she were the only woman in the world," I broke in, furiously. "I never cared for her—I made an ideal, as very young men do, and called it by her name—that's all."

"Bless me, how you surprise me," said my aunt, coolly.

"I wish you would say good-bye, for me, to her and the rest," said I. "I have no time. I must be off—"

"Well, at least, go in and speak to Mrs. Osborne and Agatha."

"There is no necessity," said I; and in spite of my efforts, I could not resist adding, "Miss Harland will be too much occupied, expecting her engaged lover, to miss me."

"Yes, I heard Fanny tell you that Agatha was engaged," said my aunt. "I wasn't listening, you know. But I happened to be standing, just below, on the grass; and she spoke rather loud. Fanny never had a sweet voice. Poor, dear Fanny!"

"She is as deceitful and false as only a woman can be," cried I; "and Agatha Harland is her match. A decent girl would have told me she was engaged, when she saw that I—that I—oh, what an accursed fool I am!" I added.

"All men are, my dear," said my aunt, consolingly

Just then, there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," called my aunt.

Agatha Harland entered.

"Oh, I beg pardon—I have disturbed you," she said, drawing back, when she saw me.

"Not a bit," cried my aunt. "Shut the door, my dear. I can't stand a draught. Just speaking of you. Fanny Goldborough told Walter you were engaged to your cousin—"

"Aunt!" I interrupted—shouted, I fear.

"And he's rushing off, because, like a man—that is, an idiot—he won't try to find out what a miserable falsehood it was. Settle it between

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you. No, you can't go, Agatha—that wouldn't be honest or fair—and, thank God, you are both."

She ran away, before either of us could speak. It was a full hour befroe we were interrupted. Then my aunt looked in, and asked, calmly:

"Did you say you were going at noon, nephew?"

Well, we nearly hugged her to death: at least, she said so.

"And the door open—and I an unprotected widow," said she.

"What's this, what's this?" called a laughing voice.

We turned, and saw Fanny Goldborough, standing on the threshold.

"Come in, my dear, come in," cried my aunt. "Oh, Fanny, you know what we were talking of, last night. Well, you need have no remorse—you were mistaken. You were mistaken, too, in thinking Agatha was engaged to young Meares. She's engaged to my nephew, here. Come and congratulate them."

Fanny Goldborough grew ghastly, through all her paint. For my own part, if I could have sunk through the floor, to rid her of the humiliation of my presence, I would have done so. As for Agatha, she looked ready to burst into tears.

The widow tried to speak; but her voice choked. She turned and fled.

"Poor, dear Fanny," said my aunt. "Retribution overtakes people, sooner or later."

Our vehement reproaches did not move her, in the least. She would not repent her cruelty, and she never has.

Fanny Goldborough left Lake George, that day, and sailed for Europe, and we have never seen her since.

Agatha and I are two very happy people; and my aunt has never once donned a plain gown or a severe cap, since her godson—our wonderful baby—was born.

"It's my work, the whole of it—baby and all," she often says. "I knew Walter had never really been in love, and I knew he would love my Agatha; but I forgot to tell Fanny so, in time. Poor, dear Fanny!"

# IN GOLD BROCADE.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Dressed in the gown her grandame wore,
A flower-faced girl with sunny hair,
A fragile girl a breath might crush,
With serious eyes, and graceful air,
And small hands, rosy-tipped and fair,
Dressed in the robe her grandame wore.

A robe fit for a Roman wife,
Or some tall, stately queen of old,
With flashing eyes and regal brow;
Not for a girl with hair of gold,
And eyes like sunshine in a wold,
This robe fit for an Amazon.

A girl, whose silken head but comes
To your broad shoulder, as you stand
Looking at her, with furtive smiles
At her sweet manner, gracious, grand—
At her arched foot, her dainty hand,
This girl so fair, and small, and slight.

Who wears the gown of ancestors,
A stiff brocade of tawny hues,
Bestrewn with Oriental palms,
In crimson, gold, and silver-blues;
With pensive eyes that ever muse,
This girl in her ancestral gown.

Not e'en the diamond-buckled shoes
Can make her tall or stately-grand,
With their high heels. With motion slow,
She waves the feathers in her hand,
And asks you if you ever fanned
So old a personage before.

A diamond star gleams at her throat,
That lily-like blooms from her lace—
The yellow lace, so priceless old,
That makes more like a rose her face,
With its soft dimples and its grace—
Above the diamonds at her throat.

An Indian perfume lingers in
The heavy folds of this brocade;
A sluggish, dreaming, Indian scent,
That makes all modern fancies fade,
And some dame, gorgeously arrayed,
Stands near you, with the Indian scent

Slow shaking from her garments rich:
An ancient dame, with powdered hair,
And haughty features cold and stern,
And all about her jewels rare—
She stepped down from the picture there,
The great ancestress of your love.

You stoop and kiss a rosebud mouth,
With lips that have grown half afraid;
You clasp her close in sudden fear,
Your little love in old brocade,
And bid her cease this masquerade,
And kiss again the rosy mouth.

The shadows of the afternoon
Have moved toward twilight in the hall;
One broad, red shaft of sunset-light
Strikes the old picture on the wall;
But close beside you, nestles all
That you have won this afternoon.

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# THE CAPTAIN'S COURTSHIP.

BY SIDNEY TREVOR.

We were all in the same boarding-house, in one of the smaller of the beautiful old cities of Italy, and had lived like another "happy family," all winter. But one day, Miss Green, and her friend Miss Brown, two English old maids, coming down to breakfast, declared that each had missed a pair of silk stockings, "quite new, you know."

Now, as no one was supposed to enter their respective virgin bowers, but themselves and the two chambermaids, what could be more clear than one of them had taken the stockings.

Misses Green and Brown were sure that the thief could not be the new little *contadina*, engaged since the house filled up for the spring season, because, though they did not say so, she was hideously plain-looking, and none of the gentlemen ever looked at her. "No, it was that 'trollope' that did it," they declared.

Unfortunately, "that trollope" possessed a remarkable degree of beauty, united to a sort of proud and cold bearing. Above all things, she was admired by the men; and everyone knows that this last is the worst of crimes, in the eyes of ugly and antiquated spinsters.

"I won't believe it," said the captain, stoutly. "Not a bit of it."

The captain was a tall, handsome Englishman; but constitutionally affected with the swell "aw, ye know;" utterly destitute of the letter "r" in his vocabulary; and was in abject submission to the fascinations of a certain Miss Laura Lawrence, whom I was chaperoning.

Miss Laura looked up, and thanked the captain, with her eyes. Evidently she did not believe in Pia's guilt. A hot discussion ensued. The captain stood manfully to his guns; but Miss Green and Miss Brown both insisted that Pia was the criminal, and should be sent about her business forthwith. "And so we've told the *padrone*," they cried, both in the same breath.

The latter, let me say, belonged to an ancient family, and had been educated for the church; but had committed the indiscretion of falling in love with a pretty girl, with a long pedigree for her only portion; and the two, having united their destinies, had gone to the *padrone's* immense old palace, to live, or rather to starve. But fate had come to their aid. From having, first, taken in a stranger to learn Italian, in the bosom of their family, and then having taken on English servants for his sake, the big, old, empty palace had gradually developed into a most popular boarding-house.

"We were meaning to leave on Thursday," continued the irate Green and Brown, "but now we will stay, and insist that the creature be sent away. She is evidently too handsome to be good for anything."

"Oh, come along, now," remonstrated the captain. "Aw, don't you know, you'll take away the poor thing's chawacter, and—aw, she'll never have another chawnce, you know, to get an honest living."

"It's very easy to understand the captain's interest in keeping such a creature in the house," bridled Miss Green.

"But very difficult to comprehend the curious suspicions of some people, who were never tempted to the sins they think so much about," responded Miss Laura, with a glance at Miss Green's well-developed moustache.

The captain became apoplectic with suppressed delight, at this; and the Misses Brown and Green, with a sniff, left the room.

"Bwavo, bwavo," cried the captain. "You have repulsed the Old Guard, Miss Laura."

We now summoned the *padrone*, to concert measures for Pia's protection.

"If only she be not sent back to her unhealthy Maremma home, in the spring of the year, which will cost her her life," he said. "I have told the ladies Green and Brown this; but they have no mercy, and no pity for my poor wife, who cannot keep the house without Pia."

"Well, nothing can be done," I said, "till after our picnic at your villa. Without Pia to arrange for us, it will be a complete failure. Let us wait."

For the *padrone* owned a small villa, a few miles outside the walls, and had asked us all to breakfast there. A day had been named, purposely later than that on which we expected the departure of Mesdames Green and Brown; but now all chance of such exodus was past, until justice should be done upon Pia; and so we were compelled to include them in the invitation.

The eve before the expedition, we ladies were assembled in the grand *salon*, when the captain came in, and sat down by Laura, putting on a look of sudden intelligence.



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"Quick!" cried Miss Laura. "You have found out something?"

"The O'Gheoghegan's got an ideaw, aw," began the captain. The O'Gheoghegan was an Irish artist, and staying in the house: sharp-witted, like all of his race.

"Is it to exculpate Pia?" asked Laura.

"He won't tell me a wawd, the beggaw; but he says, aw, that it's all wight."

"You goose! Why didn't you make him tell?" demanded Miss Laura, impatiently, though I noticed she left her tiny hand in the captain's big one, who straightway lost his head. Luckily, they were behind a *portière*.

"If I may keep this hand for my whole life, I will go and make him tell," says the captain, without a single aw. "I will, indeed, try to merit it—"

"It is not worth so much, and you are a dear old fellow," says that candid little person, with a caressing touch of her small fingers upon the handsome head bowed before her; "but I will talk of nothing till Pia is cleared or convicted."

I saw him capture and kiss the pretty hand, as I discreetly turned my back; and then midnight chimed, and we all went away to our beds.

We set off early, the next day, for the villa. The cook, the maids to wait, and the provisions went in a cart, drawn by white oxen, with red fringes on their heads; and the rest followed in carriages. The morning was lovely. The hills were bathed in a soft, purple haze. Soon, the quaint, walled city was left behind. Half way to the villa, I alighted, with the captain and Miss Laura, to take a short cut across fields. When we had nearly reached the house, we sat down on a bank to rest. It was by the side of a rivulet, and, under a high hedge, where the acacias and laburnums were in full bloom. Laura was trying, laughingly, to teach the captain not to call the *padrone* the "pwopwietaw," when I heard a man's voice, in passionate remonstrance, on the other side of the hedge.

"How much better, my soul," the speaker was saying, "if you had not been so proud. Oh! if you had only come to me, to be my wife, in spite of my aunt—"

"To come to you," interrupted a woman's voice, that I recognized as Pia's, at once, "as an unwelcome wife—to your family, at least? Never!"

"But never unwelcome to me. What matters the aunt, in that case?" The soft Tuscan never seemed so coaxing and irresistible.

"Oh! *Achille mio*, ask me no more," cried Pia, tears in her voice, "now that you know me to be disgraced, dishonored, called a thief. I can never, never, now, be an honest man's wife."

"Listen, my soul," pleaded the lover. "I have drawn a bad number. I am in the conscription for the year. Marry me first, and the aunt will love you for my sake, when I am gone. I cannot leave you to suffer. When you are my wife,"—with fierce emphasis—"let anyone call you thief, if they dare."

"And you listen, Achille," answered Pia, firmly. "I will never be your wife, until my good name is cleared. What! shall I bring my blighted name, to hide it in your honest, loving heart? Men would cry 'thief' after us. Never!"

There was a brief silence; then we heard her quick footsteps, as she went away through the grass.

"It's a blawsted shame," was the captain's audible comment.

Miss Laura was beyond speech; and I was crying, heartily.

"Don't; now, weally, you mustn't cwy, my deaw gawls. She shall surely be wighted, if I have to waise a wumpus and have in the beaks, you know," protested the captain.

In spite of the irrelevance of the police idea, we were somewhat comforted by the captain's determination, and soon overtook the ox-wagon, and jogged on toward our luncheon.

When the viands were eaten, and the coffee served, the O'Gheoghegan, who had hitherto preserved a portentous silence, suggested a visit to a clump of acacias near by.

"Yes, we will go down under the acacias," said Miss Laura. "They look so cool."

"Quite too awfully nice and cool, of cawse," chimed in the captain; and we descended in a body, to discover, on the green sward, before the clump, a sort of peddler, with his little cart drawn by a gray donkey.

We all bought more or less, except the Misses Green and Brown, who sat rigidly apart, and read "Watts on the Mind."

"Me dear young ladies," said our Irish artist, at last, going towards the pair, with some Sorrento silk stockings. "Now, as yez have lost some hose, yez moight, perhaps, find the very idintical moral av 'em here."

"The very pair!" shrieked Miss Green.

Meantime, the captain had come forward, waving a sage-green pair; and then Miss Brown, in turn, shrieked, "The very pair!"

"Av yez'd be so obligin', fwat very pair d'yez mane?" demanded our artist.

"Our stolen stockings," screamed the two. "That 'trollope' sold them to this man."

The fact seemed patent, as the peddler had none other; and finally he confessed having bought them of a "*ragazzaccia*," a naughty girl. The

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good Irishman did not seem very much astonished at this confession, and, after some little discussion, the stockings were returned to their owners, who immediately demanded the public conviction of the thief. Miss Laura and I began to object. But, for the first time in our experience, the captain insisted, in a most manful way, upon justice.

"My poor Pia," I said. "I couldn't have believed it."

The *padrone* was called, and the *padrona*, and they appeared, followed by the old cook marshalling the two maids and the scullion.

Pia stood, however, in proud, unrecognizing stateliness, eyeing the peddler. But Medea, the chambermaid, had no sooner seen him, than she tried to escape, dodging under the cook's arm. But the cook was too quick for her; she was brought back, and made to face the peddler.

"Oh, Barricalla's Medea," whined the latter, addressing her, "why have you sold me stolen stockings? If these signore were not so adorable and illustrious, they might think me a receiver of stolen goods."

"And they'd be right," said Miss Green, sharply, ignoring her favorite.

"It is the first time," sobbed Medea. "If the good signore will let me go home, I will be forever cured of wickedness." She wrung her hands, and gave way to showers of tears, as she spoke.

Pia, stood by all this time, growing paler and paler. But now the *padrona* fell upon her neck, and the *padrone* shook her hand, while we all crowded around to congratulate her on the establishment of her innocence, till she very nearly fainted with the revulsion of feeling.

On the way home, the O'Gheoghegan, the captain, Miss Laura, and I, occupied the interior of a coach, alone; and as we jingled along in the golden sunset air, the O'Gheoghegan explained the scene we had just witnessed; for it appears he had been playing the part of detective.

"Bliss yer sowl, I saw that piddler a-loafin' about, an' the *Maydayar* a-discoursin' with him; and so I put this an' that together, and asked him to show me the silk stockin's he'd have till sell, at ahl; an' whin he shilly-shallied, I tuk 'im be the scruff, an' sint 'im over the wall, like. Afther that, I found him aminable till gintle tratement; an' for a considheration he tould me ahl about it, pervided the little gal wus ter be let aff. An' now the purty Pia's free, blessed be the saints in heaven."

Misses Brown and Green, finding themselves in an uncomfortable minority, on our return, took an early leave, the next morning; but left no words of apology for Pia, who had helped to pack their boxes, with angelic forgiveness.

But now came the captain's trouble. Miss Laura declared that she had kept her word, in that she had given her promise to be his, as soon as Pia's good name was freed; but she insisted that this promise implied that Captain Jermyngham's mother and sisters should receive her with open arms. "Otherwise," she said, with a little pout, "it can't be, of course."

Now, it is well known by Americans, who have visited in that holy of holies, the county families of England, that the idea prevails among such people that an American girl, although she may not be quite a "red-skin," is sure to retain most of the habits of her native wilds. Thus the captain's declaration of his intention to marry Laura was greeted with tears by his sisters, and stern despair by his doting mother.

In vain the poor fellow tore his curly hair, and vowed that his family would adore Laura; "he was sure of it," if she would only consent *first* to be Mrs. Jermyngham. She was inexorable. Things were at a dead lock, indeed.

The captain came to me, at last, in despair.

"My dear captain," I said, "she is under my care, as you say; but I have no further influence with her; and I'm not sure that she isn't right. Stop. Don't rage up and down, like a mad lion. Let me give you a hint. If I were you, I would try the effect of a little absence. The quail are said to be magnificent, just now, down on the Maremma. Go off, and *take no leave*."

He begged just to be allowed to *see* Miss Laura once again; but I was obdurate; and the early morning train took him off.

By some mysterious means, Pia seemed to understand the state of affairs; and when letters from England came for the captain, she brought them to me.

"If the signora keeps them till the big captain comes back," she said, shrewdly, "perhaps his mother will be anxious, and come. Then she will *see* the lovely Americana." For she seemed to think that a sight of Miss Laura would do for the mother, as it had for the son.

A week passed, and I pretended I must go to Rome. But strange to say, Miss Laura opposed this, silently. Meantime, I noticed that her wit and gayety were a trifle forced.

Suddenly, there came a telegram from the captain's doctor, saying that an accident had prevented the captain from writing, as he had daily done, heretofore, to Laura. His gun had gone off, and his arm was disabled. A similar dispatch went to England. That very day, the *padrone* received a reply from the mother, ordering rooms for herself and two daughters.

I did not find it necessary to tell Laura of the

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accident, or that the old lady was coming. Nor was I present when Mrs. Jermyngham arrived. Tired, worn out, anxious, half insane from trying uselessly to make porters, guards, and servants understand her, she reached the house.

Miss Laura was in the dimly lighted *salon*, alone, touching the piano dreamily, with a refrain of Kucken's, as they came up the long hall.

"Oh, mamma," said the oldest Miss Jermyngham, "I hear a person playing, who knows music. *She* must be civilized, at least; and can tell us if there is news from Regy."

"Go in, Lucy," said the poor mother. "She is probably German, as she plays Kucken; but she must have a heart; and she will tell us what this Italian is trying to explain."

The second daughter entered the room, and went quickly to the piano, saying:

"Dear, kind Fraülein, could you tell us if Captain Jermyngham's wound is better? Is he still alive?"

Miss Laura, as you know, was ignorant of her lover's hurt. She lifted two splendid, brown, frightened eyes to her interrogator; rose to her feet, with a startled cry; and fell fainting into that person's arms.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried Miss Lucy, "it must be Regy's pretty American, and I have killed her."

Meantime, I was descending to the *salon;* and hearing the noise, came running in.

The *padrone* brought a light; I whipped out my salts; and the three tired English ladies helped with good will: for they were quite conquered, when they saw what a pretty, loving creature their red-skin enemy was. I hastily informed them that Miss Laura had known nothing of the captain's wound, adding, "I am her chaperon, and"—a malicious invention, a sudden inspiration on my part—"I did not think *her* family would ever consent that she should marry an Englishman; so I wished her to think him neglectful."

Telegrams passed rapidly, that day. The mother was, so to speak, on her knees to us. A certain private message, from myself to the captain, brought the response, before night, however, that he was able to travel.

Indeed, when he appeared, the next afternoon, the only sign of his accident was his arm in a sling. All went swimmingly. His mother kissed and wept over him, and then passed him on to Miss Laura, before presenting his sisters; and I think the wedding-day was named, before twenty-four hours were past, I guaranteeing, meanwhile, that Laura's family should consent.

Next day, early, the captain came into my *salon*, while the handsome Pia was finishing her dusting.

"You villain!" said I, shaking my finger at him. "I believe you're no more wounded than I am."

"I am so happy that I must kiss you," he cried. "You won't let me? Well, I confess. It was Pia who told me to just put a buckshot in the fleshy pawt of my awm, if I wanted to bwing 'em all down, you know; and it's been quite too awfully successful, hasn't it, now? Pia's a twump."

The scamp looked so handsome that I could not but forgive him. So I condoned his guilt, and even swore not to tell. But I fancy the O'Gheoghegan scented out the affair: for, from that day out, he went into convulsions of laughter, whenever the captain's wound was mentioned.

The captain has paid for a substitute for Pia's lover, out of gratitude for the good creature's mendacious suggestion; and both marriages took place before we left the dear old city for the summer.

# BUT A DREAM.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Was there a summer of sun and bloom,
Of perfume and tropical scents like musk?
Did some one come in the twilight's gloom,
And go when the fair moon lit the dusk
With her soft pervading beam?
No: it was only a dream.

Was there laughter and love and light,
And murmured sounds on the portico?
Did the world seem beautiful, fair and bright?
Were there passionate eyes that shone in the glow
Of a fine cigar's red gleam?
No: it was only a dream.

Was there a path thro' a summer wood?
Were there bright-winged birds that were mad with mirth?
Was there a heart that thought life good,
And heaven no fairer than this old earth?
Was there a laughing stream?
No: it was only a dream.

Only a dream of a sleeper's brain.
There was no summer of bloom and sun.
And the world is troubled and full of pain,
And the woods are leafless, and bare, and dun.
There was never a bird that sang at all;
And nothing but rain on the portico;
And never a season but sad old Fall,
In this desolate earth, I know.
Nothing is as it seems.
Dreams, pitiful dreams.
Dreams, pitiful dreams!

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# THE STORY OF A STORM.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DESDEMONA.

THE day after the berrying party was one of the finest of the season; and Doctor Williams pronounced it the day, of all others, for his patient to make her first essay of the sun-cure. A light stretcher had already been manufactured, under his directions, and everything was soon made ready. Mrs. Vivian, vinaigrette in hand, fluttered about, in everybody's way; and yet was more tolerable than usual: for she was, for the moment, more engrossed in her child than in herself. Magdalene, pale, firm-lipped, and silent, was everywhere, also; but giving judicious help, as the doctor, assisted by Ray, bore their light burden into the open air.

Alice had looked at Ray with curiosity.

"He is very nice," she whispered, to Magdalene. "He looks just like his voice, don't he?"

The stretcher was put down, in the shelter of a clump of white pines and balsam firs, at the hither or south side of which was a lovely little nook, carpeted with pine needles, shaded by a tremulous canopy of green, and odorous with the aromatic, half intoxicating perfume, drawn by the hot sun from the balsams. Here, Magdalene had been accustomed, for some time, to swing her hammock.

"No, not into the shade," ordered the doctor, as Ray made for the hammock. "That will do for Miss Magdalene: but Miss Alice wants the sun. There, put it down here. Now, my child, bask and breathe."

"Oh, how nice," said Alice. "Thank you, doctor; you brought me out so nicely: and thank you, too, Mr. Ray. Don't go away, please. Sit down and talk. I had rather people talked, than read to me."

So Ray sat down, and, in answer to some gentle questioning from Alice, told the names of the surrounding mountains, pointed out the scene of the accident, and finally drifted into an animated description of winter life, and its amusements, in Crosnest, including the story of the great snow, three winters back, when they dug a tunnel from the house to the barn, and were thirty-six hours in doing it.

"But the poor horses and cows," exclaimed Alice. "Didn't they have anything to eat, all that time?"

"Yes," replied Ray. "We got out of that window in the garret, and walked on snow-shoes, to the top of the barn, and climbed up the roof to the scuttle, and pried it off—for it was hooked inside—and then jumped down on the hay, and so got to them."

"Didn't you find it hard, walking on snow-shoes?" asked Magdalene, carelessly.

"Oh, no, I had tried it before, for fun," replied the young man; and Magdalene, with a little nod of success, remarked:

"I thought you were the one who went."

Alice laughed her pretty laugh; and Ray blushed, almost angrily, as he replied:

"Of course. Father has too much rheumatism for such work, and Jabez was only a boy."

"While you?" suggested Magdalene, half maliciously.

"I was about twenty: your own age, I believe, Miss Magdalene."

"Yes; but I don't intend walking on snow-shoes, nor dropping through barn-roofs, nor becoming a hero in any shape."

"But how did you get them to water, Mr. Ray?" interposed Alice. "I have seen you and your brother ride the horses down to the brook, several times; but you couldn't do that, then."

"No, and it wouldn't have been much use, if I could; for the brook was frozen solid. There is a well in the barn cellar, and a furnace where we boil the pigs' and hens' food, in cold weather."

"But wasn't the well frozen?"

"Yes, pretty solid."

"And how did you get through the ice?"

"Well, I had to go down, and chop it out."

"Down in that frozen well?" exclaimed dainty Alice, in horror. "And all alone in the barn?"

"Yes, except the horses, and cows, and pigs, and hens."

"Oh, they would have been no use, if you had fallen, and needed to be pulled out. But how did you get down, and how did you get up again?"

"I had the well-rope, you know; and I took a hint from a miner's story I had been reading, and stuck a candle in a lump of mud on the front of my cap. Coming up was the worst, for the rope was icy, and my hands pretty stiff; and it was as much as I could do to hold on. All at



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once, it came into my head how Jack kept striking his hatchet into the beanstalk, and singing, 'Hitch, my hatchet, and up I go;' and so I hitched my hatchet in between the stones, and up I went, a good deal easier. When I got to the edge of the well, though, I just rolled over on the ground, and lay still a spell."

"Oh, Mr. Ray," exclaimed Alice, softly; and her blue eyes were misty with sympathy.

"You have an admirable qualification for a self-made man, Mr. Ray," remarked Magdalene, superciliously. "You read all sorts of things, and remember, and turn them to account. The snow-shoes, the miner's candle, and Jack's hatchet, you see. They all were the result of study, evidently."

"And yet I don't claim to be a self-made man, Miss Magdalene," said Ray, with a dusky fire kindling in his eyes, for he felt the sarcasm.

"No?" asked Magdalene, airily.

"No. I claim a higher position than that: for I was made by God, the very same God who made you."

"Yes, He makes everybody, no doubt; but—with a difference. It says, in the Bible, one vessel is made to honor, and one to dishonor, you know."

"Oh, Meddie, don't, dear," half whispered Alice, putting her transparent morsel of a hand upon her sister's neck. Magdalene drew the little hand around, and kissed it; and holding it in her own, said:

"Won't you tell Alice about that bear and her cubs, that you found in the cave, last autumn? The cave is up on that mountain over there, Allie."

"Oh, do tell me, please, Mr. Ray."

"If you would only please say Ray, simply," said the young man. "I am not used to a title, even that of Mister. None of we rustics are," bitterly.

"Well then, Ray. By the way, is that your whole name? Or is it Raymond, or something like that?" asked Alice, with her gentle and winning smile.

"My real name is Raphael," said the young man, coloring a little, and glancing from one sister to the other, as if to discover some expression of ridicule. Alice only nodded pleasantly, however; but Magdalene could not resist the saucy inquiry:

"After the archangel?"

"I really don't know, Miss Magdalene."

"And I'm sure it's a very nice name, whoever it was for," suggested Alice, almost impatiently: for Magdalene's perversity wearied, and well nigh annoyed her, to-day. "But about the bear, Ray?"

So Ray told about the bear; and although he made his own prowess as unobtrusive as possible, and laid his success to happy accident, to the heavy charge in his gun, and to all sorts of other things, it was evident enough that his own cool courage had been the real factor.

Alice listened, with clasped hands, and radiant eyes fixed upon the speaker's handsome face, while her color kindled and faded with every alternation of the story. Magdalene listened, also; but never looked up from the bit of crochetting she had taken out of Alice's fingers, nor spoke; until Ray, somewhat abruptly, ended with, "That's all of it." Then she said, "Except that the bear tore your shoulder so, that the doctor thought you'd lose your right arm."

"Oh, your right arm? You?" cried Alice, the tears springing to her eyes. "It is bad enough for me to a cripple—but you!"

"I suppose I couldn't do the work of the station in life where it has pleased God to place me, if I had no right arm," replied Ray, in the tone of bitter jest habitual to him. But Alice said,

"You have no right to complain, as you do, of that, Ray; for it is a station where you can do brave and heroic acts, and help weak and dependent creatures, and be a comfort to your mother—"

"It was she who told you about the bear tearing my arm," said Ray, turning sharply upon Magdalene.

"Yes," replied the latter, absently, her whole mind intent upon her crochet.

But at this point, the conversation was interrupted; for Mrs. Vivian, who had been exasperating Jacquita almost into rebellion, by absurd directions and undeserved reproofs, came mincing out of the house, her veil down, her gloves on, and a large green parasol protecting her complexion; which never could be hurt by the sun, although it would not stand water.

At her approach, Ray arose, bowed to the sisters, and sauntered away, tossing his torn hat upon his head, in a defiant sort of fashion.

"How can you sit right out in the sun so, Magdalene?" cried Mrs. Vivian, as she came up. "No wonder your skin is so coarse and blowsy. And what was that insolent young man doing here, all the morning? I came out into this horrible glare, on purpose to drive him away. Who permitted him to sit down?"

Magdalene raised her head, and opened her lips; but the slender little fingers, nestling on her neck, gave it a warning pressure; and Alice said, pleadingly:

"Oh, mamma, dear, don't object to him, please. I like him."

"Oh, well, my pet, if you can find anything in such rustics to amuse you, I won't interfere,"



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said mamma, with a shrug. "But be very careful to keep the creature in his place. After all, it's a good deal like the court ladies of the Grande Monarque's time, having dwarfs and fools to divert them."

It took a good pinch to keep Magdalene quiet, this time; and as it was, she jumped up, and ran into the house, saying she must bring Alice a glass of milk.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

The golden summer days went on. Every morning, Alice was brought out upon her couch, and laid beneath the fragrant fir trees; and always, whether it was the doctor, or Jacquita, or Magdalene, who carried the foot of the stretcher, it was Ray who bore the head; and he almost always stayed for a little chat with the invalid, coming again at noon to see how she fared, and again in the middle of the afternoon to take her back to the house.

The father grumbled a little, at what he called Ray's neglect of his farm labor, and wondered any man could take pleasure in sitting beside a sick girl's couch, or in showing Magdalene where ferns, and wild flowers, and birds' nests, and lichens, were to be found. But Mrs. Shillaber said it was, after all, no more than his due; and besides, as she once added, in a mysterious undertone, "He's of a different nature from Jabez, anyway. There's no knowing just what was done for him, that Hallow Eve."

This allusion always silenced Shillaber, who had long since ceased to hold any definite theory on the subject, and did not like to hear of it.

Others, beside the Shillaber family, had noted and commented upon Ray's inconstancy to his labor; and as Colonel Lithbridge drove Mrs. Vivian home, one afternoon, from a call at the farmhouse, he suddenly inquired:

"What is that young bumpkin always doing around your girls? Why do you allow it?"

"Oh, it amuses Allie to hear him talk, and the poor child can have so little recreation," began Mrs. Vivian.

But the courteous colonel interrupted her, with a most discourteous sneer.

"Alice! It's Magdalene that he admires."

"No, do you think so?" exclaimed the mother, and then, with her false little laugh, added, carelessly, "But what matter, if he does? The cat may look at the king, or the queen, you know. All the worse for him."

"Not if the queen stoops to caress the cat," suggested the colonel. "It is your duty to look into it."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the lady, pettishly. "There you go again, with your eternal lectures, about my duty, and—and all. I wish you had the right to manage the girl yourself."

"I wish I had. I would gladly assume it, if you could give it me," said the colonel.

Mrs. Vivian's pulses gave a wild throb of surprise and delight. Were the efforts of years to be crowned thus suddenly and unexpectedly? She eagerly turned her face toward him, and through the thick veil her eyes burned like stars upon the man at her side, whose drawn brows, gloomy eyes, and sullen mouth, looked very little like those of a lover. But Fanny Vivian was not a physiognomist.

"Would you?" gasped she. "Will you? Yes, indeed, I will give it you, Rafe. I have always loved you, even in the old days, when you loved Margaruita—"

"A boy's love—not to compare with this," muttered the colonel, buried in his own thoughts and memories. "I tell you, Fanny, I never loved in my life until now, and now it is so that if I do not succeed, I will kill myself, or her, or my rival."

"You have no rival, Rafe. How could any sane woman prefer another to you."

But still misunderstanding her, he replied:

"I tell you, that boy, that lout of the farm there, loves her, and she more than likes him."

"Well, but—oh! Oh, Rafe! What—who were you talking about? You said you loved—"

He turned, and looked at her, at last; one moment in bewilderment; then in comprehension; and then with a flash of cynical amusement, that burned deep, deep into her vanity; nay, let us do her justice, into her wounded and outraged love; for she had loved him, with all that was in her. He hid the smile in a moment, and turning away, said, quietly:

"I was saying, you know, that I loved Magdalene, and wished to marry her. Are you surprised?"

"Well, yes, colonel," replied Mrs. Vivian, with a ringing little laugh. "You must excuse me for having appeared a little bewildered at the idea. I thought you more worldly wise; these May and December marriages are so silly."

"But December and December would be still more silly, it seems to me," retorted the colonel, drawing up his horses at the steps of the verandah, where sat half a score of gossips.

Two gentlemen came down the steps, to escort Mrs. Vivian up, and a mature maiden leaned over the railing, so that six ears distinctly heard Mrs. Vivian's reply, low and regretful though the tone was:

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"I'm very sorry, colonel, very sorry, indeed. I never shall marry again; but we are always friends and cousins, you know."

What could he say? What could he do? Nothing. And before night, everybody in that house was telling that Colonel Lithbridge had offered himself to Mrs. Vivian, in the basket-phaeton, and she had refused him.

In the seclusion of her own room—for she first turned out Estelle and locked the door—Mrs. Vivian indulged herself in a fit of rage, ending in a fit of tears. It was a great strain upon her nerves, and it took a long while to repair her complexion, eyelashes, eyebrows, and smile; but it did her good. After all, Nature will collect some of her dues, deny her as we may; and Mrs. Vivian was never more brilliant, physically or mentally, than that evening.

All the same, she was a wickeder woman than she had been, that morning; for the truest love she had ever known had curdled into hate.

And the worst of it all was that the shadow of this hate fell upon Magdalene, already an unloved child.

## CHAPTER IX.

### TEMPEST WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

It was some days later, that Magdalene, having seen her sister carried back into her bedroom, and settled for the afternoon sleep, put a little volume of Tennyson in her pocket, and quietly left the house. In the lane she met the elder Jabez, who, after his clumsy nod of greeting, paused, wrenched open his lips with an effort, and said, "Better not go too far. Guess we're going to have a storm. Look a' them thunder-heads."

He pointed, as he spoke, to the southern horizon, where great, glittering cumuli, touched at the edges with purple, were slowly rising. Magdalene glanced, carelessly, at them, and said:

"I see. But they are not coming this way. We shan't have rain, I'm quite sure."

She passed rapidly on, and Jabez went to the barn, muttering, "Ef conseit would save 'em, the gals and boys would have the best of it, here and hereafter."

But Magdalene was not conceited, this time; only indifferent to all outer matters. Her mind was in that turbulent and overcrowded condition, when one feels that to get away, and have a good long *think*, is more than a pleasure: it is a necessity; and so long as she might be in motion, and alone with the hills, and the sky, and the whispering trees, Magdalene cared little whether storm or sunshine were around her.

For days she had been watching Alice uneasily. It was, perhaps, natural that her sister should find a pleasant variety in Ray's society, and it was harmless enough for a sick girl to like to listen to stories and descriptions of a life so unlike her own.

It was good and kind, too, of the strong, active young man, to sit for hours beside the invalid's couch, and give himself up to entertaining her. But why need Alice's soft eyes grow bright and joyous, when Ray's step came through the house toward her room? And why did they dwell so admiringly upon his face, as he sat talking, and follow him so sadly, as he went? And why did she seem so restless and distraught, as the time for his little visit came around? And why did she fall into such smiling reveries when he was gone? And how was it that she listened so eagerly, when others spoke of him, and so seldom spoke of him herself? And why, if he brought her a flower, did she play with, and fondle it?

Could it be, oh, could it be, that Alice, the angelic Alice, the dainty, sheltered, flower-like Alice, whom they had often said would never find a fitting mate among mortal men, was letting her heart go out to this youth, so utterly her inferior in every worldly point of view? Was she actually falling in love with a farmer boy?

And at this point, the girl's innate truthfulness and justice came welling up, through the crust of conventional teaching, and through another and more honest feeling, which Magdalene dared not name to herself. After all, what if this man was a working farmer? Was he not a gentleman in heart and feeling—yes, and in manner, too? Except, perhaps, for some accretions, from the society to which he had been confined, and which would drop off, almost at once, if he were thrown into another class.

"And Allie would teach him so gently, and so sweetly, that he would never take offence. Heigho!" The last exclamation was muttered, half aloud, and the sound of her own voice recalled Magdalene to a perception of the outer world. She paused, abruptly; for she had walked very fast, and very far. She looked about her. Everything was strange. She had mechanically taken the road leading up into the hills, and some distance back had struck into a wood-path, following its branchings with no reference to their direction, and was now lost.

The afternoon had grown close and sultry, and in the air was that ominous hush, with which Nature often heralds her wildest commotions. A sudden weariness and oppression came over Magdalene's active limbs and panting lungs. She drew two or three heavy breaths, and snatched off the hat that stifled her. But the

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closely serried trees and undergrowth seemed to keep off every breath of air; and with an impatient exclamation—for truth to tell, the girl was in that mood when very little annoyances became unendurable—she pushed on, looking right and left for some egress from this stifling spot.

Before going very far, she discovered it in a stony little path, leading steeply up the hill at her right. Glimpses of sky through the trees, and a smaller growth of wood along the path, seemed to indicate that this hill had been at least partially cleared, not long before. Magdalene hurried on, hoping to discover, if possible, where she was, and what was the homeward route. High up the hill, the path suddenly broke off, on a little table land, quite clear of trees, or any growth, except a thick, short grass, sown here and there with the beautiful wild flowers of that region. At the further side, abruptly rose a granite cliff, crowned at the very top with a group of pine trees, which only added to the sombre effect of the dark and seamed front, towering naked and frowning from the pretty grass-plot.

An opening, perhaps three feet in height, but wider, near the base of the cliff, attracted Magdalene's eye. A cave, evidently: perhaps the shelter of some wild animal, perhaps of some criminal hiding from justice; and the girl shivered a little, as she thought this: then scornfully smiled at her own notion. A sullen peal of thunder, followed by an electric flash, so vivid that she cried out, and put her hands over her eyes, announced a nearer and less problematic danger; and hurriedly making an observation of the sky, so long concealed from her, Magdalene perceived that the "storm," predicted by the old farmer, had become a present and pressing reality. The great white cumuli had given place to black and purple masses of cloud, piled one upon another, and driven wildly before a southerly wind, which had for some time been sighing and moaning in the treetops, as if already remorseful for the destruction it was about to bring upon the earth. The electric oppression of the air appeared rather increased than lightened by this hot and gusty wind; and, as another terrific peal and flash seemed to consume the very air about her, and great drops of rain came plashing upon her upturned face, even Magdalene's spirit quailed a little, and she turned to flee down the path, and seek the homeward route, however blindly.

At this moment, the deep-mouthed bay of a large dog caught her attention, at first increasing her terror; and then, a familiar tone of the voice struck on her ear, suggesting help at hand.

"Oh, if it is Bose," exclaimed she, pausing, and clasping her hands.

Now Bose was Ray Shillaber's dog; and never, if he could help it, absent from his master's side.

Again the dog's voice sounded; and this time, nearer at hand: and now the clatter of horse's feet mingled with it. The rain pattered faster; the soughing wind twisted the treetops in fantastic, fearsome forms; the black clouds drooped lower upon the mountain-top; the thunder rattled and rolled; and the lightnings flashed almost without intermission; but Magdalene was no longer afraid, nor thought of flight: but standing there, pliant, yet strong as a young birch tree—that white lady of the woods, which always reminds one of a graceful girl-figure—she waited, amid wind, and rain, and tempest, for the help that was coming.

A few minutes more, and with a scrambling rush up the steep little path, Bose was at her feet, fawning upon her, and uttering breathless little yelps of satisfaction and summons to the rider who now came pushing up the path, the loose stones rolling from beneath his horse's feet, and his own head bent low to escape the writhing branches threatening to sweep it off.

"Oh, Ray! I am so glad to see you," cried Magdalene, eagerly.

"Yes; father was worrying for fear you'd be caught in the storm, for they saw you take this road, and so I put the old pillion behind the saddle, and laid Bose on your track. You said you'd like a chance to try the pillion; and I have been fixing it, as you see."

"How nice! Bring the horse to this log, and—"

The words were cut short by a terrific peal of thunder—one of those rattling, continuous volleys that seem to tear one's very brain asunder, and throw all one's ideas into a chaos of confusion and terror; with it, rather than following it, came the hiss of the lightning, and the sulphurous glare, so close to their eyes, that Magdalene clasped her hands over hers, crying out, "We're struck!"

"Not yet; but it's not safe here," replied Ray, hurriedly; and as if the terrific flash had rent the heavens in a new place, a flood of rain poured down; not in drops, but in streams so dense as to drive the air before it, and make breathing almost as difficult as under water.

Twisting his horse's bridle to a branch, he seized Magdalene's arm, and hurried her across the little prairie, to the mouth of the cave; making gestures—for his words were inaudible in the noise—that she should creep in at the low-browed entrance. Unhesitatingly, she obeyed; and after penetrating some few feet, found herself in a dry and warm chamber, not very lofty nor very large, yet sufficiently so to enable her to

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stand upright, and move about with ease. Ray followed; and as he rose to his feet, said, gently:

"You are not afraid to be here, are you?"

"Afraid? Why should I be?" asked Magdalene, in surprise, "I am very glad of the shelter."

"Well, there are no bears about, now. But this is the very cave where I killed the bear, last year."

"Is it, really? What an association! But I am not afraid, for all that."

"There! I knew you would take it that way! Now Lizzie Blake would have screamed, and run out in the rain, and said 'Oh, la! I couldn't stay here another minute, I declare to gracious I couldn't!'"

"But the poor horse," exclaimed Magdalene.

"Yes," replied Ray. "I am very sorry for Tom, and also for the saddle and pillion. I couldn't get him in here; but I will go and bring them."

He moved toward the mouth of the cave. But Magdalene, catching him by the coat, exclaimed:

"No, no! Don't go out. Don't!"

"Why not? I don't mind a little more wetting, and the pillion may be dried, somewhat, if I bring it in. Why shouldn't I go?"

"Because—it is dangerous out there," said Magdalene, hesitatingly, and with a fiery blush burning upon her cheeks in the darkness, which yet was not dense enough to hide the flash of Ray's eyes, as he softly said:

"Do you care for my safety?"

"Care? I care for every human being's safety. I hope your father and Jabez are safely housed." And Magdalene drew back a step, to the limit of the cave, which was hardly larger, by the bye, than a hollow tree.

"Ah, yes, I see," exclaimed the young man, in the bitter tone so sadly common to him. "Well, my father, and Jabez, and I, are all trained to risk our own comfort and health—life, even, at times—to preserve our property. That is the way poor folk must live, Miss Magdalene; a man is easily enough replaced, especially so unimportant a one as myself; but a saddle is worth money."

Again he stooped to the entrance, and Magdalene no longer opposed him. But at that instant, the storm seemed to culminate in a wild mingling of thunder, lightning, howling wind, and dashing rain, before which the very mountain, within whose cleft they were sheltered, seemed to stagger; while the crash of falling trees and rocks, far above their heads, was followed by a rushing noise close at hand, the patter of earth, the thunder of falling rocks, the rustling of foliage, and then a stifling cloud of dust, and utter, utter darkness.

Magdalene, all other feelings merged in bewildering terror, flew to Ray, and clinging close to his arm, gasped, in that terrible and stifling cloud:

"Oh, Ray, Ray, what is it?"

"Don't be frightened—don't sob so. There, there!" And putting an arm around her, the brave fellow tried to shelter her face upon his breast, with no more personal thought, in that moment, than if it had been a storm-beaten lamb or fawn.

Magdalene did not stop to think about it either; but an instinct, deeper than thought, made her draw away from that enfolding arm. Yet still grasping the sleeve, she again demanded:

"But what is it? What has happened?"

"I think—I can't be sure—but I think the lightning must have struck the top of the cliff, and brought down a slide of earth and rocks, with perhaps a tree or two. I smell fresh turned earth, and I heard rocks, and the rustling of branches. I have some matches, and will go down and look."

"You won't—of course you can't go out—but don't do anything dangerous," said Magdalene, incoherently, and laughing nervously, as she unclasped her fingers.

"No, there is nothing dangerous to do," said Ray, gently. He longed so to enfold and comfort this poor, storm-beaten lamb, and dared not.

"If only I had a torch, or even some paper. Matches last so little time," said he, scratching one against the rock, and sheltering the tiny blaze with his two hands.

Oddly enough, the first use either made of this brief illumination, was to look at the other's face. Both were pale; both saw a pair of shining eager eyes fixed upon their own; both forced a reassuring smile. The match went out.

"Some paper," repeated Magdalene, composedly. "You said you wanted some paper?"

"Yes. The match only lighted one little spot," said Ray, with so much meaning, that the girl's cheeks burned again in the darkness.

Hastily pulling her blue-and-gold Tennyson from her pocket, she tore some leaves from it, saying, "Here! If Tennyson can save our lives, it is the best use we can put him to."

Lighting another match, Ray took the leaves from her hand, and as he touched the light to them, paused a moment, and then, with a tremble in his voice, read aloud:

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name;
Your pride is yet no match for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came."

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"I always thought that young man was not so much proud, as very bad-tempered and silly," said Magdalene, sharply. "Now I will tear out one leaf, at a time, and fold it into an allumette, and hand it to you. They will last a great deal longer, that way."

"Very well, although I fear—"

Ray, who was already crouching in the mouth of the cave, suffered his voice to die away in an ominous silence.

Stooping down, Magdalene saw, by the light of the expiring handful of paper, that a solid wall of mingled earth and stones opposed him.

"Although you fear it is of no use," said she, in a low voice; for ghastly possibilities, of which she had not yet thought, rose suddenly before her.

"More paper, please," replied Ray, briefly. "Could you creep down here, and hold the light, so that I can work with both hands?"

"Yes. But wait until I have folded some more paper, to be ready. I can do that in the dark."

"I will be digging round this rock, meantime. That can be done in the dark, also," and Ray's voice showed a touch of that blessed hopefulness, which is youth's armor, and weapon, and tower of defence.

For a few moments, no sound was audible, but the rustling of paper, and the soft fall of earth. Then Magdalene said, cheerily enough:

"There, the poet laureate is ready to illuminate the world, once more. Have you a match?"

"Yes. Will you come down here?"

"I am coming. But Ray, how stifling the air has grown. We shall die of that, long before we starve."

Ray did not answer. The apprehension was too well founded to be contradicted. Digging with both hands into the mass of earth in front of him, he already had made a heap large enough to fill a bushel measure; but still, as he dug, the loose soil from above fell into the cavity he made, and the only result of his labors was to choke up the little space, already so cramped, and now becoming so suffocatingly hot that Magdalene gasped for breath.

"It is of no use," said Ray, suddenly, turning his pale and haggard face upon hers. "The rock is larger than I thought: it half covers the entrance; and above that are the roots of a fallen tree, which prevent my getting out any more earth, even if it did not fall in so. It only makes matters worse to fill the cave with earth; and the only chance, from the first, was to get an air-hole; but that is impossible. I have broken my knife; and at any rate, it was too weak to cut these roots."

"Then there is no hope left?" said Magdalene, in a low voice.

"None; unless the people at home may come to look for us. A pity that I hitched Tom so fast. If he had gone home, riderless, it would have told the story."

"And Bose?"

"He stayed with Tom. I thought it would crowd you, if he came into the cave. I am glad he is outside, now. If he could hear me, I would send him home."

"Try," exclaimed Magdalene.

Ray whistled and shouted, once or twice; but the dull reverberations from the solid rock around, and the equally solid wall of earth and stones in front, were all that replied; and after a few more efforts, Ray crept back into the centre of the cave, where Magdalene had already retreated. There, throwing himself down, he wiped the streaming moisture from his forehead, saying:

"It is perfectly useless. I can dig no further, without tools; and that earth-bank may be ten or fifteen feet thick. We shall be found, sometime: for the dog will howl; and if the horse gets free, he will go home. They will find us, some time."

"But not alive," said Magdalene, in a sombre voice.

Ray was silent, and she repeated the words, adding, "*Will* they?"

Ray gave a short, unmirthful laugh.

"Again," he said, "I see the difference between you and the girls of my own station in life. If you were one of the Blakes, I should evade your question, or answer it insincerely, both for her sake and my own: for I hate a storm of questions and exclamations, and foolish sobs and tears; but to you I dare to speak the exact truth. This cave is perhaps six feet wide, and ten deep; and from three to seven high; and it is now absolutely air-tight. You know, for yourself, that the air is already very much exhausted, and very warm—"

"It is suffocating," murmured Magdalene, plaintively.

"It is hardly probable that we shall be discovered, before morning," continued Ray, in a hard and determined voice, as of one resolved to face the worst. "And long before that, we shall be dead. For myself, I am not sorry. For you, I am. I would gladly give my life to save yours; but I do not see how it can be done."

"No. It cannot. Dead, before morning." And Magdalene, dropping her face into her hands, became suddenly silent. For the first time, in her young life, she was confronting something with which she felt powerless to cope.

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She was roused by Ray's voice—its peculiar tone—for its cold hardihood had changed to a strange, almost reckless joy.

"And do you know why," he said, "I am glad to die, now and here, Magdalene? I may call you Magdalene now, may I not?—for, in an hour or two, we shall be quite equal."

"We are equal now, Ray; except, I dare say, you are better than I," replied the girl, humbly.

"I am glad to die," pursued Ray, impetuously, "because life would have separated me from you, very soon and very hopelessly; and now we shall die together: and I love you, Magdalene; I love you; I love you. I never expected to say those words aloud: certainly never in your hearing; and the joy of saying them is well worth death. I love you, proud and dainty Magdalene; and since you never could have been my wife, I am glad no other man can ever be your husband."

"That is but a cruel and selfish love," said Magdalene, calmly. "I expected more of you."

"You expected? What!" he spoke eagerly. "Did you ever think well of me? Did you see anything beyond the rusticity, and the presumption, and the ill-temper, at which you were always scoffing? Oh, Magdalene, I have dared to suspect, sometimes, that a good deal of your scorn was assumed, but—"

The agitated voice choked and paused, and Magdalene's clear, cold tones took up the word.

"Assumed? Yes, toward you. But the real and bitter scorn was for myself, and that was not assumed. It is as well that I should die."

"Why? What do you mean? Why do you scorn yourself, Magdalene, and why are you ready to die? Answer me, for the moments are growing short, and in the face of death all earthly reserves, and shames, and petty differences, fade away. Magdalene, speak the truth, God's own truth, to me now. I love you, with all my heart, and soul, and mind; do you, could you ever have loved me?"

"I could have loved you—no, I will, as you say, speak all the truth; for I am dying, I feel that I am dying; I do love you, Ray; I love you so well, that I am content to die, dying with you; for if I had lived, I could not have lived for you; I could not ever have let you know the falsehood of my manner toward you."

"You love me," repeated Ray, softly and slowly. "Say it again, till it sounds true. Am I dreaming—or is it the mirage of Paradise?"

"Ray! Your voice sounds so strangely. You are fainting—dying. Oh, my new-found love, wait, wait for me."

"Say, 'I love you, Ray, I do love you,'" whispered he, groping in the darkness for her hand, and grasping it in his clammy fingers.

"I love you, Ray; I love you dearly. We will die together; and perhaps, beyond, we shall find a kinder world than this."

"Will you kiss me, just once, for good-bye to this world, my darling?"

"Yes. We are dead to it, already."

And so the chill kiss of death and farewell was exchanged.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# THE CHILDREN.

BY HARRIET MABEL SPALDING.

Oh! the blessed little children,
With their words of wisdom sweet;
With their merry, ringing laughter,
And their pure, unwayward feet;
With their soft eyes yet unseeing
Dangers dark and wide and wild,
And the dews of Heav'n still clinging
To their garments undefiled.

Oh! the blessed little children,
With their brows of drifted snow;
Do they see the thistles hiding
Where the roses reddening glow?
Do they dream of vernal springtime,
Summer song and forests green,
'Ere the petals drop their sweetness,
And the tints of gold are seen?

Oh! the blessed little children,
Do they ever think of sin?
Sorrows rough and deep awaiting,
Where their feet may enter in?

When in childhood's early morning,
With their fair hands crowned with flowers,
All their holy love looks upward
From their trusting hearts to ours.

Long ago, with deep compassion,
In the centuries far and dim,
One, with pleading voice and tender,
Bade the children come to Him.
Since He blessed them, who can wonder
At their beauty, pure and fair?
What can ever, in its glory,
With their loveliness compare?

Heaven bless the little children!
Years to come shall pass away;
Rosy cheeks must lose their brightness,
Sunny hair at last turn gray
But, oh! heavenly Father, keep them
Pure of heart and sweet of will.
In Thy tender love abiding,
They will be the children still.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE superb picture made by that Indian girl, as she leaned through the window, with the breath of spring floating through her hair, and the star-lit branches of a great tree behind her, was enough in itself to startle that little party into bewildering admiration; but there was something more potent than beauty in the sound of her voice, which seemed to thrill the air moments after it had melted into smiles on her lips—something that made General Noel start from his chair, and look around wildly, like one who had been aroused from the slumberous ease of a dream by a sudden shock. Before he could shake off this strange impression, Constance had arisen from the piano, and approached the window.

"Come in," she said, graciously; "the night air is damp. Your head is uncovered, and you may take cold."

Washanee laughed, with a soft, musical shout, looking up playfully into the young lady's face.

"Cold? What is that? Are not some leaves on the trees yet? Why should anyone be cold?"

"You do not understand, perhaps, that there really is some peril in our climate, especially to a stranger," said Young, joining his hostess, and speaking in the low, persuasive way that had won for him such popularity in social life. "It is tempting malaria, when you wander out, uncovered, after sunset."

Washanee turned her dark eyes on the man, and listened, with parted lips, while he was speaking.

"You wish me to avoid something that I cannot make out, being a stranger," she said, with a glow of bewilderment in her face. "Only tell me what it is, and I will do it."

"Come around to the verandah in front," said Constance, with the faintest possible tone of coldness in her voice. "We should like to hear you sing indoors."

"Would you?" questioned Washanee, addressing Young, with breathless eagerness. "Would you?"

"Nothing could give me more pleasure," answered the young man; flattered, in spite of himself, by her eager appeal to him.

"Then I will come in," said the girl, disappearing from the window, as suddenly as she had presented herself there.

The next moment, some branches of a flowering thicket, long out of blossom, were thrust aside, at an end of the verandah leading to the garden, and Washanee appeared at the French window which Young had opened for her. She paused, with one foot on the threshold, and looked around on the pictures, the rich drapery, and, to her, wonderful adornments of the room; but maintained the instinct of pride peculiar to her people, and gave no sign of the admiration that, for a moment, held her spell-bound. She had not been altogether unprotected from the night air, for the Oriental scarf, that had given such picturesque effect to her appearance at the Capitol that day, was gathered in loose folds around her, and the fringed ends fell low upon her dress, as she advanced into the room, and stood beneath a crystal chandelier that shed the reflection of icicles flooded by sunlight all around her.

As the Indian girl stood in this momentary illumination, Constance glanced at Young, and was struck by the admiration so eloquent in his countenance. Her own heart fell at the sight; but a finer pride than anything that possessed the fair savage, prevented the slightest expression of this feeling in her manner.

"It is a happy chance that has brought you among us," she said, reaching out her hand. "Here, you must not feel like a stranger. My father will be glad to welcome you."

General Noel arose, and came forward, in no way shorn of his dignity, as a host, by this abrupt appearance of the beautiful barbarian in his house. After the first emotion of surprise, he had settled back in his chair, and seemed to be scarcely more than a passive spectator of this remarkable scene; but when thus directly addressed by his daughter, he came into the light, greeted the girl as if she had been an expected guest, and offering his hand, would have led her to a seat. She did not comprehend the courtesy of this movement; but stood looking at him earnestly, while a grave, almost reverential expression, stole over her countenance. All



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at once, as if performing some religious observance, she sank to one knee; and taking his hand, pressed her forehead upon it, murmuring some words in the Indian tongue, low and sweet, that seemed like a prayer.

While she was kneeling, General Noel stooped forward, took her head between his hands, and gazed down into the face thus upturned with gentle force to his, with a strange, searching look, that seemed to disturb the girl.

"I know," she said, hesitating and doubtful, as she rose to her feet, and saw the signs of astonishment with which her act was regarded, "that the white people have wise medicine men, like ours; and that meaner persons do them homage. Have I done wrong?"

This wistful appeal was addressed to the general, who turned away, without seeming to hear it, and moved to another part of the room. Young, seeing the look of distress with which the girl followed him, hastened to answer:

"There is no chief, of all your tribes, more powerful than this one. No wise man who receives deeper homage from the people. That which you have given, touches him deeply. How could it be otherwise?"

Washanee was satisfied; her face brightened with smiles again. She turned to Constance.

"You wonder that I came here—so do I. Only, when I sat in my room, over yonder, thinking how strange everything was, and how much I should like to talk with some one about all that I had seen in this new world, there came such sweet singing, through the bushes under my window, that I could not help following it. So I swung myself down, by the branch of a tree, into the garden; and answered it, as birds sing to each other in the woods. Surely, that cannot be wrong?"

The girl looked from the young Senator to Constance, so wistfully that both hastened to reassure her. Indeed, it seemed impossible to resist the naive simplicity of this impulsive young creature.

"Wrong?" said Young, smiling down upon her, and speaking in a voice that few women could have resisted. "Who blames you for following such music as Miss Noel has given us?"

"But I answered it, and she does not like that," said Washanee, with a pleading look at the young lady, who turned crimson under the shy reproach.

Young gave one glance at her burning face, and interposed with swift tact.

"But I am sure she does like it," he said. "Who could help it?"

"Certainly," said Constance, who had regained her composure. "I was surprised, but delighted. Your voice fairly carried mine away. I have never heard anything so wildly sweet."

"And you?" said Washanee, turning to Young.

"I shall only be too happy, if you permit me to hear it again."

"Then I will sing," answered Washanee, and, with the animation of a pleased child, she went to the piano, and seated herself, looking over her shoulder, and inviting her astonished listeners to follow, with a bright, half mischievous smile.

"You play, too?" said Constance, obeying the signal.

"Oh, yes," answered the strange creature, dashing her hand over the keys, lightly as a bird flies.

"But—but—"

Constance checked herself; she felt that the expression of surprise, on her lips, was almost a rudeness.

"You think it strange," said Washanee, reading her thoughts; "but my grandsire knows everything that is good for white men or Indians, and loves to give me all that he has learned. Besides, you know, one cannot help loving music. Our forests are full of it. You can hear it everywhere: in the winds, when they whisper in the trees, or roar through them in storms; in the great waterfalls, when they leap down the mountains, or break into drops among the flowers. Then the birds: oh, how they flutter and fly and sing together. What you get from this is wonderful; but all that I know came from one grand old man, who is braver than all other Indians, and wise as a white man. In this way, he talks with the Great Spirit."

As she spoke, Washanee deepened her touch on the piano, and filled the room with low, sweet sounds, that no rudely tutored hands could have produced, though it was unlike anything her listeners had ever heard. Then her voice stole in: low, sweet, and tender, like the breath of spring caressing its buds into blossoms. You could almost feel the opening of the flowers, as they swelled into bloom, died, and gave way to the warmth and teeming luxury of summer; for her voice grew richer and softer, as if pervaded by the lassitude of warmth and perfume; a slumberous absorption stole over her countenance, and her magnificent eyes were veiled by the drooping lids.

The little audience listened breathlessly. General Noel veiled his face with one hand, and sat motionless. Asleep, perhaps—no one could tell. Constance had moved within the shadow of a

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window-curtain, and, leaning against the wainscot, watched those two at the piano: both so wrapped in sensuous enjoyment, that they seemed unconscious of her presence. Never, in her life, had she seen a face so full of glowing admiration, as that of the young man; the rare beauty of the girl made her faint.

All at once, Washanee was aroused from the dreamy trance in which her voice had been almost hushed. The thick lashes no longer veiled her eyes. Gleams of inspiration came and went across her face, changing it each moment. Up to this time, the words of her song had been given in English; but the strange performance that followed, was an improvisation in the Indian tongue.

Evidently, the fair savage believed herself in the woods, when winter storms were sweeping through them; her voice rose and swelled like the gathering of a tempest; her lips seemed touched with flame. No war-dance was ever wilder than the variations that swept through them. You could almost hear the hurtling of winds among naked tree boughs—the rush and rattle of hail against mountain rocks—the weird sighing of exhausted storms among pine trees.

Then, as if all her powers were beaten down by the elements she evoked, her hands fell from the still vibrating keys, and she looked timidly around, as if frightened by what she had done.

"I am a savage, and forgot. Oh, yes, I forgot," she said, with faltering deprecation in her look and voice. "But music is savage, too, when we learn it in the woods. Ah, lady, how pale you are; and I have done it."

Constance was indeed pale. The strange, weird power of Washanee's singing had thrilled her from head to foot. This was not music such as she had ever dreamed of; but an inspiration that submitted to no rules, through which, however, a certain harmony of method ran, like the gold in a broken chain.

Washanee's evident distress aroused her from this trance of mingled feelings, and she came forward, still pale, and speaking with effort. "It is wild, weird, sometimes terrible," she said, "but grander than anything I ever heard."

"Our people like the terrible best. When they could take the war-path in thousands, they had battle-songs that would make your blood run cold; but they have learned to plant corn, and do not sing them now. I only sing the voices of the storm; for they come from the Great Spirit, when he speaks loud to the world he has made."

"Then you believe in the Great Spirit?" said Young.

"As you believe," answered the girl, with a reverential bend of the head. "Grandsire says that we worship your God, with a different name; that is all."

"Your grandfather is a wise man," said Young, "when he accepts the spirit of worship, rather than its dogmas."

All at once, Washanee seemed aroused by some troubled thought.

"Wise," she repeated, "oh, yes; but he will be searching for me in my empty room. Good-night. I must go now. Was it wicked to come, I wonder?"

"Wicked? No—no; but very pleasant to us all. If your home is so near, you must come again," said Constance, in a hurried voice. "It would pain us, if either you or your grandfather should think of this one visit as an intrusion."

Washanee looked at the young lady with questioning earnestness. Keen sensibility made her penetration acute, and she felt that some spirit of unrest was struggling against her gracious speech.

She said, in a voice half proud, half sorrowful, and moving toward the window: "I will go. When you want me, I will come again."

General Noel came forward. "Not that way, or alone," he said, in a manner that seemed to rebuke some inhospitable shortcoming in his daughter. "I will see that you reach home in safety."

"You will hardly be so cruel," interrupted Young, stepping into the hall for his hat. "For once, general, I must venture on a dispute with you."

"Oh, I decline that, so long as the young lady is well protected," was the polite reply.

Constance stood at the window, and watched her guests, as they passed up the street, side by side, but walking somewhat apart; for Washanee did not understand the action, when Young offered his arm, and moved on freely, as if she had been treading some forest path alone.

When they were out of sight, the girl turned from the sash, and seemed relieved, when she found that her father had left the room. Darting toward the piano, she hustled some sheets of music aside, seized one of them, and tore it in two.

"The treacherous thing shall not quite betray me. He got one glance; but shall never have another. Oh, what a fool I was, to write him that scrawl. How it fed his vanity. What was there in that wild girl's face to win his admiration so completely? He will never look at me so, never—never!"

Constance walked up and down the room, as

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these thoughts came and went in her mind. The sharp and unreasoning pangs of jealousy kindled her whole being into revolt. Hitherto, her beauty had been so perfect, her position so much above the level of ordinary girls, that she had never been called upon to resent the rivalry of any living woman. The thought that this could be possible, had not entered her mind. She had appropriated these great social advantages, as she did the sunshine and the air. They were things she was born to, and held in right; scarcely conscious that out of them should have sprung the sweet humility of gratitude.

Do not misunderstand this. Constance Noel was neither a thankless nor an arrogant girl. On the contrary, great advantages had made her kind and generous; but her blessings had been so many, that she had never stopped to count them. To fully realize great endowments, we must have had reverses, anxieties, failures.

These things Constance had never known; so she writhed under the doubts and stings of this new-born jealousy, as a tropical bird would suffer, if suddenly swept by an icy breath from the north.

"So, this is what I have wondered at, and sometimes smiled over—God forgive me!—when I have seen other girls turn pale, because the men they cared most for have turned from them, to some fairer or brighter person. Did I ever provoke this, or triumph in it? Oh, I hope not, I hope not. The pain is too cruel."

It seemed a long time to Constance. The Indian girl could not live more than a block away, and she must have been gone an hour, at least. A full hour, with Young by her side—an hour! She paused, and looked at the sumptuous French clock on the mantelpiece; drew nearer; and saw that only ten minutes had passed—ten minutes, and he was coming back: she could hear his step on the pavement, the touch of his hand on the gate-latch.

But he must not find her there, looking so restless and feverish.

When Young came in, he found her just rising from an easy chair, as if she had rested tranquilly in it, during his absence, and was ready to receive him with the smiling indifference of a well-bred woman, who finds her *rôle* as hostess a little tiresome.

"It did not take long to find the nest of our wild bird," she observed, as the young man hesitated, doubtful whether to seat himself or depart. "What a strange, bright creature she is."

"Wonderfully bright, and strange beyond anything. Rather too much so, indeed, for the end of a day like this," said Young, hesitating a little, for Constance did not resume her seat, and this discouraged his inclination to stay longer; but he added, with more courage:

"Is it so very late? I see that the general has retired."

"I scarcely know when he left the room. You will find him in the library, I dare say. Probably, he thought your charming duty might last longer."

Young flushed to the temples. This cool dismissal stung him, like the touch of a lash.

"Excuse me, I will not disturb him again. Good-night."

Constance saw her guest depart, with a cruel sense of reprisal, that ended in a rush of penitent shame, before his steps died away on the pavement.

"What a fool I was, to dream that she was capable of encouraging any man in that way," exclaimed the young Senator, when he found himself on the pavement. "This is a pretty end to what people will call a triumphant day. At any rate, this thing shall never feed my vanity into presumption again."

Here, Huestice Young took the tantalizing paper from his bosom; tore it in two; and flung the fragments into the street. This act seemed to appease his ruffled feelings somewhat: for he walked slower and slower, awhile; then turned back, and gathered up the pieces, carefully folding them together.

## CHAPTER VII.

While Washanee had become restless, in the confinement of her room, and swung herself into the garden attached to General Noel's house, entering it recklessly, as roving birds take possession of a tree, her grandfather was occupied in his own apartment by a visitor, who had taken him somewhat by surprise; not so much from his presence there, but the nature of his conversation surprised and startled the old man, as no other subject could have done.

This visitor was by no means an intruder; he had been in the Indian country, sometimes for months together, sharing the savage life there, and joining in the yearly hunting parties, with the vim and boldness of a native. Thus he had travelled through the reservations, aided by all the knowledge that could be won from his unsuspicious companions; and, under the dashing character of an amateur huntsman, had, in reality, prospected the country from end to end, with all the silent craft of a speculator.

This man had been in Washington some months before the Cherokee Commission appeared there, and was prepared to renew his influence with

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its members, and secretly control their movements, during the negotiations, to which they had been insidiously invited by the Government, or rather by an ever perpetuated class of speculators, who thrust themselves between the Indians they dupe and intend to rob, and a government, sometimes blinded into injustice by their machinations, often indifferent, and more frequently urged into absolute oppression by the prejudice of race, which has never yet abated regarding the red man.

This class of speculators was, in the period we write of, led by the man who presented himself to the old chief that night. He had a double motive in this visit, and felt some anxious misgiving, in approaching a man whom he recognised as more than his superior in those powers of mind which control important actions, and in influence among the wild people he represented.

These two men sat together some time, talking, on the surface of things, in a quiet, friendly way; for Caleb Stewart was cautious, and hesitated to touch the subject he came upon; for it involved some degree of feeling, and all his personal interests were heavily at stake. As for the old chief, Washaning, he was always patient in waiting, and so keen in his habits of observation, that he understood the embarrassment of his guest, and quietly awaited an explanation.

Had you seen these two men sitting together, the representatives of opposite and hostile races, each having shared somewhat in the other's life, the contrast would have been forcible. The old chief, with his clearly-cut features, dark and deeply-set eyes, bright with a fire that age had failed to quench, calm, dignified, upright as a dart. The visitor tall, stooping slightly in the shoulders; cringing a little, as he bent forward; and speaking in a hushed voice, as if the habit of secret conversation had become natural to him: his countenance handsome in repose; but full of subtle craft when he smiled. These traits were as opposite to the stately compose of the chief, as truth is from falsehood. Yet this man was popular among the people; had woven himself completely into the confidence of the chiefs he proposed to defraud; and with many persons of his own race, bore the character of an enterprising and patriotic man, whose opinions even wise statesmen might adopt with benefit to the nation.

Still, as I have said, Caleb Stewart hesitated, and was disturbed with self distrust, when he entered upon his object in visiting the chief.

"It is not of the treaty that I have come to consult you," he said, at last; "but on a subject nearer to my heart, and of more importance than all the land your people have to cede away. Your granddaughter, Chief Washaning—you will not be angry, if I speak of her?"

The old man drew himself back in his chair. There was a movement of his hand; a dark cloud gathering in his eyes, that boded no pleasant acceptance of anything that might follow. Stewart saw this; but he was not a man to recede, after the first step. The old chief bent his head gravely, and waited. This was something like encouragement.

"A granddaughter, whom I have loved since the first day that I set eyes on her."

The old man lifted his hand, with a passionate gesture. The proud Indian blood rose, and darkened his face.

"You say this to me—have you dared to say as much to her?" he demanded, bending his eyes, full of swift fire, on Stewart.

"No," answered the man, "I have not dared."

"Then do not dare. No man living must say so much to Washanee. There is not a chief, in all the West, who would venture to approach me as you have done."

"Chief, I should think not," answered Stewart, nettled by this lofty pride. "She is the mate for a better race of men, or marriage would never have entered my thoughts regarding her."

"A better race of men," repeated Washaning, and his lips curled with a scornful smile. "We will not discuss that question here, or speak of Washanee at all. She is my child. The power that I have will be hers. All the lands, that your soldiers have not overrun, will be hers. There is not a tribe, among our people, that will not hail her as queen, when I am laid to rest in the wilderness. What man among you stands high enough to claim her?"

"But I, too, am a man of influence, and I love the very ground she walks on. Is that nothing? Few men in the country can use the influence that I possess. Give me me some hope of winning the beautiful girl, and there is not a concession you can ask from the Government, that I will not obtain for you and your people."

"We do not sell our women, in order to keep our lands," answered Washaning.

"But you give them for love, and I love this girl. You are rich, I know; worth more than all the other chiefs put together; but it is not the inheritance I seek for," pleaded Stewart, in passionate earnest.

The old man smiled.

"Such things have been said to us before. I remember something of the kind, when we were driven like sheep across the Mississippi. Your people did not want our lands then—they never do.'

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"But I do not ask for your lands, or the gold."

"The gold?" repeated Washaning, starting. "Who spoke of gold? That is the white man's God—not ours."

Stewart smiled, meaningly; but some afterthought checked what he was about to say, and he added "but it is not my god, or I should scarcely plead for your daughter, who has none."

The Indian drew a slow breath.

"I have said that my grandchild is not to be mentioned here."

"Then you positively refuse her to me."

"Positively."

"And forbid me to plead my own cause with her."

"I forbid you, or any other man, to breathe a word of the feeling you call love to her."

The old chief arose, as he spoke; his lips were grayish-white with suppressed passion; his hand trembled, as he pointed to the door. Stewart, too, was pale, and there was a venomous gleam in his light-gray eyes, as he went through the door.

"Be it so," he said, "but the play is not over yet."

The old chief watched his visitor depart, with a feeling of bitter distrust. The class of adventurers, to which this man belonged, was thoroughly hateful to him, and it seemed as if Washanee had been insulted by a proposal of marriage with one of them. It was impossible for a man of his keen intellect and cruel experiences with the white race not to regard any member of it with distrust; and this, for the moment, extended to his granddaughter. Could it be that some encouragement had been given to the man who had just left him?

The thought stung him. He opened the door of Washanee's room more abruptly than he had ever done before.

"Washanee, my child!"

There was no answer. The room seemed empty; but when the old man, now keenly anxious, called out again, the black head of a little negro girl was lifted from a bearskin, flung down in one corner of the room, where she lay curled up like a lap-dog, and rubbing her eyes with two little copper-colored fists, she muttered, sleepily:

"What am it, ole marse? I'se here, I is."

"But your mistress—Washanee—what has become of her?"

"Done gone out o' der winder. Jes' as I comes in, she geb a grab on dat 'dentical limb, an' swings down 'mung de trees. Dat's all I knows 'bout it, ole marse."

The chief hastened to the window, and looked out. Across the garden, that lay beneath it, he saw lights streaming across the decaying sward, and kindling up the leaves of a Virginia creeper, that fell, like ragged drapery, from a balcony projecting over the broad windows of a brilliantly lighted room. Through the lace curtains, that fell, like frostwork, behind these sashes, he saw people moving to and fro, and heard the sound of a female voice, that made his heart ache with dread.

"It is her voice, and in that house. What evil spirit can have taken her there? Am I, after all, entering on a fight with destiny? Will my old enemies be permitted to rob me of everything?"

When the old man turned away from the window, his eyes were full of smouldering fire, and his lips were pressed firmly together.

"How long is it, since your mistress went into the garden yonder?" he questioned of the black girl, who sat upon the bearskin, with her limbs curled up like a young Turk, and her black eyes wide open with astonishment; for there was something in the old man's agitation that frightened her.

"Don't jes' know 'bout dat—done gone sleepy ebber since," she answered, shrinking farther back into her corner.

"But she went alone? No one was with her?"

"All by her se'f, ole marse."

"And she said nothing?"

"No, nuffin'. Jes' hopped out o' der winder, an' den bust out singin' 'mung de trees. Dat was what sot me ter sleep, and ter dreamin' 'bout mockin' birds."

Washaning questioned the girl no more; but entered his own room, and took his red-lined cloak from the chair it draped. He was casting it over his shoulders, when the door of the next room was opened, and Washanee came in, radiant with animation, and panting for breath.

"Oh, grandsire," she said, passing swiftly into the inner room, where the old man stood, half swathed in his cloak. "This is such a beautiful, beautiful night! The stars are all burning with such fire, as you never saw in them before. This cool wind is so keen and sweet—like the wine you gave me. There never was such a night as this."

The girl was indeed a picture of that exaltation, which gives beauty to everything, as she stood before the anxious old man, with her eyes soft as velvet, yet bright as stars, and her hands clasped in an ecstacy of delight.

"Oh, this life, to which you have brought me,

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is better than the great hunting grounds wise Indians tell us of. And the people! Oh, grandsire, shall I ever be like them?"

"Washanee," said the old chief, pained to the heart by this wild display of happiness, "you have done wrong."

He spoke with severity, such as the girl had never heard in his voice before. Her hands fell apart, her smiling lips closed suddenly, and she drew back a pace, dismayed.

"Wrong, grandsire—wrong? What have I done?"

"You have entered the house of a strange gentleman, unbidden."

Washanee was puzzled, and sorely distressed.

"Unbidden? We Indians never wait for invitations. Even the white men, who come among us, are ashamed to pull the latch-string in, that strangers may not enter their doors. Are the people here different?"

"Washanee, what took you to that house?"

"What took me? I think it was my own heart, grandsire—that, and a sweet sound that came trembling to me through the leaves: a voice called for me; so I went."

"Well, and you found—"

"That beautiful lady. It was she who had called through the trees. Oh, there was nothing wrong in it. She was glad to have me, I am sure of that. And the young gentleman—"

"What young gentleman, Washanee?"

"Why, grandsire, there is only one in the wide world."

"But that one?"

"Oh, grandsire, I never thought that you could be stupid before. Did you not see him, only this very day—hear him, too, when a whole crowd held its breath to listen?"

"But how came Huestice Young at General Noel's house?"

"Huestice Young? Is that his name? What a sweet sound it has," said Washanee, thoughtfully, and quite forgetting that the chief was impatient for an answer to his question.

"You saw this young man at Noel's house? How came he there?"

"How? Well, grandsire, I don't know. Perhaps he was drawn there by the singing. He seemed to love that; and listened, when I sang, as if he had been brought up in the woods, and knew all the language of storms."

"Such men know a more subtle language than that," muttered the old man.

"I think he knows everything," said Washanee, proudly; "for he talked of our homes, our medicine lodges, and the great bravery of our chiefs, as we came home under the starlight."

"Then he brought you home?"

"Oh, yes. The tall old gentleman would have done that; but Huestice Young would not let him."

The name of the young Senator lingered on on Washanee's lips, like the dew of flowers. Since the last minute, it had become inexpressably sweet to her. The chief remarked this, and a faint smile came to his lips.

"So this young man talked of our people?" he said. "What could he know about them?"

"Everything, grandsire: for he has been on our reservation, and sat by our fires. I remembered him, the moment he stood up to speak, in all that crowd of white faces."

"You remembered him? You?"

"Oh, so well. He has forgotten; but I never shall forget."

"But when was this, Washanee?" questioned the old man, lost in astonishment.

"Six winters ago."

"And I did not know it?"

"You, and all the young braves, were away. There was no one to welcome the white hunters, but a few old men, and our women."

"And you were scarcely more than a child."

A faint, crimson flush stole over Washanee's face, as she replied:

"I was only a very young girl, then; but the granddaughter of a great chief is never too young for the duties of a hostess. That you have told me often."

Again the old man smiled.

"Then you received this company of white hunters, among whom was the young Senator?"

"I remembered all that you had told me of their people, while they stayed in our lodges, though they only knew that a half frightened girl—who could speak their language, but dared not—was telling the women what might please them, and holding back from observation all the time. Huestice Young was the only one who took any heed of my presence in the lodge. He knew a little of our language, and found out that it was I who picked the wild strawberries they ate: for he caught me twisting wild flowers around the baskets, one day; and it pleased him; so he would talk with me a little, and gave me this, when he went away—not knowing that my fathers were great chiefs, and had gold enough to pave the lodge for me, if I wanted it."

Here Washanee drew a frail gold chain from her bosom, and held up a Roman coin, worn thin with time, but priceless because of its antiquity.

"He said that I must keep it, for his sake, and remember that all white men were not the enemies of my people."

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"And you have kept it all this time, without speaking," said the chief, gravely, and much hurt; for, up to that day, he had believed this young creature transparent as crystal, with no thought concealed from him; but there she stood, holding up a secret hid away in her bosom six years, without breathing a word of it.

There is scarcely a pang known to affection more keen, than a discovery that entire confidence has departed from a deeply-loved woman child, whose thoughts we believed ourselves to have read clearly, as the reflection of stars is seen in spring waters. Here, in this young creature's bosom, a secret had been hidden since her very childhood, and even now it was betrayed with evident reluctance and burning blushes.

"Why did you never speak of this before?" the old man asked, with the hoarseness of pain in his voice.

"I could not. Something would not let me."

"But you told this young man? You let him understand that his coin was in your bosom?"

"No, no, grandsire, how could you think it?" cried the girl, eagerly.

"But why not?"

The girl's face drooped; her bosom rose and fell, as if the question had wounded her.

The old chief sat down, and covered his face with one hand; a sigh escaped him. She heard it, and fell upon her knees.

"Grandsire, have I done wrong to keep the bit of gold? See, you shall have it."

The old man tried to smile. After all, what had the young creature done? Only kept the secret, which her own delicate thoughts had rendered sacred. What if that bit of gold should tell of deeper feelings, and lead to more serious passion? Was there power in all his vigilant watchfulness, to shield her from the destiny of her sex? Sooner or later, he reflected, this revelation must come; the girl was too bright and beautiful for a common destiny. Only, it is like preparing for death, when we think to reconcile ourselves to the change that may, all at once, sweep the young creature we regard as a child, into the perils of passionate womanhood; and this old man felt the shock, as if the girl had, there and then, been wrenched from the power of his protecting love.

When the chief lifted his face, it was inexpressably sad.

"No; keep the bit of gold, child. It was no doubt the careless gift of a man, who has forgotten all about it."

"Yes, I know," answered Washanee, shaking her head, mournfully, as she looked down upon the coin in her hand, "he saw my face, and remembered nothing."

"Why should he? You were a child—a pretty savage; and to such, white travellers are lavish of shining gifts."

"Still, he gave no one else, of all the tribe, a thing like this," rejoined the girl, wistfully. "The women had beads: red, and blue, and grass-green, which they flaunted before each other proudly enough; but I hid this, as birds hide their eggs."

"Then hide it still, Washanee. This young man must never know how much you care for it."

The girl dropped the bit of gold into her bosom again, and pressed her hand upon it.

"He does not know; he never will know," she said. "How could I tell him, when the glance of his eyes makes me tremble so—"

"Ah, my child, has it come to that?"

"You think that I am a coward, and it troubles you; but that is all wrong, grandsire. Cowards tremble from fear; but this shaking of my limbs is like the soft shiver of leaves, and a sweet joy."

The old man shrank back a little, unconsciously, and turned his head away. Washanee saw the action.

"Then you think I am a coward, and your own granddaughter? Can this be? Still, how can one tell? for I am afraid to look up, and hold my breath, that he may not see how his eyes trouble me. Perhaps, it is the white blood in my veins. Not yours—not yours, grandsire. That is all brave. If I am a little timid, once in awhile, it is because of the white blood."

"And that is the blood of a noble woman. Remain like her, and I shall be content," said the old man, reaching out his arms. "I have brought you into great peril, Washanee, such as you cannot understand. May the Great Spirit of our fathers give me power to guide you safely."

"The Great Spirit will listen when you speak, and he is everywhere. Then why should we have fear, in this beautiful country?"

Washanee was folded in her grandfather's arms, as she said this, and her cheek rested against his, with a clinging affection that comforted him; for she threw all the sweet enthusiasm of impulsive childhood into her caress.

"Go, now," he said, putting her gently aside. "This has been a busy day, and you need sleep. Tell me, is our new home pleasant to you, or are you longing for the lodge and the woods?"

"Am I what you call homesick? You mean that? Homesick? No—everything is so grand, so beautiful. Oh, grandsire, let us live here forever."

"How easily the young speak of 'forever,'" thought the chief, after the girl had left him.

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"She seems to have an eternity before her, and is ready to squander it as prodigals scatter their substance; but I, who am old, count years as misers sort their last coin; and now, when life should have lost its savor, I grasp at it eagerly for her sake, only for her sake. What is all the rest of the world to me?"

Washaning was right. His granddaughter was so full of life, so rich in hope, that she forgot all that had been ominous or sad in the old man's conversation, the moment she was alone in her room. The window she had escaped from was still open, and the soft air of Indian summer came sighing through the half naked branches, by which she had let herself into General Noel's garden. The light from a second-story window, across the inclosure, alone revealed the outline of the building; but that held her with a sort of fascination; for through the lace curtains, that scarcely seemed more than a cobweb against the glass, she saw the form of Constance Noel, standing before a mirror, evidently arranging her night toilet; for the robe in which she was arrayed, swept downward to the floor, and over that fell wave after wave of golden hair, the ripple and shine of which shone out like sunbeams scattered over snow.

Washanee leaned from the window, enthralled by the picture; for, accustomed to the dark-browed women of her race, she had never, in all her life, seen anything so new and at once so beautiful, as this bright garniture of hair. Strange and conflicting emotions possessed the girl, as she became more and more absorbed by the picture of this fair blonde, so graceful, so delicate, and so utterly unlike herself. The very perfection of grace, presented through the mist-like curtains, filled Washanee with self-distrust, almost with self-loathing. She had no idea of the wonderful combination of form and rich coloring in her own person, nor dreamed that the purplish-blue, that broke the blackness of her own abundant hair, like the bloom on nightshade berries, could ever be deemed more uncommon, and quite as beautiful as the tresses she admired.

"Oh, if I could only be like that," she exclaimed; "but I am a creature of the woods—a savage—nothing else. Grandfather said once that I was beautiful. How could he, seeing how different I am to this? Still, he is a wise man. He surely said it. He has lived with these people, and knows. What if it were true? I wish someone here could tell me. Wisse! Wisse!"

"Chloe am my name, and I doesn't wake up for nuffin' else, now I tells yer, young miss."

The young slave was but half aroused from sleep, when she muttered this; and only turned herself on the bearskin, buried her face deeper in the long fur, and settled comfortably again.

"Well, Wisse, or Chloe—I don't care which it is—come here. I want to show you something."

This peremptory summons aroused the slave, who tumbled out from her lair, and came forward, with her arms uplifted, in aid of a general yawn.

"Look yonder," said Washanee, "and tell me if you ever saw anything so lovely as that."

"What am it?" questioned the slave, coming slowly out of her yawning fit.

"A lady. Don't you see, Wisse?"

"Chloe," muttered the slave, stubbornly; "can't fix none ob yer Injun names on me. I'se Chloe, an' nuffin' else, I is."

"Well, look, look, her face is this way now. Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

"Yes, I has."

"No, no, Wisse, don't be obstinate. See how the light is shining through her hair."

"I sees."

"And her face is like a wild rose."

"Wild roses ain't nuffin' ter peaches, when dey is good an' ripe cla'r through."

Here Wisse smacked her thick lips, and seemed to enjoy the idea, as if it had been fruit.

"How stupid you are, Wisse. There never was a more beautiful picture than this lady makes."

"'Cept when we makes one. Jes' let yer frock out loose, an' shake yer hair down yer back, like her'n is, and look in dat t'ing, whilst I spreads it out, if yer wants ter see picters dat'll be one."

Washanee looked down upon the black face lifted to hers, and the honest admiration there soothed her wounded vanity.

"You are a good, faithful creature, Chloe, and no one but myself shall ever own you for a slave. Ah, see, the light has gone out. It really is time to undress. There, now!"

Washanee, blushing with a consciousness of her own vanity, unwound the scarf from her waist; loosened her dress till it fell back from her shoulders; and flung the superb masses of her hair downward, till the longest tresses touched the floor. Then Chloe took a small mirror from the wall, and stood, like a caryatides of bronze, holding it to the light. Washanee gave one glance; blushed till her cheeks did resemble the crimson ripeness of peaches; and while her mouth was dimpled with smiles, turned away from the slave, as if she were half offended. Chloe hung up the little mirror; went back to her bearskin; and three minutes after, had chuckled herself to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# THE WRONG TELEGRAMS.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

JEROME JOSLYN sat in the private office of the Merchants' Bank, *his* office as well: for he was the cashier; a brown-haired, brown-eyed man, with a fine, honest look, that led everything to trust him that came in his way, from animals to men. Men—well, of course, that is a general term, and includes women, as well; and a good many of them would have been willing to trust him for life: yet, in spite of this evident disposition on the part of the daintily dressed, pretty creatures, no one, as yet, wrote herself Mrs. Jerome Joslyn; for the cashier of the Merchants' Bank was unmarried.

I think that the idea sometimes suggested itself to him, as he saw happy families growing up around his friends; but, some way, the thought never became anything but a possibility in his mind. "Critical," he was called, by the maidens, who plied their fascinating arts in vain; but I think it was, as the wisely simple old ladies tell us, "the right one he had not seen."

The messenger boy came, with a telegram—it was a new boy, he noticed—he dismissed him, kindly, and opened the message. A surprised, yet laughing look, came into his eyes, as he read it; for it ran:

"Can you come down, and take care of Opal, for a few days, while her brother and I go out shooting?

NED."

It was very simple: some one's else message had been mistakenly enclosed to him; and his was, probably, at that moment, confusing some other person: the new boy's mistake, undoubtedly. The only proper thing to do, was to send it to the office again. Yet, he read it twice, before he rang the bell, and mused:

"Come and take care of a lady—young or old, I wonder?—quite a joke; but I don't think I'll say anything to the boys about it. Opal, what a lovely name. There is a fine purity about it, as of the white frost, or still summer seas—but, pshaw! 'what's in a name?' She may be an old maid, with 'plain' written on every feature.

"But then, why need she be taken care of?" he added, as if to instinctively reassure himself; "surely, one old and grim—and who was it who should come and take care of her?" but here he found his way more defined, for it was a lady, evidently. At last, as the most tangible way out of the difficulty, he determined to dismiss the subject altogether.

Like Banquo's ghost, though, it would not down; but came, despite himself, into his mind, a dozen times, that day: it was a mighty fascinating ghost, too, and held its own as determinedly as real flesh and blood—as a girl's fair face could have done.

The very day that he received his telegram, however, a telegram was taken to Mrs. Edward Graham. Now, Mrs. Edward Graham was as comely a matron as you would have cared to look upon; though, at the time we make her acquaintance, she had a slightly impatient frown upon her white forehead: for her husband had been away from home two whole days; and though she had expected him on the morning train, it was only to be disappointed.

"Business," she pouted, "of course; but how provoking."

At this moment, the maid brought in a telegram; the face brightened; she eagerly seized it, and read, blankly:

"Bullion shipped at 9.30.

C. T. F."

"What does this mean? What do I know about bullion? There is a mistake, Jane. Have the boy take this back, at once, and see to it that he brings me back *my* message."

This, I am happy to be able to state, that humiliated young man did, in haste; and Mrs. Graham was soon eagerly perusing *her* message from "dear, precious Ned," "to come and take care of darling Opal, yes, indeed."

Visions must be slightly tangible, to remain in one's mind long; and so the lovely, inquisitive one of "Who is Opal?" faded from Jerome Joslyn's mind and imagination, except at rare intervals. Science, the deposed, took back her kingdom, in the hours unclaimed by business.

"Jerome," said Fred Bent, one day, "is your heart affected?"

"Not that I know of," was the laughing response; "but if it causes you trouble, I will call in a physician," purposely mistaking the other's meaning.

"Well, all is, you won't be able to say that, after to-night."



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"And pray, what terrible misfortune is about to befall me?"

"You are going to Mrs. Ned Graham's party, and there you'll meet her friend, Miss Deane; that's the solution."

"Who is Miss Deane?"

"She's an orphan, I believe: keeps house for her brother, at Colorado Springs; and is the most divinely radiant of creatures. She's up here, in Denver, now, visiting Mrs. Graham; and the party's principally in her honor. She doesn't show anybody a preference, though half the town's at her feet—metaphorically speaking. There isn't any hope for me, in that quarter; so I'll be generous, Jerome. You're one of those cool sort of fellows, that always have success; and perhaps it won't desert you, now. But remember, you're doomed."

Beautiful, yes, witchingly so, was Opal Deane: soft, fuffy, dark hair; fine, straight, thick eyebrows; black-gray eyes; a line of coral for the mouth; and a trifle of color in the cheeks. She wore a cream satin, the whole front fairly covered with sleepy-looking embroidered poppies. One glance from the gray-black eyes, and the mischief was done. Jerome Joslyn was beyond cure.

She acknowledged the introduction more graciously, perhaps, than was her wont with ordinary men; she felt, it may be, the difference between this man and those she knew: money-getting, ambitious young fellows, in a certain way; but with little stronger motives, perhaps, in life. So, each recognizing the something worthy in the other, they fell into conversation, earnest and interesting, unmindful that they were jealously watched by members of both sexes.

In taking an ice, Miss Deane drew off her glove; and with something like a start, Joslyn recognized an opal, on the slender hand, set in a circlet of diamonds. Watching the look, Miss Deane said, lightly:

"Do you share the ideas of those who hold it an unpleasant omen? I have never found it so: my life has been tolerably free from ill-fortune; and yet, it is my name."

Her name? Opal? A strange sense of relief came over Joslyn, amid all the confusion of his thoughts: a protecting sense, a feeling of proprietorship, crossed involuntarily over him. Had he not been asked to "take care of her," this womanly, grand creature, and was he not willing, oh! most willing, to do so?

The most I know, further, is that one spring day, not many months later, Jerome Joslyn stood by a proud, shy woman; and after the sweet, all-important question had been asked, and answered, he said, "Before ever you knew of it, I was told to come and take care of you, peremptorily;" and he related, while her lovely color came and went, the episode of the *wrong telegrams*.

The *right* telegram was received by Mrs. Edward Graham, one day—for nothing but a telegram would complete the pretty play—which ran:

"Come and see me. Bring Ned's dress-coat, and your loveliest dress. O. D."

And that was the story, that, for so long, was the talk of Colorado: the story of the WRONG TELEGRAMS.

## "YOU ARE ALL THE WORLD TO ME."

BY ELLA WHEELER.

SOMEHOW, as I sat, to-night,
Dreaming in the firelight,
That old, tender, foolish phrase,
Echoed back from long lost days,
With the old, sweet, earnest ring,
Your voice gave to everything
In that vanished used-to-be—
"You are all the world to me."

Not a vestige, e'en, endures,
Of that dream of mine and yours;
That frail blossom of our May,
Scarcely lived its little day.
Summer's heat, and autumn's blast,
Withered it—it could not last:
Save those fond words' melody—
"You are all the world to me."

Since our morning lost its grace,
I have won full many a race;
Gained the glory of a name,
Painted with the hues of fame—
Won my meed of gold and power;
But I'd give them all this hour:
Give the fame, and give the gold,
Just to hear you, as of old,
Saying low, and tenderly,
"You are all the world to me."

Honors weary—riches tire—
Each ambition and desire
Loses lustre, when 'tis gained;
Brings a burden, when attained.
With the world here at my feet,
Life is very incomplete—
Homage is not love, you know.
And, as in that long ago,
No voice whispers, tenderly,
"You are all the world to me."

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is designed for either house or walking-costume, made of camel's-hair goods, in light gray, or any solid color. The underskirt has three kilted flounces of the material; under the edge of each flounce is a tiny knife-plaiting of plaid material. The tunic opens upon the right side, where it is caught up by loops and ends of ribbon. A two inch wide border of the plaid

No. 1. No. 2.

edges the tunic, the back of which is arranged in irregular pouffs. The basque fits closely to the figure, and has belt, collar, and cuffs of plaid. A scarf-like piece of the plain material is gathered under the collar, and ends under the belt. This is entirely optional, and may be added or left off. It is very becoming to a slight figure; but not to a stout one. The plaid, used for the trimming, may be of woollen goods, or of the heavy twilled surah silks, now so much used. For a dress of



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light mourning, this design may be carried out in light-gray cashmere, with a tiny check, in black and white, for the trimming. Ten yards of

No. 3.

double-width material, with four yards of plaid for trimming, will be required.

No. 2—Is a pretty house-dress, for a young lady, composed of ruby-red cashmere and striped satin. The skirt is bordered with a narrow-plaited ruffle, headed with two rows of Russian lace. Above the lace, there is a deep-kilted flounce (eighteen inches deep) of the striped material, cut out in wide and deep vandykes. The princess tunic is also cut out in similar vandykes, which are simply bound on the edge. A wide sash, made of the striped satin, finishes it at the back. The waist is round, and gathered to fit the neck, and buttoned with tiny buttons up the back. A ribbon belt, with long loops and ends in front, finishes the waist. The sleeves are tight,

No. 4.

without other trimming than the plaited lace. Six yards of cashmere, eight yards of striped satin, six yards of Russian lace, three yards of

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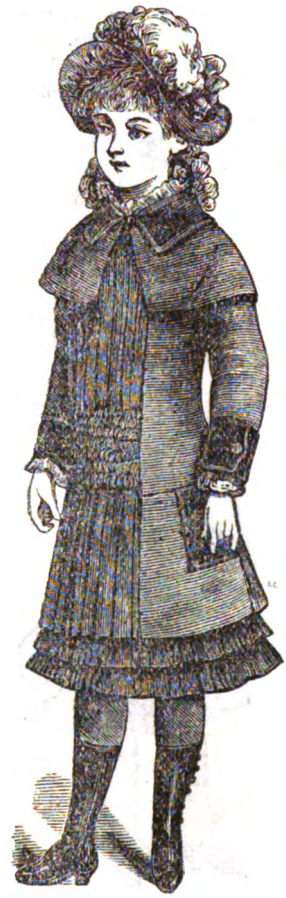
ribbon for belt and loops, will be required. The sash, at the back, can be made of the cashmere, if preferred. In selecting the striped material for this costume, we would suggest two shades of red, to correspond with the cashmere, or a red and white, the stripes being an inch wide; and in plaiting, lay the lighter or white stripe under, thus giving, when plaited, the effect of a solid color, which reveals the white or lighter shade at every movement of the wearer. We have just seen a very effective French costume, made of rose-pink and white stripes for the short under-skirt, while the tunic was of the solid color.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume, for the coming

No. 5.

season, in checked woollen material. The checks are two shades of brown. The skirt is mounted upon a foundation of silesia or alpaca, and is laid in double box-plaits, under which a narrow knife-plaited ruffle is seen. The tunic is gathered around the long-pointed bodice, and forms paniers,



No. 4.

and a Louis XV. pouff at the back. The bodice is gathered both at the back and front; but this is optional; or it may have the gathered fronts, with a plain back. The shoulder cape is made of a straight piece, gathered to fit the neck and shoulders. The edge of the tunic and cape are simply stitched for a finish. The long, close sleeves have a gathered cuff. Twelve to fourteen yards of double-fold goods will be required.

No. 4—Is a costume of maroon-colored vigoyne, cashmere, or any of the soft woollen fabrics. The tablier front of the skirt forms three large pouffs, which are made by running three rows of tiny tucks in the material, between each pouff. When these tucks are drawn in place, they form the gaugings between the pouffs. The lower edge of the skirt has a narrow knife-plaited ruffle, over

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which is a kilted flounce, a quarter of a yard deep; to which the pouffed tablier is attached, as seen; deepening in front, and raised towards the sides. This same kilted flounce is continued around the entire skirt. The drapery at the back is arranged in irregular pouffs. Plain, round waist, to which is attached a deep, kilted flounce, which forms the basque. The edge of this flounce,

No. 7.

and the edge of the one on the skirt, are stitched by machine, with gold-colored thread. Cuffs and collar to match. A belt of the material is worn with this costume. Ten to twelve yards of double-width goods will be required.

No. 5—Is an indoor-costume, of beige, with plush stripes; plain beigé and satin to match. The skirt is made of the striped material, and is laid in kilt-plaits, so that the plush is at the top of each plait. The narrow kiltings at the edge are of satin. The polonaise has paniers in front, edged with narrow kilting of the satin. The back is arranged to form one deep point. Any inch-wide striped goods may be used for this model, either in all-woollen goods or in striped silk and velvet, or silk and satin; or it can be made of entirely plain material. These striped skirts —where one color, or one kind of the stripe is laid under—are very effective. Allow three times the fullness for the kilting, and mount it on a deep yoke. Nine yards of stripe, three yards of satin, and five yards of beige will be required.

No. 6—Is a walking-costume, for a girl of six to eight years. It is made of camel's-hair, in drab or light brown. The cuffs, collar, and pockets are of velvet, twe shades darker. There is first a skirt put on to a petticoat body, and trimmed with two narrow knife-plaitings. The paletot is cut like a little coat on the sides and at the back, and the front is filled in by a gathered piece, made to fit, and fastened by buttons (which are not seen) under the left side. A small cape, with deep collar, is worn with it, over all; but it is not fastened to the dress, except by a

No. 8.

button at the back, under the collar, to keep it in place.

No. 7—Is a little costume, made of bordered handkerchiefs, in delaine. These handkerchiefs come one yard square, and it will take four to make the dress. If these cannot be procured, some goods with a bordered edge can be used, or the same effect can be made by using narrow braid. The princess dress has a kilted flounce,

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No. 9.

headed by a plaited scarf, with large plaid ribbon bow at the back. The pointed hood is round in front, and the dress buttons with two rows of buttons, and is double-breasted.

No. 8—Is a costume of tartan plaid, for a girl of seven years or over. It is cut in princess shape, and there are two kilted skirts, one over the other. The first is mounted upon the petticoat skirt, and the other is attached to the dress. A ribbon sash ties in front, over the kilts. A deep collar and cuffs are edged with a narrow knife-plaiting of silk, to match the sash.

No. 9—Is a knickerbocker suit, in checked tweed, for a boy of eight to ten years. Pants and little surtout coat, with velvet collar, cuffs, and pockets.

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Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

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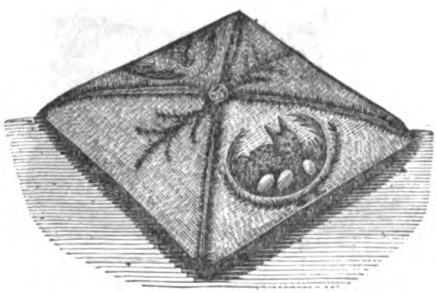
In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

## SATCHEL FOR EASTER EGGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This charming egg-bag is made of white flannel, embroidered with green silk. The small, colored scraps, representing a hen and hare with eggs, are pasted on, and secured by stitches of silk. It is simply a square, folded like a handkerchief-case. It is double, and has a layer of cotton; and the edges are buttonholed together. Here it may be observed, that, in Germany, the hare, as well as the hen, is emblematical for laying Easter eggs.



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# THE PHILIPPE COSTUME: POLONAISE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We have received very numerous requests for a pattern for a Polonaise. We accordingly give one, here: the latest style that has come from Paris: it is called "The Philippe Costume." Folded in with this number is a SUPPLEMENT, with the patterns of the different pieces of which this Polonaise is made drawn on it, full size; so that any lady, with the least aptitude for such things, can, even without a dressmaker, cut out the dress for herself.

This beautiful Polonaise consists, as will be seen by referring to the SUPPLEMENT, of four parts. Some of them are so long, that, in drawing the pattern, they have had to be turned over; but the place where this is done is marked; and for this be careful to look out. The parts are as follows, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—SLEEVE.
IV.—PIECE FOR VEST.

The letters, marked on the SUPPLEMENT, show how the garment is put together. The notches mark where the plaits are to be put, in the front and back of the skirt of the Polonaise. Arrange the looping according to the illustration; for the front and the back is slightly pouffed. The vest or chemisette piece is laid in small plaits.

It is always wisest, after you have cut out your patterns, one for each diagram, and an old newspaper is good enough for these patterns, *to fit them* on the person for whom the dress is to be made, before cutting into the stuff. Our patterns are always for ladies of ordinary size, and of course, for a very thin, or very short, or very large, or very tall one, they must be altered on the person, that is fitted properly.

The pattern turns over, we again remark. It is at the dotted lines, for both the front and back of the skirt of the garment. Wear the Polonaise over a flounced petticoat.



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## WORK-BAG: CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Black or dark-colored satin is used for this bag. The design is worked in cross-stitch, in different colored silks, and upon Java canvas. Four of these pieces are worked, and then they are mounted upon the satin, which shows between each section. The bag is gathered into a card-board bottom, cut round and covered with satin. A heavy cord forms the handle, and the top draws with cord-strings, like a bag. For the finish around the top, either a gimp or quilted ribbon may be used.

## TRAVELING-BAG: SIDE AND FRONT.

In the front of the number, we give designs for a travelling-bag: two engravings. The bag is to be made of heavy linen mummy-cloth; and is one and a-quarter yards long, by one and a-half wide. The arrangement of the inside is given in the engravings. These pockets and flaps are all bound with worsted braid, and a little border of briar-stitch finishes the inside pockets. The outside are more pretentious, and are done in cross-stitch, in two shades of brown. The initials are added, and leather straps and handle are furnished, and put on by a trunk or pocketbook manufacturer. Or else buy a nice set of shawl-straps, and use the handle and straps: they are easily separated, and can be adjusted to this travelling-bag.

## EMBROIDERY DESIGN: KENSINGTON-STITCH.

In the front of the number, we give a design for birds, to be done in embroidery, in Kensington-stitch. The design may be used for a screen, chair-seat, or chair-back, sofa-pillow, foot-stool, or whatever else you wish.

Work on crash, mummy-cloth, felt, or satin. For the colors, follow those natural to the king-fisher The leaves of the grasses should be done in shades of green, with brown for stems; the fish should be silver, shaded into gray.

## JAPANESE DESIGNS FOR D'OYLEYS, ETC.

In the front of the number, we give two pretty Japanese designs. They can be executed in outline embroidery, or painted in color, on various materials. In the latter case, the real plants or birds are the best guides for the tints to be employed. Several other uses of these designs for art-needlework and general ornamentation will suggest themselves to amateur workers.



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# HOW TO PAINT PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Before commencing, get four or five different sizes of very small camel's-hair pencils, one stick of the best Indian ink, and ditto of sepia, one bottle of Chinese white, one bottle of oxgall for removing grease, etc.; one china palette, with three or four compartments, and a box of water-colors. Before making any attempts, old and uninteresting portraits should be used, in preference to those of dear and loved relations and friends.

Photographs can be removed from cards, and the color extracted at the same time, by placing them in a soup-plate, previously filled with lukewarm water, and allowed to stand four or five hours; but, as this is a most unsatisfactory experiment, it is hardly worth the trouble spent upon it. The following rules should be strictly observed by the painter; who will find that, after a time, her album will not only clearly define the likeness of a person, but the color of the dress and trimmings.

To "hatch" a face, means to draw lines across one another, and to stipple, which is the only true representative of flesh. Arms and legs of children should be "hatched."

*The Eye.*—The pupil of the eye can be painted in sepia (if so it happen to be); the iris (or circle around the pupil) with cobalt, lowered with sepia, for a gray or blue eye; or vandyke brown for a dark eye. Eyebrows and eyelashes can be marked with sepia.

*The Nose, Ears, and General Expression of the Face.*—The outline, if in shadow, to be marked out in brown madder; the ear may be outlined with the same color. The most important and characteristic shadows of the face should be put in as near as possible to their full strength, with the general shadow color: Indian red, lowered with cobalt. This mixture of Indian red and cobalt forms a beautiful clean color for the shadows.

The most important shadows are the sockets of the eyes, on the lower part of the nose, and below it, beneath the chin, and below or behind the ears. These shadows are to be partly washed; should be finer, as the face is approached.

*To Hatch a Face.*—First, hatch a light tint of blue, over the lower and retiring part of the cheek; put in the blue shadow below, and at the corner of the upper lip, keeping its form well defined, and unite it gradually with the blue shade of the jaw. Work in a blue tint under the nose, and a little of the shadow color on the wing of the nostril; soften the edge of the chin, and around it, with the shadow color.

Now put in the warm color, for the reflected light under the chin, with a tint composed of Venetian red and Indian yellow, which is sometimes called the flesh color. Work a little of the same tint on the dark shadow in the sockets of the eyes; soften the shaded side of the iris with the shadow color; finish the lips by stippling them with vermilion and pink madder, and observe that the more distant part is less vivid in color. The principal work, at this period of the painting, consists in softening the tints, by working on their edges.

*Hair.*—The difficulty of painting hair consists not so much in the coloring, as in the drawing: for so the continual touches, which give the flow and form of the hair, may properly be termed: and to this point, the attention of the student may be continually directed. We will first give directions for painting brown hair. For the local tint, use vandyke brown and sepia; and with this, work on the deepest shades, with a touch that is neither too wiry and defined, nor too washy; then go on with the next deepest shades (the deepest tints having been already laid in their places when marking the outline); and so on, retouching and strengthening, when necessary, the extreme darks; and leaving the lights, which must be gradually covered with light touches, giving them the form of hair, until even the extreme lights are covered with a light tint of this local color, taking no notice, for the present, of the blue tint perceptible on or near the lights. These high lights are afterwards to be taken out. When the local color is not sufficiently warm, apply the flesh tint, composed of Venetian red and Indian yellow.

*Black Hair.*—Sepia to be used in place of vandyke brown and sepia, adding for the extreme darks, a little warm black (composed of sepia, lake, and indigo); and remember that, in black and dark hair, the lights are cold and blueish; and that there is always a warm tint between the lights and extreme darks.

*Flaxen Hair.*—Commence with sepia; next tints, vandyke brown; then the flesh color, Venetian red and Indian yellow. The local



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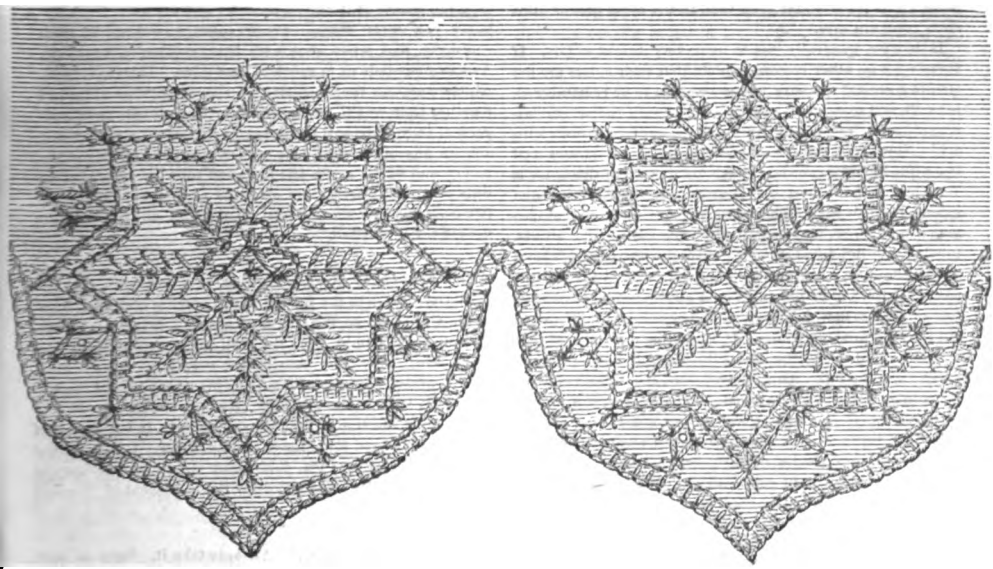
color is either yellow ochre, or a tint formed of Indian yellow and Venetian red; which, from being more transparent, is perhaps preferable: although the former, from its semi-opacity, has more solidity. The high lights of flaxen hair are yellow, and there is a cool gray tint between the lights and shadows. In all cases, the high lights of hair are taken out afterwards, when the tints already described are quite dry; and, to allow time for this, it is usual to leave the hair in this state, and go on with the neck, arms, and hands, when they are visible.

Be careful to introduce shadows or gray tints, between the flesh and the hair; and to soften the extremities and outlines of the latter, where it meets the background, that it may not appear inlaid.

*The Neck.*—The color, on the shaded side of the neck, is Indian red and blue; on the light side, blue only. The green tint on the neck is to be given with the flesh color, (Venetian red and Indian yellow,) hatched over the blue. Proceed in the same manner with the arms and hands: using, however, Indian red alone for the first tint, in the same manner as the forehead, when working over them; when necessary, with blue, observing the reflecting lights, which are always warm.

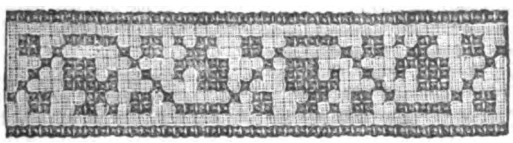
*Fingers.*—The divisions of the fingers may be painted with brown and pink madder. The tips of the fingers, the knuckles, and the outside of the hands, are more rosy than the other parts; and require to be hatched with the carnation tint of madder and vermilion.

## LAMBREQUIN FOR L'ETAGÈRE.



This is a covering for an etagère of bamboo or cane. It may be worked on crash, linen, Java canvas, felt, cloth, or satin, as the taste and purse may decide. The design is done in different colored silks, rose, green, white, red, maize, etc., and in point russe stitch. Stem-stitch the outline of the design, and fill in the rest of it with fancy stitches.

## BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Color In Dress.—The choice of colors, in dress, is almost as important as the style, or fashion. Yet there is nothing so little understood. Take bonnets, for instance. A lady goes to a milliner's, sees a pretty bonnet, and buys it, *because it is pretty in itself*, taking it for granted she will look becoming in it; when, often, it is just the most unsuitable one she could have selected. So of the colors of dresses. A new-fashioned color comes out, and every lady hastens to buy it; it will not probably become more than half of them; for, as a rule, what suits a blonde, will not suit a brunette, and what sets off a brunette generally tries a blonde severely. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, but they are very rare. An English lady, writing on this subject, says that she knew a sallow dark-haired girl, who really looked well in a vivid apple-green, a painfully bright green, such a color as was in fashion ten years ago, but which everybody has the good taste now to avoid. In a white and green muslin, worn over green, with flushed tea-roses at the throat, the same girl looked better even than in the apple-green. But such cases are rare.

It is wise, generally, not to wear very bright colors. If there were no other reason, the fact that such colors are too striking, are apt to weary, and are certain to be remembered, is a sufficient one. "Oh! there is Miss Jones, in that everlasting old gold," people will say: "will she never have done with it?" Now, gold color is one of the most sumptuous and beautiful hues for evening-dress; yet a gown of this color is very apt to be almost overpowering in its shimmer and splendor. The same effect, with a more softened and harmonious richness, may be gained by many of the fawn tints, touched and lightened up with gold and with yellowish lace; and in choosing white and gold brocades, those in which the pattern is worked in brownish-gold shades are more satisfactory than those in which it is rendered in yellow silk. The same rule applies to many colors. It should be remembered that a dress ought to be the frame to the face and form, so to speak; not the foil. As a general rule, it is safer to try for harmonies rather than contrasts. For example, if a woman determine that she will choose as her colors that class of tints that begin with a warm, brownish cream, deepening into the various shades of écru, café au lait, and fawn, brightening into gold and saffron, darkening into the warmth of deep chocolate—she may insure a far greater variety of costume than she would if all her gowns were of entirely different colors, necessitating all the different etcetera to match. If she keep to the browns, creams, and golds, her wardrobe will be, as it were, one harmony, and she may use what adornment she pleases to each dress, changing them without fear of a discord. Or if she fancies colors of a different kind, cooler and more delicate, let her take creams, dead golds, and all the softer greens, from willow and sage to dark olive and myrtle; these are beautiful, either with light or dark hair. The brown-reds and the red-browns, from the faintest salmons, apricots, and terra cottas, to the Indian reds and dark siennas, are very fine; but, from their warmth, are more apt to tire than either of the foregoing, as a scheme of colors to be kept to.

Many ladies affect gray almost entirely. If they keep to the pearl-grays, they are correct; but there are leaden-grays that are perfectly dismal. Moreover, other colors, frequently, may be used, to great advantage, with gray; a touch of daffodil goes very sweetly with pearl-gray, like the first tint of the dawn; and there are certain salmon-pinks, of which a subtle suspicion, here and there in a gray gown, is like the kindling spark of red in an opal's cloudy milk. Silver is especially exquisite with gray, making it resemble the inside of a pearl oyster. Other women cling to black entirely. Now, black is, in the long run, the most economical; and it always looks, as the phrase goes, "genteel." But it is too sombre, except in satins, velvets, and silks that have a sheen. Jet, or bugles, used on it, as trimmings, are ornamental, if there is not too much: the glitter and play of light takes away from the dead, dull black. But there are other colors, better than black, yet not pronounced. Such are the deep browns; the reds, those so dark that scarcely a sullen glow betrays their nature; myrtle-green; and that beautiful color, the true, deep indigo; but not its caricature, the Royal French blue, now coming into fashion—all these are far more apt to harmonize in contrast with the skin, than is the dead monotony of black.

The least becoming of all colors, perhaps, is purple, including the shades of it known as violet and mauve. Very few ladies can wear them. Peach color, however, is often charming, and, when shot with blue, absolutely beautiful. And this reminds us to speak of shot silks. The two colors, which compose them, should be chosen so that if mixed together they would make one clear tint: if this rule is regarded, they have a shimmering beauty of effect unattainable in any other way; pale willow-green and dark indigo, yellow and white, green and blue, and the changing opaline tints of a dove's breast, are all alike exquisite. But if the two colors are not so combined, then a shot silk is about the ugliest thing possible.

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The Flavor of Beef, according to a scientific English authority, is due to the juices; and if, during cooking, these be allowed to escape, the beef loses much of its taste. Hence, in broiling, it should, from the first, be exposed to a bright, quick fire; which, by causing the superficial fibres to at once contract, and the albuminous juice near the surface to coagulate, leads to the plugging up of the surface pores, and consequent retention of the juices. Similarly, in boiling, beef should be plunged into almost boiling water. On the other hand, in making beef tea, cold water is poured on chopped beef, and gradually heated, to draw the nutriment of the beef into the water.

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Who Take "Peterson?" All ages take it. Says a lady, remitting: "The name which heads my list is that of a little girl, *not yet three years old;* and this is her third year in my club: she is a fervent admirer of the pictures: the books are to be bound for her. The oldest member of my list is a blithe, sunny-faced, interesting woman of eighty years, and wealthy withal. I fancy few clubs include such extremes of age: in this regard, it is quite unique and complete."

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Single Numbers, the current ones and back ones, can always be supplied by the publisher. If the supply of your news agent has run out, remit to us, and we will forward your orders, postage free.

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Any Subscriber for this magazine can have either the "Photograph Album," or the "Quarto Illustrated Album," for fifty cents. Or we will send both for one dollar.



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SPLENDID PREMIUMS FOR 1882.—Our premium engraving for this year, to be sent to persons for getting up clubs, is entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," and is of the size of 20 inches by 16. No more beautiful ornament, to be framed, and hung on the parlor wall, could be desired. It is a work of real art, and a copy should be had by every family in the land. It is, on the whole, we find, the most popular of our premiums for 1882. Nothing gives such an air of refinement to a room as a handsome engraving. "One *good* engraving," the N. Y. Tribune says, "is worth a dozen chromos."

*Or, in place of it*, we will give, for a premium, either a PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, or our QUARTO ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, which was so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1882. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those wishing to get up clubs.

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THE ÆSTHETIC CRAZE, at least in its exaggeration, is already on the decline. Rooms are now considered bearable, even if they do not have *dados*, paper of sage-green, and spindle-shanked chairs. People are beginning to find out that true beauty, in house decoration, does not necessarily run in one groove. The diversity of Nature ought to have taught this, long ago: she is ever various, and yet ever beautiful. Winter, in one way, is as beautiful as Spring, in another; a tree as beautiful as a flower; sunrise as beautiful as sunset.

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WE HAVE COMPLAINTS, occasionally, about advertisers in this magazine: that their goods have miscarried, that the goods are not what was expected, etc., etc. All these complaints should be addressed not to us, but to the advertisers. Neither magazines nor newspapers are responsible in such matters. All they do is to give the advertisers a chance to tell their own story. The public must judge for itself about the rest. And must also take the risk of the mails.

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FOR FIVE DOLLARS AND A QUARTER, we will send three copies, and an extra for getting up the club—*four in all*. We make this offer, in answer to numerous requests. "How much money must be sent," people constantly write, "for a club of three, with an extra copy, instead of the engraving, for the premium?" To repeat: three subscribers, at $1.75 each ($5.25 for all) will earn an extra copy.

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LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.—A lady sends us a club, as she has done for many years, and adds: "Some of the members of my club have been trying other magazines, lately; but they now say they like 'Peterson' best."

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"PUT A PANIER on the Venus," says a late writer, "and she is Venus no longer." One of the loveliest curves in the whole female figure, the bend of the waist, is destroyed by this hideous excrescence.

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TO BE ALWAYS CHEERFUL is a great gift, when it comes by nature; and is so valuable, that, when not constitutional, it ought to be cultivated sedulously.

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ALWAYS HEAR BOTH SIDES before taking part. If this rule was observed, many a quarrel, between friends, or in families, would be averted.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers are sent, an additional premium will be given. Go on, all through the year, therefore, adding to your clubs, and earn more and more of our beautiful premiums.

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ITS "SYMPATHETIC LITERATURE."—A Western gentleman sends us a club, and adds: "Women, in this Western country, need relaxations; for they are worn out with many cares, that those living in Europe dream not of: they require just such a book of sympathetic literature, as yours."

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WE REPEAT AGAIN that we have no agents for whom we are responsible. Either remit direct to us, subscribe through your local news agent, or join a club, *the getter up of which you know.*

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Common Sense About Women. By T. Wentworth Higginson.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The title of this book is much more felicitous than titles of books usually are. There are really more sensible things said about women, in its pages, than in any other work we can recall. Its author has the advantage of knowing what he writes about. Nor is he one-sided, as too many are, who discuss the sex. Colonel Higginson, even when he touches on fashionable life, and on the follies of its women, is large-minded and fair. He has seen the best society, both here and in Europe, and is, therefore, a competent judge. Yet he is no mere "butterfly of the salons." On the contrary, as all who know him are aware, he is a scholar, a ripe thinker, and a man of large and varied experience in politics, war, and literature. There is hardly a chapter in the book that is not full of suggestiveness. Even where the reader differs, from the author, he will find food for thought.

*Helen's Babies. By John Hubberton.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The popularity which this graphically told story created for itself, at its first appearance, does not diminish as time goes on. Though tens of thousands know it almost by heart, other tens of thousands, so large is this country, have never yet read it. To the latter we say, get it at once. It will prove a source of inexhaustible mirth. This is a cheap edition, price fifty cents.

*What Every Mother Should Know. By Edward Ellis, M. D.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: Presley Blakiston.*—This is an excellent little manual, especially suited to families in the country, where medical attendance cannot always be promptly secured. It is from the pen of a physician of distinguished reputation, and is entirely free from everything like quackery.

*Faith And Unfaith. By the author of "Molly Bawn."* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a better novel even than "Mrs. Geoffrey," the popular story, by the same author, which preceded it. Everything written by this lady, however, is fresh and sparkling.

*My Lord And My Lady. By Mrs. Forrester.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This new novel, by the author of "Mignon," is quite equal, in literary ability, to its predecessors; but the story, though doubtless true to life, is almost too painful, at least in parts.

*Hand-Book of Light Gymnastics. By Lucy B. Hunt.* 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.* A very capital little treatise, illustrated with cuts. When not carried to excess, gymnastics, even for girls, are useful; but, after all, there is no exercise equal to a brisk walk in the open air.

*Winter And Its Dangers. By Hamilton Osgood, M. D.* 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Philadelphia: Presley Blakiston.*—Full of valuable hints about dress, eating, heated rooms, the necessity of open-air exercise, etc., etc. The work of an unusually observant, clear-headed physician.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE CRY IS "STILL THEY COME." The new subscriptions to "Peterson," for 1882, have greatly exceeded our expectations. They show that a periodical of real merit stands on a rock. Others, which are "all promise and no performance," go down; but these increase in popular favor, continually: and, like "Peterson," are read by ladies whose grandmothers took them, forty years ago. In addition to the approval given to our course by these large subscriptions, is the gratifying fact that the newspapers, without exception, praise "Peterson" more enthusiastically than ever. The Norfolk (Va.) Ledger says, of our last two numbers, that "they are the most superb ever issued." The Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner says: "Where only one magazine is taken, this is the one to take." The Wheatland (Mo.) Star says: "It will pay you to subscribe for this magazine, if only to enable your wives and daughters to make their clothes neatly and economically." Says the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner: "In the home circle, it is regarded as indispensable." The North Adams (Mass.) News says: "It has long been the leading publication of its kind." The Muncie (Ind.) Times says: "It is, this year, better than ever; and when we say that, we mean a great deal: it means a standard hard to attain." It is doubtless these opinions, shared by the public in common with editors, which have given us, this year, the enormous accessions to our list.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is particularly recommended for Wakefulness, Hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous system.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. 3.—THE DOCKS—RUMEX, RUMICES.

It is not generally known that the common field *sorrel*—that pest to farmers, at least to poor farmers, possessing old, uncultivated, or neglected fields—is a *dock*, a species of *Rumex*—a full brother to the narrow-leaved or sour dock, and the broad-leaved dock; the apetalous flowers being similar in all the species. Rumex acetosella is the botanic name for the common red sorrel of the fields. Rumex crispus, the medicinal dock, possesses a spindle-shaped, yellow root: stem, three or four feet high, with smooth, long, lanceolate leaves; waved at their margins; terminating in panicled racemes, of small, inconspicuous, green flowers. The radical leaves have long foot-stalks, and are roundish cordate. The broad-leaved dock—Rumex obtusifolia, not the burdock—has similar medical properties. Both possessing astringent, and gently tonic, alterative properties. The yellow dock root has been used with benefit in scrofulous and cutaneous diseases; and at one time, enjoyed a reputation for curing the itch.

Two ounces of the fresh root, or one ounce of the dried root, may be sliced, and boiled a short time, in a pint of water; and the whole taken in the twenty-four hours.

The yellow dock is almost the only one of our indigenous agents that can be properly termed an alterative to the glandular system, or that can be used advantageously in debilitating and exhausting diseases; such as scrofula and tendency to phthisis. Of course, if iron, cod-liver oil, or the hypophosphites, are administered with it, more prompt effects will often be manifested. In many feeble children, of phthisical or scrofulous parents, the active principle of the dock—called *rumin*, or *rumicin*—with iron, will soon change their diathesis or constitution. In many cases of great debility, especially weakness of the digestive organs, cod-liver oil cannot be borne: then cream should be substituted. The dose of *rumin* is one to three grains, for adults; children may take one-sixth to one grain, according to age, three or four times a day. Dry friction, or after salt-water bathing, out-door exercise, and as much nourishment as the child will tolerate, are all important adjuncts; and should never be neglected. *But they are, and will be, to the end of time.* The daily preparation of the salt-water bath, bathing with friction, and subsequent care, are too much for thousands of busy, toiling, over-worked mothers; and many a child slowly perishes in consequence.

Herpes circinatus, or ringworm—a very troublesome, persistent, cutaneous affection, sometimes producing intolerable itching—I believe, is always curable with yellow dock root. Let the mother pound or bruise one or more roots well, adding a few drops of water; and after thoroughly rubbing the diseased surface with the moistened roots, apply them to the part, and bind firmly. Repeat the application daily, or twice a day, for three or four days; and a "certain cure" is the result. Of course, there are cases in which the digestive organs need attention; and the mother or physician, who will attend to them, will succeed, where others, who neglect the disordered state of the stomach and bowels, will fail. When the green root cannot be obtained, the fluid extract will answer, but more applications will be required. Homœopathically, rumex is used in laryngo-tracheal cough, with excessive irritability, causing a violent, incessant, and fatiguing cough. It is used also in morning diarrhœa.

Dandelion and dock roots have been largely used by those who entertain the prevailing notion that the blood can be purified by the continued use of such vegetable preparations. To such believers, it is only necessary to state the physiological fact that "the blood is as the food."

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

### No. 146.—WINDOW PUZZLE.

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*       *       *
*       *       *
*   *   *   *   *
*       *       *
*       *       *
*   *   *   *   *
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The uprights consist of seven letters each. The right means a precious stone; the left, the first day of the month among the Romans; the central, a small line.

The horizontal lines consist of five letters each. The top line is a gold coin of ancient Persia; the central, a scuffle; the bottom, a lady's garment.

*Amsterdam, N. Y.* CLARA VAN BROCKLEN.

### No. 147.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 9, 8, 4, 5 is an inclosure for confining animals.

My 10, 7 is an interjection.

My 6, 3, 1, 2 is to fling.

My whole is a conveyance.

*Harlem, N. Y.* MINNIE.

### No. 148.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a black bird, and leave a disturbance.
2. Behead a weight, and leave a preposition.
3. Behead learning, and leave metal.
4. Behead a coward, and leave a bird.
5. Behead to revolve, and leave a vase.
6. Behead part of a ship, and leave a fish.

*Grape Lawn, Va.* X.

*Answers Next Month.*

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

No. 141.

Whip—snake.

No. 142.

C A M M A S
B A I L E E
P L I A N T
K E R N E L
N E U R A L
D I N G O S

No. 143.

Thought.

No. 144.

S A L T P A N
A S A R O N E
L A G O S T A
T R O T T E R
P O S T A G E
A N T E G G S
N E A R E S T

No. 145.

Leyden — Jar.
Indian — Ocean.
New — Hampshire.
Cob — Nut.
Out — Shut.
Lich — Owl.
Nick — Name.

## FLORICULTURE.

GLASSES FOR HYACINTHS should be filled with clean rain-water, free from animal or vegetable deposit; and a small quantity of charcoal added to keep the water pure. The bulb then, without removing any of the outer skins, should be placed so as barely to touch the surface of the water. More successful than this mode, is to fill the glasses with cocoa fibre and charcoal, almost to the top, and saturate with clean rain-water till it absorbs no more. Lay the bulb just touching this moist surface, and tie a brown paper cover, with a slit for the shoot, over the top of the glass; keep in a warm place, or in the sun, till the bulb is well rooted; and replace the paper then with a cover of fresh green moss. Glasses with deep-neck rims are most to be recommended for this mode, as they afford more protection and covering room to the bulb; and afterwards keep the often top-heavy flower-truss steadier; or afford means of fixing a support. Glasses with low-neck rims are improved by using the old-fashioned glass candle-drop dishes as cups to receive the bulb. Turned wood or tin dishes can also be used; and covered with moss, as soon as the bulb is forward enough. For decorative purposes—to fill fancy pots, china bowls, crystal dishes, jardinettes, and other rustic or artistic contrivances—all bulbs or clumps are best grown in thin shell-pots, pans, or other suitably shaped ordinary receptacles; which, if the bloom succeeds, can then be put in these ornamental coverings. For hyacinths, the deep narrow pots made for the purpose are much to be preferred to the ordinary flower-pot; as taking less room to pack into jardinettes, the diameter at the top being wide enough to place three bulbs, and the depth accomodating the long roots unhindered. The favorite miniature hyacinths, without which no flower-stand, bouquet, or table decoration is complete now, can be grown well in all manner of old-fashioned glassware; high, narrow tumblers; pickle, jam, or finger-glasses; high, old-fashioned stem salad-bowls; deep glass dishes; and a variety of other discarded table paraphernalia, may be filled with fibre or fine potting soil, and planted with pompon hyacinths, crocus, snowdrops, tulips, dwarf narcissus, the lovely varieties of Cyclamen persicum or hepaticas. Where forcing stove-houses, pits, or frames, are not available to bring forward the winter bloom of bulbs, a sunny window-shelf, or a common box filled with tan refuse, and covered over with a sheet of window-glass, can easily be arranged. A double window, of Continental fashion, is first-rate for bulbs, seeds, and plants; and a perfect winter-garden can be secured with little trouble and outlay. A south or south-east aspect is the best; and if plants are objected to in a room, a lobby, hall, or staircase-window can be made both warm and ornamental by this means. A deep window-sill is, of course, preferable; and if such does not exist, the defect can be supplemented by advancing a bottom board and side frame into the room. Otherwise, it only requires the fixing of a second set of sashes, arranged to open as well as the outside ones, if necessary for ventilating purposes. A casing of tin, filled with tan, is advisable, as the window-sill and framework are thereby protected from dirt or damp. This casing can also be filled with fibre or potting soil, and receive the bulbs or plants directly. If the window is large enough, spider-shelves can be used for tiers of pots, pans, etc.; and hanging-baskets suspended from hooks at the top. All plants grown in such window-frames must, as soon as advanced, be regularly turned, as the crowns otherwise will grow leaning to one side, from the light and sun attraction.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

HOW TO MAKE A SCRAP SCREEN.—A scrap screen with three folds is most convenient, and the height should be from five to six feet, according to the height of the room for which it is intended. Each partition should be covered with a paper, to constitute a ground, and for this nothing looks better than a glazed black paper. Place a large, colored picture in the centre of each partition, and round it group smaller ones: all of which should be colored, to look well. Most people cover their screens entirely, leaving no ground to be seen; but this is quite a matter of taste; as, if the bare edges of pictures are concealed by a wreath of flowers or ferns (which can be bought by the sheet ready cut out), the black ground is rather an improvement than otherwise. Each picture should be pinned on the screen, and arranged before it is pasted on finally, so that the effect may be seen. Paste is the best material to use, and should be made rather thick, and free from any lumps. When the three panels of the screen are finished (for it is very seldom both sides are covered with pictures) each should be carefully varnished and be allowed to dry, before any attempt at folding the screen may be made. There should be a border of leather round each panel (either a binding or the stamped leather), which is scalloped out, and laid on the edge of the screen; a brass-headed nail being placed in each scallop is a great improvement.

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS.

*Bubble and Squeak.*—Cut from a piece of boiled beef slices the thickness of a penny piece, trim and cut them into any shape, parts undone being the best; boil one large cabbage,

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one carrot, one onion, in salted water; when cooked, drain and mince them together, very fine, removing any hard parts of the cabbage. Put into a sauté-pan, a piece of butter the size of an egg; when melted, put in the beef to warm, taking care it does not dry; this done, remove the meat, and put in the vegetables; stir on the fire until they are very hot, moisten with a little good stock, add salt and pepper, and a little grated nutmeg; place them in the centre of the dish, put the slices of beef all around, pour over a little stock, and serve.

*Minced Veal and Eggs.*—Take some remnants of roast or braised veal, trim off all browned parts, and mince it very fine; fry a chalot, or onion, chopped small, in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw-color, add a large pinch of flour and a little stock, then the minced meat, with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and nutmeg, to taste; mix well, add more stock if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire; lastly, add a few drops of lemon-juice. Serve with sippets of bread, fried in butter round, and the poached eggs on the top.

*Stewed Fowl, with Rice.*—Truss the fowl for boiling, and stew it in about a quart of mutton-broth, seasoned with a little pepper, salt, and half a blade of mace, for an hour and a half, skimming it often. About half an hour before the fowl is ready to serve, add a large cupful of rice; and when tender, strain the broth from it, and place the rice in a sieve to dry and swell before the fire, keeping the fowl hot; then place it in the centre of a hot dish, with the rice arranged in rather a high border around it. Serve with parsley and butter sauce, in a tureen.

*Calves' Feet, Fricasseed.*—Soak them three hours, simmer them in equal proportions of milk and water, until they are sufficiently tender to remove the meat from the bones; cut in good-sized pieces. Dip them in yolk of egg, cover them with fine bread-crumbs; pepper and salt them; fry a beautiful brown, and serve in white sauce.

### CAKES.

*Parker House Rolls.*—Boil one pint of milk, and stir into it one heaped tablespoonful of lard, and two even tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let it cool, and when milk-warm, add flour enough to make a batter as thick as muffin batter. Then stir in a good gill of yeast, and let it rise ten hours; then sprinkle some flour on the pasteboard. Lay the dough on it, and sprinkle over it just enough sifted flour to roll it out about three-quarters of an inch thick. Do not stir or knead it. Cut out with a round cutter; brush the top of each roll with melted butter; then double each roll, by folding the two opposite edges together like a turnover; press the sides a little together; brush the top with melted butter. Set to rise in a warm place, and when very light, in about three hours, bake them ten or fifteen minutes in a moderate oven, and serve at once. They should be of a very light brown color.

*Rice Cake.*—Pick and wash, in two or three waters, a couple of handfuls of rice, and put it to cook in rather less than one quart of milk, sweetened to taste, with the addition of the thin rind of one lemon, cut in one piece, and a small stick of cinnamon. Let the rice simmer gently until it is quite tender, and has absorbed all the milk. Turn it out into a basin to get cold, and remove the lemon rind and cinnamon. Then stir into it the yolks of four eggs, and the white of one; add a small quantity of candied citron cut into small pieces. Butter and bread-crumb a plain cake mould; put the mixture in it, and bake in a quick oven for half-an-hour.

### DESSERTS.

*Pancakes.*—Three eggs, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of ale, two saltspoonfuls of salt, a little ginger, and a little grated lemon-peel, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half-pound of lard or dripping to fry in. Break the eggs, and well beat them with the salt, ginger, and lemon-peel. Add the ale, and enough of milk to mix the flour (which should now be added) into a smooth paste; when this is beaten till quite free from lumps, add the remainder of the milk, and well mix. The mixture will then be ready to fry. Have ready the pan, with lard or dripping, boiling over a brisk fire; a small teacupful of batter is sufficient for a good-sized pancake. When fried, drain them on a strainer, or on letter-paper, pricked full of holes; serve them as quickly as possible, as they become heavy and indigestible if cold. Never pile them one on the other, as that at once makes them heavy. They may be served with jam, sugar and lemon-juice, or vinegar.

*Imitation Lemon Cream.*—This will be useful where milk or cream is not allowed, and is nourishing and delicious. Put into half a pint of boiling water, the peel of two lemons, very thinly shred, and allow it to simmer for a quarter of an hour; then boil a half pound of sugar in it, for ten minutes; strain it, add three eggs (the whites and yolks beaten together), and the juice of the lemons. Put the mixture into a bright stewpan, and stir until thick: it will take about twenty minutes. Have ready a quarter ounce of gelatine, soaked in a spoonful of cold water; and when the cream is poured into a basin, put the gelatine, with another spoonful of water, into the stewpan, and stir about until dissolved; then mix thoroughly with the cream, and put it into a mould. It should stand until the next day.

*Bread and Butter Fritters.*—Make a batter of a half pound of flour, quarter ounce of butter, two eggs, milk, and half a saltspoonful of salt. Cut some slices of bread and butter, not very thick; spread half of them with any jam that may be preferred, and cover them with the other slices; slightly press them together, and cut them out in square, long, or round pieces. Dip them in the batter, and fry in boiling lard, for about ten minutes; drain them before a fire, on a piece of blotting-paper or cloth.

### MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

*Egg Mince-Meat.*—Six hard-boiled eggs, shred very fine; double the quantity of beef-suet, chopped very small; one pound currants, washed and dried; the peel of one large or two small lemons, minced up; six tablespoonfuls of sweet wine, a little mace, nutmeg, and salt, with sugar to your taste; add one-quarter pound of candied orange and citron, cut into thin slices. Mix all well together, and press it into a jar for use.

*Madeline Cakes for Dessert.*—One-half pound of eggs (four), one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, one-half pound of flour. Mix the butter, sugar, and yolks of the eggs thoroughly; then add the flour and mix again; then the whites of the eggs, beaten to a thick froth. Grate in a little lemon-rind. Put in little dishes, each about one-third full, and bake till done.

*Batter and Apples.*—Pare and core six apples, and stew them for a short time, with a little sugar; make batter in the usual way, beat in the apples, and pour the pudding into a buttered pie-dish; the pudding, when properly done, should rise up quite light, with the apples on the top; to be eaten at table with butter and moist sugar.

## FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. 1.—VISITING-DRESS, OF WINE-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two side-plaited ruffles, and the whole length of the front is trimmed with alternate ruffles of the camel's-hair, and bands of velvet, of a darker shade. The sides of the skirt fall plain, and the drapery at the back is simple. The coat basque is cut away in front, and is trimmed with the velvet. Dark wine-colored velvet bonnet, with a light-yellow plume.

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FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK. The skirt is trimmed with side-plaited ruffles, a deep, full puff, gatherings, and an upright fluted plaiting. The back is draped in puffs. The deep basque is cut away in front, and is made full and puffed at the back. It is gathered full on the chest, and the plaited frill around the neck is lined with yellow satin. Yellow satin ribbons tie the neck, and ornament the sleeves. Black satin bonnet, faced with yellow satin, and trimmed with yellow plumes.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DELICATE-GREEN ALBATROSS. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed with alternate rows of white lace and emerald-green velvet. Above the upper row of lace is a wide, side-plaited ruffle, and above this again is a full puff, headed by a scarf of the velvet. The bodice is shirred, Mother Hubbard fashion, at the neck, is loose-fitting, and confined at the waist by a green velvet belt, and has a bow and ends of the velvet. The sleeves are puffed at the top, shirred below, and trimmed with lace.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS, OF GRAY CASHMERE. The bottom is kilt-plaited, in alternate folds of ruby-colored velvet and gray cashmere. The body of the dress is tight-fitting, double-breasted, and trimmed with ruby velvet. Sash of ruby velvet, with a large buckle. Black Scotch cap, with ruby-colored wing.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PURPLE PLUM-COLORED DIAGONAL SERGE. The lower part of the front is trimmed with side-plaited ruffles. The tunic opens over them, and is draped at the back, from whence comes a scarf-like trimming, that appears to be tied in front. The panier part of the skirt is put on to the bodice with several rows of shirring. The bodice is slightly gathered under a collar at the neck, is also shirred in front, but close-fitting from the waist down. Plum-colored felt hat, and feathers.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GREEN VELVETEEN AND GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The camel's-hair ruffle at the bottom is kilt-plaited, interspersed with shell-plaitings of the velveteen. Above this is a narrow box-plaiting of the camel's-hair; and above this again is a puff, also of the camel's-hair. The velveteen skirt crosses in front in full draperies, and is caught up at the back. The bodice is very long-waisted, and has a deep, plaited ruffle around it. A bow at the neck, and the trimming of the sleeves, is of the camel's-hair. Muff of camel's-hair, with gray puffs at the side. Hat of green velvet, faced with gray silk, and trimmed with gray and yellow plumes.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ALMOND-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The bottom of the skirt is composed of one deep flounce, with three plaitings alternating with plain spaces. The upper part of the dress is simply draped. The jacket is of brown cloth, tight-fitting. Amazon hat, of brown felt, with almond-colored feathers.

FIG. VIII.—SPRING COAT, OF CHECKERED-BROWN TWEED. It is half close-fitting, and double-breasted. The pockets and the hem are machine-stitched in treble rows, and the slightly open sleeves are turned back with cuffs. The back of the coat is laid in deep plaits, from the waist down, so as to fall easily over the fuller dresses that are now worn. Felt hat, trimmed with feathers, velvet, and ribbon.

FIGS. IX. AND X.—BACK AND FRONT OF A WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED LIMOUSINE AND PLUSH. The skirt is bordered with a deep kilt-plaiting, and the full, round tablier is sewed to the skirt, with a narrow plush band. The sash is of the two materials. The bodice is pointed in front, with a finish of the plush, and is cuirass-shaped at the back. Broad plush cuffs.

FIGS. XI. AND XII.—YOUNG LADY'S EVENING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED NUN'S VEILING. The skirt has four kiltings of the material, each one edged with lace. Bows of satin ribbon at the side. Cuirass body cut square, filled in with lace, and laced at the back. The satin scarf is gathered on the hips, has fringed ends, and is tied in the centre. Three-quarter sleeves.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE SHEPHERD'S PLAID. The bottom has a kilted flounce, and there are five similar ones down the front, all trimmed with three rows of black worsted braid. The skirt falls straight at the sides, and is carelessly draped at the back. The coat bodice is double-breasted, cut away slightly in front, has a rolling collar, trimmed with braid, a double row of buttons, and a small coat basque at the back. The turban hat is of fine black straw, with a feather shaded from a deep to a light yellow. Tan-colored gloves.

FIG. XIV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE FRENCH BUNTING. The ruffle at the bottom of the dress is laid in five side-plaitings. The apron part of the skirt is quite plain; the back is in-draped. At the sides, there is a plaiting, over which is a row of blue satin bows. The paniers come from the front of the pointed bodice, meet at the back, and are finished with loops and ends of wide, blue satin ribbon. The cuirass waist is pointed back and front, and is trimmed with a band of blue satin.

FIG. XV.—SPRING HAT, OF BROWN CHIP, faced with darker-brown velvet, and trimmed with feathers of the two shades of brown, and a bunch of white daisies.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Black still holds it own, notwithstanding that the counters of the shops are filled with light-colored goods of all descriptions. The goods are of the softest texture, and lovely indescribable colors. One of the prettiest black dresses, that we have seen, is of Canton crêpe, with the flounces edged with Spanish lace. Another was of black surah, trimmed in the same way. A fine camel's-hair, made in this style, would be equally pretty and less expensive.

*Shepherd's plaids*, in blue and white, brown and white, and black and white, are all in great demand. In fact, small plaids are very popular, if the colors are not too showy. All shades of fawn, or almond, or tan color, are liked, yet many persons prefer the old-fashioned de bége tints. But everything that is fancied is the fashion, though not always in the best taste; for there are certain laws, with regard to color and form, that ought not to be ignored. As a rule, a blonde will not look well in a color that is eminently becoming to a brunette, and *vice versa*. Neither should a tall woman wear lengthening plaits, or anything that gives the appearance of a stripe downwards; but many flounces or puffings around the skirt are to her the most becoming, and the contrary rule applies to short or stout people. Gathered ruffles, with several rows of shirring, are newer than the old knife-plaits. If the costume is not made of too thin a material, the whole skirt may be plain, except for a very full shell trimming, just around the bottom.

We cannot yet dispose of the draped overskirt; for even when paniers or scarf drapery are worn about the hips, the back is draped.

*The bodices of dresses* have equal latitude with the skirts. Tight waists, full waists, waists round in front, and those with sharp points, cuirasses, and coat basques, are all equally worn. The coat sleeve is yet popular; but we are happy to say that they are not worn so exceedingly tight as they were. We know of no more ridiculous object, than a young girl with such tight-fitting sleeves that she can scarcely bend her elbows, which stand out from the exceedingly tight-fitting waist; especially when surmounted by an extra large hat.

*Black velvet ribbon* is revived for making bows, for looping dresses, for ornamenting mantles, and for putting on the bodices of light dresses, to give them character.

*Mantles, visites, jackets, and sacques* are very varied; but retain the general character of those worn during the winter.

*Bonnets* are to be had either large or small; worn much off the face, or shading it, just as the fancy of the wearer dictates.



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## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Some very pretty costumes have just been made up for the later winter months, and the first weeks of spring. The newest mode in underskirts, is to have them either of some perfectly plain, heavy material—such as velvet, watered silk, satin, or plush—or else to have them plaited, the most recent style of plaiting being a triple box-plait. This latter mode is very pretty in cashmere, the waist being made as a Louis XIV., or a Directoire coat; or else with paniers. Plaited vests of surah, or puffings and slashings of the same material, look well on cashmere dresses. Cashmere is now, as a rule, discarded for evening-dress: because young ladies wear them in the daytime, receiving calls, or paying formal visits, in pale-tinted cashmeres, and even in white dresses of that material; a fashion that will be probably even more extended, as spring advances. Light-blue is now less in favor than are pale-pink and pale-green for evening-dress wear. Bands of white swansdown are a good deal employed on dresses of white tulle or white satin, and this soft, fleecy material has a very lovely effect. A ball-dress, for a young girl, with a white satin corsage, and white tulle skirt, both trimmed with bands of swansdown, is very elegant, and youthful as well.

Silks, watered or interwoven with gold or silver thread, are amongst the latest novelties of the sason. Satins, brocaded with gold or silver flowers, were in vogue, some time ago; but these new materials are either pekins, with inch-wide satin stripes, alternating with others of gold or silver moiré; or else silks, watered with gold or silver. In the former instances, they are a good deal used for ball-dresses, for young girls, being made with short skirts, bunched very much at the back; square-cut corsages; and half-long sleeves. The dress must be made solely of the pekin, without the admixture of any other material; except, perhaps, bows and ribbons of plain satin, to match the satin stripe. Such a dress, in white and gold, was recently made for a handsome Parisian brunette. Another was in stripes of pale-green satin and silver moiré; and a third was in pale-pink and silver. These dresses, though effective and elegant, have one decided drawback: they are apt to tarnish, and so are very perishable; far more so than their cost justifies, even for quite rich people. Another new material for evening-dress is a very heavy corded silk, the cord being as heavy as that of Irish poplin. It has a soft, rich, lustrous appearance, and is used—combined with satin or watered silk—for married ladies' wear; and corsages and overskirts of it are worn by young girls, over skirts of white tulle.

Very handsome costumes, for visites or demi-toilette, are made with skirts of watered silk, elaborately plaited, and finished at the top with a scarf drapery, which conceals the edge of the corsage, that being in velvet. A black costume, in this style, is very handsome; and so, too, is one in dark myrtle-green. A very pretty reception-dress, for a young girl, is made of a pale-blue satin-grounded Watteau brocade, figured in small flowers, in their natural hues, combined with pale-blue satin merveilleux. The brocade forms a long Louis XIV. coat, over an underskirt of the satin merveilleux, box-plaited in a triple series of plaits, from the waist to the hem.

A curious innovation, which has just made its appearance, consists in concentrating the trimming of a dress-skirt on one side. Thus, at a recent grand ball, given in the American colony, a dress was worn of pale-gray silk; the train veiled with tulle; while one side of the skirt-front was covered with ruffles of superb point-lace, amongst which were set birds of brilliant plumage. I also saw, recently, at Worth's, a black watered-silk dress, with skirt-front of satin; one side of the skirt being trimmed with elaborate draperies of satin, and fringes of jet. But I do not think that this fashion will ever become popular.

Gloves are growing longer and longer. Very thin ladies now follow the fashion set by Sarah Bernhardt; and have their gloves made to reach to the shoulder, pushing them down to the elbow, and suffering the extra fullness to wrinkle over the arm. They are now invariably of tan-colored undressed kid. Black kid gloves are worn with black dresses, sometimes; but even with these, the tan-colored undressed kid glove is considered good style. The glove is now always worn to meet the sleeve; except in the case of ball-dresses, when the sleeve is a mere shoulder-strap, and then the glove must reach to the elbow.

Flowers are a good deal worn on ball-dresses; but they no longer match, in hue, the dress wherewith they are to be worn; but are rather in marked and brilliant contrast. Thus, Worth has lately shown a ball-dress, of pale-green crape, with dark-crimson roses set here and there amongst its draperies; and a dress of cream satin and tulle, adorned with bouquets of variegated tulips, fastened with bows of wide moiré ribbon, of a chestnut-brown. Shaded geraniums, the hues passing from pale flesh-color to deep scarlet, are worn in black dresses. These come for the purpose, in massed bouquets, without foliage. Poppies, in scarlet satin, set close together, without foliage, in long garlands, are also worn on dresses of black velvet or black lace; and pink roses, arranged in the same way, are combined with black lace and jet fringes, in black satin ball-dresses. Looking-glass beads, in embroideries or fringes, are much used for trimming white satin.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S WRAP, OF STEEL-GRAY CASHMERE, half tight-fitting, with a cape, and trimmed with guipure lace.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN CLOTH. The trousers are tight-fitting. The coat is a round cutaway.

FIG. III.—MOTHER HUBBARD CLOAK, OF FAWN-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. It is made with slight gatherings at the neck, and down the back. The square, full sleeves are inserted, and edged with a ruffle of the material, as is also the neck. A bow of ribbon ties the cloak in front, and finishes it at the back. Brown straw bonnet, with fawn-colored feathers.

FIG. IV.—DIRECTOIRE BONNET, OF WHITE STRAW, FOR A YOUNG GIRL, trimmed with a white feather, and white satin ribbon.


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# A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

## The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

*To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:*

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave, and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position, and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city, surrounded by my friends, and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous anyone had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds, and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired, and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body, and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day, and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt, when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still, I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold, which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order, and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious, or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria, and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day, and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs, or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually brings a person to his senses, even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition, and aroused myself to overcome it. And oh, how hard I tried. I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America, and travelled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart-disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview; but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy, of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice, and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed, and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as did also my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased, and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition, that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music, of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease, and the remarkable means by which I had been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, become entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly reinvestigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's Disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe MORE THAN ONE-HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's Disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity,) but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart-Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart-disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted; but I make the foregoing statements, based upon facts which I am prepared to produce, and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. December 30th, 1881.

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*I Mean Honest, Hard Work; I Use Honest Methods;* I Do Not attempt to cure in a day a disease that has been growing for a lifetime, increasing in power and gathering strength daily for years. I Do Not ask my patients to attempt, nor do I want them to try their cure unless they mean to fight the battle for health and strength manfully and with a determination to win. I Do Try to encourage every sufferer with catarrh to believe they can be cured if they will persevere in the use of means I provide.

By Accident, Carelessness, Inattention, Hereditary Taint, or in some unknown way, you have secured, and are nursing in your system, a poison that is surely eating its way to your vitals, carrying untold misery and suffering in its progress. Do Not Wait until your body is racked with pain; until the passages of your head are eaten away; until the foul mass of corruption, running down your throat, has affected the lungs, poisoning the whole system, causing Consumption, Liver Complaint, and Chronic Diseases of many kinds. Do Not Wait until Catarrh has prostrated you, and the complication of diseases, arising from the neglected Catarrh, has placed you beyond the reach of any human aid. Obtain the means that has cured so many thousands; and, having secured it, with honest, straightforward work, persevere in its use, and you will be blessed with renewed health and strength. I especially desire to treat those who have used other remedies without success.

T. P. Childs, Troy, Ohio.

**We have many thousand letters from grateful patients, and would be glad to have any who doubt the efficacy of our treatment to write to any we have cured and inquire for themselves.**

## CERTIFICATES:

My wife is entirely cured. I. V. COLLINS, Crockett, Tex.

Your remedy has cured me. M. ALSHULER, Matton, Ill.

The medicine did for me all you represented.
T. H. MESSMORE, Cadillac, Mich.

I write to tell you that I am perfectly cured of Catarrh.
O. P. WISE, Magnolia, Ark.

I would not take a farm for your Specific, if it could not be replaced. J. P. ROBERTS, Chicago, Ill.

I am cured; another formidable case at last yielded to your treatment. W. B. MORSE, Bryan, Texas.

I would not take a thousand dollars for your inhalers. I am completely cured. G. J. McKNIGHT, Cleveland, O.

Your treatment did me great good. I have not lost a day by sickness this year.
ABNER GRAHAM, Biddle University, Charlotte, N. C.

I am glad to say that I found your medicine all that can be claimed for it. I am fully restored.
J. H. SIGFRIED, Pottsville, Pa.

My health is fully restored. That horrid and loathsome disease is all gone. My lungs feel all right.
MRS. W. D. LINCOLN, York, Neb.

I do not regret the money it cost in using your medicine. I can heartily recommend your treatment.
E. J. LIPPINCOTT, Clarksboro, Gloucester Co., N. J.

I have used your Catarrh treatment and am cured. A thousand thanks to you for so sure a remedy.
FANNIE DEMENT, Dyer Station, Tenn.

I am much pleased to say that I have used the treatment faithfully, with the happiest and best results.
JOHN A. PRATT, Goffs Falls, N. H.

Your treatment cured me; your inhalers are excellent. This is the only radical cure I have ever found.
E. S. MARTIN, Pastor M. E. Church, Port Carbon, Pa.

No amount of money could induce me to be placed in the misery I was in when I commenced using your medicine.
J. C. McINTIRE, Fulton, Mo.

I have so far recovered that I am able to attend church; can walk half a mile. Have a good appetite, am gaining all the time. MRS. A. N. MUNGER, Detroit, Mich.

It affords me great pleasure to notify you that I have, as I sincerely believe, entirely recovered from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, through your very beneficial treatment.
B. BENEDICT, Petrolia, Pa.

My throat is now so well restored that I can lecture daily without any difficulty, and find no difficulty whatever in preaching. E. B. FAIRCHILD, D. D., LL. D.
Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

Passages of the head began to open, throat and bronchial tubes grew better, cough ceased, and now I can see to write. I owe my life to your treatment.
THOS. J. DAILY, Homer, Champaign Co., Ill.

I received your Catarrh Specific some time ago, and used as directed. It acted like a charm. It cured my cough and stopped that wheezing I had in my throat.
JAMES W. SANDERS, Five Mile, Mason Co., W. Va.

I am now entirely cured. When I had used it three months, I felt like a different woman. Too much cannot be said in favor of your Catarrh treatment. It has saved my life. MRS. E. G. MITCHELL, Fairbury, Ill.

I was thought to have had Consumption, and had suffered many years with what was really Catarrh, before I procured your treatment. I have had no return of the disease.
MISS LOUIE JAMES, Crab Orchard, Ky.

My wife continues in the best of health, and has no cough. It is with great pleasure we are able to recommend so wonderful a medicine as yours has proved to be to us.
J. H. BULLARD, Springfield, Mass.

Between nine and ten years ago, being afflicted with Catarrh, I obtained your course of treatment; and after persisting in its use some months, was completely cured, and have had no return of the disease.
A. J. STILL, Pattenburg, N. J.

## CHILD'S CATARRH SPECIFIC

**Will effectually and permanently cure any case of Catarrh, no matter how desperate. We especially desire to treat those who have tried other remedies without success.**

Child's Treatment for Catarrh, and for Diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, can be taken at home, with perfect ease and safety, by the patient. No expense need be entailed beyond the cost of the medicine. A full statement of method of home treatment and cost, with scores of testimonials from those who have been cured, will be sent on application. Address

**REV. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.**

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OF THE CHOICEST FRUITS AND SPICES.

Pure, Rich Flavoring Extracts of Choicest Fruits. One-third quantity more than equals ordinary flavors.

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SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

By a novel arrangement of fine coiled wire springs, which yield readily to every movement of the wearer, the most PERFECT FITTING and comfortable corset ever made is secured.

Is Approved by the Best Physicians.

For sale by all leading dealers.

Lady Agents wanted.

PRICE BY MAIL, $1 50.

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EVERY CORSET WARRANTED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED

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An infallible remedy for all FEMALE COMPLAINTS, price $1.50 per bottle. CURES WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS and GENERAL DEBILITY. This remarkable preparation is the only reliable remedy for the distressing diseases of women. Sold by Druggists.

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THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

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Can be sent by mail.

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50 Lovely Chromo Cards, New and Elegant Designs, name on, 10 cents. VANN & CO., Fair Haven, Ct.

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50 Beautiful Chromo Cards, the New Picturesque, Bird & Motto Series, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. always please. A fine Album of Samples, 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

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Thirty-Six Varieties of Cabbage; 26 of Corn; 28 of Cucumber; 41 of Melon; 33 of Peas; 28 of Beans; 17 of Squash; 23 of Beet and 40 of Tomato, with other varieties in proportion, a large portion of which were grown on my five seed farms, will be found in my **Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1882.** Sent FREE to all who apply. Customers of last Season need not write for it. All Seed sold from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name, so far, that should it prove otherwise, I will refill the order gratis. The **original Introducer of Early Ohio** and **Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn,** the **Hubbard Squash, Marblehead Cabbage, Phinney's Melon,** and a score of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. New Vegetables a Specialty.

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**READER!** If you love **Rare Flowers,** *choicest only,* address ELLIS BROTHERS, Keene, N. H. It will astonish and please. **FREE.**

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**SEEDS GIVEN AWAY!** A package of mixed Flower Seeds (50 kinds), with sample of Park's Floral Magazine, all for stamp. G. W. PARK, Fayettesburg, Pa.

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**Extra Early, Very Dwarf (8 to 10 inches), Requires no Bushing, Exquisite Flavor.**

The best Variety for forcing, and the best for early sowing in the garden.

Circular giving full description mailed to applicants.

**CAUTION.**—As there is an inferior Pea in the market called the "American Wonder," be sure and get the genuine "BLISS' AMERICAN WONDER"

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**300 BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS,**

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Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers without ordering it. It contains five colored plates, 600 engravings, about 200 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all. Send for it. Address,

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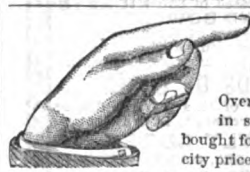

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No better seed can be found than those furnished to his customers by JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y. Send 10 cts. for his Floral Guide and make selections. In this you will find described everything of value, such as

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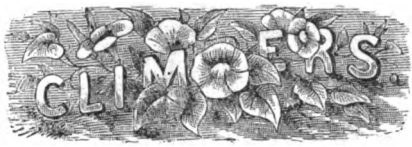
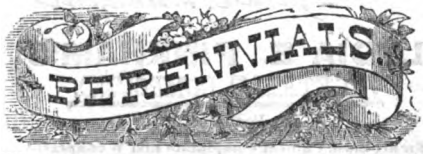


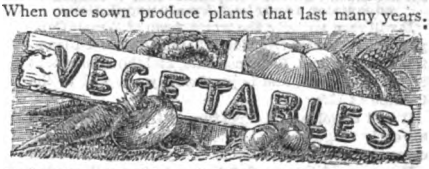

Useful in covering arbors, buildings and unsightly fences.

That are so very desirable for drying for Winter flowers.




When once sown produce plants that last many years.

Like the Lilies and Peonies and Geraniums and Coleus.

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**SINGLE TUBEROSE** **Orange-Flowered.** This is the most hardy, surest to bloom, and deliciously fragrant of all Tuberoses. To all who send **15c.** and address, I will *mail* **2** flowering bulbs, with full directions for blooming. **Double Pearl** same price. CHAS. T. STARR, Avondale, Chester Co., Pa.

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**SELECT BULBS** That will bloom this summer, 15 for $1.00.

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## VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

**for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.**

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND** is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. **25 cents per box.**

☞ **Sold by all Druggists.** ☜

**PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all Spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap, 3 cakes by mail 60c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop's Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.**

**50 ELEGANT** New Imported Styles of Chromos, our Fruit, Flowers and Bird Series, in Beautiful Colors, name in Fancy Script Type, 10c. Agts' Sample Book, 25c CARD MILLS, Northford, Ct.

## OUR LADIES' CASKET.

We wish to introduce our goods and catalogues in every **CITY** and **HAMLET** in the United States, and in order to do so have selected several of our **BEST SELLING ARTICLES** and propose to almost **GIVE AWAY A LIMITED NUMBER** to the readers of **THIS PAPER. OUR LADIES' CASKET** contains the following articles, viz.; **A COMBINATION NEEDLE CASKET** containing 4 papers Celebrated Long-eyed Needles, 2 Steel Bodkins, 2 Yarn Darners, 3 Double Long-eyed Darners, 2 Fine Darners, 2 Motto Needles, 2 Wool Darners, 2 Carpet Needles, 2 Worsted Needles, 2 Button Needles. These needles are best quality in a fine imitation morocco case, and are very attractive. **AN IVORY COLLAR BUTTON; A MICROSCOPIC CHARM,** containing the Lord's Prayer, it occupies a space not less than the eye of a fine needle, yet magnifying to such an extent as to allow the Lord's Prayer printed in **LARGE TYPE. TWO BEAUTIFUL CHINESE LAMP SHADES** of varigated colors and rich designs, will fit any lamp and they are very handsome indeed. **A CINDERELLA THIMBLE CASE** containing a Gold Plated Thimble. The case is made of light metal run in a mould, covered and lined with velvet and silk and is elegantly embroidered with silk floss of various colors. The Thimble is of **GOLD PLATE** and we **ENGRAVE FREE** any name or initial desired. You could not find a more desirable present to bestow on a lady friend than a Cindorella Case containing one of our Gold Plated Thimbles, usually sold for a higher price than we ask for all the contents of our Casket. The last article we enclose in our Casket is a Brass Case Tape line, 36 inches long with a spring to draw back the tape, and it should be in every lady's work basket. In the above illustrations we show the exact size of the Collar Button and Charm, but all the other articles are reduced in size to save space. Upon receipt of thirty 3 cent postage stamps (90c.) and the **ATTACHED CERTIFICATE**, we will forward **PREPAID** the above described articles and guarantee them to reach you and give perfect satisfaction. We require you to **Cut Out This Certificate** and forward to us, in order to protect us from persons ordering in quantities, as we can only afford to send a limited number to each neighborhood at price named.

**CERTIFICATE.**—Upon receipt of this Certificate and Ninety Cents in stamps before **June 1st, 1889**, we agree to forward prepaid to any address in the United States, **Our Ladies' Casket** containing all the above described articles. **H. C. WILKINSON & CO.**

Remember this advertisement will **NOT APPEAR AGAIN** in this paper. To assertain size of Thimble wanted take a Thimble that fits you and send us the number or mark around the outside of Thimble on a piece of paper and send paper to us with order. Give us the name you wish engraved on Thimble. After you have secured a Casket we will expect you to show it to your neighbors and at the same time show our Catalogues which we will send you, you can in this way assist us in making new customers for our other goods and thus compensating us for the beautiful casket you will receive. In any case where we sell goods and they are not satisfactory we will refund money. We refer to the publisher of any paper in this city. Address:

**H. C. WILKINSON & CO., 195 & 197 Fulton St., New York.**

**OPIUM** MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established, 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

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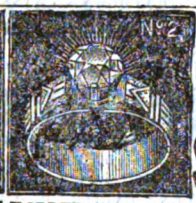


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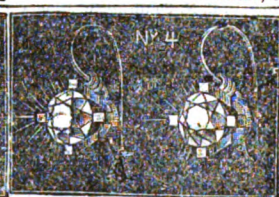

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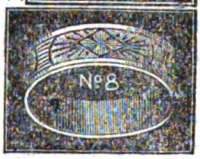


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158 Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.
159 Say a Kind Word When You Can.
165 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.
166 Norah O'Neal.
167 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee.
169 Jennie the Flower of Kildare.
170 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died
172 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.
176 Don't You Go, Tommy, Don't Go.
180 Willie, We have Missed You.
182 Over the Hills to the Poor House.
185 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling.
191 Flirtation of the Fan.
194 Why did She Leave Him? [other.
196 Thou Hast Learned to Love An-
203 There's None Like a Mother.
204 You Were False, but I'll Forgive.
209 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying.
211 Will You Love Me, When I'm Old.
220 Annie Laurie.
222 Sherman's March to the Sea.
224 Come. Birdie, Come.
228 Love Among the Roses.
232 Old Arm Chair (as sung by Barry.)
239 The Sailor's Grave. [In the Garden
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246 Poor, but a Gentleman Still.
249 Nobody's Darling but Mine.
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252 Darling Nellie Gray.
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260 Sadie Ray.
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273 The Hat My Father Wore.
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283 Come Home Father.
284 Little Maggie May.
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295 Broken Down.
300 My Little One's Waiting for Me.
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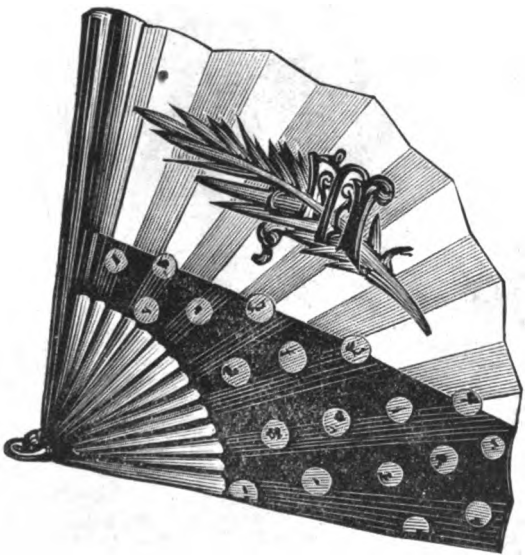

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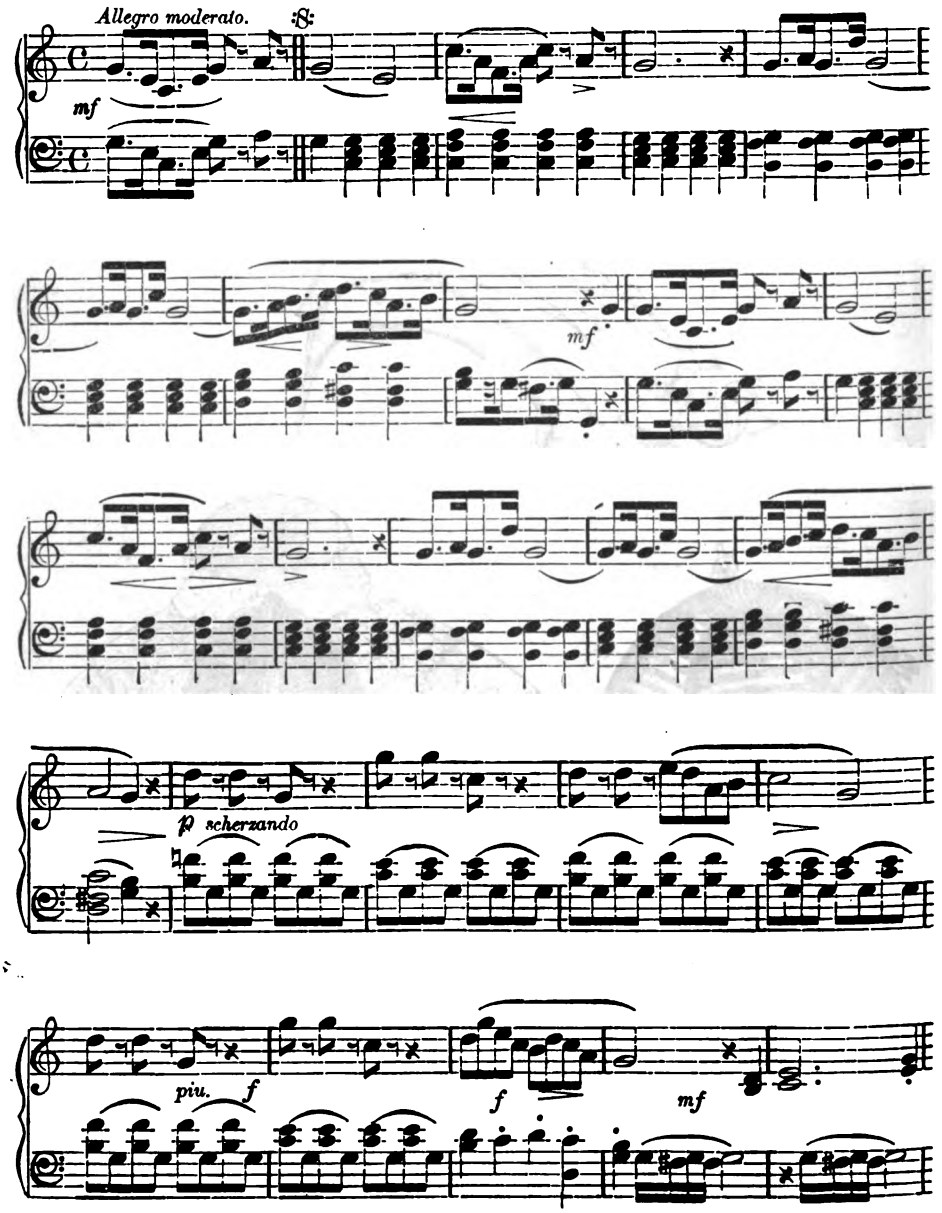


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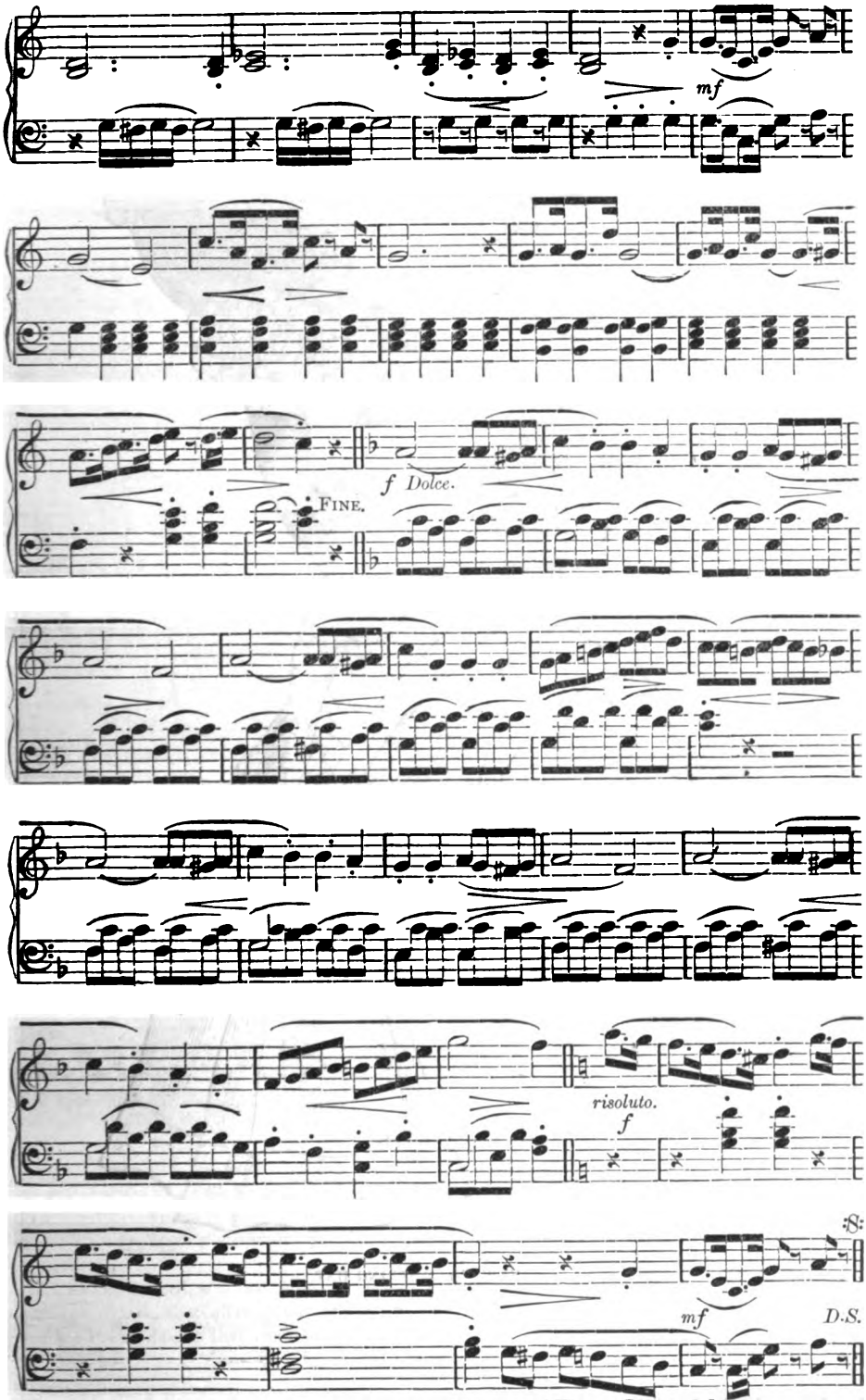


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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXI. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1882. No. 4.

## LITTLE NINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DERWENT DIAMONDS."

LITTLE NINA was dancing in the public street, her small, graceful, glancing feet keeping a sort of rhythmic time to the music of her dark-browed Italian companions.

Poor little Nina! Her movements were the poetry of motion. Yet, they were impelled by servile fear: for, that very morning, when she had scrambled up from her bed of straw, and eaten her scanty breakfast of coarse bread and milk, the padre, who owned her, just as he did his dogs and monkeys, had shaken his stout stick over her head, and showed his white teeth viciously, as he said:

"Yesterday was a bad day. You make this a good one, to pay for it; or you know what you'll get."

Little Nina knew too well what that meant: it meant hard and cruel blows, and no supper when the day's weary tramp was ended. So, in fear of this threatened punishment, she was doing her best now.

But, as she danced, a dream came back to her: a strange dream, that often haunted her. The same kind of a dream that comes sometimes to older people, borne down by sorrow and misfortune: a strange, half-forgotten glimpse of some better, happier, brighter existence, far away in the past, perhaps in a world before this.

Little Nina, dancing in the sunshine, caught gleams of something back of this terrible life with the padre, and the dark children, and the dogs and monkeys; something that seemed like heaven to her yearning litttle heart. Then the crowd cheered, and the sweet, dim vision vanished; and the pretty, golden-haired child danced on, with tears in her blue eyes.

Her comrades scraped away at their music; and the faint, sweet strains, borne on the winds, floated up to a chamber in a stately mansion, close at hand, where a lady sat alone. A sad, very sad woman, whose thoughts were always with the past.

Borne backward by the dreamy strains, this broken-hearted woman seemed to live over again a certain day in the early years of her wifehood, when she stood with her husband beside the cradle in which their first-born child lay.

"Bessie, I'm sure there's something wrong with the child," he said.

"Oh, Henry," she replied, "you only imagine it. The child isn't ill: a slight cold, perhaps; nothing more."

"Well, I hope so, my dear. But really, if I were in your place, I would not leave her, to-night."

The young mother bit her lips with vexation.

"What, after all the expense I've incurred for my ball-dress?" she said, with rising tears. "And I had set my heart so on going. It is too bad, Henry."

"Bessie!"

The reproach in her husband's voice brought Bessie Trevor to her senses, in a measure.

"Well," she said, "I didn't mean anything wrong, as you ought to know. But surely, it is provoking that the child should become ill, on the very night of Clara's ball."



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in her low rocking-chair, and swayed herself backward and forward, touching the rocker of the baby's crib, at intervals, with the toe of her slipper.

"It's all very fine," she thought, "for Henry to go off to New York, where he will have every chance of enjoying himself, and leave me to mope here at home. I would *so* like to go to Clara's ball. I always thought babies a nuisance, and I think so still."

In her impatience, she gave the crib quite a little toss with her foot. The sudden motion jostled the sleeper, who opened her blue, innocent eyes.

"Mamma, mamma," she cooed, plaintively, "Lulie's so tired. Lulie want mamma to sing 'Wock me to S'eep.' Won't you, dear mamma?"

But mamma was not in a singing humor.

"Hush," she said, giving the crib a touch. "Hush, and go to sleep. I'm tired of singing."

The little one dozed off again. The morning hours wore on. Towards noon, Mrs. Trevor's sister, the lady who was to give the ball, drove up, in her handsome carriage.

"Sitting over that inevitable cradle, as usual," she cried, bursting in upon the young mother. "Dear me, Bess, you are such a goose. I've been out ordering my floral decorations. Oh, I've got everything on a magnificent scale. Your dress is done, I suppose? Let me see it."

"It is unfortunate, my dear," replied the young husband, "and you cannot regret it more than I do; but the poor little girlie isn't to blame, you know. She can't help being sick, Bessie."

"Oh, of course not."

"I wish I could stay at home, and nurse her in your stead," he continued, as he approached the crib, and bending over the child, touched his lips to her soft cheek; "but I'm obliged to go. I'm due in New York at three this afternoon; and I've barely time to catch my train. You won't mind, dear, so very much, giving up this ball?"

The young husband hurried away. He was junior partner in a rising mercantile house, in his native city; and business matters, too important to be neglected, had called him to New York, that great metropolis of the land.

Left to herself, his pretty young wife sat down

"I shall not need it," said Mrs. Trevor, struggling to keep her voice steady. She went to the wardrobe, however, and brought out the dress. "I shall not be able to come."

"Nonsense. Oh, what an exquisite affair! What did it cost, Bess? What is it you say about not coming, to-night?"

"Mr. Trevor has been called to New York, and the baby is ill; so of course I can't come," said Bessie.

Her sister laughed.

"That baby! Why, you simpleton, there's nothing the matter with the child. A little cold,

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maybe; nothing more. Two of my children are down with measles; but, good gracious, I don't mind. My ball goes on, all the same. You've a nurse. She can take care of the child for a few hours, surely. Your dress is perfectly lovely. Such an exquisite shade of azure. And how charmingly that pale-tinted satin matches the velvet. It suits your complexion so nicely, too. But I must go. I've just ten thousand things to do, yet. I'll send the carriage around early; so be dressed in time, Bess. I won't hear of your not coming."

"Well—if—baby gets no worse," answered the young wife, hesitating.

"Nonsense. The baby's all right. Don't be a fool, Bess. Good-bye."

The banker's wife rustled down to her carriage; and Bessie sat beside her child's crib, with her beautiful ball-dress on her lap, and her sister's reassuring words ringing in her ears.

"It will only be for a few hours, as Clara says," she reflected. "Surely, the nurse can take care of her. I'll baste the lace in my sleeves, anyhow." The result was, of course, that she went.

But, before leaving home, she went, radiant in her azure velvet, to the crib where little Lulie still lay. The child was not asleep. She looked up at her mother, with joyful recognition in her baby eyes.

"Mamma, mamma," she cried, uplifting her little, feverish hands, "p'ease take Lulie, and sing 'Wock me to S'eep.' Won't you, dear mamma?"

The young mother's heart was touched; and for a minute she stood irresolute, half inclined to give up the ball, after all. But the fond impulse died out.

"Mamma will, presently," she said, bending over the cradle, and kissing the wistful little face. "Lulie go to sleep, now, with Katie, like a good baby."

Katie took the low chair by the crib, and the young mother hurried away.

The ball was a great success. But in the midst of the gleaming lights, and the flowers, and the clashing music, and the dancing, Henry Trevor's young wife felt ill at ease.

"Look at Bessie Trevor," cried dozens of voices. "She's ten times prettier than ever. What a charming toilet."

But Bessie took no heed of these compliments, though she overheard them continually. For she seemed to hear, above them all—above even the rhythmic sound of the waltzers—that little, pleading voice, calling "Mamma, Lulie so tired. Sing 'Wock me to S'eep.' Won't you, dear mamma?"

After one set, she broke down, utterly.

"I can't stand this one minute longer, Clara,"

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she said, when she had found her sister. "You must send me home."

The banker's wife refused, at first; but was forced to submit, in the end. The carriage was ordered; and the young mother, troubled with a strange fear, was driven home.

She found the house in a blaze of light, from basement to attic; and all the doors wide open.

"Oh, Katie, what is it?" she cried, breathlessly, as the nurse met her on the stairs.

"Oh, ma'am," panted the girl, "the child's gone."

"Gone, Katie? Merciful Heaven, not dead?"

"No, no, ma'am, not dead; gone; carried off," sobbed the girl. "She fell sound asleep, almost by the time you turned your back; and I sat by her till I got to nodding; so I ran down for a minute, for a breath of fresh air. There was an organ playing on the street, and a monkey dancing; and I stopped, the least while, with Jennie Adams, to look on; and when I got back, ma'am, the child was gone."

Bessie waited to hear no more. She rushed up to her room, and, seeing the empty crib, dropped down beside it, in a swoon.

Three years had passed, since that night; three years of bitter, remorseful sorrow; three years of unavailing search. Mr. Trevor had neglected his business, and scattered his money to no purpose. The child had not been found.

As for the poor young mother, her heart seemed broken. Time, instead of healing and curing her sorrow, made it worse: keener and harder to bear.

At all hours of the day, in her dreams, and in her wakeful hours at night, that little, entreating voice was continually in her ears:

"Lulie is so tired. Mamma sing 'Wock me to S'eep.' Won't you, dear mamma?"

Health and strength failed her. She lost all interest in life. Her husband, in the pitying tenderness of his great forgiving love, sent her from place to place, vainly seeking to divert her mind from this one sorrow.

And now, on this fair, bright morning, she sat in her chamber, in the handsome home of her uncle, listening to the dream-like echo of the street music, and recalling all the incidents of her great sorrow.

Her husband had succeeded well in his business. She had wealth, and position, and loving friends. All of life's luxuries and pleasures were at her command. But she turned away from them, in her heart-broken despair. She wanted nothing but her child.

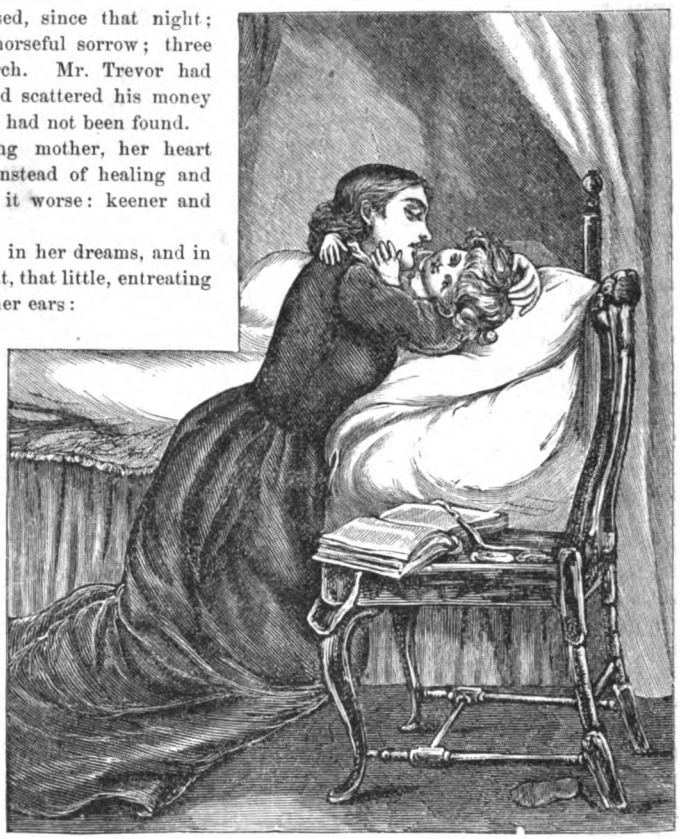
"If I had done my duty," she said, "if my mother-love had been stronger than my vanity, I should have my baby in my arms to-day. Oh, my child, my child!"

This was the ceaseless cry of her soul, now, as it had been, day after day, for three long years.

The music in the street came nearer and nearer. It was now apparently just in front of the house. If that broken-hearted woman had looked out, she would have seen the little dancing-girl come timidly up the steps of the handsome mansion.

The children of the house, her cousin's children, had been already attracted to the door, and now set up an excited clamor.

"Grandpa, grandpa," they cried, "the pretty



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little dancing-girl's on the steps. She's begging for money. Come here, grandpa, please, and give her some. Cousin Bessie, cousin Bessie, where are you? Come down and see the pretty dancing-girl."

The old gentleman went to the door, with his hand full of pennies, while his grandchildren crowded around him.

Meanwhile, roused by the children's voices, Mrs. Trevor had come to the window, and looked at the noisy group, below on the door-steps: the children crowding and talking, and the little golden-haired dancing-girl in their midst.

One glance, and then, with a cry that rang through and through the house, she turned, and came flying down the great hall-steps.

"My darling, my darling, I have found you at last," she sobbed, as she rushed to the door; and catching up the astonished child, clasped her to her bosom, covering the dimpled face, and sunny hair, and little hands, with passionate kisses.

That night, when the excitement of the day was all over, Bessie Trevor, with hands that trembled with joy, and a heart whose every throb was a grateful prayer to Heaven, knelt by little Nina's bedside.

"Darling," she whispered, dropping tears and kisses on the sweet, upturned face. "Oh, you surely know mamma, don't you?"

The child clasped her little arms about her mother's neck, and said:

"Oh, yes, I know you now. Sing 'Wock me to S'eep,' as you used to. Won't you, dear mamma?"

And the mother knew then, in truth, that she had found her child.

## CONSOLATION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Above the ridgy hill of pines,
The winter moon hangs high—
A rift of purple breaks the haze,
Across the western sky;
On meadow lands the snow lies white,
The wild wind sweeps the moor—
The bare, gaunt trees give us no sign
Of summers gone before.

Beneath the snow, we know the flowers
Are hiding, safe and warm—
The kindly mother earth will keep
Them sheltered from the storm;
And when the April winds shall blow,
And bring the fragrant rain,
These sleeping buds will feel new life,
And burst to bloom again.

The earth will glow with beauty rare,
Beneath the skies of June;
And o'er the ridgy hill of pines,
Shine soft the summer moon.
The birds will sing, the grass will wave
With joy, the naked trees
Will don their glory robes again,
And hide themselves in leaves.

We lay our dead away, with tears—
We sorrow on, bereft;
We say that life has little joy,
Or hope, or comfort left—
But in the sweet springtime of heaven,
Safe from decay and pain,
Clothed in eternal youth and love,
Our dead shall live again.

## THE VOICES OF THE HILLS.

BY J. HUIE.

By misty glen and babbling rill,
In solemn chant, that ceaseth never,
The lonely voices of the hill
The solitudes with music fill—
That swells and falls and swells forever.

To-day, the same as yesterday,
Where woodlands gloom and waters glisten;
To-night, as weird and sweet the lay,
As heard a thousand years away,
The silent hills alone to listen.

Low, when the winds are still, they sing;
By sunlit brooks the mountains under;
By starry lake and glimmering spring,
When fairies dance in shadowy ring,
And moonlit peaks fantastic fling
Their shadows in a land of wonder.

Lo! when the winds are loud, they rise
From rocking woods and gusty hollows;
From craggy deeps, where darkness lies,
Along the moorlands to the skies,
Wild chorus echoing chorus follows.

Man's little din of work and war,
Man's fury and tumultuous fever,
Die on the bounding slopes afar
In silent air, and never mar
The song that heavenward goes forever.



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# GENERAL WASHINGTON'S QUILT.

BY L. L. PLEASANTS.

"WHAT on earth shall we do with him?" said Elizabeth to her mother.

"I suppose we must put him in General Washington's room, my dear," was the answer, in a soft, weak voice. "That is the only one that does not leak."

"But we don't know who he is," demurred Elizabeth, "and I don't like to put a stranger in General Washington's room."

"Still, my dear, it is the only one that does not leak," persisted her mother, gently; "besides, he looks like a gentleman."

"True," assented Elizabeth, absently. "Melinda, tell Jim to go at once for the doctor."

Melinda flew to obey the order. Then Elizabeth, proceeding to the state apartment of the household, once honored, for a night, by being tenanted by the Father of his Country, threw open the windows, and let a flood of June sunshine in on the faded carpet and dingy hangings. She spread the bed herself, with some fine old sheets, adorned with many a careful darn, and odorous of dead and gone roses. There were fresh roses outside, which she could reach from the window. She broke off several, and put them in a cracked vase, on the high old-fashioned dressing-table; they, and her own face in the glass, both so fresh and fair, looked out of keeping, in the dim and faded room.

Through the casement, past the long avenue of trees that led to the house, she could see the curving road, and the place where the accident had happened, which had thrown this stranger on their hands. Across it, lay the branches of a tree, which the storm had broken in the night; and close by, the shattered ruins of a buggy and harness. The horse had evidently taken fright, and broken the buggy. Altogether it was a sufficiently exciting episode for a dull rural neighborhood.

When the doctor came, he pronounced the injury serious, and prescribed careful nursing. The nursing, of course, fell to Elizabeth, who performed it in a manner highly satisfactory to both parties; and in that charming, semi-confidential intercourse, which grows up between nurse and patient, the two grew to be very well acquainted. Elizabeth read and sang to him, cooked him dainty little dishes, and wrote letters for him to his mother and sisters. Nothing could be more different than their lives had been. He had graduated at a college, travelled in Europe, belonged to a dozen clubs, and had more friendships and love affairs than he could keep account of. She had lived all her life in one place, secluded from the world, the only idea of which had come to her from her mother's stories, and the books of a bygone generation, which composed their library.

Sherwood was a very old house. Formerly there had been a large estate. But several generations of spendthrifts had reduced the property to a few hundred acres, upon which there was a heavy mortgage. At her father's death, when Elizabeth was seventeen, the entire management fell upon her shoulders; and she, realizing that it was the sole dependence of her mother and herself, devoted her entire energies to paying off this mortgage. She was out early and late. She speculated in sheep and poultry, in cattle and pigs. Her mistakes were numerous, but her spirit was dauntless; and after awhile, she began to find her perseverance rewarded by something like success. Two or three years of good harvests enabled her to make many improvements; and, as she told Robert Strange, she hoped this year to make a considerable payment on the mortgage, which might postpone its foreclosure indefinitely.

Every day, Robert Strange thought her more attractive and charming. She was as unlike the young ladies he had known, as a wild flower of the forest is unlike an artificial one on a lady's bonnet. She played for him, in the evening, on an old spinet, which was the only musical instrument the house possessed, and sang the old, tender, sentimental songs, that her mother had taught her.

"This house would be a perfect treasure to a collector of bric-a-brac," he said, one day. "You and your mother seem to have stepped bodily out of the last century. You can't imagine how different you are from the people I know."

One day, when his convalescence had been unreasonably prolonged, he received a letter from his mother, urging him to return as soon as he was well enough to travel. He knew, in his heart, that he had been well enough for the past two weeks; but though the summons was most unwelcome, it did not disquiet him, as did the



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enclosed note from a young lady, with whom he had fancied himself in love, in the time previous to his accident. He had almost forgotten her existence, since his acquaintance with Elizabeth, and now it vexed him to find that she had not been equally oblivious.

He tried to remember what reason he had given her to draw the conclusion which her note seemed to infer, and was obliged to admit that the gift of a ring, and a long series of devoted attentions, bore witness against him; although there had never been any actual engagement.

It was hard to leave Elizabeth, with only the cold expressions of gratitute and esteem which the occasion justified; particularly when he could not help seeing, in spite of her efforts at self-control, that she was very much distressed at their parting. Still, he had a conscience, and some old-fashioned ideas of honor; and these same ideas would not permit him to be on with a new love, before he was off with the old.

He did what he could to express his gratitude, and sent Elizabeth a beautiful bracelet, with her monogram in turquoises, nearly as blue as her eyes; but it came back to him, with a quaint, prim little note, written in pale ink, on cheap, coarse paper; but the words expressed in such delicate terms that he could not be offended, in spite of his disappointment. The same morning brought him a rose-scented, cream-laid missive from Minnie Hudson, covered with the bold and dashing chirography of the period. He twisted it up, when he had read it, and lighted his cigar with it; and he was not ashamed to kiss Elizabeth's note, and put it away with a faded rosebud: the only memento of their acquaintance.

The days dragged heavily with Elizabeth, after he went away. She had never before felt listless and weary; but now she wondered how she could ever have endured all the monotonous years of her life; and looked forward with a sort of dread to those that were yet to come.

With the September heats, her mother fell ill, and did not rally. The old physician came every day; but to no avail. Then the fall rains set in, unusually severe. When they had lasted for several days, Elizabeth began to fear that the river would rise, and overflow its banks, and carry ruin far and near, as tradition said it had, a generation or so ago. She used, in those cool, fall days, to go down to its bank, daily, and watch it. There was an old mill there, and she beheld, to her dismay, on every succeeding afternoon, that the water rose higher up on the wheel. The swallows were darting about, skimming over the surface of the water: "sure signs," as the old country wives said, "of more rain." Her thoughts were sad. Life seemed to her to have no brightness, no hope, no future. Everything was gloomy and foreboding. At last, the dangerous rise of the river could no longer be ignored. Elizabeth, in her last walk, saw it sweeping in an angry tide over the hollows, and washing the trunks of the tall sycamores along the bank. Then she hurried back to the house; left her mother in charge of the little maid; put on her riding-habit; saddled her horse herself; and rode swiftly towards the river again. It was worse than she had feared. By the time she reached the river, the year's crop of corn was all gone; the old mill had disappeared; and the cords of wood which had been stacked along the bank, further down, awaiting transportation, were all swept away. Nothing was left but a wide, turbulent waste of water.

Elizabeth, chilled, disheartened, and miserable, rode home again; unsaddled her horse; and gave him some corn; laying her cheek against him for a moment, when the thought came that the time of their companionship would soon be over. Her mother was dozing when she entered the room; and except for a faint circle of light about the hearth, the room was in shadow.

She longed to lay her head on some friendly shoulder, and cry out the bitterness of her trouble; but she must bear it alone: for here the one human being who loved her was lapsing away from the consciousness of joy or pain.

As the night wore on, the patient fell into a deeper slumber: the lonely watcher could not rouse her to take the medicine the doctor had prescribed; and before the slow dawn crept over the East, the sufferer had stiffened into the motionless rigidity of death.

The old minister came ten miles to read the service, and his white surplice flapped drearily in the wild November wind. There was a large gathering of the country people—for the deceased lady had been both respected and beloved—and kindly neighbors were not wanting, who would gladly have taken the motherless girl home with them; but she was one who liked better to bear her troubles alone: and she had ample time and opportunity to indulge her predilection. She sold the horses and cows to pay the servants, and retained only little Melinda, who had lived with them from her infancy.

It was as if she had made a compact with grief—had stretched out her arms, and taken it to her bosom. The days came and went, bringing no change except that of the seasons. What wonder that the solitude, and the continual brooding over her grief, began to tell on a mind naturally strongly imaginative.

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In March the mortgage became due. The autumn floods, of course, had swept away her last hope of paying it off. But the shock of it, when it came, had been worn away by long anticipation. She thought of Robert Strange, as she held the notice in her hands. She had promised to let him know, if any trouble came to her; but she could not make up her mind to tell him this, since it would look like an appeal for assistance.

She wrote a letter to an old friend, asking shelter for a few weeks, until she could make some arrangement for supporting herself; and then began to prepare, lingeringly and lovingly, for her departure from the dear old home.

The last day came, as last days will always come, however much we may dread them. Elizabeth abandoned herself to a perfect ecstasy of grief. She visited every nook and corner of the mansion, and wept afresh over each familiar object. She climbed up on the step-ladder to kiss the dry and dusty lips of the old portraits, and lay face downward in the wet grass of the family graveyard, in the home lot. She came back, at nightfall, pale as a ghost, with wet feet and drenched skirts.

Melinda had made a good fire in the dining-room, and a gentleman sat beside it, with his back to the door.

When he rose, and came forward to meet her, Elizabeth recognized Robert Strange.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, with the old lump coming back in her throat; but she resolutely repressed the tears that rushed to her eyes.

"I read, in the county paper, that the old place was to be sold, so I thought I would come and have a last look at it," he replied, holding her hand. "How unkind you were, not to tell me. I might possibly have averted this."

"It would have done no good," she answered, with a wan little smile. "If you had lent me the money, I could never have paid it back again."

He made her sit down, and put her wet feet on the fender. When Melinda brought in the tea, Elizabeth could not eat, and her fingers trembled so, that she could scarcely hold her cup. Every vestige of her old calmness and self-possession had deserted her. She was tremulous, excitable, nervous, casting apprehensive glances behind her, and wavering between tears and hysterical laughter. Gradually, with infinite tact, her guest drew from her some account of the life she had led, since the previous summer.

"I think you have been trying to kill yourself," he commented, as she finished.

"Why not?" she replied. "I have nothing to live for, now that the old place is gone."

He longed to say, "Live for me," but something withheld him.

"You will laugh, when I tell you," she went on, "but I am convinced that something will happen to me, before I leave this house. I have had a premonition of it, for a long time. Every night I lie awake, and wait for it."

"What could happen?" he asked, impressed, in spite of himself, by the sincerity of her conviction.

"I cannot tell," she answered, solemnly, "but *something* will; and when it does, I shall die." She broke down, and began to laugh and cry hysterically.

Strange walked to the window. The night was dark, and a cold, sleety rain struck against the panes. He came back to the fire, with his mind made up. If she were left alone, in her present excited state, the slightest unusual occurrence might produce the most fatal consequences.

"Let me stay, and share the disaster with you," he pleaded. "I have engaged a bed, at a house down the road; but I think I would sleep better, if I spent the last night in General Washington's room."

"Will you stay?" she cried, eagerly. "But no, it is too selfish to let you do it. You must go at once."

But now he could not be persuaded to go. "It is cruel to turn me out, on such a night," he said. "I shall sleep as soundly as if the General himself watched over my dreams."

At the door of her room, he bid her good-night. "If anything frightens you, call me; and I will hear the slightest sound," he said.

"Melinda sleeps in my room," she replied. "I shall not be frightened. You think I have strange fancies, because I am timid. But it is not that. There are more things in the world than we can understand or explain. I am very much obliged to you for staying, though I don't think it will do any good. Good-night. I hope you will sleep well." She drew away her hand, as she spoke, and shut the door.

Strange crossed the hall to his own apartment, puzzled and disturbed. The expression of her eyes, and a certain controlled wildness in her manner, made him uneasy. He determined not to go to bed. So he threw a stick of wood on the fire, set his door ajar, and composed himself in a large easy-chair, for the night. He did not intend to go to sleep; but the quiet of the house, and the soft flickering of the fire, soothed his tired senses into a prolonged doze, from which

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he was awakened by a dull, heavy crash, followed instantly by a wild and wailing cry.

The fire had gone out; but he found some matches in his pocket, and striking one, lighted his candle, and stepped out into the hall.

On the threshold of her room, Elizabeth was standing, her eyes dilated, and her face ghastly with terror. Behind her, the small Melinda crouched like a black shadow.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, anxiously. "Did not something fall in your room?"

"Hush, hush," she said, wildly, putting her finger up to her lips. "What did I tell you?"

"Come with me," said Strange. "We will go and see what it is." He brought an ancient quilt from General Washington's bed, and wrapped it around her; then he drew her hand forcibly through his arm, and led, or almost dragged her, down the hall and staircase.

Melinda followed closely upon their footsteps, the flickering candle casting mocking shadows of them upon the wall. Robert Strange threw open every door as they passed, and holding the candle above his head, investigated each apartment. The drawing-room was the last. At the end of the lower hall, when the door was opened, they saw something upon the carpet: a white heap, cold as death, spectral as the grave.

Strange felt the wildly beating heart, so near his own, stand still with terror; but they had gone too far to recede. So, compelling her forward to the spot, he struck the white heap with his foot, and there, beneath it, lay the crushed and mangled form of the old spinet. A great rent in the ceiling revealed the cause of the disaster, and while they stood there, another piece, becoming loosened, fell to the floor with a crash.

The fire still smouldered on the dining-room hearth, and thither the party adjourned. Strange seated Elizabeth in a great chair, and bade Melinda make up the fire.

They sat there a long time; our heroine with her fair hair falling upon the faded hues of the old quilt in which she was enveloped; Melinda asleep, with her head on the fender, scorching her sable locks in the heat of the fire; Robert Strange watchful, silent, smiling to himself every now and then, as if a pleasant thought had crossed his fancy. "Morn broadened on the borders of the dark." A shaft of sunlight pierced the shutters, and crept slowly across the floor.

"It is morning," said Elizabeth, rousing herself. "This day, the new owner takes possession of Sherwood."

"He has already taken possession," said Strange.

His eyes answered the question in hers. In a flash, she saw why he had come; and it gave her a sharp pain: for, in her heart, she had believed that it was love for her, and the wish to comfort her, that had brought him back.

"The old spinet was right," she cried. "It was quicker than I to recognize the step of a stranger and an alien."

"A stranger and an alien?" he cried. "And do you say this to me, Elizabeth?"

"Forgive me," she answered, repenting. "I spoke in haste; but it is hard to have it go, even to you."

How hard it was to make her understand! "It was for you that I bought it, Elizabeth. Why should you not let me share it with you, and be happy?"

His arms are clasped around General Washington's quilt; the sunshine has crept to their feet. Who shall say if her head is on his shoulder?

Certainly, not Melinda, who snores, open-mouthed, with her head upon the fender.

## WHY?

BY HATTIE HAWTHORNE.

Why do the birds so blithely sing, to-day?
Their songs grate harshly on my weary ear.
Why does the sun beam bright, as if 'twere May?
His rays warm naught save grasses brown and sere.
Why do the bees hum 'round that withered rose?
*I* sought its sweetness, but I found none there;
Why does the river, as it seaward flows,
Dazzle mine eyes so with its flashing glare?

Why does my pet, imprisoned in his cell,
Chirp for his keeper his sweet songs of glee?
Why do his tuneful warblings—can you tell?—
Wake not my heart to joy and melody?

Why do I hear the voice of childhood ring,
And feel no thrill responsive to its cheer?
Why, why do others jest, and laugh, and sing,
While I sit musing o'er my sorrow here?

Oh! why is there no sunlight in my soul,
Reflected e'en from Nature's smiling skies?
Oh! why for me no sweetness in life's bowl?
And why no slumber for my tired eyes?
Why has sweet joy swept past me in her flight,
When all the world she blest as she went by?
Lo! sorrow's wings obscure hopes fading light,
And cast on me their shadows. Why, oh, why?

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# THE STORY OF A STORM.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 227.

## CHAPTER X.

### RESCUE.

But at that instant, a curious sound penetrated the mephitic air of the cave. A moment more, and the sound became distinguishable as the whining and scratching of a dog.

"Ray! Ray!" cried Magdalene, eagerly, "do you hear that sound? Listen! Rouse yourself, Ray. It is your dog, trying to get to you. He will open at least a breathing place. Oh, Ray, we shall be saved, if you will rouse up."

"Saved?" gasped the young giant, whose iron frame and powerful lungs had broken down sooner than the elastic and less material organism of the girl. "Saved for what?"

"Saved for me," cried Magdalene, half delirious with the physical and mental strain upon her nervous system. "Do you think I can go back from what I have said? I love you, and your lips have kissed mine. After that, I am bound to you, by the very same sense of honor that would have kept me true to my traditions, and my duty to my position, if this had not happened. Now—"

"Now you are mine, in life or death. Do you mean that, Magdalene?" asked Ray, slowly, and, as it were, forcing the benumbed brain to rouse itself and resume its labors.

"Yes; I mean that, Ray."

"You will be my wife? You will allow me to claim you at once, in the sight of all?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you. Oh, Ray, you should not need so many words to convince you of either my truth or my courage."

"It is so incredible. Oh, I cannot, dare not, believe it; except as I hear the words from your own lips. Now I shall live, and so shall you."

He staggered to his feet, clinging to the rough rock beside him; and with an impatient motion of the hand, seemed to brush away the confusion from his bewildered brain.

A prolonged whine, and then a yelp of inquiry in Bose's voice, helped on the struggle at recovery; and with a shrill whistle, and familiar call, the master replied to the dog; and communication with the outer world was re-established.

"He is digging toward us, from the outside," said Magdalene, listening attentively.

"Yes—just here," replied Ray, who had crept down to the mouth of the cave. "Instinct has told him the point nearest to the surface. There! I saw the roots shake. Give me some more paper, dear. Hi, Bose! Good dog, good dog. Dig away, old fellow, dig! Seek 'em, Bose."

With what seemed to her an expiring effort, Magdalene crept into the tunnel, now narrowed to about half its natural size by the earth Ray had vainly dug from the outside, and placed the remaining leaves of the Tennyson in his hand; then, with a gasping moan of exhaustion, fell prostrate, her face in the mould beside him. With a cry of grief and terror, her lover raised her head, and placing it upon a little elevation, turned, with almost frantic energy, to his effort to meet and assist the dog, whose claws could now be distinctly heard tearing and digging at the matted roots; while his impatient whine and occasional short bark told as plainly as words that he knew both his master's need and his vicinity. Ray, on his side, tore and dragged at the barrier, frantically. A few moments, and a blessed current of pure air struggled through the aperture, displacing the carbonic gas which had settled like a shroud around its victims, and so soon would have claimed them as its own; another few moments, and Ray, thrusting his torn and bleeding hand through the opening, caught the almost equally damaged paw of his faithful friend, and shook it heartily, crying:

"Well done, dog. I'll never forget it of you, old fellow, the longest day I live. You've saved her life, Bose."

After this, the rest was comparatively easy. The roots were torn off, twisted aside, crushed down; until, pale, exhausted, but still alive, Magdalene half crept and half was dragged through the opening, and stood upright once more, beneath the calm blue sky, whence every sign of tempest and danger had vanished. The sun was long since set, but the tender twilight still lingered; and by its roseate glow, the lovers looked in each other's faces, with a strange consciousness of having passed through the bitterness of death, and entered upon a new and untried life. Presently, Ray held out both hands, with a gaze, half entreaty, half command; and



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Magdalene, laying her own within them, looked up in his face, almost sternly, as she said:

"Don't question me again—don't doubt me, Ray. I shall doubt your faith, if you do."

"God bless you, my darling," said Ray, softly; and so the troth was pledged in life, as already it had been in death.

A little investigation showed that the horse, probably wild with terror at the flash that had buried his master, had broken his bridle, and escaped. Whether Bose had followed him to the ditch—where he was found lying, with a broken leg, next morning—and had then returned to his master, or whether he had gone at once to work at the almost incredible amount of excavation he had accomplished, nobody could know. But, in any event, he had certainly saved two lives. So they had to walk home. But even to Magdalene's tottering limbs and exhausted powers, it was a walk without length, without weariness;

"For on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
And far across the hills they went,
In that new world which is the old."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WORLD WELL LOST.

When Magdalene opened her eyes, next morning, her first impression was of great physical discomfort; her next of great interior joy: for, while every muscle and nerve was suffering from the exposure and fatigue of the previous evening, she had found the one delight of life, and still clasped it to her heart, in all its first freshness and completeness. But as she hastily arose, and began to dress herself, a third feeling started into conscious existence; and for a few moments, overbore the other two.

Alice! How would this affect her? In the light of confessed love, Magdalene knew that her bitterness and grief of yesterday sprang chiefly from jealousy. Jealousy of the darling sister who had hitherto been the dearest, almost the only object of her affection; and whom she was now depriving of what, perhaps, she craved and valued as much as she herself did—Ray's love. And yet, no act of hers could give to another the heart that was all her own. She felt thoroughly sure that it was she, and not her sister, whom he loved; and to deny him would be to sacrifice two lives, without, in any way, benefiting the third: for she knew her lover too well to imagine that, even to please her, could he transfer his affections to another. "'For life and death' he said," whispered she, to her pale reflection in the mirror; "and he meant it. 'For life and death' it is. But, oh! my darling Allie, have I hurt you?"

So, perhaps, it is no wonder, that Magdalene went downstairs very quiet and pallid, and said so little at breakfast, that Mrs. Shillaber was seriously distressed, lest she had received some interior hurt, in the adventure of yesterday. The good housewife cross-examined both Ray and herself, until, as their eyes met, both laughed aloud, and the color flew back to Magdalene's cheeks, in a most reassuring manner; but neither explained the extraordinary mirth; and Hannah went about her morning duties, very much puzzled, and a little hurt. As she left the room, Magdalene looked after her, and said to Ray:

"I will speak to mamma, this morning, and afterward you must tell your mother. I shall love her very much, Ray; she is so good."

"Missy would like to see you, right smart, Miss Maddin," announced Jacquita, opening the door, in time to prevent a rash movement upon Ray's part. "She been waitin', most an hour."

"I will come, this minute, mamma," said Magdalene, smiling a good-bye to Ray.

Before Alice had exhausted her questions and exclamations, at the romantic story her sister had to tell, the doctor arrived, Ray was summoned, and the invalid was carried out to her sun-bath.

"And now, Ray, sit directly down, and tell me your version of the Arabian Nights story, which Maddin has been giving me," ordered she, in her prettily peremptory fashion; and Ray, with a sidelong glance at Magdalene, obeyed; while Magdalene, flitting uneasily about, seemed in an April maze of clouds and sunshine.

"Ah, there is mamma," exclaimed she, presently, and rushed, with most unwonted attention, to meet the fluttering and vailed figure descending from the basket phaeton: driven, this time, however, by a groom.

"Come in here, please, mamma," said she, as Mrs. Vivian turned toward the pine grove. "I have something to tell you; two somethings, and both rather important."

"The man, who drove me, spoke of some absurd rumor of your being lost in the woods, and brought home in a dying condition, last night," replied Mrs. Vivian, contemptuously. "But as he had it from the farm-servant here, I concluded it was mere romance. However, I see that you are looking horribly dragged and haggard—and what is that scratch on your cheek? I do wish, Magdalene, you could behave like a young lady, and not a flying-trapeze girl."

"You are soon to be rid of me, mamma; take courage," replied Magdalene, bitterly; for she never had so longed for a mother's love and sympathy; and with only a little encouragement,

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would have opened her heart, and yielded confidence, and obedience, to that mother, as she never yet had done. But the cold words, the sneering tone, did their work.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Vivian, indifferently.

"Come up into my room, if you please, and I will tell you the whole story," said Magdalene, coldly; and as soon as the door was closed, and buttoned against Jacquita's possible invasion, she began, and told the story of the storm, from beginning to end, so clearly and graphically, that Mrs. Vivian, smelling at her vinaigrette, and fanning herself, declared her nerves quite shaken, and thought of the noise, dust, and bad air, she heard described.

"But, you know, we were very near dying, mamma," exclaimed Magdalene, between amusement and indignation at her mother's indifference to this view of the case.

"Oh, no, child, not really, you know. People always like to put their maladventures strongly; but nobody ever dies in that way, in real life. It would be too much like a dime novel, you know. You'll die between linen sheets, with a lace nightcap on your head, some fifty years hence."

"Probably the sheets will be cotton, mamma, and the lace of my own knitting," cried Magdalene, starting up from the hassock at her mother's feet, and standing before her, tall, straight, and resolved as a young Amazon. "Do you wonder why?"

"Don't be melodramatic."

"Ah, you don't even feel curiosity about me. Well, it makes it all the easier. The reason why I shall probably live and die, without fine linen, lace, or purple, is because I shall be poor! I have promised to marry Ray Shillaber."

Mrs. Vivian dropped her fan and vinaigrette, and sat staring at her younger daughter, the image of horror and disgust.

"You—will—marry—Ray—Shillaber!" exclaimed she, at length.

"Yes, mamma; and oh, if I could do it with your approval and—and love, mamma, I should be the happiest girl alive. Oh, mamma! Do love me a little."

She threw herself again at her mother's feet, as she spoke. But Mrs. Vivian took no notice of her. She was thinking of Colonel Lithbridge. Was not this the very revenge and disappointment she had longed to bring upon him? Was it not with some vague hope of this that she had ceased to oppose the young man's companionship with her daughters? Yes, intolerable as the mortification and scandal were to her petty pride, perhaps the solace of dealing such a wound to her enemy was balm sufficient to heal it. Still, she felt no relenting toward the girl, who first had, as she felt, stolen the affections of the man whom Mrs. Vivian had so long desired to win, and then, unable to appreciate the treasure, had flung it away, and preferred a low and disgraceful alliance. So, as Magdalene, moved by that intense longing for a mother's sympathy and support, which every young girl feels, when love first comes to claim mastery over her life, crept close to her mother's side, and tried to steal an arm around her waist, Mrs. Vivian pushed her away, and rising, moved toward the door, saying:

"No, Magdalene, you needn't come creeping around me, now, pretending to care for me. Marry your ploughboy, if you like: I am sure I will not try to prevent it, if that is your taste; but remember, from that day, you have done with all of us, once and forever."

"Alice—" began Magdalene, eagerly, and then stopped, for a double tide of emotion swept over her heart, and stifled utterance. If Alice loved Ray, perhaps it would be no kindness to bring her into his home; and again, this opposition on her mother's part would have been equally strong, if Alice had been the beloved: and Alice could not have stood out against it. Bewildered and distressed, the girl stood silent; and her mother scornfully echoed the word:

"Alice, indeed! Do you suppose I will allow Alice to associate with you, and your yokel and his family? Alice is a lady, and finds her friends among ladies and gentlemen. We leave this place, in two weeks. If, before that time, you have come to your senses, and are ready to forget and give up this disgusting fancy, you will go with us, and occupy your accustomed place in the family and in society. If not, you shall be married on the day of my departure, and stay behind. I will not undertake the care of Mr. Ray Shillaber's *fiancée*. I do not understand the customs and habits of that sort of people, and might blunder in their etiquette: for I believe even the Digger Indians have some sort of etiquette of their own."

She closed the door, as she spoke; and Magdalene, wringing her pale hands together, cried:

"God pity me! I have no mother."

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Colonel Lithbridge had gone for a ride; and rather intended it to be a long one and a lonely one. More than ever was he resolved that Magdalene should be his wife, and her obvious indifference and avoidance only made him the

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more determined. That he had made an enemy of Mrs. Vivian was to him a matter of indifference: for he committed the frequent error, among persons of strong will and intellect, of despising fools; which error frequently leads to their defeat, by the very foe they disdained to guard against. Still, he could not but notice that, since the day of their unlucky drive, Mrs. Vivian had ceased to oppose the constant intercourse of Ray Shillaber with her daughters; and he more than suspected this neglect of having a purpose. And what would be the result?

As this question pressed home to the colonel's mind, he unconsciously checked his horse; and after a few moments' hesitation, turned him, and rode rapidly back toward the valley he had just quitted. Nor did he draw rein until he found himself in sight of the Shillaber farmhouse, and could distinguish the couch beneath the pine trees, with Ray sitting beside it; his elbow on his knee, his chin in his palm, talking earnestly to the attentive and motionless Alice.

Magdalene was not there. Here was something gained. But now that he was so near, the lover was seized with an irrepressible longing to look upon that fair, scornful face, and hear that blithe voice, even though cold and forbidding in its tone toward him, as it had been of late. So, riding down the lane, unobserved by any except Bose, who suspiciously came to meet him, and escorted him along every step of the way, the colonel tied his horse in the open shed by the barn; and coming toward the house by the path leading from barn to kitchen, passed behind it, meaning to go around to the grove, where Alice would probably inform him of her sister's whereabouts. Making his way easily through the tidy woodyard at the back, the visitor turned to pass along the end of the house, upon which opened the window of the bedroom appropriated at present to Alice, although usually the dormitory of the heads of the house. Something in the look of this window suddenly attracted Colonel Lithbridge's attention. Perhaps it was the little raised footpath leading underneath it; for he had just struck his foot against the stones bounding it, nearly overthrowing himself by the act, and grasping at a climbing rose upon a trellis to recover himself. The blow against the stones had hurt his foot; the thorns of the rosebush had wounded his hand; and it sometimes happens that even little reminders like these will suffice to open the gates for a whole flood of memories and convictions. Certain it is, that, as Colonel Lithbridge bruised his foot against those stones, and scratched his hand in that rosebush, he stopped; turned very pale; stared about him; stared especially at the window before him; and finally stepped up on the raised footpath, and pressing his face close to the glass, looked in.

Now it so happened that Mrs. Shillaber, during her visit to Alice on the previous day, had noticed that the white dimity covering of the arm-chair was considerably soiled; and had resolved to change it for one of old-fashioned chintz, showing a pattern of scarlet peacocks and tulips, fantastically grouped upon a white ground. So soon as Alice was carried out, therefore, on this especial morning, Hannah opened the door between the kitchen and bedroom; rolled the chair out; stripped off the soiled covering; gave the chair a thorough beating and dusting; and, slipping on the new cover, thought she might as well bring it back into the bedroom, to sew; and amuse herself, meantime, by talking with Jacquita, who was arranging the room in her usual fastidious fashion, consuming a good deal of time, but producing exquisite results. An odd sort of companionship had sprung up between the old nurse and Hannah, based probably upon the true kindness of heart and honesty in both. Jacquita, finding herself treated as an equal by a white woman, and a landed proprietor, showed a gratitude she would have scorned to put into words, by departing from her usual silence and reserve, and entertaining her new friend with what, in her eyes, was the greatest treat any listener could have: the history, habits, and ways of the Lafarge family, whose born thralls she and hers had been for several generations. She was speaking, this morning, of the taste in dress the ladies of that family had always shown, and ended with:

"Why, you can see, lookin' at Miss Fanny now, what's de las' fashion, better dan dem picture papers will tell yer."

"Mrs. Vivian, you mean," suggested Hannah.

"Yes, my Miss Fanny. We colored folks allers call our young ladies by der own names, no matter how many times dey marry. I jes' wish yer could ha' seen Miss Fanny an' Miss Marg'et ready ter go ter a ball, in de ole times, 'for' de trubble. Dey wuz a sight ter look 'pon, I tell yer. An' pore Miss Marg'et, she wuz de purtiest; an' so mars' colonel, he allers knew. Oh, dear."

"What, this colonel? Colonel Lithbridge?" asked Hannah, a little curiously.

"Yes, honey. He wuz allers ter our house, down in New Orleens, in dem days; an' bo'f my young ladies liked him: but he liked Miss Marg'et de bes'; an' sometimes I wuz mos' afeerd o' what Miss Fanny might do ter her, when she got de flowers an' de po'try, an' walked out in de garden wid him, nights an' all. I reckon she

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talked pretty hard, anyway: for Miss Marg'et used ter cry her pore eyes out, nights."

"Well, why didn't Colonel Lithbridge marry Miss Margaret, then, and take her away from Miss Fanny?"

"Oh, you see, dat wouldn't do, noway. Miss Marg'et wuz a pore relation o' my ole missis; an' dough she wuz a Lafarge, shore nu'f, she hadn't any money; an' ef she made her folks mad, dey'd turn her right off widout a penny; an' de colonel, he wuz worse dan pore, dem times: he wuz jes' drownded in debt; an' ef my ole mars' hadn't stood 'tween him an' his creditors, dey'd have had him by de heels, in a debtor's jail; so he couldn't 'ford ter go ag'inst ole mars' or ole missis; an' dey wuz done gone set on his marryin' Miss Fanny, an' keepin' all de property together: 'cause ef dey didn't marry, it had got ter be divided when ole missis died. But dey'd better have let him an' Miss Marg'et marry."

"Why?" asked Hannah, looking up from her work, for Jacquita's voice carried a whole volume of meaning beyond her words. Jacquita came close, and squatted upon the ground, at her friend's side, in an attitude of confidence.

"Bekase worse came ob it," whispered she, hoarsely.

"Oh! you don't mean—" began Hannah; but Jacquita interrupted her, hastily.

"Oh, dey wuz married, dey wuz married, shore nu'f; but nobody knowed it: only me, an' de priest, and dey two, an' a man dat's dead; an' mind, you now, missis, I'se tellin' you t'ings I nebber told nobody before; but somehow I feel shore o' you, like as ef you wuz one ob us. You've been real good ter me, Missis Hannah; an' I kind o' like ter trust you."

"I guess it's safe," replied Hannah, quietly. "I've kept some secrets pretty close, in my time."

"I'll bet you has, missis. Well, here's annodder fer yer to keep awful close. Miss Marg'et she wuz married, one early mornin', in de ole chapel by de ribber, whar she went ter say her prayers sometimes, long o' the pore folks dat lived 'round dar; an' we kep' de secret close, till dar come a time it couldn't be kep' no longer. Den de colonel, he fixed it: I don't know jes' how; but Miss Marg'et, she got a letter from a young lady she used ter know at school, in New York, askin' her ter come an' make her a visit; an' she went. We trabbled along wid some friends of mars' dat wuz goin' ter Newport; an' when we got ter New York, dey saw us 'board de cars, ter go up ter whar she lived: 'most up ter Canady; an' we two wuz ter go dat little piece alone; but we didn't go alone: for dar wuz mars' colonel 'board, an' he'd got it all fixed; an' we went ter a lonesome little place, whar we'd got a cottage all ter ourselves; an' our name wuz Garcia, an' we come from Havana; an' Miss Marg'et wuz awful delicate, an' dat wuz a fact; but nobody but me ever saw her; an' word got 'round she wuz crazy, an' kind o' dangerous; so nobody tried ter come ter see her.

"Well, missis, one night, mars' colonel, he drove like de very Ole Nick, over to anodder town, somewhar; an' he come back wid a doctor, an' in de mornin' dere wuz a baby boy in my ole arms; an' a royal young mars' he wuz, all Lafarge; no mars' colonel 'bout him. Oh, he wuz a splendid baby, dat baby wuz."

"And where is he now?" asked Hannah, feeling that some mystery lay behind the mournful tone and fixed gaze of the old nurse.

"Whar's he now?" retorted she, vehemently. "He's dead, missis: dead an' gone; yes—an'—killed, he is!"

"Killed? Oh, no, Jacquita, not murdered?"

"Don't know, missis, don't know. Mebbe I squeezed him too tight; mebbe I kiver him too close; anyway, he died in my arms; done gone dead, when I went fer ter feed him."

"How was it? Why did you wrap him so close, and hold him so tight?" asked Hannah, breathlessly.

"Well, de way 'twuz, missis, wuz dis way: De little mars' wuz five weeks ole, when mars' colonel got a letter dat sort o' scared him. I 'specs it wuz dat de folks wuz ready fer ter go home, an' wrote fer him fer ter meet 'em, an' somehow dey wanted Miss Marg'et same time. Anyway, mars' colonel had got his plans all fixed, 'forehand, an' jes' as soon as dere wuz danger, he wuz ready fer it. Our folks wan't none acquainted wid dere folks, when Miss Marg'et set out fer ter go, and mars' colonel had fixed so as all de letters dey wrote get sent to him whar we wuz, an' now de word wuz, go! Dat very day, honey, we packed up bag an' baggage, all we'd got; an' dat night, mars' colonel took Miss Marg'et in a shay, over to a town, right close by, whar she'd take de cars next day, an' go see dem folks, fer a day or two; an' den she'd jine ole mars' an' missis to Newport; an' dough she wuz mighty delicate, it wuz only like as she wuz dwining in de hot weather; an' dey'd got a whole heap o' lies ready, both fer de folks whar she wuz goin', an' fer our own folks.

"Well, when it come time fer ter go, mars' colonel he come to me in a great hurry, an' said as how I wuz ter stay behind wid de baby, an' nex' day he'd come an' take us whar we wuz ter go. De shay wuz at de door, an' Miss Marg'et

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wuz all dressed, an' sittin' wid dat pore child in her lap, an' cryin' like as she'd die. Mars' colonel spoke to her, real kind and pleasant, two t'ree times; but she didn't seem ter take no notice; an' at las' he just took little mars' outen her arms, an' put him in mine, an' lift her right up, an' carried her off, an' I was lef' alone wid dat pooty little baby, an' his mudder never seen him no more."

"Well, what became of him?" demanded Hannah, forgetting her occupation, in the absorbing interest of the story. Jacquita drew a little nearer, and lowered her voice to a yet more confidential tone.

"Nex' day, mars' colonel come, shore 'nuf, an' I'd got de house all ready fer ter leave, an' de little mars' an' me wuz all ready, an' we got in dat same shay dat had took Miss Marg'et off, an' we rode, an' we rode, all dat day. I didn't know whar we wuz goin', an' I more dan 'specs dat mars' colonel didn't know, nor want to know, whar we wuz goin'; for all he wanted wuz to git rid o' dat yer baby, dat bootiful little mars', real Lafarge, an' a splendid son an' heir, only mars' colonel hadn't got nuffin', den, dat wanted an heir.

"Well, we rode, an' we rode, all day; an' we changed our horse, an' we rode furdor; an' it come night, an' it come on ter rain an' ter sleet, de wust dat ever I seen; an' what made me scared, most of all, it wuz de witches' night, de night ob de las' day ob October, yer know."

"All-Hallow Eve," exclaimed Hannah, in a strange and startled voice.

"Yes, missis, dat's what de white folks calls it. Well, we got kind o' lost, I spects; anyway I wuz dat tired an' scared, an' sort o' discouraged, dat I got down in de bottom ob de ole shay, underneath de apun, an' sort o' dozed like, me an' de baby; an' de fust thing I knowed, mars' colonel wuz a-pullin' de baby out o' my arms, an' off wid it, 'fore I could git hold o' my senses 'nuf ter speak; an' it wuz so dark an' lonesome, an' de rain druv' in my face so hard, an' I seemed ter hear de bogies an' witches a-whistlin' an' laughin' all roun' my head; an' I wuz dat scared, dat I jes' curled down in dat ole shay, an' kivered up my head in my shawl. De nex' thing I knowed wuz mars' colonel a-sayin': 'Here, mamma, here's yer baby agin, safe an' sound. I went ter a house, ter see if dey'd take us in, fer de night, fer the baby's sake, if not our own; but dey were too frightened ter open de door, so we must git on to some town.'

"Well, missis, I took de baby, an' I cuddled him warm; an' I felt ob his little feet, an' dey wuz cold, cold; an' I cuddled him closer, an' kivered him tighter, an' I went ter sleep. When I waked, missis, dat baby wuz dead. It wuz jes' in de gray ob de mornin', an' I could hardly see his little face; but it wuz awful changed, I seed dat; an' his little hands wuz clinched an' blue, jes' like as he'd smothered ter def; an' he did; an' 'twas I dat did it."

"What did you do with it?" asked Hannah, sharply.

"Well, mars' colonel, he fixed it," replied Jacquita, wearily, as if the riddle of that night's proceedings was long past her finding out. "He wrote something on paper, an' he put money inside ob it; an' he pinned it on de dear child's breas'; an' den we lef' it on de steps ob a house right close ter de church whar we'd come to; an' mars', he said, when we wuz a-drivin' off, 'They'll give him Christian burial, at any rate;' an' dat wuz all I ever knowed 'bout Miss Marg'et's baby.

"Dat same day, I went ter whar she wuz; an' I foun' her mighty porely: what, wid gittin' up too soon, an' what wid worryin' arter her baby; an' I tole her de baby wuz fus'-rate, an' put wid a nuss, dat wuz doin' splendid by him—"

"And you told the truth," exclaimed Hannah, starting to her feet, and looking wildly at the speaker.

But Jacquita was too engrossed to heed her.

"Pore chile, pore chile," she continued. "I'se mighty glad I tole her dat lie: fer it wuz a comfort to her; an' she nebber knowed no better. She died in dat yer place whar he tuck her."

"Died?"

"Yes, missis. De fret an' de worry, an' gittin' so beat out, an' den a cold she got, dey did de work. It wuz scarlet fever, de doctor said; but I said it wor a broken heart, an' it wor. We took her pore, purty body down home, an' buried it; an' nobody nebber knew. Mars' colonel, he did a lot o' lyin', an' I said what he tole me ter; an' nobody nebber knowed."

"But Miss Fanny," she added, after a moment's pause, "she didn't git him, eben den; an' now he is arter Miss Maddin, I s'pec's."

The old woman maundered on; but Hannah no longer attended to her. Seated in her low chair, into which she had sunk again, beside the hearth, her hands tightly clasped upon her knee, the memory of the bereaved mother travelled back, as many a time it had done before, to that tempestuous, All Hallow Eve, two-and-twenty years gone by, and was recalling every incident, every detail of the drama that had been enacted.

Just at this time it was that Colonel Lithbridge, having knocked his foot and torn his hand with the step and rosebush outside the

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window, felt suddenly impelled to carry out the parallel by stepping up and looking in, just as he had done on a former occasion. Doing so, he saw, first, the open door to the kitchen, with the tall clock in the corner, and the settee beside the fire-place, and then, as his glance travelled backward into the bedroom, the figure of Hannah Shillaber, seated beside the hearth, in her low chair; and the great, square easy-chair, which he had formerly noted, just in front of her.

"It is the very place," exclaimed Colonel Lithbridge; and the sound of his voice made Hannah, sharply, turn her eyes in that direction; and starting to her feet, as sharply cry:

"It is the very man!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HANNAH ASSERTS HERSELF.

As the white face, with the piercing eyes, and writhing moustache, disappeared from the window, the door softly opened, and Magdalene entered, her pallid face, strained eyes, and quivering mouth, telling of the emotion she so painfully repressed. Too absorbed in herself to notice Hannah's horror-stricken attitude and face, she went straight up to her; and laying her arms about her neck, and her head upon her bosom, she whispered:

"I have no mother, now, but you. Will you take me, for Ray's sake?"

"Ray? What? do you know about it too?" stammered Hannah, raising that drooping head, and looking eagerly into the wondering eyes.

"Know about it?" repeated Magdalene. "I don't think you understand. I have promised to be Ray's wife, and my mother throws me off. So I came to you, to ask you to be my mother."

"Lor'! Miss Maddin gwine ter marry dat feller," exclaimed Jacquita, indignantly. "'Pears like eberybody gone stick staring mad, in dis yer house. Reckon Miss Fanny jes' 'bout de only sober one lef'. A Lafarge marryin' pore white trash, like dat."

And Jacquita, seizing a light shawl, which ought to have been taken sooner to Alice, swept indignantly out of the room, her turban quivering with indignation.

"Ray—Raphael," cried Hannah. "And that man—tell me, what is that man's name?" And seizing Magdalene by the arm, she hurried her to the window, and pointed to Colonel Lithbridge, who, standing behind Mrs. Vivian's chair, was steadfastly regarding Ray, who still sat by Alice's couch, finishing the story of yesterday's adventures. "What is his first name?" demanded Hannah, excitedly.

Magdalene, regarding her with astonishment, replied:

"Rafe. Raphael, really, I believe. But in the South we call it Rafe. "Why do you ask?"

"Come, come with me, *daughter*," cried Hannah, and pressing the young girl to her heart, she kissed her tenderly, and then led her rapidly out to the fir-grove, where already were assembled Mr. Vivian, Alice, Colonel Lithbridge, Ray, and Jacquita.

Into the centre of this group descended Hannah, bearing Magdalene along with her, and as every eye was turned in astonishment upon her excited face, and almost threatening demeanor, she exclaimed:

"I have come to tell something of consequence to every one of us, something that will astonish every one of you, except that man, and his face tells the story already. Look at it, Mrs. Vivian, look!"

"Mercy? What does she mean, Rafe? Is she mad?" demanded Mrs. Vivian, turning sharply toward her cousin, and surprising such a look of terror, shame, and rage upon his face, as silenced her, while Hannah went rapidly on.

"This dear child has promised to marry my boy, Ray, and her mother has cut her off, and even that poor colored woman thinks she's demeaning herself, shamefully, in marrying 'pore white trash,' as she calls us; but madame, and Ray, and Magdalene, and you, too, Jacquita, are all in a woful error. Colonel Lithbridge knows, and I know. If he sees fit to speak, he may, if he don't, I will."

The colonel glanced at Ray, who had risen to his feet, and stood, in all his magnificent, young manhood, looking straight at the elder man, with eyes so like, and yet so like some others, so well remembered by the latter, so long regretted. It was a son for any father to be proud of. With a sudden impulse, the colonel held out his hand, exclaiming:

"My son!"

But Ray did not respond. He did not understand, indeed. How should he, when he had never doubted his paternity, until this moment. Besides, he all but hated this haughty aristocrat, who had treated him with such invariable disdain. So Colonel Lithbridge's hand fell to his side, and turning to Hannah, he said:

"Tell your story, Mrs. Shillaber, and you will find me ready to endorse it."

In brief and clear phrases, Hannah began, and gave the story of that Hallow Eve, two-and-twenty years before; and with the light thrown upon it by Jacquita's story, she unconsciously so pointed her own narrative, although betraying

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none of the confidence of the old nurse, that the whole plot seemed to develop before her astonished listeners, especially when Colonel Lithbridge quietly added, at the end:

"All perfectly correct, my friends, and I now acknowledge this young man as my son, Raphael Lithbridge, by Marguarite my wife. I have the certificates of my marriage, and the child's birth at home, although I never expected to acknowledge either, since my wife's early death seemed to remove any cause for doing so."

"Such a tender father, as you have been to her child, ought to have kept him at his side," sneered Mrs. Vivian, choked with jealousy, rage, and surprise.

"To tell the truth," replied the colonel, in the quiet tone of a brave man, confessing himself in the wrong, "I wished to lose the child. Of course, I never thought, at the time, of my wife dying. I looked forward to several years, perhaps, of waiting, before we could confess our marriage; and the fewer complications hanging about it, the better, I thought. If I did not know where the child was, I could not be persuaded, in a moment of weakness, to allow his mother to visit him, or perhaps keep him near her. After her death, I fairly hated the child, who had indirectly caused it; and after awhile, I very nearly forgot his existence. By a most remarkable coincidence, I just now recognized this house, and Mrs. Shillaber, whom I have never fairly seen before, this summer; and then, at once, my opened eyes recognized Ray, even the contraction of the name I jestingly gave him; and when I traced the lines of his mother's face in his, I was sure that I had found my son.

"Raphael," he added, turning to the young man. "You are not, I hope, sorry. Give me your hand, my boy."

With one stride, Ray was at his father's side, his hand in his, their eyes looking straight into each other. There were great differences yet to overcome, much to be forgotten, much to be learned; but in that long look, that fervent hand-grasp, a strong link between life and life was felt and confessed; the father and the son could never more be strangers.

Mrs. Vivian was a woman of the world, and she had had several moments, in which to collect her energies and self-control, and to decide on her course, so it was with a very fair show of cordiality that she now extended her own hand to Ray, and said:

"Well, cousin Ray, this romantic story matches very nicely, with the other little romance, that Magdalene and you concocted yesterday, and, of course, this new relationship alters everything. Your father and I will talk over matters, now, and see if you two silly children may be made happy, in your own way."

"It will be pleasanter, both for Magdalene and for me, to marry with your approval, Mrs. Vivian," said the young man, lightly touching the outstretched hand.

"But you would marry, all the same, if you did not have it," suggested the lady, impulsively:

"Yes, indeed, madame," replied Ray, with tranquility.

"Two generations of headstrong lovers, you see, Fanny," murmured the colonel, in her ear; and she smiled a reply, with white and tremulous lips.

But Magdalene was kneeling beside Alice, her head buried in the pillow, and Alice, her blue eyes wistfully raised to the blue sky above, whispered:

"Darling, don't cry, don't. All will be well now, and I shall have a dear brother, to help take care of me, if I never get quite strong and well again."

[THE END.]

## "JE VOUS AIME."

BY AURORA VANE.

BENEATH the stars I stand alone,
And hear the gentle zephyr's moan;
That, like a wand'ring spirit sighs,
Or soul let loose from Paradise—
And roaming 'mid the summer blooms,
It steals their pure and rich perfumes;
It seems to softly breathe your name,
My heart re-echoes—"*Je vous aime!*"

The fleecy clouds, that brightly gleam,
Are drawn by angel hands, unseen,
From night's dark brow; as bridal veils,
From queenly brows. A nightingale's
Bewitching note exulting rings.
How sweet the music that he sings!
He seems to warble thy dear name,
My foolish heart cries—"*Je vous aime!*"

Oh, never can our weary feet
Retrace the way of life so sweet,
Where sunbeams shine and roses bloom—
So sunlit, fragrant with perfume!
For though we pass each other by,
With seemingly indifferent eye,
When careless lips may speak thy name,
My heart cries mutely—"*Je vous aime!*"

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# TERESA'S YOUNG MAN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

PAPA and mamma had come out of Spain, by the way of Barcelona. Of course, the irrepressible Baby, and her patient hand-maiden Teresa, were with them. They risked losing their lives in the Gulf of Lyons, which got up one of its worst storms for their benefit; but at last they reached Marseilles in safety; and from there, took the railway to Nice, where they made a halt of a fortnight, to enjoy the lovely March weather, and the society of some dear old friends. Here, Teresa, the patient and long-suffering, had a couple of married sisters established; and in consequence, she expected to enjoy the stay as much as her betters. But fate willed it otherwise.

Baby, we should say, was somewhere about six, speaking several tongues, as the children of confirmed wanderers learn to do, without any effort. She was wise in fairy-lore, and had a profound faith therein, which papa would not allow to be disturbed, in spite of the expostulations of certain wise friends; who, being childless themselves, naturally considered they knew how to bring up other people's children better than the parents possibly could.

The small maid was excessively fond of her kind Teresa, but rather apt to be jealous of her, and very quick to notice the slightest variation in her habitually high spirits. So when, about a week after the family's arrival in Nice, Baby discovered, one day, that Teresa had been crying, though the girl tried her best to hide the fact, she went somewhat indignantly to accuse mamma of having scolded her. But mamma pleaded innocence, and then Baby would give her no rest until she found out who the offender might be, that had presumed to cause Teresa to shed tears.

Mamma did demand the explanation; but she saw fit to do it while Baby was supposed to be asleep; and her inquiries emboldened the girl to tell her troubles out, glad of an opportunity to do so. And this was the tragedy.

When Teresa was barely eighteen, her hand had been sought in marriage by a man named Joseph Mingotti, a native of her own little mountain village, though he lived in Cannes, and owned a tin-shop there, and was well to do in the world, besides having expectations from an old maiden aunt. He was past thirty, and not at all good-looking; but Teresa had been flattered by the idea of being sought by the most eligible person, so far as money went, among the swains of the neighborhood; and to the indignation of all the other girls in the village, Joseph fell in love with her, one summer, when he went up to his old home to spend a few weeks. Teresa's father and mother urged her to accept him. The girl was a bit of a flirt; was led on faster and farther than she meant to go; and found herself engaged, half doubtful as to the state of her own mind. The wedding-day was set; her wedding-clothes ready; and then a terrible mortification overtook her. Joseph was bad-tempered and jealous; his old aunt and Teresa's rivals invented stories injurious to her character; Joseph believed them, and broke his engagement.

The girl was a sensitive, proud little thing, and the blow nearly killed her; her parents themselves treated her harshly for a season; and since then, she had never lived at home. Time, which does not always set things even, in spite of Lord Byron's assertion, had done so in Teresa's case: her entire innocence had long since been perfectly established in the minds of her former neighbors; and Joseph's aunt, on her death-bed, had helped to right her, though no communication had ever passed between the girl and her recreant swain.

But, soon after this arrival at Nice, Joseph had come up from Cannes, and renewed his suit. Teresa indignantly refused him. Yet, lo and behold, her sisters and her brothers-in-law stoutly supported his pretensions; and a letter from her tyrannical old father ordered her to consent.

Now, for a Piedmontese maiden, as Teresa was, to oppose her relatives, in any plan of marriage they may deem suitable, is a crime and a sin which puts her outside the pale of well-conducted damsels, in a way which it would be difficult for any independent American lass to imagine. Everything and everybody is on the relatives' side, even to the girl's confessor; and a coercion, the more irresistible, because usually gentle, is put upon her, which seldom fails. At first, Teresa had sent Joseph to the right about, with stinging words; had held her own against her sisters and their husbands; but when she received the letter from her father, backed by a warning epistle from the priest who had baptized and confirmed her, and who now really believed



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he was acting for her welfare, the creature got frightened and desperate. Still, she had no intention of yielding to the pressure. She declared to her mistress that she would sooner commit suicide than marry this man, who had outraged and humiliated her so terribly.

The morning after Teresa's confession, Baby, to mamma's horror, informed her that she had heard their talk, and made it evident that she understood enough of the case to have a strong opinion thereon. That any person should dare to think of carrying off her Teresa was an insult to her small self; especially one whom Teresa did not like.

"You were a naughty little girl, not to speak, and tell us you were awake," said mamma.

"But you told me, yesterday, I should be punished, if I talked after I got into bed," replied Baby, with a shrewdness which it was not easy to answer; and though she did her best to look innocent, it was evident that the young torment perceived she had the advantage, as plainly as if she had been twice her age.

That afternoon, while Baby was taking her nap, and Teresa busy with her needlework in the next room, Joseph presented himself, as bold as brass, and commenced a fresh recital of his penitence, and a glowing enumeration of all the good things he could offer Teresa: a house of her own, and a woman to cook and wash included.

The conversation was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of a tiny personage, in attire so strange, and with an aspect so belligerent, that Joseph was quite startled, and Teresa convulsed with hysterical laughter.

"It's not to be thought of—I can't allow it," said Baby, standing before Joseph with frowning brows and uplifted finger. "This is my wife, and I am the great King Panjandrum;" and indeed she looked as if she might have been that monarch, whoever he was, for she wore a red jacket, the loose sleeves whereof formed trousers for her thin legs; an Albanian scarf floated out from her shoulders as a mantle; and a gilt paper helmet decorated her head. "You are a very ugly man," pursued Baby, critically eyeing the discomfited swain. "You make my head ache, to look at you; you had better go away. I don't like you, at all—not at all."

"Well," said Joseph, laughing, though he looked vexed, "we are even, for I don't like you either."

"It would be a liberty if you did, and I never permit liberties," retorted Baby. "Haven't you gone yet? Well, then, you must be quiet, for I am going to read the newspaper to Teresa; and don't you stare at her in that way—it isn't good manners."

Joseph was somewhat abashed by this reprimand, delivered with the assurance of a woman of fifty, and sat silent and open-mouthed, while Baby took up a newspaper, and recited, in a shrill key, with as much glibness as if reading a printed paragraph.

"There was once a little girl, who was always very, very good, when she didn't forget and be naughty; and she had a nice maid, named Teresa, who was very fond of her; but was not at all fond of a stout, short man, with a crooked nose, who insisted on paying her a visit—"

Here she broke off, and regarded Joseph for an instant; then said, meditatively:

"I declare, it is very odd. The maid had the same name as my Teresa, and your nose is just like the man's in the newspaper—how do you account for that?"

"By impudence," said Joseph.

"I didn't hear what you said; but it's no matter," replied Baby. "Can you add up two and two, so they will make five?"

"Well—no—I cannot," Joseph admitted, hesitatingly.

"Then go home, and stop there till you learn," ordered Baby. "If you come here again, I'll change you into a monkey, with the head of a parrot; and now you know."

She waved a stick she carried as a sceptre, close to Joseph's eyes, muttering sundry heathenish-sounding Basque words, she had learned in the Pyrenees, and looking so much like some evil-disposed little enchantress, that Joseph, who was very superstitious, retreated in dismay.

Baby was condemned to severe penance, when mamma heard of this onslaught. But, alas, a still severer punishment threatened the little maid. Joseph went to Teresa's sisters with his tale, and they all decided that her master and mistress were encouraging the recalcitrant damsel. Within two days came a letter from the old father, ordering Teresa to leave her present situation, under pain of receiving a parental anathema, applicable both to this world and the next.

Then, indeed, there was dismay in the hearts of the three who loved Baby; for the child had only lately recovered from a severe illness; and to lose her Teresa so abruptly, would very likely produce an effect upon the nervous, excitable little creature, serious enough to endanger her health again.

However, after a few days of anxiety, Teresa informed her mistress that she had settled the matter. She was to have some months for reflection, and be allowed to go on with Baby to Florence. The family left Nice almost immediately, and very soon Teresa got back her high

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spirits, and seemed to have forgotten Joseph and her troubles.

But in truth, the girl had not been frank and honest. Though her relations had so completely driven her to the wall, that one could not help feeling more pity than blame for her, yet she had sought refuge in the usual resource of the defenceless and desperate, deliberate deceit.

She had engaged herself to Master Joseph. On no other terms could she have got permission to leave Nice; and the understanding was, that, early in the autumn, she should return to Piedmont, and marry him. But Teresa had no intention of keeping her word. Once beyond her father's reach, she fancied that neither appeals nor threats could move her; and she felt vindictive enough towards her suitor to wish to expose him to the same mortification he had brought upon her. Let the marriage day be set; let Joseph arrange his house, and invite his friends. Instead of his bride, he should receive a letter, telling him the truth; and he should learn how pleasant it was to be mocked and pitied.

The family settled down in a villa, on the road to Fiesole. Higher up, and reached by the same avenue, stood a grand old mansion, that dated back to the days of the Medici, and was inhabited by the owner of the two houses, though the great castle-like structure was not half so comfortable as the dwelling near the gates, which, after the habit of impoverished Florentine nobles, he had let, furnished, to the unwary foreigner.

The owner was a courteous old gentleman, who only needed doublet and long hose to make him look as if he had just stepped out of a mediæval picture-frame; and his stately wife was a fitting mate for him. The tenants, in the small house, were politely entreated to consider the vast gardens and grove quite at their disposal; and in less than a week, the irrepressible Baby was on intimate terms with the ancient couple. If she failed to pay her daily visit, at her accustomed hour, she was invariably sent for, under some pretext or other, to be petted to her heart's content.

About a fortnight after their establishment in their temporary home, papa and Baby were passing through the gardens, with the intention of taking a stroll in the grove. Both had been silent, for a few moments. Papa was thinking that the quaint place looked like the setting of one of Boccaccio's tales; and Baby was thinking, heaven knows what, as she watched a troop of golden butterflies circling about. Suddenly, she dropped papa's hand; dashed down a broad alley, which faced the octagon space they had been traversing; and called, at the top of her voice, in Italian:

"Giovanni, Giovanni, come here, come here!"

Then papa saw a young fellow of four or five and twenty, carrying some gardening tools in his hand. He was a very handsome young fellow, too: with classical Florentine features, carefully cut as a cameo; soft, velvety black eyes; and a mouth a poet might have been proud of, which smiled sweetly under the shadow of a slight moustache. He came forward, in obedience to the imperious summons he had received, doffing his cap to her small ladyship, with a pleasant greeting:

"Good-morning, Giovanni," said Baby, graciously. "I am not in a hurry; you may stop a little. Papa, where are you, papa? You mustn't be tiresome, and make me call you so often. When good little boys go out to walk with their mammas, they never behave in that fashion."

Papa, obedient as Giovanni, advanced, and the Tuscan doffed his cap a second time, with an apologetic bow, and a respectful "Good-morning, signore."

"Papa," said Baby, breathlessly, "*c'est le jeune homme de Teresa*" (Teresa's young man). "I like him very much. He is good and handsome, and he jumps me higher than anybody can. I have told him he may talk to Teresa as much as he pleases. I quite approve. He has promised to build me a play-house, and I am to have a little garden all to myself. I shall allow him and Teresa to visit me there."

It was quite evident, from the scarlet blush which spread over the youth's bronzed cheeks, that he understood French enough to have been put in an agony of embarrassment by Baby's speech; and she now added to his misery, by saying, in Italian:

"You nearly dropped your spade on my toe, Giovanni. Don't be awkward, whatever you are. Why, your cheeks are as red as Teresa's. Papa's are not. Will you take me to see the bird's nest, this afternoon, Giovanni? Papa, he knows all the birds, and he has got a tame owl. Why don't I have a tame owl? I have been asking for one—oh, twenty years, at least—and nobody pays any attention. I shall speak to the marchesa about it—she is very good—if she had an owl, she would give it to me; but she has only chocolate drops, and—you needn't mention it, for fear of hurting her feelings—but sometimes they taste of snuff."

Here she paused to draw breath, and papa's laughter seemed to restore Giovanni's courage, who was now able to speak composedly.

"Of course I will take you to see the bird's nest, signorina," he said, "and you shall have a little owl, if the signor padre permits."

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"I am sure you are a great deal too good to my spoiled little maid," papa said. "You must not let her tyrannize over you too much."

"Oh, must he not? Then he knows very well what will happen," cried Baby, with a look of malicious triumph, which brought a fresh wave of color into poor Giovanni's cheeks.

"I have not seen you before, Giovanni," papa said, ignoring the little witch's remark. "Are you the second gardener?"

"No, signore. In fact, I am not a gardener at all," Giovanni answered, showing two rows of white teeth, in a winning smile, though he still glanced rather nervously at Baby, as if afraid she might indulge in some further inopportune revelation. But just then, Baby spied a lizard, that had come out from under a stone to sun himself, and ran off to make his acquaintance. "I do a little of everything, signore. I was born on the place, and so was my father before me."

"I remember, now, hearing the marchese speak of you," papa said. "He told me you were invaluable to him. He says, when you are a few years older, he shall make you his steward."

"So he has promised, signore. He is a good master. Why, signore, he sent me to school in Florence, and had me learn French and mathematics. I have been busy, these days, adding up accounts, because old Tomanasso is ill. He is the fattore."

Baby came racing back, highly disgusted, because the lizard had rejected her advances; and as she was seized with a sudden desire to reach the grove, of course she had to be gratified. Giovanni walked along to open a gate, answering papa's questions, in a straight-forward, manly fashion; and Baby, perhaps still engrossed by reflections concerning the lizard's incivility, did not interrupt the conversation. But when papa passed through the gate, and Giovanni turned to go—first offering the usual courteous Italian, "with permission, signore"—Baby innocently shot another Parthian arrow at the youth.

"Good-by, Giovanni. I shall tell Teresa we are to visit the bird's nest this afternoon—though you mustn't whisper to her as you did yesterday—I shall permit you to be her young man; but I never allow whispering."

"The signorina is mistress," the young man replied, with an amiability which papa felt he could not himself have shown, under the circumstances. Then he hastily took his confusion out of sight.

During the next fortnight, papa often saw Giovanni. It did not need a long acquaintance, or much perspicacity, to discover that Giovanni was not only exceedingly intelligent, but simple-minded and true-hearted as a child; and papa rather pitied him for having fallen into the clutches of Teresa, who, though nearly perfect, naturally had a few faults, prominent among which was a very decided spirit of coquetry.

But with her general honesty, the girl made a clean breast to her mistress, admitting that though Giovanni had not put his feelings into words, she perceived he had rather lost his head; and though she treated the matter lightly, it was evident that she was herself more interested than she knew.

Beyond persevering in her habit of calling him Teresa's young man, the spoiled princess betrayed no interest in their acquaintance, though her free use of that name soon left Giovanni's secret perfectly clear to everybody in both houses.

At last, Giovanni took heart, and spoke out—very prettily, too—to Baby's papa, telling his whole story, and asking permission to be allowed to visit Teresa, on proper occasions, as her acknowledged suitor; and that gentleman, always rather weak-minded, where any romance was concerned, felt a great deal of interest and sympathy.

"But, Giovanni," he said, "have you spoken to Teresa?"

"I have not told her yet—not in so many words," Giovanni admitted, confused, but very manly. "Still, she knows—she must know."

"Well, I think I ought to tell you something, and that is why I asked. There is a man Teresa's family want her to marry."

"Yes, signore; she told me so. But then she does not like him, so the signore sees he will not stand in my way."

"But I am very much afraid all her relations will, Giovanni. The fellow is well off; and here, in Tuscany, you earn small wages."

"That is true; but we should always have a home; and some time, my place will be a much better one."

There was nothing more to say, except to wish him good luck; but it would have been positively wicked to stand by indifferent, and not find out what coquettish Teresa really meant; and under a wholesome little pressure put upon her by her mistress and the old marchesa, Teresa discovered that she was more in earnest than she had ever been in her life. This knowledge coming home to her, gave Giovanni the advantage; and he made such good use of it, that, in an unguarded moment, Teresa stopped teasing, and let him see the truth; and then went into a terrible fright: for, on the instant, straight-forward Giovanni boldly asserted



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a claim to considering her his betrothed, and announced his determination of writing to her father, without loss of time; having, with true Florentine astuteness, managed to learn the address before Teresa discovered what his intention really was.

Then the young serpent had to admit the whole truth, and go to her mistress for advice: and when it came out that she had actually promised to marry Joseph, partly to get away, partly to have revenge, all her betters were rather shocked, with the exception of the marchesa. The deceit and desire for vengeance seemed perfectly natural to the old lady's Italian views; and though she tried to be somewhat severe, it was quite evident that the girl's conduct had given the aged dame a high admiration for her talents.

For awhile, Teresa managed to keep Giovanni quiet, and prevent his writing to her father. Sometimes she coaxed, and sometimes she scolded, tormenting the poor fellow till he really began to look very ill and miserable; for, if he had had the blood of all the Montagues in his veins, love could not have been a more serious and engrossing matter to the humble Romeo. But this did not go on forever. One fine day, Giovanni astonished his tyrant by informing her that his letter to the father had gone on the previous night. Teresa pouted; sent him about his business; vowed twenty times in an hour that she had never been in earnest, and did not care for him in the least: but he knew it was not true, and so did everybody else.

The girl, however, was really horribly frightened, expecting to be ordered home by combined parental and priestly authority; but, though conscious she should not dare to disobey the edict, she declared, over and over, that she would kill herself, sooner than marry Master Joseph.

It was in June, when Giovanni wrote to the father; and within a week, an answer might reasonably have been expected. But a whole month passed, and no response came. This unaccountable conduct Giovanni tried to believe a good sign, as meaning that her parents were engaged in crushing Joseph's hopes; but it alarmed Teresa more than any threatening message could have done. Meantime, she continued to receive occasional letters from Joseph himself. But he wrote from Cannes; made no mention of her family; and talked confidently of expecting her to meet him in her Piedmont home, by the middle of August, ready to become his wife, without loss of time.

Giovanni insisted upon her writing directly to the man, and telling him the truth; but this Teresa flatly refused to do. The most he could gain, was a promise not to write at all, since she would not be frank. Then came letters from Joseph, complaining that he had no news of her, but artfully laying the blame on the post; declaring that he was sure she had written; talking of their marriage as a matter of course; describing the apartment he was fitting up; and giving hints of a gold necklace which he proposed to give her as a wedding present.

Perhaps because they were weak-minded people, perhaps because they were all rather idle, and possibly because nature had provided them with softer hearts than many worldly persons might deem necessary, Baby's parents, and the old marchese and his wife, were deeply interested, and full of sympathy for the uncertainty and trouble which surrounded the young couple. In blessed America, at their age, they might have got married, if they wished; but in that foreign land, it was necessary that both bride and groom should possess a variety of legal certificates of birth and baptism, and half a dozen other things; and her share, Teresa could only obtain through the intercession of her parents; so the lovers were helpless. Then Baby's papa wrote to the old man; but that letter received no more attention than Giovanni's epistle had done: and still Master Joseph's communications arrived, with tolerable regularity, and the weeks flew on.

Towards the first of August, there began to arise discussions between Baby's parents, as to where the next two months should be spent.

A very dear friend had come down from the North, to spend August at the foot of the Col di Fenda, a mountain pass between Turin and Nice; and independent of friendship, there were business reasons why Baby's papa should go on there to join the gentleman; and to the Col di Fenda, accordingly, it was decided to go.

But Giovanni got desperate, when he learned this; for Teresa's family lived in that neighborhood; and he trembled at the idea of her being exposed to their persuasions and persecutions. But Teresa was confident her courage would be proof against any efforts to move her; and by way of proving to her lover that she was not afraid, wrote explicitly to Master Joseph, telling him that he need not take the trouble to undertake his proposed journey to her home, for she was engaged to another man. Her fright rendered her desperate, and she informed Joseph that he must have been shallow indeed, if he had ever hoped she would become his wife, after the evil treatment she had received at his hands. She concluded by expressing a very frank opinion that the mortification he would endure was well deserved.

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This letter consoled Giovanni somewhat, and he found that in any case Teresa would have had to go home; for shortly before the family was ready to start, she received a telegraphic dispatch, signed by the village doctor, to say that her mother's health was in a precarious state, and that if she did not return at once, she might all her life regret her disobedience. Teresa was not really alarmed; the doctor was a cousin of Master Joseph's; and she thought it probable he wilfully exaggerated the account of her mother's illness; but she wisely forbore to disquiet Giovanni, by mentioning her doubts.

Nobody witnessed the parting between the engaged pair. But Teresa's red eyes and pale cheeks bore witness to what it had cost her, though she kept up her spirits, for fear of distressing Baby. In due time the travellers reached their destination, which was the old monastery of St. Dalmar's, turned into a summer hotel. And a delightful one it proved, with the spacious cloisters for a promenade on wet days, the frescoed refectory for a dining-room, and at the back an extensive forest, traversed by a broad mountain stream, which afforded good bathing and fishing. Within a short distance, was a little village, and here Teresa's parents lived. Her first visit to her home assured the girl that she had been right not to alarm herself; for though her mother was far from well, she was in as good health, nearly, as usual.

Baby and her progenitors went to the house, also, and it did not require much discernment to perceive that Teresa's father was a selfish, tyrannical old brute, and his meek-eyed wife his uncomplaining slave. The pair owned a few acres of land, which the woman cultivated, while her spouse stopped at home, ostensibly pursuing the avocation of cobbler, though he spent the most of his time at the village café, playing dominoes. Rumor averred that when luck went against him, he solaced his disappointment by beating his unfortunate mate.

Teresa was informed that her wedding, with Master Joseph, was expected to take place within ten days. One of her married sisters and the husband were already there. Teresa's refusal was treated with contempt, then anger; and finally, mysterious threats were held out, which were to be made clear when her brother arrived from Nice.

The brother came, and Baby and her papa chanced to see him, when he appeared at the monastery, on a visit to Teresa. They were both struck by his strong resemblance to Florentine Giovanni, a fact which Teresa had often mentioned. Indeed, the likeness was so strong, that, at first glance, Baby mistook the youth for her friend, and ran forward with joyful greetings; then was suitably indignant at her mistake, and openly and severely blamed the young man therefor.

But when one regarded him closely, one perceived that the likeness existed only in figure and the outlines of his face; the expression was entirely different. Giovanni's countenance showed what he was: honest and truthful, a gentleman of nature's making; and Luigi's features betrayed as plainly the reckless, indolent, pleasure-loving instincts, which, from early boyhood, had rendered him a constant source of trouble to his relatives. He was eighteen months Teresa's senior, and had served his time as a soldier. During the last year, he had been living at Nice, a worthless, idle life; and more than once, the girl had helped him out of difficulties, by her hard-earned savings.

Baby and papa left the brother and sister to hold their interview, and neither of them saw Teresa again, until towards evening. If months had elapsed, instead of those brief hours, the poor creature could hardly have been more changed. She stood before her mistress, and told her story in a cold, automatical fashion, more painful than tears and lamentations would have been.

She was going to marry Master Joseph. She had already written to Giovanni, to tell him so. Oh, her reasons? Well, her reasons were easy enought to give; and then she stopped to laugh, in a low, strange tone, that actually frightened her listener.

"They are good reasons, madame will see," she said, sharply. "Luigi forged Master Joseph's name, awhile ago. He has been found out. Joseph agrees to let him off, on one condition. Madame can imagine what that is."

"Oh, Teresa! Oh, my poor girl!"

"Madame is too good. It isn't worth her feeling bad about. I just came to tell her that she will have to find another servant."

Then, suddenly, her desperate fortitude, which was so awfully near the apathetic calm of incipient insanity, broke down; and her misery claimed vent in heart-breaking moans and sobs. And nobody could help her. The utmost reprieve her mistress could obtain, when, eight-and-forty hours after, Master Joseph arrived upon the scene, was a grudging consent, extorted by the promise of a valuable present, that the wedding should not take place before the date originally set.

What Teresa endured, as the days went on, only her mistress knew: for she bore her

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sufferings with the stoicism of a red Indian. Hold any communication with Master Joseph she would not, after she had formally given her pledge, in the presence of her family, to marry him at the appointed time.

"I shall keep my word," she said; "but till the day comes, let me alone, I warn you. Till then, except mother, I will not speak to one of you —I will not see you. Take you good care, Luigi—watch them, that they don't interfere; for remember, it would be the worse for you, if I were to go mad before I bought your safety."

She frightened them sufficiently, so that they left her undisturbed. But Master Joseph remained in the neighborhood; and Baby's papa tried to purchase Teresa's release, by an offer of paying the money "twice told;" but Joseph, like old Shylock, "would have his bond."

How much Baby understood of the explanations given her, nobody could tell; but she was very considerate of Teresa; and sometimes held out mysterious hopes, which the girl repaid with kisses, though they hurt her cruelly.

But before a week passed, papa discovered what Baby meant; for one day, he was told that a young man wished to see him; and presently, who should enter but poor Giovanni himself, with Baby dancing about him, and shouting:

"I sent for him, papa. I printed the letter in such big words he couldn't miss, and Paul and I bought a stamp, and here he is; so that ugly old fat man can go home, for Teresa won't marry him, now that Giovanni has come."

And Giovanni's explanation proved that his arrival was indeed owing to the intercession of Miss Baby. Teresa had written him that she was about to be married. She could not bring herself to reveal her brother's crime, so she only assured Giovanni that they were separated forever: he was to be glad, for she was a poor, weak, heartless creature, not worth regretting.

But the next post brought Baby's remarkable missive, which said:

"Teresa cries and cries, because that ugly man is going to send her brother to prison; so come and drive him away. Teresa wants you, too."

Giovanni construed this epistle into a message from the girl herself, and hastened to obey. He was in a sad way, when Baby's papa explained the state of the case; and still more despairing when Teresa's ultimatum was brought. She refused even to see him; begged him to go at once: it was the only mercy he could show her. Then she shut herself in her room, and her mistress promised that no one should disturb her, until Giovanni had departed.

Baby was in everybody's way; so when Paul Danforth came to know if she might go for a ramble in the grounds, permission was readily granted. Paul was the son of papa's friend, a manly chap of nine, to whose guardianship the little maid could be trusted; and indeed, as the forest was surrounded by a high wall, there seemed no danger of the children's getting lost, even if they strayed beyond permitted limits.

So the afternoon wore on. Baby's mamma had gone to bed, with a terrible nervous headache; and papa, after bidding the disconsolate Giovanni good-bye, sought his friend, Mr. Danforth, in his room. The two got so interested over some old manuscripts, which had lately been unearthed in the convent-chapel, that twilight darkened before either remembered to inquire if the children had returned. The necessity for lighting candles did, at length, remind them of this. Mr. Danforth was about to ring the bell, to ask if the small people were in the cloister, when there came a rush of feet outside in the corridor, and a breathless group broke into the chamber, bearing the dismal tidings that the Florentine Giovanni had stabbed Teresa's brother in the forest; and was at present below stairs, under the charge of the *gend'armes*, for safe conduct to the jail at Fenda.

Away rushed the two gentlemen; and sure enough, in a lower room, they found Luigi, just returning to his senses, his wounds being attended to as well as amateur surgery would permit; Giovanni handcuffed, and guarded by the officers; and Master Joseph ready to go as chief witness in the necessary examination, loud in lamentations for the fate of his beloved future brother.

Off in their distant chambers, neither Teresa nor her mistress heard anything of the tumult; and the whole party left the house. It seemed best to convey Luigi to the hospital at Fenda; so he was put into an easy carriage, and the gentlemen accompanied him. They had been allowed to speak with Giovanni, and this was his story:

He had determined not to go away, until the next morning: for he hoped at least to get a sight of Teresa; and one of the servants, who was a countryman and acquaintance, had offered him hospitality. While the two friends were conversing in the cloister, Master Joseph and Luigi passed through, on their road into the forest, having received permission to fish in the river. Giovanni's companion told him who they were; and when, later, Giovanni was left to his own devices, he went himself into the wood, to while away the time that hung heavily on his hands. He was very tired, and finally lay down on the grass and

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fell asleep; it was sunset when he awoke, and began to retrace his steps towards the monastery. He reached the river, and stopped by a thicket, to light a cigar; heard voices; looked out; and saw Master Joseph and Luigi. The latter was evidently tipsy, and the pair were disputing vehemently. He listened, and soon learned that the tale of the forgery had been concocted between the two, in order to frighten Teresa into the marriage. Luigi was grumbling at the smallness of the sum paid for his treachery, and was demanding more, which Master Joseph resolutely refused; and at length the latter, declaring that he would talk no longer, took himself off, after vainly urging Luigi to accompany him.

As soon as Master Joseph was out of sight, Giovanni went up to Luigi; told him who he was; and taxed him with his conduct. Luigi flew into a violent passion, and tried to strike him, daring him to fight. Giovanni would not touch the fellow, hindered by the thought of Teresa. But Luigi clinched him, and the two rolled over on the grass; first Giovanni uppermost, then Luigi; at last, Giovanni heard him exclaim:

"You coward, you've stabbed me!"

Then he heard footsteps running away. Luigi had fainted. While he was trying to restore the young man, steps became audible; and up rushed one of the foresters and Master Joseph, the latter crying:

"Here they are. I knew I heard voices. Holy Mary, that fiend of a Florentine has murdered my poor Luigi!"

At Fenda, a preliminary examination was held, before committing Giovanni to prison. Master Joseph testified that, just after leaving Luigi, he was startled by the sound of angry words, between his friend and some other man. He knew that the Florentine was in the neighborhood, and a dread flashed across his mind that he had followed Luigi, to force a quarrel upon him. He called to the forester, who happened to come in sight at the moment, and ran back, enough in advance to see Giovanni deal the blow. Luigi's own testimony supported this evidence, for the youth really believed it was the Tuscan, and not Giovanni, who had stabbed him.

It was nine o'clock when the two gentlemen got back to the monastery, where they found great confusion and distress. The children had not returned; and so far, all efforts to find them were vain. Two dreadful hours of suspense and search succeeded, with the awful idea that the pair had been drowned uppermost in the parents' minds. But at length they were discovered, in a remote part of the forest, both fast asleep from sheer weariness. When they awoke, and stared about, and saw their fathers' faces by the light of the lanterns, Baby began to shriek like a little lunatic; and in spite of his nine years and his courage, Paul sobbed almost as loud; crying, incoherently:

"We thought he would murder us, too; and we ran, and we ran—oh, I don't know how long. Then it was dark, and we lost our way, and Baby couldn't run any more."

"Oh, don't let that ugly little man, with the knife, find us," shrieked Baby. "He stabbed Luigi—he'll kill us—he'll kill us."

And though the small princess' evidence might not have sufficed, Paul was quite old enough to tell his story clearly; and he did it, at the trial, some days later; and finally Master Joseph got so alarmed and confused that he contradicted himself, and the whole truth finally came out.

He had turned back to persuade Luigi anew to go home; heard Giovanni tell his name; saw the pair clinch and fall. He drew his knife, meaning to hit Giovanni; in the gloom and his haste, he was deceived by the likeness between the pair, and struck Luigi. On the instant, he determined to turn the blunder to account, and accuse the Florentine. So he flung down the weapon, and hurried towards the place where he had seen the forester.

Luigi soon got well, and Teresa was married on the day already set for her bridal; but Giovanni was the bridegroom. Baby and Paul occupied the seats of honor, at the breakfast; and when called upon for a toast, the small princess gave one, unhesitatingly:

"Teresa's young man, and me, and Paul—for it's our wedding, too—and we like it so much, we mean to be married regularly once a week."

## THE WOODLAND GRAVE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

It lies beneath a bed of moss,
Where wood-flowers weave their silken floss,
And deep-blue violets run across.

If Norseman bold, or Indian brave,
Or pale-face from beyond the wave,
Rest 'neath the fretted architrave,
In what is called the lonely grave,

We know not; and we only know
A life, by death's harsh overthrow,
Now lives above, that lived below.

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# MR. FITZGERALD'S WIFE.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

EVERYBODY sighed, when pretty, merry Nelly Sedgwick married the haughty "J. Ansel Fitzgerald;" and all who knew him, predicted a shadowed, weary life for the beautiful brown-eyed bride; and—everybody was mistaken.

Mr. Fitzgerald was wealthy and handsome; but in character, he was domineering. In his own home—like so many men who are polite abroad—he was a perfect tyrant. Two fair women already lay resting quietly beneath the elegant sculptured monument bearing his name; and the rest they had achieved, at last, was a welcome one. "Died of fever," read the obituary notices. Yes, it *was* fever: a slow, wasting fever; the result of blasted affections, longings for loving words, tender caresses, which never came. Slaves they were, rather than wives. Mr. Fitzgerald had bestowed more gentleness and kind words on his horses and hounds, than on these poor women, though he had sworn allegiance to them. So those, who knew them best, said they had died of broken hearts.

He had now married his third wife, and was already beginning to speak patronizingly of Nelly, as "my wife, number three." No wonder, therefore, that people pitied her. But they did not know her. They never imagined it possible that the gentle little maiden saw possibilities in him, undreamed of by others; and that this was why she had married him. With Shakespeare's Petruchio, she thought, "I am born to tame you."

It was only two weeks after her wedding, that Nelly began. It was at the pretty breakfast-table.

"James," she said.

"You should call me Ansel, my dear," corrected Mr. Fitzgerald, who never liked the old-fashioned name as well as the more stylish "Ansel."

Not heeding the interruption, Nelly went on, quite coolly.

"I want the two south windows," she said, "which are so near together, made into a bay-window. It would give us a lovely view, and secure a nice place for house-plants. I do so love window-flowers."

Mr. Fitzgerald laid down his knife and fork, and stared in mute astonishment at his wife.

Undismayed, she went on, inquiring, pleasantly, and as if she had not seen his pantomime:

"Wouldn't it be nice?"

"Rubbish," snarled Mr. Fitzgerald.

"Rubbish?" said Nelly, opening her eyes in feigned wonder.

"Yes, rubbish," he cried, in answer, angrily. "I hate plants; and once for all, I won't have my house littered up with them."

"But, dear—"

"No buts, if you please, madame. I believe you understand me," and Mr. Fitzgerald waved his hand, with the haughty motion which had always silenced his former consorts, as he added: "My late lamented wife would never have dreamed of such a thing. Good-morning."

Rising, as he spoke, he lighted a costly cigar, and strolled away, saying, to himself: "I've taught her just what to expect: all these women have to bend to a stronger will; and it is best to begin at once to let them know their place."

And Nelly? Katy or Fanny, "the late lamented," would have sat down and wept over the overthrow of their cherished hopes, if indeed they had ever had the courage to ask for their fulfilment. Not so Nelly. She never so much as stopped her merry song, during the day, but planned and sang, sang and planned, through it all, while oftentimes a saucy smile lurked in the corners of her mouth, and shone in her eyes.

When Mr. Fitzgerald came home to dinner, with his most unapproachable look, expecting to find a sullen, or at least a tearful wife, he was astonished to see Nelly more prettily dressed than usual, and gayer than ever. The bay-window was not mentioned, and he congratulated himself that she had already forgotten it. "Ah, well," he said, "she has learned her lesson, and bends to my stronger will." And he stroked his whiskers, complacently.

Two days more, and Mr. Fitzgerald was called out of the city—on "pressing business," he said: said business being merely to spend a couple of days hunting, in the country, with a few friends. But, of this he did not feel it necessary to tell his wife, or to ask her company, although he knew she had dear friends residing in the neighborhood where he was going.

No sooner had Mr. Fitzgerald left, than Nelly started off on a brisk walk to the nearest carpenter, and had a long talk with him.

The evening of the second day, Mr. Fitzgerald



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walked in, to find the dark, gloomy sitting-room transformed into a sunny, pleasant apartment. A carpet, bestrewn with bright-hued autumn leaves, took the place of the dull one which Katy—the first wife—had put down, with her own slender fingers, "to save hiring someone," she had said, not heeding the drain on her own delicate self, since it lessened that on her selfish husband's purse. A cozy rocking-chair stood in the most comfortable place by the fire, where Fanny's stiff, straight-backed one had stood for so long; and above and over all, streamed the blessed sunshine, from a beautiful bay-window, where blossomed some lovely flowering plants. Above them, hung a gilt cage, in which a pretty canary bird fluttered and sang.

There was one other noticeable change. The light stove had been taken away, and an open grate replaced it, throwing dancing shadows of light and shade upon the soft-hued carpet.

"Oh, Ansel," exclaimed Mrs. Nelly, pressing a kiss upon his cold forehead. She always called him by his favorite name, when she had anything to gain by it, or wished particularly to please him. "Oh, Ansel, I am so glad you have come. I have just gotten everything fixed *so* nicely. Doesn't it look well?"

Mr. Fitzgerald sank into the easy-chair; his jaw fell; his eyes stared, wide open. For the space of some ten seconds, he did not say a word. He was struck dumb. Then he gasped:

"Madame, I believe—I thought—you understood me—when I told you not to have the bay-window made. Evidently, you don't heed the Scripture injunction, 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands;' but openly disregard it."

"Oh, no, I don't forget it, dear," replied his wife, sweetly, though her eyes twinkled mischievously, as she went on feeding Dick, the canary, with a lump of sugar. "But does not the same book somewhere say, 'Husbands, obey your wives?' Doesn't it, Ansel, my dear?"

"That is out of date; quite so," answered he, inconsistently. "No man of any spirit expects to be tied to a woman's apron-strings, nowadays. After this, remember, madame," and he now rose in his chair, and turned solemnly towards her, looking like another Rhadamanthus, "after this, madame, remember that I am sole master of this—my house—and I will not be responsible, pecuniarily, for any trumpery you see fit to put into it. It is good enough as it is."

Mr. Fitzgerald, as he finished, resumed his seat, and elevated his heels to the shining fender, as if the matter was settled forever.

"Very well, sir," replied Nelly, with perfect coolness. "Nevertheless, as my position, as mistress and wife, makes me fully equal to you, I, too, shall not only expect *to do*, but *shall* do, without restraint, whatever I think proper and best, to make my home a cozy and comfortable one. Women have rights, as well as men. I, for one, am not a slave. We are in partnership together: I am not your mere clerk. Now, sir, I believe you understand me, also."

Mr. Fitzgerald was dumb with astonishment. In all their weak, dependent little lives, Katy or Fanny had never presumed to have a will of their own; but had always submitted, meekly, to be led as their husband pleased.

"My late lamented Katy and Fanny—" he began.

"There, let me see, where have I heard those names before? They seem so strangely familiar."

Nelly wrinkled her fair forehead, as if in the utmost perplexity, as she thus spoke.

She looked so pretty, with all this sauciness, that Mr. Fitzgerald's handsome lips twitched, in spite of himself, with a smile he tried in vain to suppress. But he managed to say, with an assumption of great dignity:

"We will have no more altercations, if you please, madame. Now, where is the old chair that my 'late lamented—'"

"Where *have* I heard that?" repeated Nelly.

Her husband, for once, was beaten. He turned away, to hide another smile; and for that night, she heard no more of the late lamented.

But, as the days wore on, Mr. Fitzgerald spared no pains to render his wife's life a burden to her; and as long practice had made him perfect, Nelly was tempted to give up in despair, at times. But her natural courage came to her aid; and she resolved to persevere.

One evening, he came home to his dinner, in an unusually bad temper.

"Mrs. Fitzgerald," he asked, severely, at the table, "what ails this steak? It's burned, it's tough, it's tasteless. The potatoes are scorched, the bread is sour, the rolls are like lead, and the butter is rancid. There is nothing fit for a decent man to eat."

"Eat away, then, dear," said Nelly, placidly; "for, to-day, you don't quite come under that catalogue, I think."

"By George, madame," he exclaimed, angrily, pushing back his chair, "this is unbearable. To be told, to my face, that I am not a decent man! And I a Fitzgerald. My late la—"

"Yes, your 'late lamented Katy and Fanny!' Do go on," said Nelly, saucily, "or let the dead rest. Really, sir, no decent man would swear at

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his wife; find fault with the dinner; and make life thoroughly uncomfortable for her. But finish your meal, love, and let us go to the opera. Bridget had to go home to-day. We were out of coal, and I had a headache, beside having many callers. But I did my best."

Mr. Fitzgerald would not go to the opera, however. His feelings had been too deeply hurt, he said to himself; and so he strolled sadly away, to the handsome cemetery. Here he stood, and gazed on the sculptured Fitzgerald monument, wondering how the name of Nelly would look beneath those of Katy and Fanny.

Another week went by. Mr. Fitzgerald had again absented himself from home, for several days. "It is best to let women see you will do as you please," he said.

The evening he returned, he found the house silent and deserted. No cheery light streamed from the bay-window, to bid him welcome. The window, by the way, had come to be quite a favorite seat of his. No answer came to his repeated calls for Nelly. Where was she? Her pretty face always before had greeted him, on his return from business or pleasure. Hastily, he descended to the basement. No one was there. All looked cold, dark, and dreary; for he did not see the sweet, anxious face hidden in a shadowed recess; a face watching his, in the moonlight, full of pity for him; for Nelly was there, and as she beheld the look of trouble, and the love, which, for the first time, for weeks, shone in his face, she almost repented of what she had done.

At last, with a sigh, he went upstairs, into the pretty sitting-room, and sat down. The fire had gone out in the grate. But he did not notice it. For a long, long time he sat there, and then went, by a sudden impulse, to the dainty bedroom, hoping he might discover, perchance, something that would tell him of Nelly. There was nothing there, however. So, once more, he went downstairs, and seated himself by the desolate grate. He began to soliloquize, grimly. "What a brute I am," he exclaimed, at last, rising and pacing the room, excitedly. "I suppose Nelly has run away, at last. Well, I don't blame her. After all, a woman is a human being, and has, as she says, some rights. I thought her like my other wives; but I see now they had not the courage to tell me the truth. No man would have stood what she has, as patiently; and she always keeps her temper, too. I have been a shameful husband, I acknowledge; but she has shown me myself, pretty well, in all my selfishness and egotism, better than any one else ever could. I have quoted Katy and Fanny to her, until she is tired of their very names. I never loved either of them, I now see, as I have learned to love her. Oh, my beautiful, proud-spirited Nelly! Come back, come back, and I will try and prove faithful and true."

Almost involuntarily, his voice, broken and trembling, took up the despairing words of that most tender and sad of all love-songs:

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas.
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

I never was half worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you.
Now, all men beside seem to me like shadows.
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas.
Drop forgiveness from heaven, like dew."

The last words ended in something strangely like a sob, and he muttered, "God grant that it may not be 'too late' for me to find my darling, and tell her of my love."

In the morning hours, Nelly came back, from a long, dreary night, spent at a friend's, where she had gone, after watching Mr. Fitzgerald's dismay at finding her, as he supposed, flown. She returned to discover a thoroughly repentant husband, and the change was radical and permanent. He, who had tyrannized over women so long, now yields gracefully to Nelly's sway, and crowns her queen of his home and of his heart.

# THE STAR AND THE LILY.

BY JEAN MAXWELL.

The Lily strives, with vain embrace,
To fold in love the distant Star.
The Star looks on the Lily's face,
And weeps because she is so far.
His tears are wafted from the skies,
And fall on her in gentle dews.
She looks into the lake, and sighs:
"What's beauty, when no love pursues?"

Night comes, with step so soft and slow,
And Nature sinks to sweetest rest.
Reflected in the lake below,
The Star lies on the Lily's breast,
So closely wed, that nought can break
Their union, or their oneness mar.
By day a Lily on the lake,
That nightly, brightly, blooms a Star.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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## CHAPTER VIII.

A BRIEF time after Caleb Stewart had been so unceremoniously dismissed by the Indian chief, that gentleman presented himself in the lower office of the National Hotel, where he lingered awhile, without inquiring for anyone; then quietly made his way upstairs into the upper corridors which led to the west wing. Here he entered one of those side passages, through which each suite of rooms is reached; and, after waiting long enough to assure himself that no strange voices gave evidence of visitors within, knocked lightly at the door, and passed through it, almost at the same moment.

In the square and rather capacious parlor, a gentleman was sitting before a bright anthracite fire, which sent a ruddy glow around the whole room, quite overpowering the concentrated illumination of a student's lamp that stood on a table covered with a dingy cloth, half buried under bundles of documents, pamphlets, and newspapers. These the gentleman had pushed aside to make room for his elbow, while he rested in that well-worn easy-chair, after a long day of official work.

The light knock of his visitor was not enough to arouse him from the luxurious attitude into which he had fallen; and quite unconscious of the new presence, he sat, stretching his feet lazily toward the grate, admiring his embroidered slippers, with half-closed eyes, as the firelight played upon them.

"Upon my word, I am in luck to find you alone and so comfortable," said Stewart, by way of introducing himself.

Jared Keene drew up his feet; sat more firmly in his chair; and was wide awake in an instant.

"I did not think that company would be just the thing for any business you might come upon," he said, reaching out for another easy-chair, sweeping some papers from the cushion, and drawing it toward the fire. "Sit down, and let us talk comfortably; unless you find the fire too hot for you."

"Not at all," answered Stewart, seating himself. "The nights are a little chilly yet, and a good fire is rather agreeable; especially as I have just come from the old chief, who is sitting there in his den, sharp and cold as one of his own tomahawks."

"Rather a difficult old fellow to get along with, I should fancy," answered Keene. "Your half-educated savage is always troublesome in negotiations."

"Half-educated? Well, now, I should like to see the smartest man among us attempt to match himself with this old redskin. He's about the only savage on the other side of the Mississippi who understands our ways, and knows how to meet them. There's no treading down furs, with your foot for a weight, when you buy skins of his people. I tell you, Keene, he's a wonderful old chap."

"That is unfortunate, just now," answered Keene, thoroughly aroused to interest in the subject.

"It would lead the whole project into disaster," was Stewart's thoughtful reply. "I tried my best to keep the old warrior at home; but it was of no use: he was bent on the expedition, and would come; but I managed to outnumber him with young chiefs, to whom the tribes have given more power than may be found good for him. Every one of them has a vote in this matter, and I have not hunted with them season after season for nothing."

"I suppose not. Sufficient education for *this* purpose you have given them, I dare say."

"Just so. It has been a work of time, though: for the most difficult thing to instill into these young bucks is doubt of their old chiefs, especially one like this Washaning, who is both a warrior and a "medicine-man." It is almost as easy to make a Turk doubt Mahomet, as to instill suspicion against these wise men of their nations, among their followers. Like the far-seeing of our race, these Indians blend their religion and politics so adroitly that one is forced to help the other; and to attack a medicine-man is considered sacrilegious."

"To attack? Yes—that means resistance; but there is such a thing as undermining."

Stewart laughed, meaningly.

"You will find me a tolerable engineer, I



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fancy, if our fortress can be taken in no other way; but it will tax all my energies either to persuade or conquer this shrewd old customer."

"But cannot it be done without him?" suggested Keene, still regarding the warmly-tinted flowers on his slippers with half-shut eyes.

"Almost anything can be done when satisfactory preliminaries are arranged," responded Stewart, sinking his voice almost to a whisper.

"That should not be difficult, between men who understand each other."

"And a certain creed, consisting of three words, which wise men leave unspoken—above all, unwritten," said Stewart, allowing a crafty smile to steal over his face.

"Ah, yes, that is understood," muttered Keene, still smiling down upon his slippered feet, as if they were objects of primary consideration. "Have you brought a map of the land?"

"Yes, here it is."

"And you are thoroughly acquainted with it?"

"Better, by half, than the Indians who own it."

Keene took the map; wheeled his chair around to the table; and pushing the documents aside till some of them fell upon the floor, spread the carefully lined and colored paper out before him.

"A fine agricultural country, you tell me?" he said.

"Most of it; but some portions are sterile enough. For instance, all this region, which we can divide off with the young chiefs, as we win them over."

"Or leave for the Government," added Keene, looking curiously at the pencil dashes that had heaped up signs of a wild, broken country, in a western corner of the map. "It is wonderful how many barren rocks and swamp lands fall to Uncle Sam, in these arrangements."

"Really, it would seem so," answered Stewart, smiling, as if he had received a compliment.

"But these have the rough aspect of mineral lands, I should say." The assistant secretary—for this man held that important position in one of the departments—gave a swift, keen glance at Stewart's face, as he said this; but not a muscle stirred there, as the speculator answered, with a dejected shake of the head:

"I thought so, once; but thorough prospecting disappointed me."

"Well, now what is your idea?"

Here Stewart drew his chair close to the table, and continued the conversation in a low, sometimes eager voice, pausing now and then to point out some place on the map with his finger.

Keene listened, questioned, and entered into the subject so cautiously that the speculator was, for a time, left in doubt of the impression his insidious eloquence was making. But this anxiety wore off, by degrees; for the man felt that he was succeeding. Indeed, there was, in his selfish purpose, something so like sincerity, that it seldom failed to overcome the caution of a confederate like the official before him. So kindred in character and object, these two soon came to a thorough understanding.

After this, their voices grew louder and more cheerful; and when Keene turned from the table, and settled back in his easy-chair, he folded both hands over his chest, and smiled pleasantly at the fire, like some good philanthropist who had just completed a labor of humanity.

"Then you think I had better not call on the Secretary in person?" said Stewart, holding an end of red tape between his teeth, as he twisted the other portion around the map.

"By no means. Trust the Secretary to me. Indeed, my dear fellow, it may be as well to keep clear of the Department altogether. Your duties lie with the young chiefs."

"Well, I have most of them well in hand."

"Except the old potentate. From your account, he must be a tough old fellow to encounter. I should not mind taking a turn at him, myself; but what were you saying just now about some girl? Have they brought their women along?"

"Only one—the granddaughter of Washaning."

"A beast of burden. High cheek bones, and all that, I suppose."

For the first time during that conference, a swarthy color came into Stewart's face; but a forced laugh dispersed it.

"Add a man's hat and a blanket, and you have the usual costume. But this young lady—"

"Young lady?"

"Just that. The granddaughter of Washaning has nothing of the Indian woman but her free grace. In all things else, she is the mate for any belle in Washington."

Keene leaned back in his chair, and laughed aloud.

"No, no, that is a little too much," he said. "I have had some experience with these Indian Commissioners, and never saw a decently handsome woman among them. If this young squaw has not already selected a husband, why trouble yourself about the land? It would be easier to marry her yourself."

Stewart's face flamed up again, and he ground the tape apart with his teeth, in a sudden fit of wrath. Marry Washanee? Had he not just

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been turned from her grandfather's door because the audacity of this idea had emboldened him to enter it? Had not the rage and shame of this dismissal driven him into this interview with Keene?

## CHAPTER IX.

When Washanee awoke, the next morning, a sensation of doubt and trouble came upon her. Fresh from a world of dreams came a dear remembrance of all the events of the previous day. Beneath all her freedom of thought and action lay the keen sensitiveness which nature alone gives in perfection, and education can only imitate. This essentially feminine quality gave softness and beauty to a character which might otherwise have been only picturesque. Strange as it may seem, this fine essence of her being was a direct inheritance from the old Indian whom men were ready to deal with as a savage; and it was both the happiness and torment of her life. Though nothing in human nature could surpass this young creature in simple pride, there was no more admixture of vanity in it than is found in the unconscious assumption of a child. On the contrary, underneath it all was a feeling of self-distrust, that gave a shy charm to her very haughtiness.

The first vision that presented itself to her, that morning, was that of the fair young white girl, standing behind that veil of lace, in her long robe, with a flood of loosened hair streaming over it, in long, wavy drifts, and taking the gleam of sunbeams in the lamplight.

This delicate type of beauty was so strange to the young Indian, that it carried the force of enchantment with it; and for the first time, her soul was troubled with faint thrills of envy. Would she ever be beautiful, like that bright creature? Worshiped as she was? Would she ever sing as sweetly, and be listened to with such deferential homage by the chiefs of a great nation—such as she had seen in the Senate Chamber only the day before? How could she learn to subdue herself, and be more like this fair girl?

This was the highest ambition that possessed Washanee, that morning. She remembered her wild leap into the garden, and intrusion into the house of Senator Noel, with shrinking dismay: the stormy music with which she had quenched the sweeter voice of Constance—and absolutely loathed herself. The sad and most gentle rebuke of her grandfather came to her memory with double force, in the freshness of the new day.

Still, Washanee had too much vital force to carry out her own resolves. The fire of genius and grand physical forces of perfect health are not so easily tamed into conventionalities. But, for the time, she fairly hated her own grand powers of body and mind.

The girl grew restless under these disheartening reflections; and flinging aside the gorgeously embroidered covering of her bed, prepared to arise and commence her new duties of transformation.

The noise she made disturbed Chloe, who uncoiled herself on the bearskin; threw up her copper-colored arms; stretched herself; and gave a yawn of the great, heavy mouth, that seemed to cleave her countenance in twain; and muttered, discontentedly:

"Jes' wait whil'st I wakes up."

Washanee took no heed of this sleepy plea, but went on dressing herself; so Chloe gathered her limbs together; turned lazily; and went to sleep again: but directly after, she was thoroughly aroused.

Washanee had dressed herself, and stood by the open window, looking out upon the spacious garden beneath. The view was not particularly exhilarating. A damp fog floated over the shrubbery, and lay in wreaths among the trees. Dead leaves, left by the winter on the Virginia creepers, that had taken a certain richness from touches of the lamplight on the evening before, now hung brown and sodden from the coiling vine stems. Had the day been fair, signs of budding life might have been discernible in the branches; but all this was concealed by the fog drifting through them; and the carpet of young grass, springing up here and there, could only be seen in glimpses through the drifting gray.

"Wisse, Wisse! Come here, and see if you can get this for me."

Wisse stood up on the bearskin, and hurried a dress over the tangled wool of her head.

Washanee grew impatient, and, leaning out of the window, seized a branch of the elm tree, that had served her so well the night before, and was preparing to swing herself out upon it, when she remembered her resolution, and let it recoil from her hand, with a great rush and rustle of the swirling twigs.

"Wisse! Chloe! I say! Come quickly, or the wind will take it."

"Well, what am it?" answered the slave, sauntering toward the window, buttoning her dress as she went.

"See, I don't know what it is; but get it for me. It was almost within reach, a minute ago."

Washanee pointed to a half sheet of paper, that was fluttering, like a bat, to and fro in the mists of the fog.

"Why doesn't yer swing through and get it?"

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said Wisse. "Jes' yer make a dive as yer did las' night."

"As I did last night," repeated Washanee, with an angry blush. "Hush, Wisse, and never dare mention that again."

Wisse stood back a pace, and stared at her mistress.

"He, he! Now what has I been doin'?"

"Nothing, Wisse. Only I want you to forget that I ever did anything like that. It was very wrong."

"Wrong? Why dat ain't nuffin' 'tall ter what yer can do."

"There, there! Don't stand talking: but get me the paper. It is drifting up higher and higher. Get it, I say!"

Wisse leaped upon the window-sill, like a cat, caught a branch of the elm, dropped her body downward, and crept along it, hand over hand, till she reached the trunk, which she clung to with both arms and knees, till she reached one of the boughs, on which she crept into mid-air, seized the paper, which was fluttering among the twigs, with an eagerness that lost her balance, and she came hurtling down ten feet or more, with what threatened to be a death rush.

Washanee uttered a cry, and sprang upon the window-sill; but was checked by a rustling tumult half way down the elm, where Wisse was swinging to a branch with one hand, holding the paper in her teeth, and in the act of turning a somersault, which she accomplished with the agility of a squirrel. Once seated astride the branch, she leisurely examined the paper, calling out:

"Oh, he! 'Tain't got nuffin' on it but crooks an' jaggers."

"Bring it to me, and come down at once. Can you not see that the branch is cracking under you?"

"Golly, so it am! Time fer dis nigger ter jump spry."

The next minute, Wisse swung herself to the window-sill, while the branch she had clung to dangled downward, with fresh splinters breaking through the bark.

"Golly, golly! Dat am fun," she exclaimed, dancing up and down on the stonework with her naked feet, and looking at the shattered elm branch over her shoulder. "Mighty close shave fer dis nigger. Dar, young missus, am de paper."

With this, Wisse leaped into the room, and demurely completed her toilet, which consisted in dragging a coarse comb through her wool, with all the force of both hands, flailing it into innumerable short braids, stiff and spiky, that were tipped with bits of scarlet ribbon, and stood out from the fluffy mass with wonderful effect.

While Wisse was ornamenting her head, arranging her frock of coarse blue cloth, buttoning deerskin garters over her slim ankles, and lacing moccasins on her small copper-colored feet, Washanee sat down by the window, and closely examined the paper which the slave had won for her with so much peril. It was only a half sheet of manuscript music, with jagged edges, evidently torn from the corresponding portion with a sudden twist or wrench.

The girl's face clouded, as she looked upon it; then suddenly lighted up, and laying the paper on the window-sill, she smoothed it gently with both hands.

"It is the very same," she thought. "I saw it there among the pile of music—this is what she was singing. The words, how sweet they were; how intently he listened. They have been in my heart all the time—not all here—no, they are not all here; but I can remember the rest. The writing, too. How beautiful it is! Ah, I will study—I will practice. I will write like this. Ah, I was wishing, longing so much to do something like her, and here the Great Spirit sends me this."

Even while these thoughts were running through her mind, Washanee kept repeating the words of Constance Noel's song with her lips. It had haunted her memory both in the music and the words, even through her dreams, and the rest came like an inspiration. During the next hour, she went about the room, arranging it daintily; but with this song upon her lips all the time.

At last, as if satisfied with the mastery she had obtained, she drew a little table to the window, and spreading the music before her, began to copy the handwriting. In this, she followed no impulse, but admiration of the beautifully formed letters, and a wish to perfect herself in what she deemed a method peculiar to the people she had been thrown among. Up to this time, her writing, like all other studies, had been formed on the model supplied by her grandfather, which in fact possessed much more delicacy and character than is found in the present rushing style; but Constance threw both individuality and grace into her handwriting. Washanee caught the inspiration of it, and copied every word, letter by letter, with the patience a drudging artist gives to a great master. Again and again, this forest-bred girl returned to her task; and the result was such as usually follows earnest intent and resolute industry. It was not

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long before Washanee could hardly herself have told the difference between her own handwriting and that upon the sheet of torn music.

To Wisse all this was a source of constant wonder. She could not comprehend the significance of the strange marks that grew under Washanee's pen, as she practiced her new art. What could there be in them to enthrall her young mistress so completely? Why had she changed so much under their influence? Was it some new form of incantation, taught by the great medicine-man, her grandfather? If so, there was nothing to fear in it—or could it be, that these white people, who thronged the streets, and filled the great houses as far as her eye could reach, had thrown some charm over her mistress, that had taken away all her spirit? Why had she ceased to sing her wild wood songs, and go humming about all day, half under her breath, like bees among the wild flowers? It was not natural. Wisse was troubled by the change, and lay awake one night at least ten minutes, wondering why her young mistress would keep a light burning, and sit up so late making strange marks on paper.

The old chief was very busy during the first week of his stay in Washington, and took less heed of the girl's change of mood than he might have done when less perplexing questions were forced upon him. So Washanee went on with her studies unchecked; for no one observed this change in her life, except Wisse, to whom it had the weird charm of witchcraft.

## CHAPTER X.

Huestice Young was a new Senator, and brought to his public trust all the enthusiasm of great ability and intense patriotism. Like that grand old statesman, Henry Clay—whose eloquence is a sacred memory to many of us—he "knew no North, no South, no East, no West; but his country—his whole country." That which his noble prototype had so grandly accomplished, he was ready to perpetuate. By no chance could this young man be entangled in the small politics of the day; by no possibility could his aims stoop to that. Holding himself as a public agent, he gave to his trust all the energies of his mind and all the enthusiasm of his spirit. True, he was ambitious. What richly-endowed man is not? But if he aspired to achieve fame, or the influence that springs out of it, no personal selfishness urged him on to its attainment. That, and everything he aimed for, was so much power to be rendered back to his country.

The day of his maiden speech in the Senate had been one of great anxiety and complete triumph. There is absolute pleasure in the exercise of great ability, independent of its object; and with this man, genius was a passion, afterwards to broaden into a power. The very eloquence that had charmed his audience, and convinced more experienced compeers, had for himself an exquisite sense of creation. Ideas, slumbering in his brain till that day, took life; and came from his lips with a force that thrilled him, as it thrilled his audience.

Yet there is one passion the greatest man who ever lived will keep sacred to himself—love; and the home which love sanctifies belongs to himself; and the altar of a nation is not more holy to the patriot than the hearthstone protected by that nation.

Is it strange, then, that even in the excitement of his first speech, this young man should have given one swift, fiery thought to the one being who seemed to feel each idea that he uttered, as if it were a pulse leaping from his own heart; and that he should have given himself the crowning happiness of seeking Constance Noel that evening?

If there is a man splendidly endowed, and strong in patriotic purpose, who can allow ambition to freeze his affections, and thus claim greatness, Huestice Young was not that man. With him, heart and mind went together. If he spoke like a statesman, he loved like a boy.

He had thought, too, that Constance loved him; and honored her all the more because of the impulse that had led to the betrayal of this love. With this feeling, he had sought some glance or word that might strengthen this idea; and had met with what seemed to him a rebuff. This stung him; for the man's heart was passionate in its tenderness; and the day that had been so full of sunshine, clouded over him that night.

A great character can be marred by vanity, but never by honest pride; which reserves for itself the respect it renders to others. If Young loved like a boy, he thought as a man; and the cold check of Miss Noel's manner wounded him so deeply that he resolved to seek her no more, unless some word of excuse or sign of relenting should reach him. He was not yet, even in his own heart, so deeply pledged to the lady that she could demand from his tenderness any sacrifice of self-respect. That had already been sufficiently imperiled when he had assumed so confidently that she had written the poem which was fast becoming a source of unpleasant mysticism to him.

This thought was more than enough to bring the image of Washanee before him, in all her wild, picturesque beauty. The warmth, the fire,

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the wonderful grace of this forest child, swept his thoughts, for a time, from Constance herself. Perhaps at no other time could the wild beauty of this girl have impressed him so deeply. All the romance and artistic genius natural to him were inspired by the contrast of her presence with the fair Constance, who seemed to hold half her characteristics in reserve; while no gazelle of the desert was ever more free and natural than the Indian girl.

"How that creature must worship the man she loves," Young thought, as the image of Washanee came between him and Constance, where she stood, smiling on him through the darkness, as the colors of a rich landscape paint themselves on our dreams; "and how some men might love her—one of her own savage race, perhaps; but then, she is so far removed from them—so nearly white, and grandly beautiful. Ah!"

All at once, Young turned restlessly on his pillow, disturbed by a thought that crossed his brain with a sort of shock. "Could it be? Had this wild girl written the poem he was vain enough to impute to Constance? Why not? Her powers of music were quite as wonderful as this would be, and the keen interest she had taken in his speech was so manifest that no one could doubt the enthusiasm with which she accepted and understood every word of it."

This thought kept the young man awake, and filled the sleep he got with feverish unrest. Would it have pleased him, had proof of Washanee's authorship been possible? Or was he disappointed that any question of his first idea about Constance had arisen?

When Young entered the Senate for the first time after his triumph there, his fellow-members were not surprised that an air of languid reaction should hang about him. Many of them knew how severely nature can recoil upon herself, after great excitement; and replaced admiration with sympathy. Among the first to congratulate him a second time was General Noel, who came to his desk, and with unusual cordiality, spoke of the opinion he had just heard from men whose praise gave assurance of reputation.

"I had no idea how profound was the impression made by your speech," he said. "Men who have represented their States for years are congratulating themselves on the new strength given to the Government."

"Such men can afford to be both complimentary and kind," answered the young man, who had hoped for some other opinion—a message, perhaps—and, spite of all this praise, felt disappointed that no word of Constance had dropped into the general's congratulations.

"But this is genuine praise, my friend. The papers are full of it, this morning."

"I am glad of that," said Young, kindling into animation, and quite too honest for any pretense of indifference to what the press might say of him. "Such things are an endorsement of the confidence my constituents have bestowed upon me."

General Noel laughed.

"You are frank," he said, "and I like it; but most of our new members seem to think that to express indifference, or even contempt of the press, is a proof of their own superiority to its opinions."

"That is like standing on the track of a railroad, and daring the engine to run over you."

Again the general laughed, and replied, lightly:

"Constance would tell you that you are only echoing Queen Margaret of France, when she forbade her servants to drive a vagrant troubadour from under her window. 'Rather bring him here,' she said, 'that I may thank the man who has power to tell the world that I am beautiful.'"

"That proves that the daughter of Catherine de Medici inherited something more than beauty from her mother," said Young, smiling faintly as the name of Constance came into the conversation. "But Miss Noel—I trust that she is well this morning. It seemed to me that she looked tired and a little pale last night."

"Did she? I failed to observe it. In fact, the entrance of that strange girl, and her wonderful singing, made me forgetful of everything else. Did you ever witness anything more dramatic, Young?"

"Never. It quite took me off my feet; but I fear the whole thing took Miss Noel by surprise. She did not seem quite herself, after that."

"Ah, I did not observe; but no wonder. When the girl dropped on her knees in that strange way, it seemed as if she were appealing to me for something. I have never seen such eyes but once, and then they were full of tears."

The general's voice sank lower and lower, as he spoke, till the last words seemed uttered to himself, unconsciously, and a look of dreamy trouble came over his face.

"Nor I, but once," said Young, with a sudden rush of memory, "and that was in a picture."

"A picture? Where? No doubt it is the same thing that haunts me," questioned Noel, eagerly, as if the suggestion gave him a sense of relief.

"It was at Caserta: a royal palace, some miles out of Naples."

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"Yes, yes, I have been there."

"There is a picture in one of the salons, that I shall never forget. It represents Abraham turning Hagar and her son out of doors. As you stand before it, Sarah sits at the left, with one arm around a young lad, her son, and her sharp old face turned upon Abraham, who stands in the direct front, holding out a loaf of bread to Hagar, to whose garments Ishmael is clinging, with fear, grief, and anger on his wild young features; but it is the face of Hagar of which this Indian girl reminds me. That beautiful face, grief-stricken in every line, the lips trembling, the great, dark eyes flooded with tears, and every feature quivering with reproachful tenderness. In fact, it was the face of this Indian girl, if ever a broken love should fall upon her."

"I remember it. This is the picture that has been haunting me, all night long. There is a wonderful likeness between the girl and that painted head."

General Noel spoke eagerly, as if this solution of some mystery had been followed by a sense of relief. "It is wonderful," he went on to say, "what hold a great work of art will take on the imagination."

Here, a page, who had been hesitating to break into the conversation, presented a card to Young, who, glancing at it, saw the name of "Mrs. Janson Forbes."

"Where is the lady?" he inquired, with some hesitation.

"In the library."

Huestice bowed to General Noel, and reluctantly left the Senate Chamber.

Mrs. Janson Forbes stood in one of those window recesses that give one so grand a view of the city and the Potomac, rolling seaward beyond. She appeared to be intent upon a book, chosen at random from the shelves; but had taken care to place herself opposite the entrance door, on which she kept a vigilant side look. When she saw Young enter, she went forward to meet him with the book in one hand.

"How kind of you to come," she said, retreating to the recess, to which he was compelled to follow her. "I have been dying to say how completely I have shared in your great effort: how proud I am of my friend. I waited here half an hour yesterday, hoping that you would come to the library; but went away disappointed, followed by a crowd of ladies ready to fall at your feet. There never was anything like the enthusiasm you inspired."

Young colored a little, and received this torrent of admiration with some awkwardness. He had not been in Washington society long enough to feel at ease under so much praise, or realize that this florid language was common there as foam upon the waves.

"You are very kind," he said, a little stiffly. "I only wish my poor effort were more worthy of such praise."

The woman looked in his face, with an arch smile.

"Ah, you know, as well as I do, that every word I say is the truth. My dear friend, you are on the wave of a great success, and no one rejoices over it more than I do."

Young became restless, and began to wonder what object this lady could have in drawing him into her presence. He expressed this, a little abruptly, saying,

"I should deem anything a success, that might help forward a desire you had to accomplish, in this interview."

Mrs. Forbes laughed, and touched his arm, lightly as a butterfly settles on a flower.

"Ah, ha, with all this modesty, you are fast learning to be distrustful, like the rest. Our public men are always looking for axes under the flowers; but for once you are mistaken. I have nothing to ask. My heart was full of your speech, and I came to tell you so."

Young bowed gravely. This reason for calling him from the Senate Chamber struck him as frivolous, if nothing more. Mrs. Forbes saw this, and went on, rather hurriedly:

"Besides that," she said, "I had another horridly selfish motive; a wish to earn your confidence, and become really your friend: in fact, as I am in heart. Every public man is the stronger for having some woman to help him a little with her experience. One does not take such trouble for commonplace persons, such as flock to the capital every season; but next to possessing genius one's self, is the pleasure of aiding it. It was not altogether to say how much I admire your first effort, that brought me here; surely you can see that."

"I supposed as much. That would hardly compensate for the time you have been kind enough to sacrifice."

"No, I desire to know you better—that the word friend should mean something between us."

"Believe me. I have hardly ventured, as yet, to take the name."

Mrs. Forbes choked down an unpleasant rising in the throat; but only forced the effort into a faint laugh.

"But you will. No one ever doubts me long. My outspoken frankness is sometimes misunderstood by the old politicians; but you are not like one of them."

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"Not yet," answered Young, who was becoming interested in this singular woman, spite of his prepossession against her.

"But you will inevitably become like the rest, unless some good-natured soul, like myself, forces you out of committee jangles and dreary debates into the fresh air of social life. I have quiet little receptions once a week, where clever people profess to enjoy themselves. Will you come?"

Before Young could answer, she caught breath, and went on:

"General Noel will show you the way. Understand, no commonplace persons are invited, or care to come. Sometimes, a beautiful woman creeps in, under the wing of a desirable relative; but we usually seek for something more than that. Miss Noel, for instance, almost always comes with her father; the wittiest, brightest creature living. It will give me pleasure to introduce you."

Mrs. Forbes was searching Young's countenance with a sidelong glance of her eyes; and a smile of satisfaction stole into them, as she saw the color slowly mount to his forehead.

Before Young could answer, a noise at the window opening into the marble balcony, running along the front of the central building, which was all that existed of the old Capitol in those days, broke up the conversation. Both the speakers turned that way, and Young was surprised to see a lady standing in front of the sash, tapping the glass with her finger.

"Come here, come here; the view is so beautiful," she called out, in a voice that came scarcely through the glass. Then, seeming to become conscious of a stranger's presence, for the first time, she made a pretty gesture of dismay, and retreated out of sight.

"Dear me! How could anyone be out there, and I not know it? Here is one of the persons you will be glad to know: besides, the view from this balcony is lovely."

As she spoke, Mrs. Forbes advanced to the window and threw it open, looking back to make sure that Young was following her.

"How you surprised me. I could hardly think it real, when you made a picture of yourself behind the glass. Mr. Young here was quite startled. Oh, excuse me, you do not know each other. I need not mention Mr. Young's name. You were in the gallery yesterday, Mrs. Camp; but he will be glad to meet just the sort of woman I was speaking about, as you came up."

Mrs. Camp cast down her eyes, and softly shook her head, as she said,

"When Mr. Young knows you as I do, he will understand that your friends always possess a thousand fine qualities no one else is able to discover. But the view is superb?"

Mrs. Camp appealed to Young, with her pale blue eyes, to which dark lashes gave a sort of languid beauty, and leaning over the marble railing, swept the landscape with her neatly-gloved hand, as she spoke.

Young's face was radiant, as he stepped forward, and looked out on the scene: on the city, with its broad avenues and cross streets; its pleasant mansions, and large gardens surrounding them; the broad Potomac sweeping around it, like a broad belt of silver; and beyond it the Arlington Heights. The fog of the morning was still floating in gossamer wreaths over the low lands that lay between the city and the banks of the river; but higher up it had condensed into clouds, white as snow and restless as the wind. Through them, the white pillars of Arlington broke here and there like a dream of some air palace; and further up the heights, the faint brownish-purple of swelling leaf-buds turned the forest into a mysterious background, through which a faint tinge of green trembled, impalpable as the first breath of spring. Away down the banks of the great river, this fog took the sunshine in its gossamer folds, and scattered it along the brighter silver of the waves, weaving the very shadows with light; melting into the horizon so vaguely, that you could not guess where the water ended or the sky began.

For some moments, the young man stood absorbed: forgetting his strange companions; lost in the glory of the scene; and these two women, who could only talk of the beauty he felt, stood regarding him, in absolute wonder that so much real feeling could exist. Meaning glances passed between them; a smile trembled on the quieter woman's lips; and Mrs. Forbes nodded her head with decided emphasis. They were studying the character of this young man, and looked upon his admiration as a promising weakness.

Mrs. Camp drew near him, as he leaned over the railing. He turned to her.

"Thank you," he said. "It was kind to invite me here, when the scene is at its greatest beauty. Nothing could be more perfect."

The woman smiled, and said:

"I could not bear to enjoy so much loveliness alone, so ran to call my friend; for I had heard her voice, and recognized it at once. My action must have seemed rude, but I do not repent it. But you are losing this pretty home scene," said the lady, looking down upon the park, then scarcely more than half its present size, but so

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crowded with fine old forest trees and belted with flowering shrubs that it must ever be a subject of regret that they have been swept away.

Young turned his eyes to the stone terrace just beneath him, from which came the soft, liquid music of water flowing into the old marble fountain, battered into half ruin by the British soldiers, but still guarded by the marble lictors they had so wantonly crippled; and from thence, down the noble green terrace, even in that early springtime green as emeralds, and in places blue with violets. Beneath them came great slopes of velvet sward, cleft into hyacinth beds here and there, and belted with wide borders, crowded with rosebushes, honeysuckles, and other flowering shrubs, soon to be aglow with blossoms.

Just above the entrance gate, leading from the avenue, another fountain flashed in the sunlight, like a tree of crystal: breaking, swaying, and recovering itself every moment, as its branches rose and curved to the soft spring winds.

"It is beautiful," he said, turning away.

"I have not been able to win an answer to my invitation," said Mrs. Forbes, with saucy familiarity, as she saw that her victim was preparing to depart. "Ellen, dear, see if your eloquence can prevail. I am dying to have him at my 'Saturday Nights.'"

"Ellen dear" cast down her eyes; lifted them suddenly, as she had a way of doing: then laying her hand, in its delicate canary-colored glove, on his arm, almost whispered:

"If I could take the liberty—"

"I have told him that the Noels will be there, and lots of people that are never met in political circles," interposed Mrs. Forbes. "Besides, I have discovered that rare thing—a really educated savage; and mean to have both himself and the wildest sort of an Indian girl among my guests. Those who have talked with the girl tell me that she is a marvel of accomplishments."

"Who has talked with this girl?" demanded Young, abruptly enough. "I thought she had, as yet, been nowhere."

"Ah, you have only heard of her. I am more fortunate. She sat almost at my feet, yesterday; and I had every opportunity of getting acquainted with her; only one does not know exactly how such people may be received."

"Still, you have resolved to present her, on Saturday night?" interposed Mrs. Camp, in her sweet, low voice.

"Oh, yes. Caleb Stewart knows all about them. He has lived months in the Indian country, and knows this girl well. She will be heiress to all the old chief leaves behind him, which is something magnificent—if our people don't go in for a treaty or something, and rob him, with all the rest of his tribe. At any rate, there will be no risk in presenting her. In fact, they tell me that she is to be invited to the White House. Some treaty in progress, I fancy. We always feast the Indians, while cheating them; but no one has ever seen them at the President's table. One thing is certain: she will be my guest on Saturday evening; and mark my words, this Indian will be the lioness of the season."

"Will not all this induce you to honor my friend?" said Mrs. Camp, placing her hand on the young man's arm, and lifting her eyes to his face, with a world of entreaty in them.

"I trust that it will be possible," he answered, surrendering his hand to hers, which had insidiously crept downward from its light touch on his arm.

While he stood in this position, Mrs. Forbes had gone to the further end of the balcony, and was intently occupied with the view, which had not particularly impressed her before; and when Young looked up, he saw Constance Noel standing upon the window-sill, as if suddenly checked by what she saw, with her eyes fixed scornfully upon him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE DEAD LILY.

BY JOHN FRASER.

In costliest vase, the ashes of her heart
  I placed—some solace for my grief to find;
And in the springtime, lo! there did upstart
  A lily—perfectest of lily-kind!

I tended it, and watered it with tears:
  Nursed it as mother her first-born; and sought
To wring from out the unavailing years
  Surcease of sorrow, and release from thought.

From root to bud, from bud to full-blown flower—
  Reflecting the white radiance of *her* soul—
The lily grew in beauty, hour by hour,
  And swiftly ripened to the perfect whole.

And thus it fared, until it chanced, one morn,
  A fresh love caught my fancy—a new face;
My sorrow died, for love doth sorrow scorn,
  And a new passion did the old displace.

And we were married; and I sought the flower,
  To show it to the woman I had wed;
And lo! the lily, born of sun and shower,
  From out *her* heart—my first love's heart—was dead!



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# A DECORATIVE DINNER CARD.

BY NELLIE WOOD.

"THE United States training-ship, Minnesota, will proceed up the Hudson, in July, to recruit boys for the merchant service and navy."

This was the announcement in the local papers that preceded the arrival of the frigate Minnesota, that had now lain at anchor for a week, before Newburg, on the Hudson.

A courteous invitation to all to visit the ship, extended by the captain, had been eagerly accepted; and the little tug that established communication between the shore and the frigate carried crowds of curious visitors back and forth.

Smart young ensigns and lieutenants, in the most bewitching of blue, brass-buttoned uniforms and white fatigue-caps, explained to eager young ladies the mysterious workings of the Gatling gun and the intricate and fascinating operation of boxing the compass, serenely unconscious of, and indifferent to, the admiration bestowed upon them and their uniforms. Indeed, had the Minnesota been manned and officered by a set of regular old Jack Tars in ordinary sea rig, it is doubtful whether her own attractions would have insured her a respectable show of visitors. But who would not have braved the horrors of the fire-room, or even the dark, mysterious regions of the shaft-alley, for the pleasure of being assisted up and down steep iron ladders, and over the boxes and barrels in the hold, by a smiling young ensign in taut-rigged naval uniform?

At last, however, the time drew near when the Minnesota must go. Orders to sail were expected daily: perhaps even then were coming, in one of the many trains that hurried by on the opposite side of the river, from New York.

The young officer leaning on the rail of the quarter-deck, looking idly down the river, hoped not. Wind and weather had not yet bronzed his handsome, manly face; and his white fatigue-cap, pushed back, showed short, waving ends of fair hair, and a pair of frank, pleasant blue eyes, that had unconsciously bewitched many a Newburg damsel. An earnest look came into them now, as they rested on the young girl beside him. For, ever since Elsie Allen had come on board with her brother, a week ago, for a first visit, Lieutenant Tremayne had known very well that when the Minnesota sailed away again, one of her officers would leave his heart behind him, in the Highlands.

"We must sail, as soon as our orders are received," he was saying, to Elsie. "And I do not know where we will be ordered next, nor where I shall be, two months from now."

"But you will stay on the Minnesota?" she asked, after a little pause.

"I may," the young officer answered. "Or I may be ordered to the other side of the world. If I should—" he waited a moment, then added, earnestly—"You will not forget me, Miss Elsie?"

The girl turned away, to hide the quick color in her cheeks; the shy, glad look in her soft brown eyes.

"I shall always remember the Minnesota," she said, at last, softly.

Then her brother coming up from the engine-room, she rose to go, lingering a moment to look out at the fair, shining river, winding between green shores and purple mountains down to the sea. White-sailed vessels tacked back and forth across the rippling, quivering water; and down near Cornwall, a schooner with furled sails lay at anchor, her tall, tapering masts and fluttering red pennant sharply defined against the blue sky. Over all, even on dark, rocky Storm King, rested the peaceful, warm summer sunshine.

"I shall never forget the Hudson, as it looks to-day, even if I should never come back again," Lieutenant Tremayne said, gravely. "It is like the picture you promised me. May I have it, before I go, Miss Elsie?"

"Yes," the girl answered, looking at the young officer, at last, half shyly. "I—I will send it."

At the gangway, they waited a moment, while the tug came nearer the frigate.

"I wish you were going to be here longer, Lieutenant Tremayne," Ralph Allen said, with boyish enthusiasm, shaking hands with the young officer. "You'll come over again, before you sail, won't you?"

"I shall be very happy to," the lieutenant said. "We will hardly receive our orders for two or three days yet, and I will come to-morrow, certainly—if I may," he added, with an earnest little look at Elsie.

But the Navy Department had ordained otherwise; and early the next morning, orders to sail immediately had been received; and with a parting salute, the Minnesota was going down the river, bound for New York; and Lieutenant



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Tremayne went on duty, with a grave, quiet face, first putting away under lock and key in his stateroom a little package that had come for him, in the same boat that brought the unwelcome sailing orders.

It was a small water-color sketch of the Hudson, from Newburg: the same scene that they were then sailing through, with Storm King and Breakneck almost meeting on either side of the blue, sparkling water; the sun shining on white sails in the distance; and nearer, the Minnesota, with her white ports and rows of guns, lying at anchor. A simple little picture, but very dear to the young man, who tormented himself all the way down the river with vainly trying to imagine what Elsie Allen would think, with the frigate gone, and never a word, even of farewell, from him.

He was a manly, honorable fellow, and it worried him not a little, that, after that last afternoon on the ship, when the brown eyes had shyly read his secret, he had been obliged to go away, leaving unsaid the words that, brave sailor though he was, he had not found courage to say.

At last, the city came in sight, across the shining harbor: the salt breeze from the ocean swaying the forest of slender masts that surrounded it, and fluttering the long lines of signal flags upon incoming vessels. The Minnesota steamed slowly through them, and anchored out in the stream; and Lieutenant Tremayne watched the boat return that had gone to bring the dispatches awaiting the ship. He could not write, he told himself, impatiently pacing the deck, when, in a day or two, he could be up the Hudson again, if the little tug slowly drawing near brought the leave of absence for which he had applied, some time before.

But, at last, while he waited—the Minnesota lying at anchor before Newport—the answer came. His leave of absence was not granted; but Elsie Allen, searching the navy intelligence, read, with earnest, wistful eyes, and a pitiful little heart-ache, the notice of the orders sent the young sailor instead:

"Lieutenant Edward Tremayne is detached from the Minnesota, and ordered to the Tuscarora, at the Mare Island Navy Yard, California."

A common enough notice, yet many a patient, loving heart has ached sadly over just such news; and poor little Elsie wistfully read and re-read the worn newspaper slip, remembering that last golden afternoon on the frigate, and the tall, blue-jacketed young officer, who perhaps would have dared to tell her what she was so sure of: that he loved her, if only she had seemed to care a little. How could he know it was because she cared so much?

And Lieutenant Tremayne, away on the other side of America, waited for an answer to his letter to Elsie; a manly, sailor-like letter, which he had written with many misgivings, yet with a vague, earnest hope underlying them all.

But, as weeks passed away, bringing no letter, even this hope grew less; and in its place came, after awhile, his own, returned from the Dead Letted office, with the words written on it, "No such person now at Newburg."

To the young officer, standing on deck, came, now, a strange, desolate feeling, even though the fairest scene of that beautiful country lay before him: the far-reaching, wonderful Golden Gate lights shining in the distant city, and swinging in white, green, and red points in the rigging of the ships that lay at anchor near the wharves, or moving slowly over the water that stretched, warm, shining, and luminous, away to the sunset.

Lieutenant Tremayne watched it, with grave, troubled eyes, knowing and caring for nothing, except that the letter he had sent so long ago had come back to him, unopened and unclaimed.

He bore his trouble manfully, bitter disappointment though it was; and laid away the now useless letter, with Elsie's little picture. That and a sorely-aching heart were now the only reminders of that far-away summer cruise.

But at last, two years of service in the Pacific were over; and several of the officers, weary of the scenes now grown familiar, and glad of any change, were ordered to the Vandalia, then lying in New York harbor. If it had only been otherwise, and the tender dark eyes had waited to welcome him back, Lieutenant Tremayne thought, bitterly; the heartache growing harder to bear at the sight of his old station.

They had joined the ship just in time to be included in an invitation to a dinner given by a friend of the Vandalia's commander; and a few evenings later, a party of officers pulled away over the harbor for the shore, Lieutenant Tremayne the only silent one among the merry group; his grave face eliciting a hint from a saucy young ensign that he had left his heart in California.

The Vandalia's officers were a manly, handsome set of fellows; and aided by the additional attraction of brass buttons, created the usual amount of admiration.

"I adore uniforms," the gushing, smiling young lady whom Lieutenant Tremayne took down to dinner told him; "and sailors are *so* nice."

"You are extremely kind to say so," he answered, hardly noticing what she did say; and

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watching for his name, as they moved slowly along the table.

"This is complimentary to you all," the lady rattled on. "Mrs. Lewis was so fortunate in finding the very dinner-cards she wanted, at the Decorative Art Society's rooms. Did you notice the officers' cards? Anchors and spars, you know."

And just then, without an answer, Lieutenant Tremayne had handed her to her chair, and taken his own, seeing only a card bearing his name resting on a little gold easel beside his plate: a square card, with an anchor in one corner, the chain forming the border, and on one side a little water-color painting of blue sky and a broad, shining river flowing between high hills. And in the United States frigate, with white ports and slender, tapering masts, Lieutenant Tremayne recognized the Minnesota, swinging idly at anchor before Newburg.

At last, the evening was over; and when the young officer rowed back over the starlit bay to the Vandalia, it was with a light heart beating against the stolen little picture now safely hidden in his breast-pocket; and the faint trust he had patiently held for two long weary years, now an earnest, glad hope.

If only Elsie had not forgotten him! What she must have thought of his long silence, after guessing his secret—not unwillingly, he had dared to hope—he could not trust himself to think.

Yet, to know that she had needed to work was harder to bear than even his own trouble had been; when, the next day, getting leave to go ashore, he waited at the society's rooms, while the clerk searched through long lists of names for Elsie's address. A crowd of ladies filled the room; and the young officer, conspicuous in his uniform, began to feel rather out of place in the wilderness of embroidery and worsted work.

He glanced into the next room, hoping to find it empty, and saw only a girl, who stood with slender hands clasped listlessly before her, looking at a picture of a tossing sea and a white-sailed, storm-driven ship.

And in a moment, Lieutenant Tremayne had met Elsie Allen's shy, startled glance; and he was standing, cap in hand, beside her.

"Miss Allen—Elsie," he said, earnestly.

The girl looked up: the quick, conscious color springing to her face.

"I thought you were in the Pacific, Lieutenant Tremayne," she said, softly.

"I have been there for two years," he answered. "The longest two years of my life, I think." Then he told his story: the story of the hurried sailing from Newburg; his transfer to the Tuscarora; and the letter that had crossed the continent, only to disappoint him anew. Keeping the letter still in his hand, he laid the little card down before her.

"Do you remember it?" he asked, smiling. "The original has taken many a long cruise with me. But for this, I should never have found you."

"Yes," Elsie said, simply. "It is mine. We—we are poor now. I needed money, and that is why I painted the cards. I left Newburg the day after the Minnesota sailed," she added, shyly, "and—and your letter never came."

"I think you can guess what was in it, my darling," Lieutenant Tremayne said, in a low tone. "I have always loved you, Elsie; and that unlucky letter would have told you so. The card is mine now, and I cannot part with it; but will you take the letter and read it, my love, or must I take it back again?"

There was a moment's silence, while the brown eyes met his bravely, and strong sailor hands clasped the small, trembling ones.

"You may have the picture," Elsie said, softly; "and—and keep the letter—for me."

# FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY D. C. HASBROUCK.

"It was long ago, *cui bono*," you say,
"Since the words are spoken and gone, to fret?
Let the dead past bury its dead. To-day,
Forgive and forget."

To forgive our enemies even, yes,
As we hope ourselves, that's the law; and yet
'Tis often a hard one to keep, confess,
Let alone forget.

Still, our hearts must suffer without a sign—
From deep disappointment and sad regret—
Till we learn that virtue men call divine:
But we can't forget.

For how often the glance from a soft blue eye,
Or the scent of a rose or a violet,
Or a whispered tone, brings back what we try
In vain to forget.

Then what can I say, save this that you know?
I love you, and have since the day we met;
And my heart forgave you—ah, long ago,
Though I don't forget.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, for a young lady. The material may be of silk for the skirt, and woollen goods for the polonaise; or the entire costume may be made of any of the soft wool fabrics, light in color and texture, suitable for this month or later in the season: such as summer cashmere or camel's-hair, nun's-veiling, albatross cloth, etc. The skirt is kilted, and mounted on a silesia lining, which is faced on the outside, a quarter of a yard deep, with some of the material. As will be seen, the skirt nearly touches the ground. A trifle shorter is probably better for ordinary street-wear, and all skirts are made wider than last season. Two and a half yards wide now is the required fulness. When kilted, two and a quarter is sufficient. The polonaise is

No. 1. No. 2.



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draped in front and on the hips with gathers; the back in irregular puffs. In our model, the points of the polonaise, the revers on the waist,

No. 3.

and the cuffs, are all embroidered with silk, in a lighter or darker shade, to match the material. Any simple pattern in outline-stich, or filled in with Kensington-stitch, will make a very handsome trimming; and as so many ladies now do this kind of embroidery, there will be but little trouble in carrying out this design. For those, however, who cannot embroider, we would suggest braid, in straight rows, or in a pattern; or else a band of silk, cut on the bias, and put on as a fold, in place of the embroidery. Ten yards of double-fold material, sixteen to eighteen yards of single width will be required. An old silk skirt might be utilized for the underskirt, and a new polonaise of cashmere or other woollen goods.

No. 2—Is a house-costume, of pongee or foulard silk; or the plain and figured surah silks now so

No. 4.

fashionable may be used. If needed for ordinary house-wear, bunting, delain, or crape foulè, will make a pretty and inexpensive dress. The

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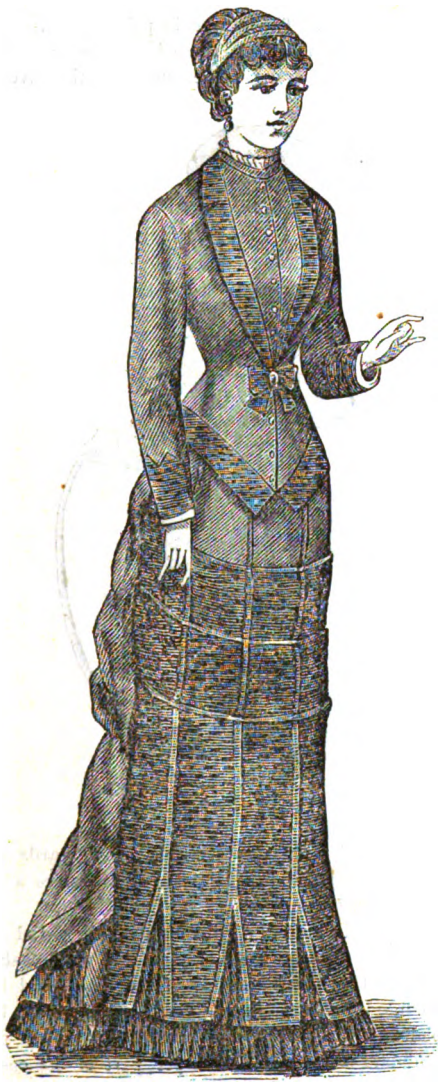
tablier consists of puffs and ruffles, with gathered headings. These are mounted upon a silesia or crinoline lining. Two narrow knife-plaitings finish the edge of the skirt all around. The tunic opens in front, over the tablier; and is looped in the back. The cuirass bodice is simply piped on the edge, and is finished in front with a bow and ends of two-inch wide satin or watered ribbon. A wide lace forms the cuffs; and is arranged around the neck and jabot, down the front of the corsage. Nine yards of double-fold goods, or sixteen of single width.



No. 5.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume, of summer camel's-hair, in light-brown, coachman's drab, or gray. The tablier is covered with kilt-plaited ruffles. The tunic opens in front, and is draped quite full in the back. The edge is finished with galoon to match, or a very narrow knife-plaited ruffle. A plain round waist is worn with this skirt, for the house; and for the street, the jacket is added: which is perfectly plain, with turnover collar and tiny cuff, with knife-plaiting forming the upper half. The edge of the jacket is simply turned up, and the lining hemmed down upon it. Neatness and a good fit are the only requisites for making this a stylish outside jacket. Ten to eleven yards of double-width goods will be required.

No. 6.

No. 4—Is another walking-suit, in flannel or summer cloth, suitable for mountain or seaside wear. The skirt has, first, a narrow knife-plaited ruffle; over this is a deep box-plaited flounce, above which the tunic is draped and looped on the right side with a cord and tassels. A plain round waist is worn under the outside jacket. The jacket fits closely to the figure; is cut double-breasted; and is finished by three rows of machine stitching, or three rows of very narrow worsted braid. The shoulder cape is adjustable. It is finished to match, and lined with silk. A cord

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and tassel, smaller than the one on the skirt, ties the cape at the throat. To a slight figure, these

No. 7.

little capes are very becoming; but a stout person should never venture upon one. In color, we would recommend navy-blue or brown, if intended for much service; otherwise, a very light gray

No. 8.

or drab. Eight to ten yards of double-width goods.

No. 5—Is a costume of crape and cashmere, for heavy mourning. There is, first, a narrow knife-plaiting of the cashmere, then another knife-plaiting six inches deep. Over this the tablier is arranged, which is made entirely of crape; and is composed of five lengthwise panels, cut square at the ends: these are piped all around with the cashmere, and then put together and arranged upon the foundation skirt, as seen in the design. The back of the tunic is simply hemmed on the edge, and looped in irregular puffs. The basque is pointed back and front, and finished on the edge by a two-inch wide band of crape. The cuffs and the revers

No. 9.

on the bodice are also of crape. Four yards of English crape, and eight yards of cashmere will be required.

No. 6—Is a pretty little costume, for a girl of six to eight years, made of plain and plaid cashmere. The kilted skirt is of the plaid, and is mounted on a petticoat body. The vest is plaited; the revers, cuffs, and sash, are all of the plaid material. The upper part of the costume is made of the plain cashmere, and is cut in the Princess shape; the skirt of which is cut in long points, and bound on the edge with a narrow silk braid. The model is so plain, it can be easily copied.

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No. 7.—For a girl of seven years, we give a new model for an ulsterette, of tweed, fastened with gilt buttons. The cape is gauged to fit the neck; the edge of it, and the cuffs, pockets, and

No. 10.

belt, are trimmed with braid. This will be found a very useful wrap for summer wear, in traveling; or for the street, on cool days in the spring or summer.

No. 8—Is a boy's dress, of Scotch plaid tweed. Knickerbocker pants, with a paletot blouse overdress; which has a double front, to simulate an over-jacket. The back has a kilted skirt-front underneath the coat flaps.

No. 9—Is a sailor-suit, of flannel, white or blue, for a little boy of four to six years. It is worn over a linen skirt waist. Two or three rows of worsted braid finish the edge of the entire costume.

No. 10.—We give the front and back of a blouse apron, of blue zephyr cloth, braided with white or red braid, one or two rows put on above the hem. Suitable for an infant of three years.

### LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

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| Coats, | .35 |
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| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

## PHOTOGRAPH SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a design for a photograph screen, showing how it looks when made up; and on the next page, a pattern in detail, full size, for one of the embroidered frames. The screen should be covered with black satin, and the frames embroidered *au passé* with floss silks; the forget-

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me-nots are varied with three shades of blue, the heart of each flower being put in with maize silk; the leaves are in three shades of moss-green, and the stems are wood color. This is a new and exceedingly pretty affair, and may be stood on a table, what-not, or mantel-piece.

## COLORED DESIGN FOR TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, in colors, for a table-cover, designed expressly for this magazine. It is to be worked on cloth, or any other material that may be preferred, with silk or crewels, in Kensington-stitch. These covers are now all the rage.

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# PALETOT FOR GIRL: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving (front and back) of a new style paletot, for a girl of nine or ten years of age. Folded in with this number we give a SUPPLEMENT, containing diagrams, full size, for the several pieces of which this paletot is composed. They are six in number, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF VEST.
III.—HALF OF BACK.
IV.—FIRST SIDE BACK.
V.—SECOND SIDE BACK.
VI.—SLEEVE: UPPER AND LOWER HALF.

Take notice that the dotted lines on No. II. (the half of vest) show how far it is to be laid under. The letters, wherever found, mark how the pieces are to be put together.

The paletot is to be made of light cloth or flannel, and worn over a kilted skirt of the same material; or of velvet, if the latter is preferred. Or it may be worn over any ordinary dress which has a kilted skirt. It is altogether the most stylish thing out, this season, for little girls.

# ALPHABET FOR PILLOW-CASES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, this month, in addition to the "Paletot for a young girl," an alphabet for working pillow-cases. It is so arranged, the reader will see, as not to interfere with the dress-pattern: in other words, the letters may be cut entirely out, if desired.



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## WORK-STAND: DRAPED.

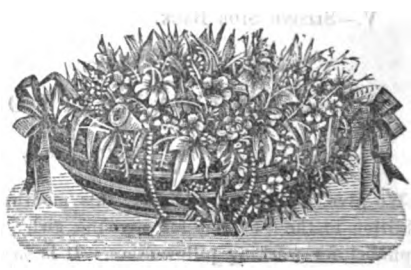
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, the design for a work-stand. It has a round top, and a hollow basket at the bottom. Any pretty basket-stand will do. Use felt, cloth, cretonne, satin, or soft surah silk, for the drapery. It may be embroidered, if desired. A tassel fringe finishes the edge.

## EASTER EGG, MADE OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A wire frame, in the shape of the half of an egg, is required to be filled and covered with moss and flowers, so as to represent the shape of an egg. In our illustration, the wire frame is shown; but after the work is finished, it ought to be entirely hidden.





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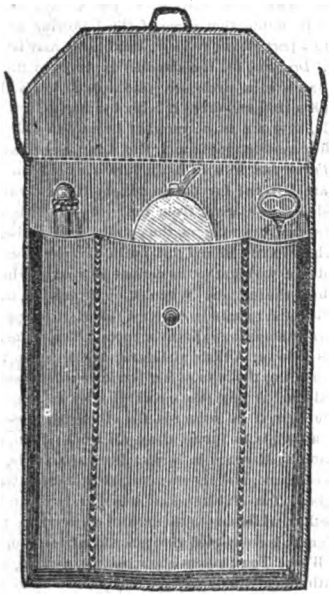
## SAFETY BAG FOR SPECTACLES, KEYS, AND PENCIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



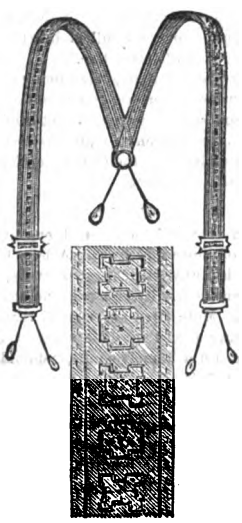
This useful little article is expected to save grandma many a hunt after spectacles, special keys, etc., so often mislaid when not in use; and is as ornamental as useful.

The back of the bag is a piece of cardboard, seven inches deep, and four inches wide; the back of which is covered with black silk, and the front is slightly wadded and quilted in crimson silk. The front may be plain black silk, or of the color of the dress. It has a border, scalloped or plain, of velvet, laid on flat; and worked in buttonhole-stitch, in gold-colored silk. This is cut a trifle broader than the cardboard back, and is also lined with crimson silk. The divisions are worked in feather-stitch. When finished, the front is lightly tacked down the centre, on the crimson side of the cardboard. The sides are then turned back to the divisions, and stitched on the wrong side. The edges are sewed together. The small flap at the top is cut separately, and made to match the front. Of course, care must be taken to sew this on so that the velvet-trimmed silk is brought forward. A silk cord is fastened all around the edges, and forms a long loop at the top, by which the bag can be suspended to the waist by either safety-pin or hook.

## GENTLEMAN'S BRACES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The braces may be made of kid, or fine silk canvas; about an inch and a half wide, and thirty inches long, when finished (without the fittings). Work in silks or fine chenille, either shaded green or mauve, and dots of cardinal filoselle. White canvas, worked with rich claret-colored crewels, and gold-colored filoselle, is very effective and inexpensive. The fittings are easily stitched on. The braces should be lined with good white ribbon. We give the detail of embroidery.





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# EDITOR'S TABLE

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ADVANTAGES OF GOOD MANNERS.—Colonel Higginson, in his recent little volume, "Common Sense About Women," pronounces very emphatically in favor of cultivating good manners. He does not think that a woman who is gifted with brains has any more right than a silly one to be rude or eccentric.

He puts the case so well that we cannot help quoting a part of what he says. "Everyone instinctively feels," he writes, "that the graces and amenities of life must be largely under the direction of women. George Eliot says well that 'the commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is conscious of the difference between a lovely, delicate woman, and a coarse one. Even a dog feels the difference in their presence.' At a summer resort, for instance, one sees women who may be intellectually very ignorant and narrow, yet whose mere manners give them a social power which the highest intellects might envy. To lend joy and grace to all one's little world of friendship; to make one's house a place which every guest enters with eagerness, and leaves with reluctance; to lend encouragement to the timid, and ease to the awkward; to repress violence, restrain egotism, and make even controversy courteous: these belong to the empire of women. It is a sphere so important and so beautiful that even courage and self-devotion seem not quite enough without the addition of this supremest charm."

The notion that courteous manners involve insincerity, is very properly denied by the Colonel. "So far," he says, "from their implying falsehood, their very best basis is perfect simplicity. Give a naturally sensitive organization a loving spirit, and the early influence of a refined home, and the foundation of fine manners is secured. A person so favored may be reared in a log-hut, and may pass easily into a palace: the few needful conventionalities are so readily acquired. But I think it is a mistake to tell children, as we sometimes do, that simplicity and a kind heart are absolutely all that are needful in the way of manners. There are persons in whom simplicity and kindness are inborn, and who yet never attain to good manners for want of refined perceptions. And it is astonishing how much refinement alone can do, even if it is not very genuine or very full of heart, to smooth the paths and make social life attractive."

He finishes by quoting that golden maxim of Miss Edgeworth's: "Everyone who makes goodness disagreeable, commits high treason against virtue." Yet how often do we see really well-meaning women make themselves, and their opinions even, repulsive, by their curt and dogmatic, if not absolutely offensive, manners.

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"THE YOUNG ARTIST." Our steel engraving, for this month, is full of grace and truth. A boy, born with the artistic faculty, is always sketching: on walls, books, everything; and when the faculty is a real one, it is wisest to let him indulge it. More lives are marred than is generally supposed by being forced into the wrong channel. "The round plug," to use a homely simile, "should never be put into the square hole."

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TO DRESS IN TASTE adds greatly to the personal appearance. A dowdy dress, or one out of fashion, makes the wearer look prematurely old. The beautiful is to be sought quite as much in dress as in anything else.

ROUND GAMES FOR CHILDREN are always interesting. We have no doubt that some of the following are already known to a part of our readers, but others may be ignorant of them. *Dropping the Handkerchief* is played by the children joining hands in a circle, except one, who holds the handkerchief knotted, and drops it behind someone; who, leaving the circle, tries not to be caught; but, when that happens, takes the handkerchief, and the same is repeated. *The Woodgatherer and Ranger* is an improvement on this. A couple are left out for the woodgatherer and ranger, and stand side by side apart from the rest; the girls are woodgatherers, the boys rangers, the couples in the ring are faggots. The two run in and out, as in *Dropping the Handkerchief*, but the woodgatherers cannot be caught when within the circle of the faggots. When at length caught, the faggots loose hands, and remain in couples; and the two appoint their successors by standing in front of them. *Margaretta's Bower* is played as follows: A little girl stands in the centre, the others around, holding the hem of her frock over her head, so that she is hidden. A boy (the cavalier) tries to remove one of the circle; but, if he succeeds, the others go closer around, until he attempts to thrust them all aside; then, fearful of being caught, Margaretta breaks from the circle, and tries to catch someone, and the one caught is Margaretta. *Grinding the Corn:* Two children join hands, and spin around their feet together, while any verse decided on is sung; those that stop before it is concluded give place to a fresh couple. *Want a Day's Work:* The players stand within a circle, the workshop, with a master to supervise, and each offers to do certain work: cobbler, carpenter, what not, and imitate the movement. When the master disapproves of their efforts, he tries to push them beyond the circle; if he succeeds, the workman takes the master's place. *Pointer's Buff:* A child, blindfolded, holds a stick, and touching one of the players, asks who it is; his object is to disguise his voice, so that he is not found out. *Threading Grandmother's Needle:* The players stand in a line, hand in hand, and sing "Grandmother's eyes are grown so dim, her needle she cannot fill." The two at the end reply "Our eyes are bright and good, thread it for her we will;" and dart beneath the raised arms of the others, in and out alternately, till they arrive at the top, when the next couple repeat.

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FRAUDULENT AGENTS are again going about the country, soliciting subscriptions for "Peterson." They generally do this under price, which ought to be a sufficient warning. We again repeat that *we have no agents* for whom we are responsible. Subscribe through no one, unless you know him or her personally, or know something about them. The best way is to remit direct to us, or subscribe through your local agent, or join a club that some acquaintance is getting up.

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NOTHING IS SO HEALTHY as some regular occupation. More than this. Idleness, and want of purpose, make thousands of lives unhappy, as well as unhealthy. Even having a "hobby" is better than living an entirely useless life.

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ALWAYS SPEAK KINDLY of others, when you can do so, with truth. Moreover, always, if there is a doubt, give them the benefit of it. "For the greatest of these is Charity."



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SPLENDID PREMIUMS FOR 1882.—Our premium engraving for this year, to be sent to persons for getting up clubs, is entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," and is of the size of 20 inches by 16. No more beautiful ornament, to be framed, and hung on the parlor wall, could be desired. It is a work of real art, and a copy should be had by every family in the land. It is, on the whole, we find, the most popular of our premiums for 1882. Nothing gives such an air of refinement to a room as a handsome engraving. "One *good* engraving," the N. Y. Tribune says, "is worth a dozen chromos."

*Or, in place of it*, we will give, for a premium, either a PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, or our QUARTO ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, which was so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1882. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those wishing to get up clubs.

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THE BEST EARTH FOR FLOWERS of a hardy kind, we would say to our old subscriber D, who asks the question, is that which is largely composed of sand. All flowers like a sandy soil, especially those which are fragrant: it should be mixed in the proportions of a third-part to one-third of leaf mould, and one-third of good black earth. Each class of flower or plant naturally likes the soil that best promotes its growth, which is soon shown in its healthy appearance. A once popular writer remarks that, for hardy plants, "If, in the autumn, dead leaves are swept into a mound, and soap-suds, brine, etc., of the house be thrown upon the mass, it will quickly decompose, and become available the following year: it makes an admirable compost mixed with garden mould; and if clay be dug several times, and each time mixed with ashes, it will become light and friable: that is, runs like coarse sand readily through the hands."

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ONE OF OUR NOVELETS for last year, "The News From Yorktown," by Mrs. Mary V. Spencer, is being copied, extensively, in the English periodicals. So are a large number of our stories by Mrs. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, etc., etc., thus affording new proof that our novelets and tales are the best of their kind. In that sense, "Peterson" stands, pre-eminent, as a literary magazine. Most of our cotemporaries copy their stories from English sources, while the English monthlies, on the other hand, copy from "Peterson."

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers are sent, an additional premium will be given. Go on, all through the year, therefore, adding to your clubs, and earning more and more of our beautiful premiums.

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THE COLORED PATTERN for a table-cover, in the front of this number, is one of those expensive affairs which are to be found in no other magazine but "Peterson." Each one of these patterns, in fact, costs as much as a chromo of the same size.

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A HOUSEHOLD BLESSING. A gentleman, remitting a subscription for his wife, says: "Your magazine is just the thing to refresh the mind of the tired mother and wife. And, in that sense, it is a household blessing."

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ANY SUBSCRIBER for this magazine can have either the "Photograph Album," or the "Quarto Illustrated Album," for fifty cents. Or we will send both for one dollar.

IN FUTURE, ALL LETTERS intended for this periodical should be addressed to PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, *instead* of to Charles J. Peterson. There are several gentlemen of the name of Peterson in business in this city, and our letters often go to the wrong persons in consequence, causing delay, and sometimes even loss. There can be no mistake, however, if *all letters* are addressed to Peterson's Magazine. There is but one Peterson's Magazine, and if all our letters are directed to it, there will be no such errors. *Hereafter, in consequence, please direct your letters not to Charles J. Peterson*, but to PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Studies In Mediæval History. By Charles J. Stillé, LL.D., Late Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a work of the very greatest merit: the best of its kind, beyond question, in the language. What a Murray's guide-book is to a traveler visiting a new country, this is to a student beginning to study mediæval history. It is a concise, yet comprehensive summary of the political, religious, and social life of Western Europe, through every mutation, and of the influences, which, through them, have moulded modern civilization, from the time of Honorious down to the present day. The grasp and breadth displayed by Dr. Stillé is very remarkable. His insight—for there is such a thing—is as great as his industry. He seems, intuitively, to know where to find the clues which will guide him through the dark labyrinth of the Past. The multiplicity of details, the conflicting accounts, which puzzle others, do not deceive him. His grasp, all through, is firm and sure: he never for a moment loses his way. What Freeman, and Byrce, and others, have narrated, in volumes of detail, he tells, in substance, in a few hundred pages, and in a singularly lucid style, the idiomatic English of which cannot be praised too highly. While the work, as a whole, is so comprehensive, every separate part of it is thoroughly well done. Take, for instance, the chapters on the laboring classes, on the enfranchisement of the serfs, and on the development of commerce, subjects which have been the stumbling-block of more than one historian, and which others have apparently been afraid even to approach. Yet Dr. Stillé solves the puzzle, in a few masterly pages, that are as succinct as they are convincing. The work ought to become a text-book.

*Numa Roumestan. By Alphonse Daudet.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This novel has had an extraordinary success in Paris, principally because Gambetta is supposed to have furnished the idea of the principal character. There can be no question that the portrait is drawn with great force, even with genius; but the book, on the whole, is not a pleasant one. The volume is unusually well printed, and several good engravings illustrate the text.

*Winning The Battle. By Mary Von-Erden Thomas.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is an American novel, the scene shifting from North to South, from Boston to New Orleans, as the plot of the story demands. Many of the incidents are quite dramatic. The novel belongs to the realistic school.

*Homoselle. Round Robin Series.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: J. S. Osgood & Co.*—The chief merit of this novel is its local color. The scene of the story lies in Virginia, before the war. The author is evidently quite at home on the banks of the James. The famous Gabriel insurrection enters into the plot. The story is very pleasant reading.

*A Child of Israel. By Edouard Cadol.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A translation from the French. The story is full of incident and interest, and keeps the reader's attention absorbed, from the first page to the last.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS continues to speak of "Peterson," to use the words of the Bradford (Pa.) Star, as giving "more for the money than any other." The Corydon (Iowa) Democrat says: "That forerunner of fashions, and anxiously looked for lady's magazine, is here; and its superb colored fashion plate, paper patterns, choice reading, and unequaled household department, bring joy and happiness to its patrons. No well-regulated family should be without it." The Lancaster (Pa.) Era calls it, as hundreds of others call it, "the cheapest and best." It is still in time to subscribe or get up clubs. Back numbers can be furnished, from January inclusive, if desired. Specimens are sent, gratis, to those wishing, in good faith, to get up clubs.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, for abuse of alcohol. John P. Wheeler, M. D, of Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it, with present decided benefit, in a case of innutrition of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."

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THE LONG-STANDING reliability and integrity of such a dry-goods house as that of Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, Mass., is proof of the unlimited confidence placed in them by their patrons. Like all other enterprises which they enter into, their Mail Order system, or Country Order business, is a grand success; and those who purchase in that way, by aid of their Catalogues, which are mailed free, are highly satisfied with the result.

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AS SPRING APPROACHES, everyone wants green peas; and the best we know of is the American Wonder Pea, which our advertisers will find out all about by consulting our advertising pages. See Seed and Plant Department.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. 4.—THE DOGWOODS—CORNUS FLORIDA, ETC.

Nine indigenous species of Cornus are described by Wood, and four by Darlington, as growing in Chester county, Pa. But three species have claimed the attention of the medical profession; of which the Cornus Florida, the Common or Flowering Dogwood, is chief. This is a small tree, usually seen in the margins of woods, ten to twenty feet high; the young branches often verticellate in fours. Leaves, ovate; three to five inches long, becoming crimson in autumn. The true flowers are small, in a close, cymous umbel or head; surrounded by a large, four-leaved, obcordate, showy involucre. These leaves are in opposite pairs; white and petal-like; sometimes tinged with purple. Every person living or travelling in the country, in May, recognizes the beautiful white blossoms of this tree in our woodlands; and the *drupes*, of a vivid, glossy redness, in the early autumn. The wood of this small tree is very close-grained, hard, and firm; and makes beautiful small articles of furniture. In lieu of iron, the woodman uses wedges made of this tree; the young, straight stems make good hoops for the cooper; and the slender, verticellate branches once furnished distaffs for spinsters in the good old times of our grandmothers, when such females had a practical existence in the community. The petals and the bark make an excellent tonic. Mothers would do well to have their children pick a basket of the white involucres above mentioned, and dry them on an open garret floor. When the Cinchona or Peruvian bark was high or difficult to obtain in country places, much reliance was placed on Dogwood bark. A century and a quarter ago, according to Kalm, there was so much faith in its virtues, that, "when the cattle fall down in the spring, for want of strength, the people tie a branch of this tree on their neck, thinking it will help them." Doubtless, had the branch been infused in hot water, and their feed mixed with the infusion, much better results would have been obtained. Some farmers, who always plant by signs, put in their corn crops when the Dogwood is in full bloom.

A strong infusion of the bark or flowers may be taken *ad libitum*, to arrest the paroxysm of ague; more moderately, as a tonic and appetizer. But quinine (or some one of the salts obtained from the Cinchona bark) is the great remedy for not only intermittent, but remittent fevers; and is going to be, perhaps, for all time to come: the foolish prejudice of the ignorant against it to the contrary notwithstanding. And as the Cinchona tree is not indigenous to our country, and cannot, therefore, be embraced in this series, the writer wishes, in this connection, to advise with mothers in reference to it. As ice water, pork and cabbage, etc., will kill or prove injurious in certain conditions of the system, so may quinine do injury, if injudiciously used. This is the case with aliments and medicines alike. Quinine may do harm, if taken when the patient has much fever or headache: when the stomach and liver are disordered; or if he is "bilious;" and the bowels, at the same time, constipated. But remove the febrile condition by perspiration; the deranged stomach by an emetic; the constipation and headache by a cathartic; and then quinine can be taken with the utmost confidence, safety, and with invariably good results. Why, bless me, what is quinine? No green-headed monster, surely? But simply the chief active or medicinal principle residing in the bark of a simple, innocuous tree.

Quinine never has and never will "get in the bones," or make one "stiff," in the present or future time. Nonsense! Some preparation of mercury—calomel or blue pill, which is often administered before or during the use of quinine—*may*; but, for honesty's sake, please don't attribute any stiffness or aching bones to the quinine; for it is a false assumption. After correcting the gastric and intestinal derangements by the measures aforesaid, then the mucous coat of the stomach and bowels becomes fitted for the proper reception and operation of this great remedy. Every disease of an intermittent or periodical character, whether neuralgia of the head, face, or kidney: whether pain in or about the eye, ear, or tooth, etc., can be promptly cured by free doses of quinine, during the remission of pain. In fact, all diseases are essentially intermittent or periodical—a law of universal nature; and quinine, properly handled, makes short work of most diseases.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

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### No. 149.—CHARADE.

[*To Answer.*]

My first is gathered in its prime,
And stored away for winter time.
My second is both tall and grand,
And never seen except on land.
My whole is valued very high;
For we shall need it, by and by.

*Elmira, N. Y.* DEAK.

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### No. 150.—HALF-SQUARE.

1. An animal. 2. A vegetable. 3. To be highly excited. 4. To stupefy. 5. An article. 6. A consonant.

*Hanisport, N. S.* ANSER.

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No. 151.—Amputations.

Behead and curtail words of the following significations, and obtain a double acrostic, whose primals and finals name two trees: 1. A fastening. 2. A tree. 3. A fruit. 4. Rough. 5. Brightness.

*Quarryville, N. Y.* See F. See.

No. 152.—Fractional Puzzle.

To one-fourth of rasp,
To one-fourth of hasp,
Annex one-sixth of battle;
To one-fourth of herd,
To one-fourth of bird,
Again, one-sixth of rattle;
Now, one-fifth of belle,
To one-fourth of dell,
And thus will end the prattle.
Then the letters unite;
And with a will,
Seek the ace of spades
In the game quadrille.

*Plainfield, N. J.* Viola.

*Answers Next Month.*

Answers to Puzzles in the March Number.

No. 146.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| D | A | R | I | C |
| I | | A | | A |
| A | | T | | L |
| M | E | L | E | E |
| O | | I | | N |
| N | | N | | D |
| D | R | E | S | S |

No. 147.

Stage-coach.

No. 148.

1. Crow, row.
2. Ton, on.
3. Lore, ore.
4. Craven, raven.
5. Lurn, urn.
6. Keel, eel.

## THE GARDEN.

Hints On Bedding Out Plants.—The common way is to put almost every choice plant in what is called the mixed border; and placing it there very often means losing it. A well-mixed border is a pretty sight, but they are rarely seen. The poor effect in these borders results from frequently repeating the same plant, when it happens to be popular or showy; from having plants which speedily overrun the border, and rob the others; and by ill-placing nearly all the plants. Plenty of room and good soil are of course absolutely necessary. Such plants as carnations, cloves, stocks, and pansies, last long in bloom, and may be introduced with good effect in almost any position; except, perhaps, into a set pattern of carpet beds. It is not that they always want ground to themselves, but they may often be grouped with other plants. For instance, carnations may go with a thin group of standard roses; or may be interspersed with late-blooming gladioli, rising thinly over the carpet of gray carnation leaves. So, again, pansies are admirable for mixtures of this kind; but the mixtures must be of plants that help each other, not injure each other. But the plan, wholly indispensable for an interesting garden, is to have a piece of ground, in or near the kitchen garden, or any other open position—sheltered, but not shaded—for the growth of the flowers we are interested in. Such ground should be treated as a good market gardener would treat it—well enriched, open, not encumbered with impedimenta of any kind. It must have a walk around it, within a wide border; but, apart from this, the fewer walks the better. It can be thrown into four-feet beds; but in this case, the little pathways need not be gravelled or edged: they may simply be marked out with the feet. It is better to see ground covered with flowering plants, than devoted to edgings and much gravel. If any edging is used, it should be of thin stone, sunk in the earth; as natural stone edgings are never offensive, troublesome, or costly. Flints or half-sunken bricks will do as well, if the thin stones so easily got in the western counties are not at hand. With the aid of such a division of the garden, the cultivation of many fine hardy plants becomes a pleasure; whether it is a bed of seeding verbenas, of Alpine auriculas, or of any favored flower much used for cutting, the culture is the most certain and pleasurable that one can adopt. Well furnished, such a garden is a delight to the owner, and all visitors. When the things do get tired of the soil, or require a change, having no formal plan of beds, it is more easy to establish a rotation among the flowers; making the carnation bed of the past few years the bulb ones for the next, and so on. It would be easy to change one's favorites from year to year, so that richly-feeding plants would follow those of a surface-rooting kind; and thus the freshness and novelty of the garden would be kept up. The abolition of all edgings, beyond one or two main lines through the space, would tend to more careful culture; as the whole spot could be so readily dug up or otherwise attended to. Such a plot, well done, would be a paradise for ladies who wish to cut flowers in quantity; and also a great aid in replenishing other arrangements on the margins of shrubberies, in the flower garden proper, or on the rock garden. It is also a great help to those who wish to exchange with their friends or neighbors, in the generous way all true gardeners do. The space that such an arrangement should occupy, will, of course, depend upon the size and wants of the place, in every case; but anywhere, where the room could be spared, an eighth of an acre of ground might be devoted to the culture, in simple beds of favorite flowers; and even the smallest place should have a small plot of the same kind.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS.

*Yorkshire Pudding.*—Make a thin batter, as for frying, with a pint of milk and some flour; season with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg grated fine. The batter should be perfectly smooth. Beat up the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, and strain them into the batter. Beat it well with a fork for some minutes, then pour the mixture, to the thickness of an inch, into a tin, buttered freely, and put it into the oven. When the pudding is set, lay it in the tin, slanting, in front of the fire, under the beef which is roasting; and when the top is well browned, take the pudding out of the tin, and expose the under side of it to the action of the fire. When done, cut it up in diamond-shaped pieces, and garnish the joint with them.

*Roast Sirloin of Beef.*—Cut off most of the flap, and trim the joint neatly. Have a clear, brisk fire, well built up. Place the joint close to it, for the first half-hour; then move it further off. Baste frequently. When nearly done, sprinkle the joint well over with salt. Put a small quantity of water in the dripping-pan; then pour off the gravy; free it effectually from fat; and pour it over the joint in the dish. Time



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of roasting: about three hours, for a ten-pound to twelve-pound sirloin. Garnish with scraped horseradish and Yorkshire pudding. Serve horseradish sauce in a tureen.

*Rabbit Pie.*—Skin two rabbits, wash them thoroughly, and cut them into small joints. Have ready some lean bacon, and one pound of rump or beefsteak; cut both into small pieces, place them all on a large dish, or on a chopping-board, sprinkle them with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and thyme; mix all well together, and put them in the pie-dish, adding force-meat balls, or the yolks of hard-boiled eggs. Fill the dish with water, cover the whole with a light paste, beat up an egg, with a pinch of salt, glaze the pie with it, and bake in a hot oven two hours.

*Beefsteak-and-Oyster Pie.*—Beat the steak gently with a rolling-pin, and season it with pepper and salt. Have ready a deep dish, lined with not too rich a pastry. Put in the meat, with layers of oysters; then the oyster liquor, with a little mace and a teaspoonful of catsup; cover with the top crust, and bake. Veal may be used instead of beef, if preferred.

*Horseradish Sauce.*—Grate a quantity of horseradish; boil it in sufficient water to give it the consistency of sauce; add a pinch of salt, and two or three tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar; then stir in, off the fire, a gill of cream, beaten up with the yolk of an egg.

### DESSERTS.

*Lemon Sponge.*—Ingredients: Two ounces of isinglass, one and three-quarter pints of water, three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, the juice of five lemons, the rind of one, the whites of three eggs. Mode: Dissolve the isinglass in the water; strain it into a saucepan; and add the sugar, lemon-rind, and juice. Boil the whole from ten to fifteen minutes; strain it again, and let it stand until it is cold and begins to stiffen. Beat the whites of the eggs, put them to it, and whisk the mixture till it is quite white; put it into a mould which has been previously wetted, and let it remain until perfectly set; then turn it out, and garnish it according to taste.

*Rice Souffle.*—Pick and wash a teacupful of rice. Put it into a saucepan, with a pint of milk sweetened to taste, and a pod of vanilla; let the milk boil till the rice is thoroughly done. When cold, remove the stick of vanilla, and work in the yolks of six eggs, one by one; then stir in the whites of eight eggs, whipped to a stiff froth. Pour the mixture into a plain cake mould; put it into the oven at once; bake for about half an hour, and serve in the mould, with a napkin pinned around it.

*To Make Fine Pancakes, Fried Without Butter or Lard.*—Take a pint of cream, and six new-laid eggs; beat them well together; put in a quarter-pound of sugar, and one nutmeg or beaten mace—whichever you please; as much flour as will thicken—almost as much as ordinary pancake batter; your pan must be heated reasonably hot, and wiped with a clean cloth; this done, spread your batter thin over it, and fry.

*Cabinet Sauce.*—Rub a teacupful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of butter, well together; then the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, the juice of one lemon, and half of the grated peel; one teaspoonful of cinnamon; beat all well together for ten minutes, then add one wineglassful of wine; set it on the stove and let it get hot, but do not boil it; stir continually while heating; pour it over the pudding.

*Orange Pie.*—Grate the peel of one fresh orange; take the juice and pulp of two large oranges; add to them a teacup of sugar, and the beaten yolks of three eggs; mix a teacup of milk with the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a puff paste.

### CAKES.

*Hot Cross Buns.*—Into one and a half pounds of well-dried flour rub four ounces of moist sugar; warm a quarter of a pint of milk, but not hot enough to scald the yeast; make a hole in the middle of the flour, and put in a quarter of a teacupful of good thick yeast, which is not too bitter, or it will taste in the buns; pour on it your warm milk, and mix about one-third, or nearly half, of the flour with it, leaving the rest unmixed around the sides of the pan. Set it in a warm place to rise, for three-quarters of an hour or an hour. When it has well risen, melt a quarter-pound of butter, and mix it with some milk; let it be on the fire until it is warm; and then mix it, with the rest of the flour and sugar, into a dough: when mixed, it should be rather softer than bread dough. Put it to rise for about a quarter of an hour, and then mould it into round balls; cut a cross on them; put them on buttered iron plates, and then into a warm place to rise or prove; when well risen, bake them in a hot oven. If you wish to have currants or carraway-seeds and spice in them, mix in either of these when you add the butter and milk. The spice to be used is equal quantities of ground ginger, allspice, coriander, and carraway-seeds, mixed together; put as much of this as you think sufficient.

*Rice Cakes.*—Take a quarter of a pound of ground rice, one-quarter of a pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, or any flavoring preferred. Stir the butter and sugar into cream, add the rice by degrees; then stir in the eggs and vanilla, and put the mixture into patty-pans, not more than three-parts full; bake about a quarter of an hour.

### TOILET AND SANITARY.

*How to Take Care of Furs.*—Ladies, it has been remarked, as a general rule, imagine that care in putting away furs is all that is required; they think they can wear them when and how they please, provided they expend a few pence for camphor when they lay them aside. This idea should be corrected. More harm is done to furs by wearing them for a week after the weather has become warm than during a whole cold season. When they are put aside, they should be brushed the right way with a soft brush; an old linen handkerchief folded smoothly over them; and a piece of gum camphor kept in the box all the time, to scare intruders in the shape of moths.

*How to Clean Hair Brushes.*—It is best to clean two at a time, in this way: First, comb them well, to remove the loose hair or dust; then dip the bristles only in very warm water; sprinkle each brush with plenty of powdered borax, and rub the two together; after they are cleansed thoroughly, have a pitcher of hot water, and pour it over the bristles; keep the back of the brush as dry as possible. Shake the water well out, and dry quickly in the sun. Brushes washed in this way will retain their stiffness.

*For Burns.*—Clear lime-water, mixed with as much linseed oil as it will cut; shake the bottle before applying; wrap the burn in cotton wadding, saturated with the lotion; wet as often as it appears dry, without removing the cotton from the burn for nine days, when new skin will probably have formed.

*Flaxseed Tea, for Invalids.*—Take three tablespoonfuls of linseed, about one pint of water, and boil for ten minutes. Strain off the water, put in a jug with two lemons, cut in thin slices; put also some brown sugar. A wineglassful of wine is an improvement. This has been found most nourishing for invalids.

*Linen.*—A tablespoonful of black pepper, put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed, will keep them from spotting. It will also generally keep the colors of black or colored cambrics or muslins from running, and does not harden the water.

*Warts* may be removed, says a celebrated physician, by rubbing them night and morning with a moistened piece of muriate of ammonia (sal ammoniac). They soften and

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dwindle away, leaving no such mark as follows their dispersion with lunar caustic.

*For a Bruise.*—To prevent the skin from discoloring after a bruise, take a little dry starch or arrowroot, merely moisten it with cold water, and place it immediately on the injured part.

## FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-GREEN NUN'S-VEILING AND PLAID SUMMER SILK. Two narrow knife-plaitings finish the bottom of the skirt. Above this is a flounce of the nun's-veiling. Then alternate puffings of the plaid silk and of the nun's-veiling. The silk puffings are shirred. The corsage and the side and back draperies are of the silk, the sleeves of the nun's-veiling. Bows of dark-red ribbon add greatly to the effect of this spring-like toilette.

FIG. II.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF MAIZE-COLORED SUMMER CASHMERE. The skirt is trimmed with a plaiting of cashmere, edged with a very narrow knife-plaiting of poppy-colored satin. The dress opens at the side, over a simulated skirt of brown and poppy-colored brocade, and the same material forms the collar and trimming for the front of the corsage. The drapery is deep and full, and where it opens over the brocaded piece, it is edged with a piece of wide white embroidery. The same kind of embroidery is used on the corsage and sleeves.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK GRENADINE, and is worn over a black linen-backed satin. A plaiting and puff of satin edges the skirt. Above this are many flounces of the grenadine, the fourth one being edged with a narrow plaiting of the satin. The waist is made Princess style, with upright folds across the front. The wide sash is of watered ribbon. Bonnet of yellow straw, trimmed with black satin and black feathers.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF VIOLET-COLORED FOULARD. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a series of ruffles, woven to correspond with the figure on the skirt. The edge of the long shawl drapery is also trimmed with the same. The corsage is high, but cut out square in front, and filled in with violet-colored surah silk, and the whole is trimmed with white lace. Three-quarter sleeves, edged with two ruffles of lace. Straw bonnet, trimmed with violet silk, violets, and pale-yellow buttercups.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE FRENCH BUNTING, worn over a petticoat of narrow, gay-colored striped satin. The bodice is shirred front and back, and is worn with a wide waistband, with sash ends, of the gay satin. The bunting skirt is plain and simply draped. The three-quarter sleeves are ornamented with the striped satin. Bonnet of satin, of the color of the bunting, with red roses.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF A WALKING-COSTUME, OF STRIPED-SILK SERGE AND PLAIN SILK, trimmed with silk embroidery. The tunic, which is trimmed with silk embroidery, opens over a pointed drapery, which falls over a plain piece of the embroidery. Two knife-plaited ruffles trim the edge of the skirt. The plain silk bodice has a tunic, formed of the two materials, which fall in a square end, and is trimmed with two rows of the embroidery. The pointed bodice is trimmed with folds of the silk serge and narrow embroidery. This dress would be charming, made of zephyr cloth or fine percale, and trimmed with white Hamburg embroidery.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FINE FRENCH BUNTING. The skirt is entirely plaited, except for two plush panels, one on each side. The *Chariot* jacket is cut away in front, and reaches only to the sides. At the back, the bodice is in the Princess style, and the drapery is looped over the plaited skirt. The cape is shirred on the shoulders, and that, as well as the pockets, is trimmed with plush.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CASHMERE. The foundation of the skirt is silk, and finished with a plaited flounce. The skirt is almost covered by another skirt, plaited into organ-pipe plaitings. A scarf, gathered in the centre, goes around the skirt about half way up. Two other scarfs, coming out from the point of the bodice, fasten into the puff at the back. Gathered bodice, with a deep collar, gathered, and edged with a ruffle. The gathered plastron, or front of the bodice, fastens on the left side, as will be seen.

FIG. X.—DRESS, OF BLACK GRENADINE, FOR HALF MOURNING. The skirt is of silk, and is covered with many side-plaited ruffles. At the back, there falls a drapery of the grenadine and black English crêpe, looped together. The mantle is of grenadine, trimmed with a ruffle of the same, and a band of English crêpe. Shirred grenadine collar. Bonnet of black straw, with black feathers.

FIG. XI.—DRESS, OF BLACK SURAH SILK, TRIMMED WITH BLACK SPANISH LACE, FOR HALF MOURNING. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two knife-plaitings. The front is very much gathered. The drapery at the sides (which comes up on the hips, over the edge of the bodice) is trimmed with the Spanish lace; at the back it falls in puffs, and where it meets at the top, there is a bow of black watered ribbon. The collar and cuffs are formed of Spanish lace, put on plain. Bonnet of gray chip, trimmed with gray shaded feathers. Gray gloves.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR, worn over a skirt of almond-colored silk, trimmed with five full flounces. The camel's-hair skirt is cut away in front, and falls plain in a *redingote* style at the back. It is scalloped all around. The pockets are large and square. The small cape is scalloped as well as the pockets. The bodice is double-breasted, and fastened with light-brown buttons. An almond-colored silk sash passes around the waist, and ties low down in front. Cream-colored chip bonnet, with tearoses and brown leaves.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE, stitched and embroidered with white. The skirt falls in wide plaits. Princess bodice, with square tunic falling at the back, and embroidered in small figures in white in the corners. The large collar is stitched in white.

FIG. XIV.—SPRING BONNET, OF LEGHORN, faced with black velvet, fastened with black lace strings, and trimmed with sulphur-colored surah, and sulphur-colored feathers.

FIG. XV.—SILK FAN, with Japanese decorations, and a monogram interlaced with a branch of palm.

FIG. XVI.—SLEEVE FOR SUMMER-DRESS, gathered at the top and at the wrist in three puffings.

FIG. XVII.—HAT, OF WHITE STRAW, trimmed with white surah and crimson roses.

FIG. XVIII.—PARASOL, OF BLACK STRIPED SATIN. The handle has a bird perched on the end.

FIG. XIX.—PARASOL, OF BROCADED SILK, trimmed with lace, and with a bow on the top, to match the principal color in the brocade.

FIG. XX.—COLLARETTE, formed of two rows of Spanish lace, falling below a narrow collar of the same lace. Black velvet bow.

FIG. XXI.—HAT OF WHITE STRAW, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with daisies and white ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We spoke at length last month with regard to the newest materials and colors for spring. Sateens have all the finish of the handsomest foulards, and when first made up, look as well. Those on a white ground, with small, gay bouquets or single flowers sprinkled over them, are exceedingly dressy, and with care can be worn two summers to look well.

*White Muslins* will be very popular the coming season, trimmed with eyelet-hole embroidery, as well as with Hamburg embroidery. As to all washing-dresses, if they are made in a very elaborate manner; but great care should be

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taken as to wearing them; for they seldom look as well after coming from the laundry.

*Combination Dresses* (that is, when they are made up with a skirt different from the rest of the dress) are still fashionable, though the plain material is not so frequently used for this purpose as it has been for two or three years past.

*Lawns*, with large spots like moons, are very dressy. Sometimes the grounds are white, with colored moons; sometimes of a light shade, with moons of a darker shade. One exquisite lawn was of soft apple-green mull, with forest-green moons on it. White lawns, or mulls, that are as soft as cobwebs, have large pansies, carnations, roses, etc., sprinkled over them.

*Ginghams* are as beautiful and almost as silky-looking as many of the summer silks, and when trimmed with white embroidery are very stylish.

*Mantles* are more dressy-looking than jackets, and are made long or short, much trimmed or little trimmed, just as the fancy dictates. Camel's-hair, cashmere, cheviot, or silk are used. The fronts are often loose and square, falling over the arms like sleeves, and are cut in at the waist, at the back sloping out below the waist, so as to fall easily over the tournure.

*Bonnets* have scarcely altered in shape since last year. The small capote is the most usually becoming to those who have passed their youth, though women of all ages still wear the large bonnet. Flowers are much worn; but not so large as those of last year; small, fine flowers in clusters or trails are the most popular, though not so stylish or becoming, we think, as the larger kind, of a natural size.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

BOIS DES PETITS CHAMPS.

We have very lovely materials, this spring, particularly in silk gauzes; which, once fashionable, became then neglected, but now seem destined to a fresh lease of favor. They come watered, in all the light, delicate shades, as well as in black, chestnut-brown, and myrtle-green. Gauzes are also shown with plain grounds, sprinkled at wide intervals with very large round satin spots, of the same color as the groundwork. Then there is another style, with the spots smaller and closer together; and finally a third style, with the spots the size of a ten-cent piece, and very thickly strewn over the groundwork. These three patterns will be used in the same dress, the underskirt being made of the large-patterned fabric. Over that will be placed a draped overskirt, in two divisions; the upper half being the smallest-sized spot, and the lower the pattern of the second size. The corsage will be composed of plain gauze or satin. Or else the overskirt will be made entirely of the second-sized pattern, and the smallest-sized dot will be employed for the corsage. This novel fashion admits, as will be seen, of a variety of arrangements and groupings.

Cashmere, in combination with watered silk, forms the material for the new woolen suits of the season. The short cashmere overskirt is raised very high in front, so as to show a handsome box-plaited underskirt of watered silk; the cashmere draperies falling very low at the back, so as just to show a finger's-breadth plaiting of watered silk around the hem. The corsage of cashmere may be set with bows of watered silk at the throat and wrists, or may have a vest and wide cuffs of that material. The first style is the newest and most youthful. Spanish lace, in wide, full ruffles, is often set on the overskirt in front, so as to give a richer and more fully trimmed appearance to the dresses. Three ruffles of finger-wide lace are often used in this manner. White suits, in these combinations, are very pretty, and are much used by young girls for evening-dresses or bridesmaid's dresses. Now that box-plaiting has come into vogue again, there is a talk of reviving tarletane, as a material for party-dresses for young ladies. English tulle is also employed for the same purpose. It is a much firmer and stronger fabric than the French tulle, which tears and crushes like paper.

Amongst the newest walking-dresses are those composed of a long, straight redingote of light lady's-cloth, cut open in a long square in the skirt-front, and with double-breasted corsage-front, closed with polished gilt or silver buttons. This garment is worn over an underskirt, on watered or plain silk, matching the coat in color. Sometimes the underskirt is in a darker tone than that of the coat, chestnut-brown watered silk being used with a coat of beige-colored cloth. The exact match is newer and in better taste.

The flat knife-plaitings are going out of fashion, shirred or gathered ruffles and box-plaitings taking their place. The new summer silks have small lines on a white ground, sometimes crossing each other to form pin-checks, and in other instances forming pin-stripes. These silks are made with the skirt covered with a series of flounces, each headed with two rows of shirring, and edged with a narrow, flat plaiting.

The old-fashioned mantle, in ruffles of lace, with the sides coming over the arms, and falling in wide, rounded ends in front, has been re-introduced.

Knots of inch-wide pale-pink watered ribbon, placed amid the ruffles of black lace, on the corsage of an elegant toilette of black grenadine or black satin, set off and enliven the dress in exquisite fashion.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SPRING COSTUME, OF MIXED TWEED. The knickerbockers are short, and the Norfolk jacket has a wide collar. Scotch cap.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF FINE STRIPED WOOLEN MATERIAL, OF DOVE-COLOR, RED AND GREEN. The skirt is made plain, with a Princess bodice and tunic, turned up and looped at the back. The cuffs and collar are of dove-colored satin, the collar forming a kind of hood at the back, opening over a shirred satin piece.

FIG III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF FAWN-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The bottom is trimmed with three gathered ruffles. The front and back are gathered into a yoke, and shirred at the waist. The sleeves are also shirred at the wrist.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE GIRL'S BONNET, OF BROWN STRAW, trimmed with two shades of brown ribbon.


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### INSTRUMENTAL.

**Marches.**—Boccaccio; Defile Military; Evans' Grand; Fatinitza; Garfield's Funeral; Hobart Pasha's; Jolly Tar's; Mascot; March Impromptu; My Native Home; Nancy Lee; Napoleon's; Soldier and Sailor; Strogoff; Swedish Wedding; Waves of the Ocean; Wedding.

**Waltzes.**—Always or Never; Beautiful Blue Danube; Bella; Blossom; Boccaccio; Breeze of the Night; Brown Jug; Cascade of Roses; Can't Stop; Charming; Citron Blossoms; Covent Garden; Eye-Bright; First Kiss; Flower of St. Petersburgh; Gentle Spring; Gertrude's Dream; Illusion; Let's be Gay; Little Buttercup; Little Fairy; Little Sweetheart; Mascot; Man in the Moon; No, Never; One Finger; Patience; Pearls and Laces; Petit Corsair; Pinafore; Pluie de Roses; Poet and Peasant; Queen of the Fairies; Racquet; Royal Middy; Sirenes; Spelling Match; There's a Letter in the Candle; Valse in A flat; Violet; Wreath; You and I.

**Polkas.**—Beautiful Eyes; Bella Bocca; Cascade of Roses; Celestine; Farewell; Fleurette; Gliding Down the Stream; Golden Robin; Gypsy; Madam Favart; Polyanthus; Slumber, or Drowsy; Snow-Drop.

**Galops.**—Cascade of Roses; Cemah; Edna's; En Pleine Chasse; Fairy Queen; Flirtation; Florentiner; Happy Circle; Helter Skelter; Mascot; Oscar Wilde; Paul and Virginia; Pluie de Roses; Racquet; This or Nothing; Tout a la Joie; Waves of the Ocean.

**Polka Mazurkas.**—Amaranth; Belle Americaine; Cascade of Roses; Fleurs d'Amandier; Morning Bells.

**Schottisches.**—Cascade of Roses; I Hope I Don't Intrude; Little Fairy; Morning Dew; Salvini.

**Miscellaneous.**—Air a la Bourree, in G; Arabesque and La Pastorale; Autumn Frolic; Bells of the Convent; Blue Bells of Scotland; Cascade of Roses Quadrille; Carnival of Venice; Chimes of Normandy; Chinese Serenade; Come Back to Me; Consolation; Dance of Flowers; Danse des Guarany; Doll's Dream; Emmy; English May-Pole Dance; Entr' Act from Rosamonde; Everybody's Darling Gavotte; Fairest Rose, Nocturne; Family Gathering; Flower Song; Frolic of the Frogs; From a True Heart; Galete, La; Good Night; Gracieuse, La; Harmonie Divine; In Flowery Groves! Innocence; In the Sunshine; Joyfulness; Joyous Farmer; Joyous Life; Little Grandma; Little Postilion; Little Story; Little Sweetheart; Lotta's Favorite; Mascot Quadrille; Melody in F; Midsummer Pleasures; Musette; Monastery Bells; Mountain Stream; Nancy Lee Transcription; Nid d'Oiseaux Reveillé; Old Oaken Bucket; On Parade; On the Meadow; Pastoral; Patience Potpourrie; Peace of the Heart; Petite Tyrolienne; Pink; Pirates of Penzance; Priere du Matin; Pure as Snow; Rustic Pleasures; Sailor's Farewell; Shweet Leetle Girl's Dance; Secret Love Gavotte; Shepherd Boy; Spring Morning; Strawberries and Cream; Summer Breezes; Summer Ramblings; Tar's Farewell; Tendre Fleur; Toreador's Song; Trumpeten Serenade; Turkish Patrol; Tyrolienne.

**Four Hands.**—Beauties of Paradise Polka; Beauties of Paradise Schottische; Beauties of Paradise Polka Mazurka; Beauties of Paradise Galop; Beauties of Paradise Quadrille; Beauties of Paradise Waltz; Caprice Minuet; In Sympathy; New Year's Greeting; Petit Carnival Schottische; Two Companions Redowa.

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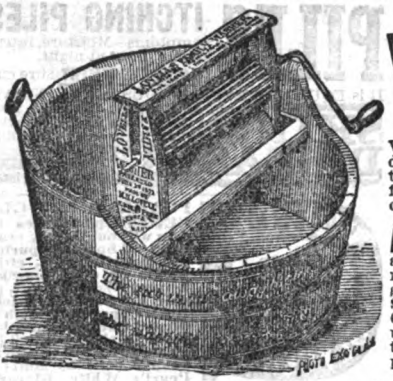

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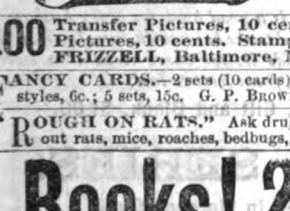


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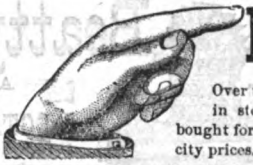

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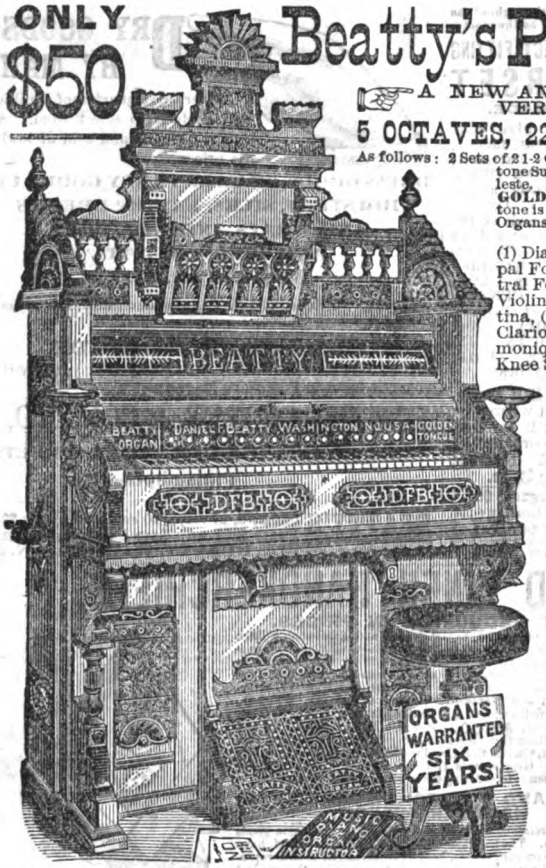


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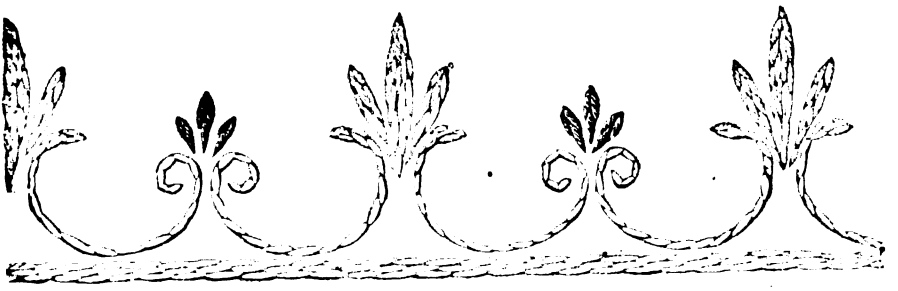

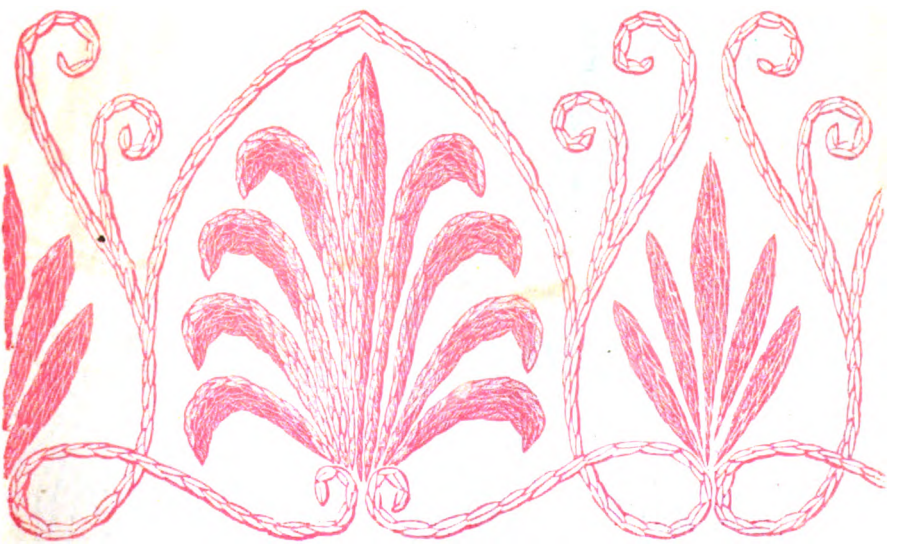

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GREEK ORNAMENTAL EMBROIDERIES.

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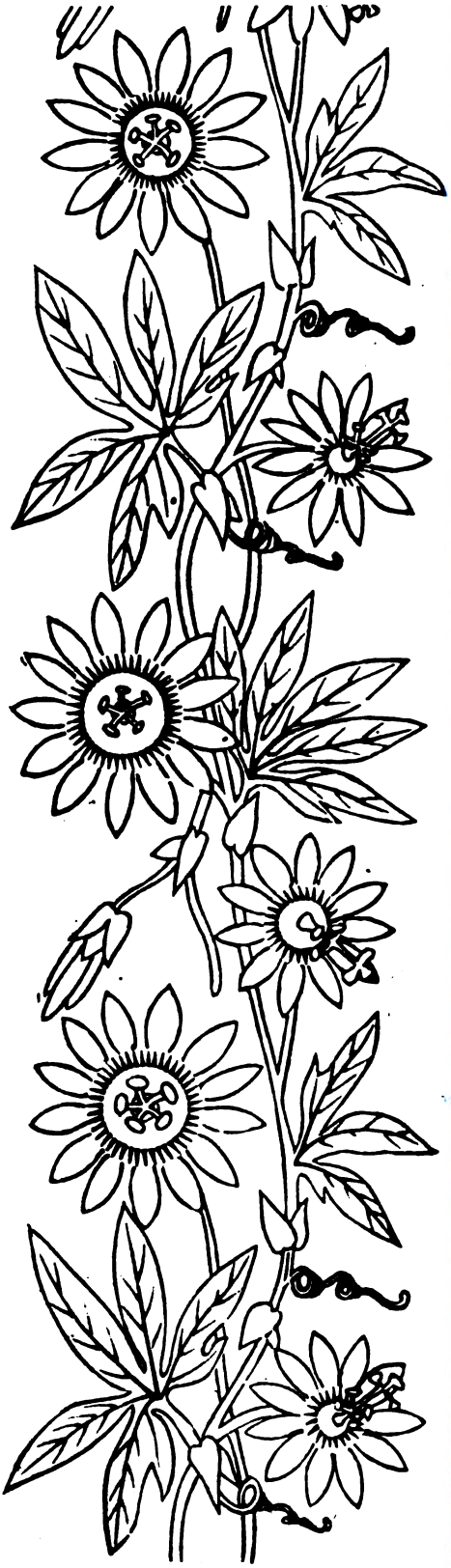

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THREE SWEDISH GIRLS [*See "Six Weeks in Scandinavia."*]

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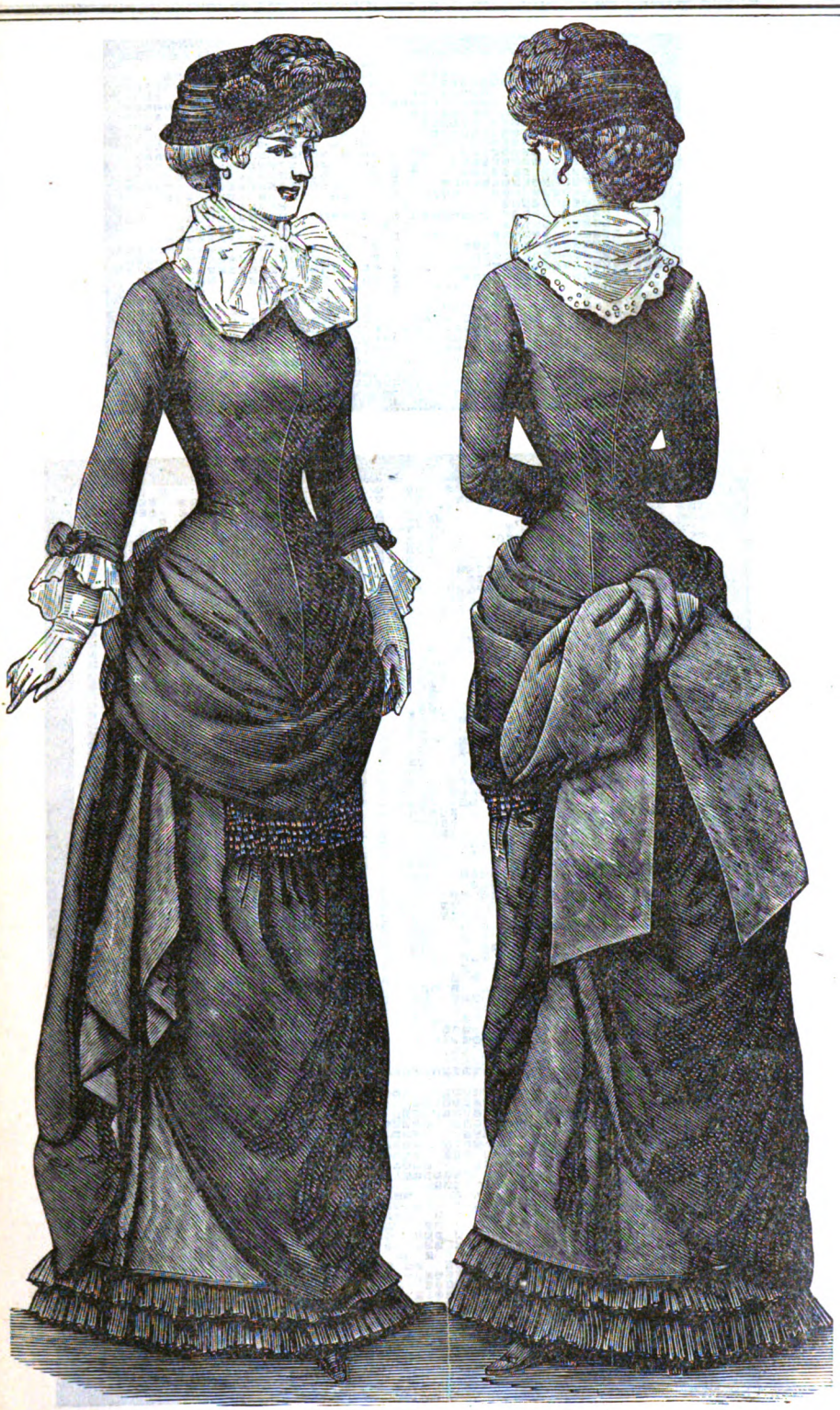

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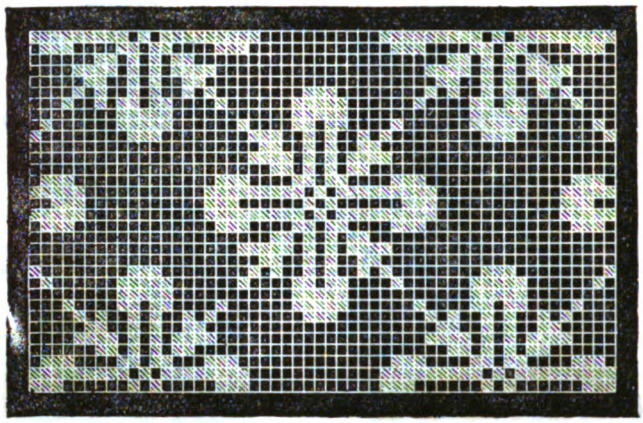

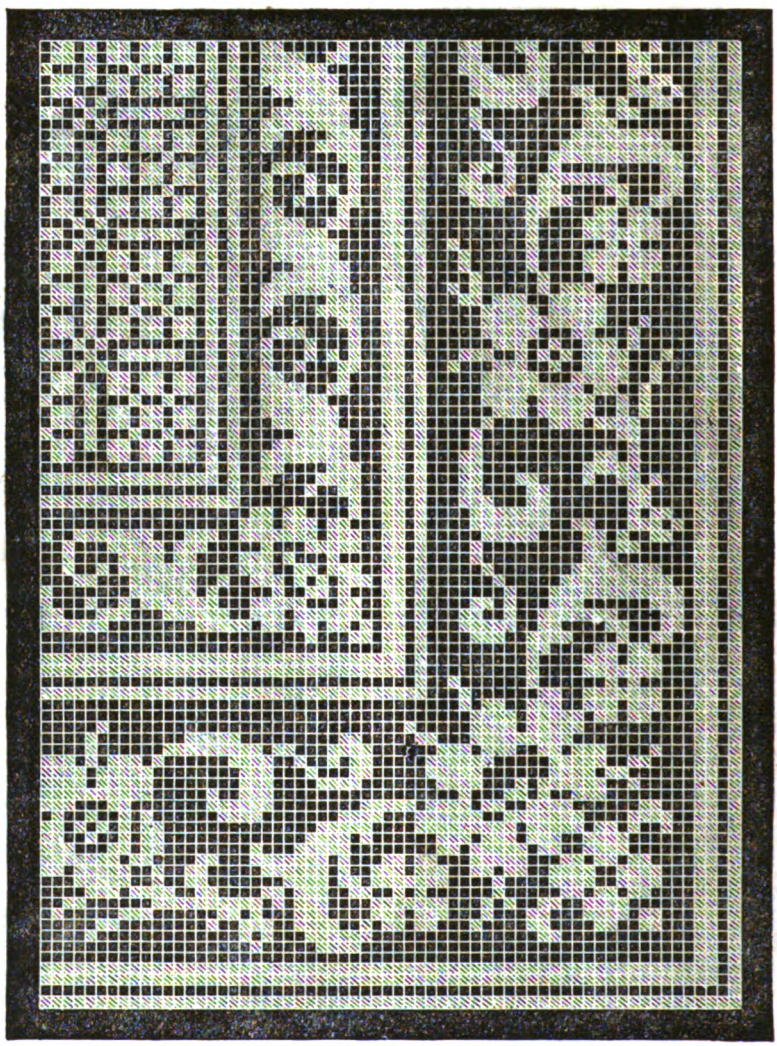

DESIGN FOR TIDY ON JAVA CANVAS: ONE-QUARTER. A SIMPLER DESIGN.

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DANTE AND SHAKESPEARE SCREEN. NAME FOR MARKING.

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# THE FARMER AND THE PIGEONS.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

W. TAUBERT.

*Vivo grazioso.*

*leggiero.*

1. A Pi - geon-house the far - mer had, Out of it twen - ty
2. The Far - mer thinks, oh! they will wait, But off they flew, he
3. O, far - mer homeward bend thy staff, The pi - geons at thee

*p*

pi - geons fled; How will he ev - er catch . . . . . .
came too late, They will not let him catch . . . . . .
on - ly laugh, And will not let thee catch . . . . . .

*p*

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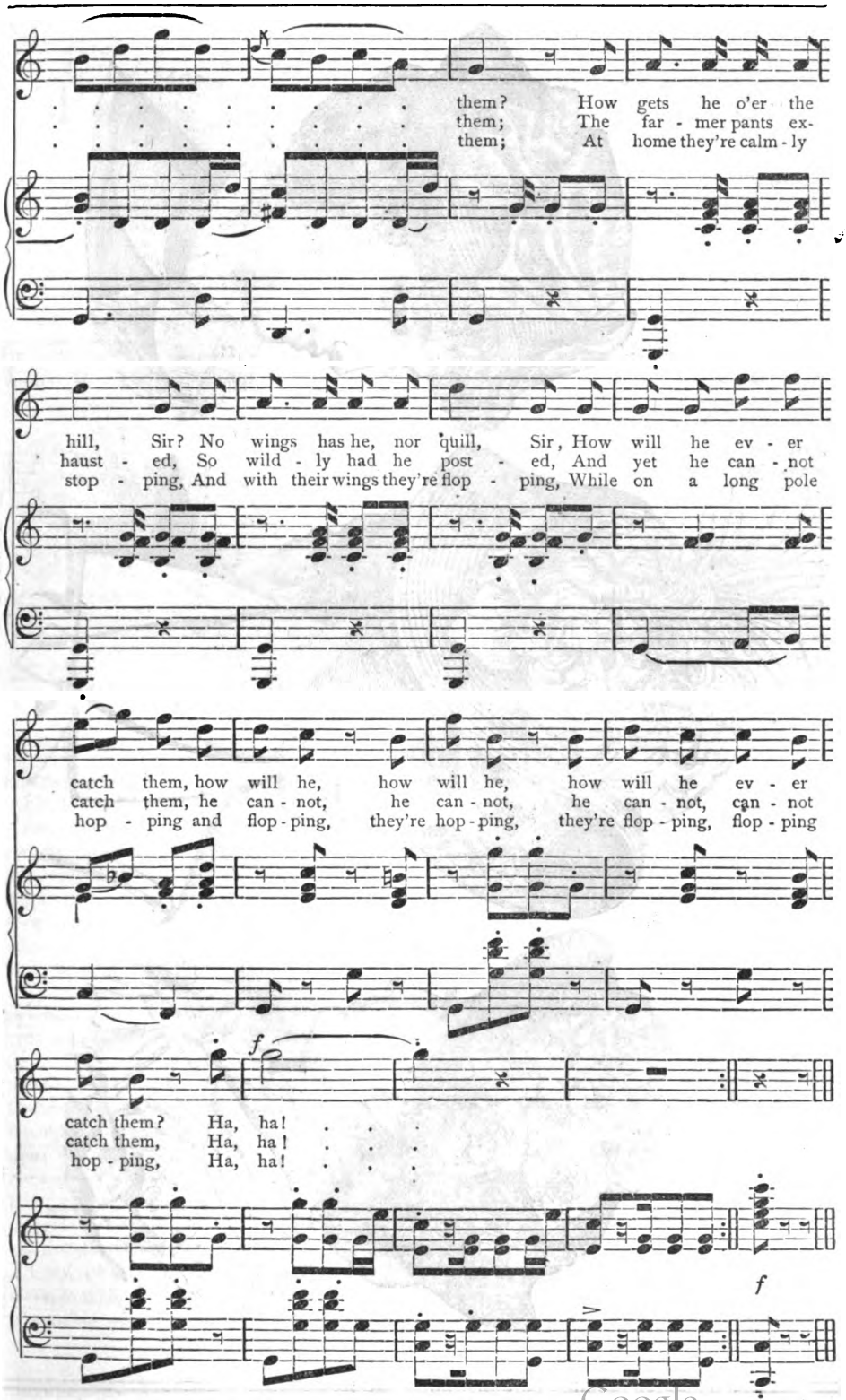


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NEWEST STYLES FOR SPRING AND SUMMER HATS.

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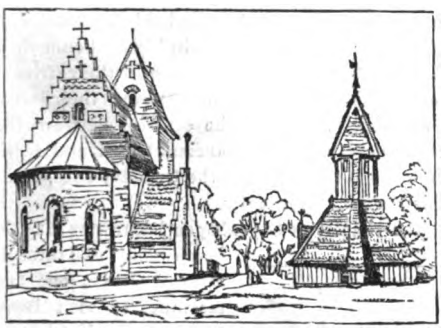
# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXI. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1882. No. 5.

## SIX WEEKS IN SCANDINAVIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WEEK IN JERUSALEM," ETC., ETC., ETC.



CHURCH OF OLD UPSALA, SWEDEN.

THE summer after my tour in the Orient, I found myself in London, on my way home, but with six weeks to spare before the Parthia sailed for Boston. "Why not take a run," I said to myself, "through Scandinavia?" In other words, through Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

For I knew that the Scandinavians, of all the various branches of the great Teutonic family, had been, from time immemorial, the freest as a people, the most independent individually, and altogether the most adventurous. With them originated the town organization, or township: that political unit which is the corner-stone of republican institutions. They furnished those bold Varangians, who, for so many generations, upheld the decaying empire of Byzantium. They sent forth the Ruricks, who founded the throne of the Czars. They gave birth to the far-famed Vikings. They created, so to speak, through Rollo and his followers, the Norman race: one of the few of the really great master races of the world. Finally, they colonized Iceland; pushed westward to Greenland; and discovered Vinland or Narragansett Bay, centuries before Columbus was born.

I arrived at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, at midnight, in a drizzling rain, wet, tired, thoroughly out of spirits. I awoke, the next morning, to find all this changed. The skies were as blue as those of Italy. The atmosphere was exhilarating. The streets were alive with gay and bustling throngs, imparting something of their own animation to me. The very great resemblance which the Danes, as a race, bear to Americans, struck me particularly; and this impression was deepened, the further I penetrated into Scandinavia. The truth is, there is more Norse blood in us Yankees than is generally supposed.

A short walk from my hotel took me to the town hall, with its celebrated dragon steeple, so called because it looks as if made of the tails of gigantic dragons, twisted together in the air. The Rosenberg palace, which I next visited, built by Inigo Jones, is quite original in its treatment: pre-eminently Norse—as much Norse as the Parthenon is Greek. It is a standing proof that even the genius of that great architect had to yield to the influence of this strange land and people. Next, my steps were bent to the Museum of Antiquities, because I had been told it was particularly rich in remains of the bronze and stone ages: the Pagan days of Scandinavia. Nor was I disappointed. I realized, in this museum, that the land of the Norsemen, in the time of Odin, was, in point of civilization, what Greece had been in the age of Homer. Thor, I saw, was only another Achilles: Odin but another Jove.

From a child I had been interested in Thorwaldsen. This was not only because he was one of the greatest of modern sculptors, but also because he was of American descent. This may surprise my readers. But Thorwaldsen's remote ancestor—Snorro—had been born not twenty miles from where I myself had first seen the light. The father of Snorro had been that Thorfinn, who, according to the Icelandic annals, had set sail, A. D. 1007, from Greenland, with three ships and one hundred and twenty men, to re-



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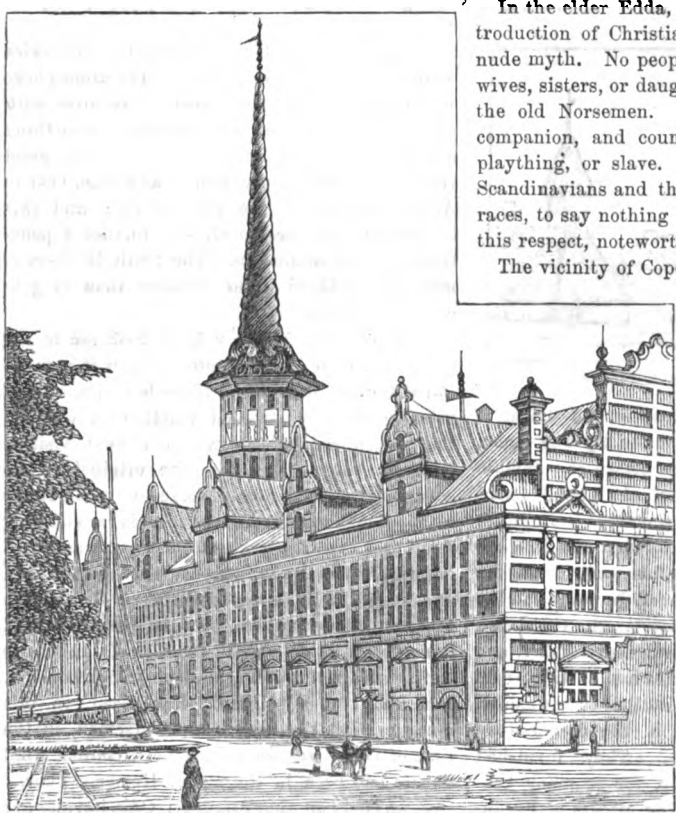
visit Vinland, which, a few years before, had been discovered by Lief and Thorstein, earlier Norse adventurers. The mother of Snorro had been Gudrida, the widow of Thorstein, whom Thorfinn had married just before he undertook this voyage. Snorro himself had been born in Vinland, probably near what is now called Taunton, in Massachusetts, and had reached the age of three years before his parents returned finally to Greenland. He lived, as the Saga says, to a good old age, and became the progenitor of a long line of eminent descendants: bishops in Iceland,



TOWN HALL, WITH DRAGON STEEPLE, COPENHAGEN.

artists and men of letters in Scandinavia proper, Thorwaldsen being one. All this made me the more anxious to see the best works of this famous sculptor; for I had been told that his best works were here in Copenhagen: and in this museum. Nor had I been misinformed. There is one room —the great hall of Christ, as it is called—that is filled with colossal figures of the apostles; and that has, as its central point of interest, a most sublime one of Christ himself.

I had never before realized the power of sculpture as an adjunct of religion. Of all sculptors, Thorwaldsen is the most Christian, and has suffered least from those sensuous Pagan influences, which seem, at first sight, inseparable from his art. Indeed, he never appears fully inspired, until he begins to handle Christian themes. His wonderful frieze of Alexander, even his Day and Night, are weak as compared with the statues in this hall of Christ. And yet, paradoxical as it may sound, he is only the more characteristically Norse in all this; for even in their heathen days, the Scandinavians, unlike all others of Pagan belief, were eminently chaste.

In the elder Edda, which is older than the introduction of Christianity, there is not a single nude myth. No people ever held their mothers, wives, sisters, or daughters in higher honor than the old Norsemen. Woman was their friend, companion, and counsellor: never their mere plaything, or slave. The contrast between the Scandinavians and the ancient Greek and Latin races, to say nothing of the Oriental ones, is, in this respect, noteworthy.

The vicinity of Copenhagen luxuriates in noble beechwoods; and through these I drove, one fine morning, to visit Roeskilde, where the kings of Denmark lie buried. This is a palace and mausoleum in one, like the Escurial; and like that, is melancholy to the last degree. It stands on the shore of a fiord, that stretches far away, in shadowy obscurity, till lost in the dim distance. Another day, I went to Elsinore, full of reminiscences of Hamlet. Near the castle, they pretend to show the brook where Ophelia was drowned. The castle itself is a gray, old-world edifice, rugged and storm-beaten, that rises on a low promontory, and keeps watch and ward over a narrow sound, which here divides Denmark from Sweden and Norway, the other component parts of Scandinavia.

From Denmark I went, first, to Norway. Here I spent a few days at Christiana, the modern capital: then I visited Thordjeim, the ancient one; and afterwards went to Bergen, one of the principal ports of trade. I traveled, more or less, also, through the country. Generally, I used the little one-horse vehicles, of which so much

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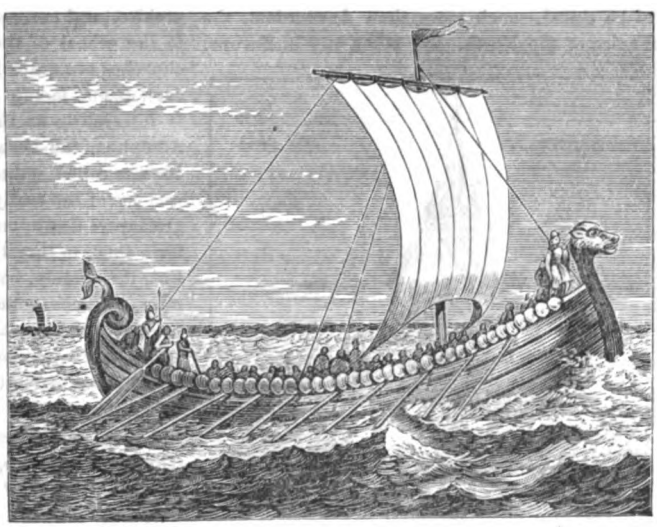
ROSENBERG PALACE, COPENHAGEN.

has been written. The principal feature of Norway, however, is the fiords: arms of the sea, penetrating far inland, and winding in and out between high, almost precipitous, mountains. But these have been so often described, that I will not tire my readers with a "thrice-told tale." It is impossible, nevertheless, to exaggerate their solemn grandeur.

A characteristic feature of Norwegian landscapes—one of the few for which they are not indebted to nature—is the curious old wooden churches, many of them dating back for centuries, of which that of Hitterdale is, perhaps, the most typical. But the thoughtful traveler is more interested in the rural population. The land in Norway, as in Sweden, is principally held in small freeholds. Of the one hundred and forty thousand farms in Norway, one hundred and thirty thousand are cultivated by their owners. These men are substantially the same in character and position as those who were once the strength and pride of England: the men who won Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt; and who, three centuries later, charged with Cromwell at Marston Moor. Primogeniture does not exist in Norway. Hence, no great families can grow up, to monopolize the soil, and so overshadow the liberties of the people. There are, as another consequence, few rich, and hardly any very poor. In fact, Norway is a republic, in all things except in name. Serfdom never existed there, even in the darkest period of the Middle Ages. Nor did, nor does, nobility. Nowhere, on the globe, do you feel, as you feel in Norway, that "a man's a man for a' that." Yet, while pride of rank is absent, pride of birth is quite general. Do not be surprised at this. The two things are quite dissimilar. Many a *bonde*, the name for a Norwegian farmer proprietor, still ploughs the acres that his ancestors ploughed in the days of Harold Harfanger. There are dwelling-houses, yet in use, that were occupied by the progenitors of their present possessors, nearly a thousand years ago. "Talk of antiquity of blood," said a member of the *Storthing* to me. "Why, no English earl, who boasts of his long descent, can rival, in that, scores of our plain farmers; the Normans themselves were descended from cadets of Norse families: the original stock was here: we are the elder branch."

The journey from Christiana to Stockholm is made by rail, in a comparatively few hours. The Swedes have been called the French of Northern Europe. If by this is meant that they are exceptionally polite, and that they are also vivacious and gay, the comparison is not out of place. They are a very handsome race: the men generally tall, with blonde hair, clear-cut features, and a



VIKING GALLEY IN FULL SAIL.

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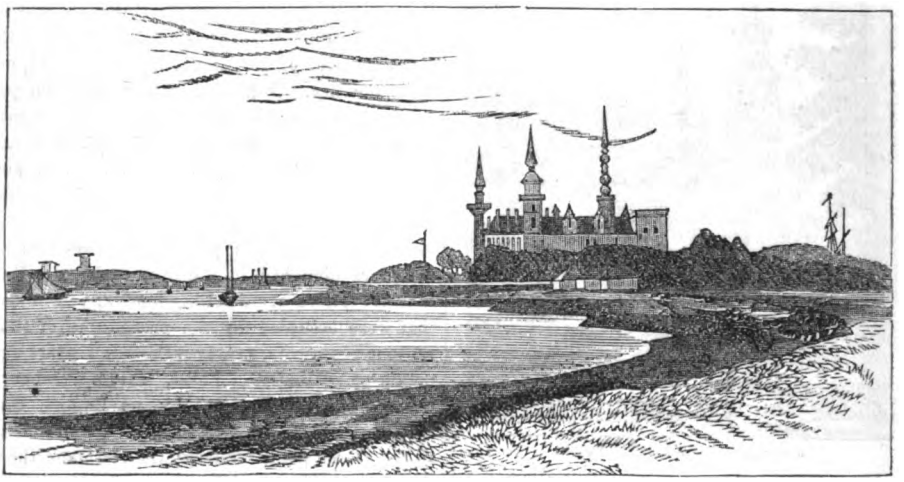
free and stately carriage; the women—many of them, at least—rarely beautiful, and all with a certain noble and frank mien that recalls the goddess Freya herself. The young girls of the province of Bleking are especially celebrated for their good looks; as much so, indeed, as those of Arles, in the south of France. Even the farmers' daughters, who stop to glance up at you as you drive by, have, with all their shyness, a certain air of dignity, the result of a fine natural combination



ELSINORE AND CASTLE, DENMARK.

of moral and intellectual qualities, that elevates all womanhood in your eyes.

The centre of the out-door life at Stockholm is in front of the royal palace, at the bridge where Lake Malar joins the Baltic. Here one sees everybody. The stir and movement is such that a traveler is reminded of the boulevards of Paris. Situated as Stockholm is, on numerous islands, the water-ways between them traversed incessantly by swift-going little steamers, it deserves to be called, much more than Amsterdam, the Venice of the North. No other city in Europe,

CHURCH OF HITTERDALE, NORWAY.

after the "bride of the Adriatic," is so picturesque. The royal palace is one of the handsomest on the continent. There are some curious old private houses, also; a few going back to the Middle Ages: several patrician ones especially, both stately and quaint; and among them that called the "Peterson Palace"—from the family that built it: and the elder branch of which still occupies it—is the most remarkable.

There are public buildings, likewise, of much architectural pretensions, most of them belonging to the school of the Renaissance. Some of the churches are quite imposing. That of the Riddarholmen, facing one of the public squares, is interesting as the burial place of Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the Thirty Years' War. He was called "the lion of Protestantism," and was one of the really great souls of the ages. His premature death, on the field of Lutzen, seemed, for a time, to threaten the liberties of the world. But, fortunately, both for freedom and for civilization, his chancellor, Oxenstiern, survived him, to carry out his plans, and bring about the triumph of religious toleration, sixteen years later, at the peace of Westphalia.

My guide to this church was a gentleman who had been one of the Commissioners to the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia. I had brought a letter of introduction to him, and he welcomed me with a cordiality that was as sincere as it was high-bred. "We Swedes," he

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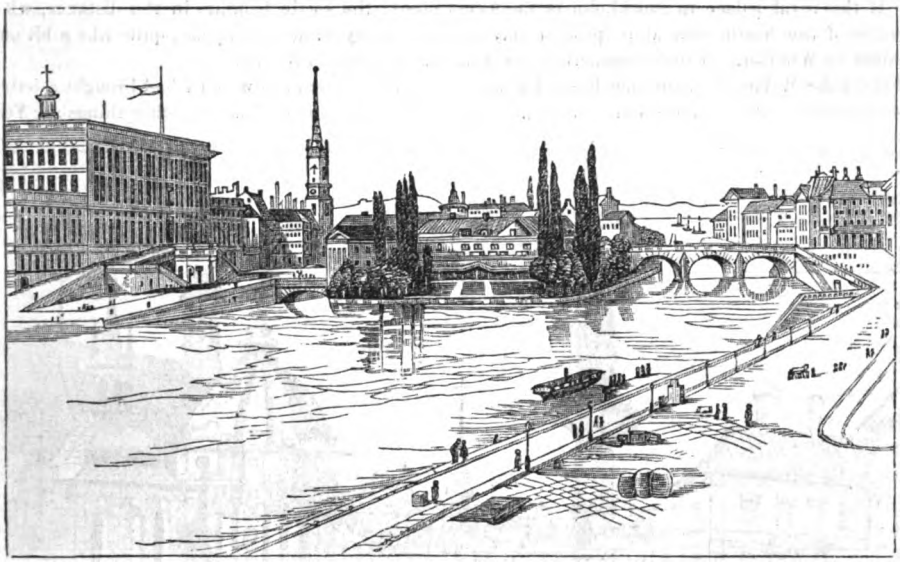


ROYAL PALACE AND BRIDGE, BY LAKE MALAR, STOCKHOLM.

said, "feel as if we owe every American a debt of gratitude."

"What for?" I answered.

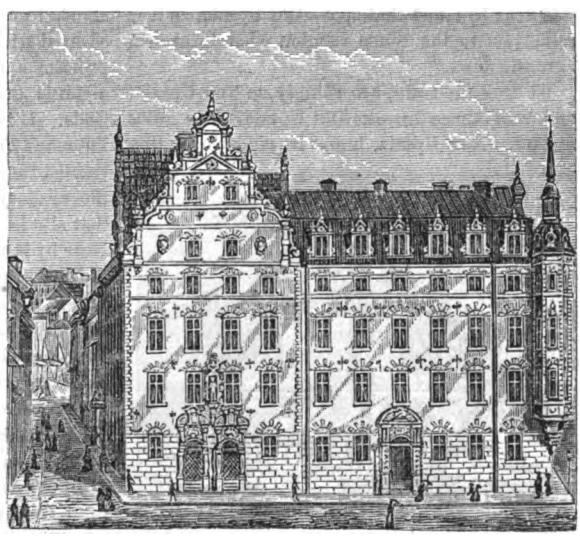
"For the excessive kindness with which, at your Centennial, we were all treated. You know," he continued, "that one of the darling projects of Gustavus Adolphus was to found a Christian colony in America. He did not live to carry out his scheme; but Oxenstiern did; and the result was the Swedish settlement on the Delaware."

"Yes," was my answer. "The colony goes back to A. D. 1639, nearly fifty years before Penn."

"It was the first colony," continued my host, "established by any European monarch, that had not, for its primary object, the purely selfish one of greed and gain. In its conception, and even execution, it was based on the loftiest Christian principles; and the immigrants, as a consequence, were a superior class: energetic, educated, God-fearing. I have read in history, that, till the English came, there was not a lock or a lawyer in the colony."

"Rather hard on the lawyers," I answered, laughing, "considering that I am one. Still, that was the fact, I believe. Nor was there ever any trouble with the Indians. All the old Swedish titles to land are based on deeds signed by the red men. Penn was, by no means, the first to deal justly with the aborigines."

"Well," said my host, "we commissioners found many of the descendants of those early Swedes still in Philadelphia: the Stilles, Petersons, Sinnicksons, and others; and received the warmest welcome from them, supplemented by the most generous hospitality. You are a Bostonian, you tell me; but you are an American, also: and we all feel, I repeat, that we cannot do too much for an American."



PETERSON PALACE, STOCKHOLM.



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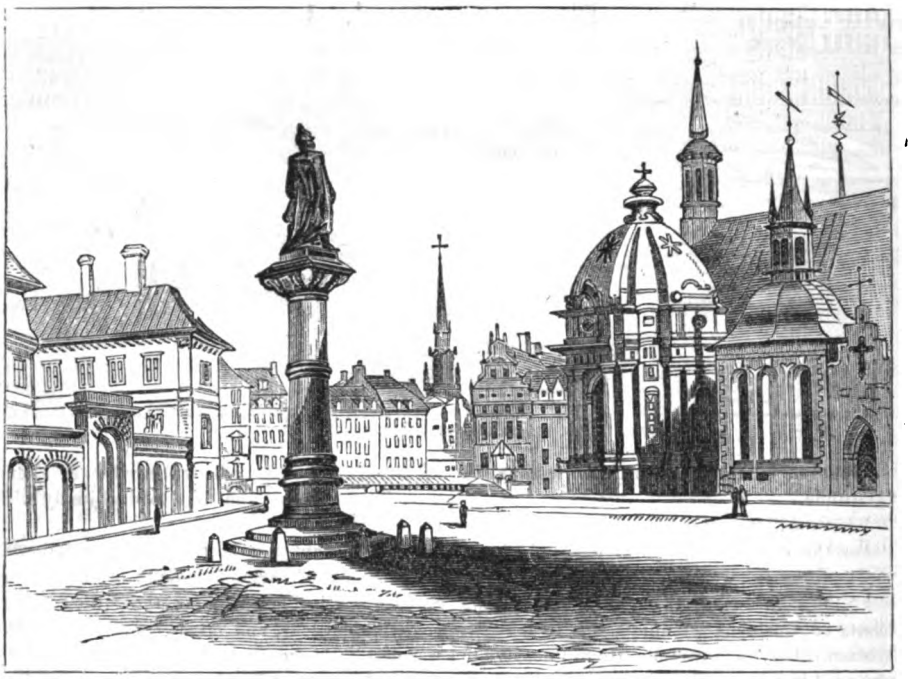
If the royal palace in Stockholm is the Versailles of the North, that at Gripsholm may be called its Windsor. A little steamer carries you down Lake Malar to it, through hushed reaches of still waters, and by forests of ever melancholy pines; the castle looking, in the distance, with its dreamy Saracenic cupolas, quite like a bit out of the Arabian Nights.

The gentleman to whom I had brought a letter of introduction said, among other things: "You must not omit to see Upsala. It is there that our great university is located. In heathen times, if tradition is to be believed, the home of Odin was near by; and that spot—Old Upsala, as it is called—is to the Norse religion what Jerusalem is to the Jews."



CHURCH OF RIDDARHOLMEN, STOCKHOLM.

We took the train, accordingly, to New Upsala, and from thence drove to Old Upsala, a few miles distant. New Upsala, however, notwithstanding its name, is more than five hundred years old. But the origin of Old Upsala is lost in the mists of antiquity. What is left of the ancient town stands in the midst of a desolate plain, which is covered with countless barrows, or huge graves, prominent among which are three of unusually gigantic proportions, called the Graves of the Gods. It is here, according to legend, that Odin, Thor, and Freya, are buried. The heathen temple, erected to them, has long since disappeared; but the memory of its site has been preserved; and that site is now occupied by a Christian church. Near by is a belfry, detached, like the campaniles of Northern Italy, but built of wood, and painted red, in a fashion peculiar to Scandinavia. The church is hardly larger than an ordinary chapel; but its architecture is characteristic; and it is certainly centuries old.

ANCIENT VIKING GALLEY.

What most impressed me, however, was the Graves of the Gods.

"Do you know," I said, "that this affects me precisely as Pæstum and Salisbury Plain? All three are the sepulchres of extinct religions; and all alike seem as desolate as if cursed of God."

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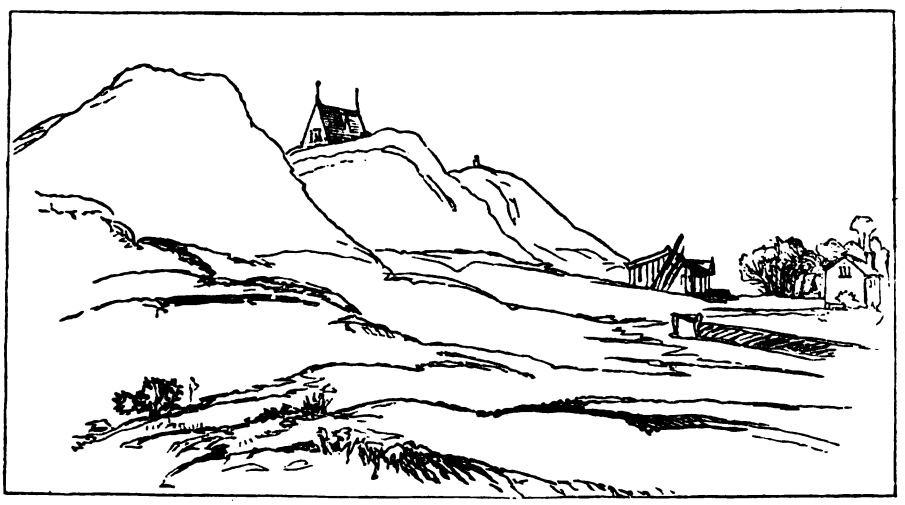
The principal edifice in New Upsala is the university, the four hundredth anniversary of which had been celebrated, a few years before my visit. Here is kept the translation of the Bible, which was made by Ulfilas, into the now extinct Gothic tongue, in the fifth century. It was the earliest of any of the translations into the languages of Western Europe. It is of course in manuscript, and is beautifully written, on parchment, in letters of silver.

In the cathedral is the tomb of Gustavus Vasa. "He was our hero-king," said my friend. "He founded modern Sweden; modern, I mean, as distinguished from mediæval. He put himself at the head of the party of the 'new learning,' as Erasmus called it. In this movement, his right-hand men were two brothers, Olaf and Lawrence Peterson, names still held dear by every lover of freedom in Sweden. They had studied under Luther, in Germany, and came home full of zeal for progress, civil, as well as religious. It was they who translated the Bible into the Swedish tongue; and their version is the one in use to-day. Olaf became chancellor of the realm; Lawrence the first Protestant archbishop. Gustavus Vasa found Sweden torn by dissensions: he left it united. He found it weak: he left it strong. He made us what we are."

I had seen, while in Norway, an old Viking galley, which had just been disinterred from a mound, where it had lain entombed for nearly a thousand years. It was about seventy feet long, by fourteen wide; was undecked; was clinker-built; had been provided with both sails and oars; and was evidently alike swift and seaworthy.

"We now know," said my friend, when I mentioned this, "what was the exact kind of ship in which Thorfinn, with Gudrida, his wife, went to Vinland. We had only guessed at it, before. Those old Vikings were really great men," he continued, "We must not call them buccaneers. That would be to try them by this century, not by their own. In reality, they were like new wine to Europe. Our best races, now, came from the infusion of their blood. The Swedish colonists," he added, enthusiastically, "who went forth to settle the Delaware, were Vikings still, though Christian ones; for they dared seas even more tempestuous, and lands still more distant and savage. They went, however, not to pillage and slay, but to preach 'good will to all men;' and what they preached, they acted out in their lives: they have hardly had their due from history."

"There is more Scandinavian blood," I answered, following up his thought, "in England and America, than is generally supposed. The lowlands of Scotland, and the northeastern counties of England, especially, are largely descended from Norsemen. Even the Angles and Jutes, who first conquered Britain, were more nearly allied to the Scandinavians than to the High Germans: their language was low Dutch, so to speak. Now the original settlers of New England were principally of Lincolnshire; where the Angles, and afterwards the Danes, made up almost the entire population. The restless energy, the go-aheaditiveness, if I may use such a phrase, which has always distinguished the Yankee, is his inheritance from his far-off Scandinavian ancestors: it is the ferment of his Viking blood."



THE GRAVES OF THE GODS, AT OLD UPSALA.

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# "MADEMOISELLE ESTELLE."

BY CATHARINE KEENE.

I HAD been abroad for several years, and had exhausted Europe, when I bethought myself that I had never seen Algiers. So I took the next train to Marseilles; and after a pleasant voyage, landed at the picturesque old Moorish town. My first business, after reaching the Hotel de France, was to inquire if my friend Hastings, who was travelling, as I knew, in Africa, was in Algiers. The answer was "no." Then I went to my room; took a bath; and at six o'clock descended to the *table d'hote*.

The long table was crowded. All nations were represented. The Babel of tongues that arose was overpowering. The major domo came forward, magnificent with his silver chain about his neck; and bowing, conducted me to a seat. As I unfolded my napkin, my eyes wandered aimlessly down the long row of faces; until, just opposite, I saw the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. She was pale—so pale that she looked like an exquisite piece of alabaster, with great dark eyes, half concealed by heavy, drooping lids, and with masses of tawny hair rippling over a broad brow, low and beautiful as Clytie's. Yet, in spite of its beauty, the face was not a pleasing one. There was something hard, almost repellant, in it; and this was heightened by a little triangular scar, which stood out distinctly among the blue veins on her forehead. She was dressed with artistic simplicity—I knew her, from that, to be a Frenchwoman—in some black, gauzy material; which veiled, without concealing, the exquisite outlines of her throat and shoulders. She wore no jewel, nor ornament of any kind.

This costume was all the more striking, in contrast with the splendor of her companion, who literally blazed with diamonds. This companion was a faded, washed-out little woman, with blonde hair and light eyes: the whole face, with its pathetic, appealing expression, the dejected pose of her figure, all expressing the total absence of character. It was evident that the brilliant creature at her side was the staff on which she leaned; for she was even unable to make her selection from the *menu*, but turned to the other for assistance.

Somehow, I had a vague idea that I had seen the little blonde before. But where? With the appearance of the dessert, the two women arose; and the little blonde, stooping, picked up from her skirts a diminutive, much-beribboned Skye terrier; and then swept out of the room.

I followed this strange pair with my eyes, wondering who they were, when I caught some remarks at my side. The speakers were two angular, ill-dressed creatures: "Englishwomen," I immediately concluded.

"One would hardly imagine Mademoiselle Estelle to be the companion, would one?" said the one next to me, with a disagreeable laugh.

"Hardly," returned the other. "More readily a princess of the blood royal. Poor Mrs. Houghton! She doesn't dare to call her soul her own. Where did she pick her up? Do you know?"

"Paris, I believe. One finds such people floating around there." With a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

I rise, indignant. "Why will ugly women," I say, "always abuse pretty ones?" I lounge into the smoking-room; look through "Le Journal;" turn over the leaves of a Murray listlessly; and then station myself at the window, and stare into the dusky night. Out in the square, lights begin to twinkle here and there, making strange shadows, which run fitfully along the whitewashed walls. Tall, turbaned figures appear suddenly in the darkness, and vanish as they came, through some unseen portal. A strange perfume comes toward me, on the soft night air. Low strains of music, floating out of the windows of the brilliantly-lighted café opposite, break the profound silence. With an effort, I arouse myself, finally; seize my hat, and stroll out on to the piazza.

As I stand on the broad steps, vaguely looking around me, I suddenly hear a low moan, which seems to come from above; and raise my eyes, just in time to see a small, woolly bunch, struggling wildly, roll from the top of the verandah, and fall to the ground beyond. I spring forward, and find the object to be the decorated Skye of an hour ago.

I pick up the miserable little creature, and try to console it. But in vain; it refuses to be comforted. I was standing, the picture of dismay, when I heard a light step behind me. It was my beauty of the *table d'hote*.

"Ah," she says, hurriedly taking the dog from my arms, "you have found Fifire. Mrs. Houghton is so frightened;" and then, bending over the little brute, she addresses the rest of her remarks to it.



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I stand stiffly, hat in hand, until she shall deign to recollect my presence; which at length she does, and says, coldly:

"Mrs. Houghton will be extremely grateful to you," and turns to go. I try vainly to explain that there were no especial grounds for gratitude; but she is gone.

My first evening in Algiers! What recollections those words bring up. I still smell the perfume of the orange-flowers; hear the splash of tiny fountains in their marble basins; and see the dark eyes glancing timidly from beneath the snowy veils. I wander around, feeling that I am no longer plain John Rivers; but Haroun Alraschid, incognito, and in search of adventure. I go to bed, in a glamour of strange sensations; and dream all night of that strange scar of Mademoiselle Estelle's.

In the morning, as soon as the decencies of life permit, I send up my card to Mrs. Houghton, with a tender inquiry as to the health of Fifire. To my delight, the waiter returns with. "Madame Houghton would be pleased to see monsieur in her *salon*, upstairs."

I follow him, and am ushered into a prettily-furnished room, on the second floor, where Mrs. Houghton awaits me, looking more faded than ever. She comes immediately forward, and offers a limp little hand for my acceptance; and says, smiling up into my face:

"I hope you are not very much shocked at being sent for so peremptorily. I recognized you from your photograph, you know; and I wanted to see you, and thank you for myself."

Utterly bewildered, I utter something about "only too glad to be of the slightest service," and craftily await further developments. She still holds my hand in hers, and looks appealingly into my face. I can't, for the life of me, remember anything about her; yet I think, still, I have seen her face somewhere. The position begins to wax embarrassing.

"Ah," says Mrs. Houghton, in her pretty, silly voice, "you don't recognize me. How shabby of you! And here I have your photograph." And seizing an album, she hastily turns the leaves, and then points to an unmistakable "John Rivers," who stares at me, lugubriously.

"After poor Tom's death," she resumes, with a half sob, "of course I kept all his photographs." Then there is a silence. Then light dawns upon me. I remember that my old chum, Tom Houghton, married a woman some years older than himself, reported to have the wealth of Crœsus. He sent me her photograph, with the wedding cards, I being in France at the time.

Only a year afterwards, I received a letter from his widow, announcing his death. This must be she.

"Can it be," I say, quickly, "that you are Tom Houghton's widow?"

"Ah," she cries, joyfully, "you know me, at last. I knew you would. Estelle said you'd think it such a bore, and didn't want me to let you know. But I would. You know, I always have my own way," and she gives a happy, low laugh.

"Indeed," I think, grimly. I feel that I am not going to like Mademoiselle Estelle, in spite of her beauty.

I express to Mrs. Houghton the proper amount of pleasure at our meeting, and our acquaintance proceeds marvellously. The little woman, overjoyed at meeting someone whom she can regard almost in the light of an old friend, unburdens her soul to me. She tells me of poor Tom's death, and how America became unendurable to her after it; so that she resolved to come abroad. Then her lungs became affected, and the doctors sent her to Algiers.

"In fact," she concluded, "I have only two interests to keep me alive—Estelle and my collection."

"Collection?" I repeat, vaguely. It seems impossible that this foolish little woman should have any purpose or aim in life.

"Yes," she repeats, animatedly, a strange expression coming into her faded eyes, "my diamonds. How I love them. They are like flesh and blood, to me."

She seems transformed. I can't realize that it is the same person. Her eyes glisten; her mouth works nervously; a bright color comes into her cheeks.

"But," I say, "what a care they must be to you. How dangerous to keep them with you, while travelling."

"No," she says, lightly. "I really have nothing to do with them. Estelle sees to all that. I don't even look at them, sometimes, for a week."

At that moment, I become conscious of someone behind me; and instinctively turn my head. Mademoiselle Estelle is standing there. How she came in, I don't know; but she is standing there motionless, her great black eyes fixed on me. Without acknowledging my bow or salutation, in any manner, she says, abruptly:

"Mr. Rivers is doubtless horrified at your trusting your valuables to a companion."

Her manner is so strange, so disagreeable, so aggressive, that at first I am speechless with astonishment. Then I say, very quietly, "Excuse me, but Mr. Rivers presumes to have no opinion whatever on the subject."



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She bows slightly and haughtily, and moves slowly across the room. She certainly repels me, in some subtle way; but how lovely she is, in her black draperies, her hands filled with crimson roses.

Little Mrs. Houghton talks on rapidly, appealing to her, every now and then. The girl answers briefly, in a clear, musical voice; never glancing in my direction, however. I really begin to feel uncomfortable. There must be something wrong about her. What her motive can be in making herself so disagreeable to me, I can't fathom. Evidently, she has tried to prevent the meeting of Mrs. Houghton and myself.

I rise to go. But Mrs. Houghton, however, urges me to remain, and lunch with them; drive with them; anything and everything, in fact. I finally get away, on condition of accompanying her to the Slipper Bazar, that evening. I make a bow in the direction of Mademoiselle Estelle, who vouchsafes me a frigid nod; and so I take my departure.

I wander out into the blazing sunshine, and make my way through crowds of picturesque Arabs and turbaned Moslems, to the "Place des Bazars." A stone colonnade surrounds the square. In its cool shade sit cross-legged Turks, with huge trays, laden down with bangles. Quaint silver ornaments and amber charms are spread out before them. Behind, on the massive stone columns, hang embroideries, glistening in gold and silver, making a brilliant background for the dark, impassive faces. The scene is fascinating, with its Oriental blaze of color; and I am leaning against a pillar, idly enjoying it, when I feel a hearty slap on my shoulder. Turning, I see an old Paris acquaintance—Harry Stone—who has but one occupation in life: which is, to turn up in unexpected places.

We shake hands, cordially.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Rivers," he says, hastily. "Your old friend Hastings is ill at Djastonk, just beyond here, and can't join you here for some days yet. He has heard of your arrival, and wants you to come to him. Poor old fellow!"

I inquire into all the particulars. "Yes, I will go," I say. "All alone? He'll die of the blues. I will start at once." Then I remember my engagement with Mrs. Houghton. I confide my dilemma to Stone. He maintains a profound silence. I then make a few diplomatic remarks as to the black eyes of Mademoiselle Estelle, when he immediately becomes profuse in offers of assistance, gleefully insisting on becoming my substitute. Together we return to the hotel, where I hurriedly make my preparations for departure; provide Stone with a letter of introduction; send up a farewell card to Mrs. Houghton; and at three that afternoon, shake the dust of Algiers off my feet.

On reaching Djastonk, I find Hastings down with malaria—the most depressed and depressing individual one can conceive of; and it is a week before he can travel. At last, however, the happy hour of deliverance came; and we mounted our mules for Algiers.

As we jogged slowly along, I suddenly thought of Mademoiselle Estelle and Mrs. Houghton; and began to speak of my suspicions of the former.

"Describe her to me," he said, when I had finished; "and as minutely as you can."

Something in his tone struck me as peculiar, and I looked quickly at him. He was staring straight ahead, his cigar held tightly between his teeth; and it seemed to me that a strange pallor had come over his face.

I obeyed him; and said, in conclusion: "Then, on her forehead, she has the most singular scar—a perfect triangle."

As I said this, he gave a perceptible start, and turned his head quickly aside.

"Decidedly," thought I, "there is something queer here. Hastings knows her."

We rode on, in silence, for awhile. Then Hastings spoke.

"Mrs. Houghton did not tell you where she met her?" said he.

"No," I reply.

At that moment, the road turns sharply; and Algiers lies before us. The last rays of the setting sun linger still on the gilded roofs of the mosques, and cast a purple light on the marble walls of the old Moorish palaces. Everything seems strangely silent, as we wend our way through the narrow streets, in the fast-deepening twilight. At length, we reach our hotel.

Hastings seems strangely tired, as I help him down from his mule, and up the steep stairs to his room. He decides that a good night's rest is the best restorative; and bundles me off, with a "Find that crazy Stone, old fellow, and get all the news. Come in for your last smoke."

I go to the dining-room, which I find almost deserted. Presently, Stone saunters in. I ask him for news.

"News?" he repeats, dismally. "There is none in this beastly hole. Oh! yes. But of course you've heard. You know about Mademoiselle Estelle?"

"How should I?" I reply, curtly. "I've just got back."

"Well," he says, "a long-legged Englishman has appeared upon the scene. He looks like a

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choice combination of a jockey and a black-leg. They're inseparable, he and Mademoiselle Estelle. He goes by the sweet name of Albert Conyngham. Probably his real name is Snooks." And he gives a contemptuous sniff.

"How does Mrs. Houghton like the position of affairs?" I ask, curiously.

"Poor little woman," answers Stone, pitifully. "It's a confounded shame for her to be thrown with such a lot: she's a perfect child. I don't believe in your Mademoiselle Estelle. As for the Englishman, I wouldn't trust him with my spoons."

"A fine state of things," I think, to myself; and Tom Houghton's manly face rises up before me; and I make up my mind to look out for his foolish little wife, if she will only let me.

So I propose to Stone that we pay our respects to Mrs. Houghton, that evening; and after our cigars, we stroll upstairs to her little parlor. As we near the door, Stone says, with a laugh: "Upon my word, I believe you've an eye on the little widow's diamonds; they're worth your while. Conygham says—and of course he's a judge—that her collection is the finest outside of the peerage."

A voice says, "Come in," and we enter. At one of the windows, half hidden behind the curtain, sits Mademoiselle Estelle, looking more beautiful than ever, as she leans gracefully back in a crimson-satin chair, her white dress falling in graceful folds around her. Half behind her, and leaning over her shoulder, stands a man, with a face I instantly dislike. It is not a vulgar face, as I expected from Stone's description. On the contrary, there is a certain refinement in its clear-cut features; and the blonde moustache is conventionally correct—at least, in its cut.

Mrs. Houghton is nowhere to be seen. Mademoiselle comes forward to meet us; but she greets me with the most formal bow, while to Stone her manner is almost cordial. Stone bows distantly to her companion, and as mademoiselle shows no intention of presenting me to him, he does. The man moves towards me, and we shake hands, as it were under protest. As he comes under the light, I realize the truth of Stone's description; for he is attired with such gorgeousness, in some kind of checked material of the most remarkable pattern, that I say he is a "cad" at once. Jewelry, too, and of every kind, is scattered prodigally over his spacious person. Our eyes meet, fairly, for the first time. In his, I read concealed dislike. I return it, with interest. Finally he turns away. My uneasy feelings grow stronger. Without the slightest cause for suspicion, I have a conviction that something wrong is on foot, and that we are on the eve of a catastrophe. Absurd, you think. Because a pretty girl has a scar on her forehead, and doesn't happen to like you; and because the pattern of her lover's trousers is too large. But never mind.

I ask Mademoiselle Estelle if Mrs. Houghton will see us. She replies, coldly, that she will ascertain, and moves slowly towards a portière, which separates Mrs. Houghton's bedroom from the salon. We hear ejaculations of delight, a rustle of drapery, and Mrs. Houghton appears. As she catches sight of me, she utters little ejaculations of pleasure, and seems so delighted to see me, that I feel ashamed of my lukewarm feelings towards her.

She installs us comfortably near an open window, and proceeds to question me about my journey. There is little to tell about that, so the subject is quickly exhausted. Then we talk about people and places. While speaking of Paris, Mrs. Houghton says, inadvertently:

"It was there, you know, that I met Estelle."

"No?" I reply, carelessly. "Was it? I thought you were very old friends."

"Oh, dear, no," she answered, cautiously, glancing timidly over to the other window. "I met her at the Grand Hotel, poor child. She was so friendless; and I, too, was alone in the world. You don't know what it is to be alone."

Her voice trembled, and great tears stood in her eyes.

The whole thing seems plain as day. This simple, warm-hearted little woman, wandering around the world by herself, meets, in Paris—that rendezvous of adventurers—one who works upon her sympathies with a pitiful story, and this is the result. Horrible forebodings come over me.

I put out my hands, impulsively, with "Don't say alone, now that you've met Tom's oldest friend."

She puts both of her hands into mine, and answers, gratefully, "How good you are to me."

Stone looks up, quizzically.

"I believe the fellow really thinks I am going in for her diamonds," I think, with horror.

In my confusion, as I look down on the pretty hand, still in mine, I say the first thing that comes into my head:

"What a beautiful diamond that is, Mrs. Houghton—this larger one, I mean!"

"Yes," she said, simply. "I have another just like it; but I want a third for a pendant."

"Well," interrupted Stone, "I am sure that you can get it here. There is a most wonderful place, kept by an old Turk, celebrated all about the world."

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"Really," she exclaims, delightedly, "I'll go, to-morrow."

"No," said Stone, "I wouldn't do that. See if he won't come to you. It isn't a place ladies go to."

"Oh," she sighs, "what a shame." Then an idea strikes her.

"But why can't you and Mr. Rivers be gallant, and do it for me? I will give you the one I have unset. You can match it, and let me know the price."

Without waiting for a reply from us, she calls out, "Estelle, child, will you get me my stone like this? No! get me all."

Estelle rises. As I look at her, I see that she is deadly white. She moves, reluctantly, towards the door; then she pauses.

"Are you sure, Mrs. Houghton," she says, in a peculiar voice, "that it is safe, so late at night? There may be thieves about. Someone may be looking."

Mrs. Houghton laughs. "Nonsense," she says. "We're honest, and we'll draw the curtains."

Without further protest, Estelle goes; and in a few moments, reappears, bearing a large steel casket, which she places on the table, and hands the key to Mrs. Houghton.

She unlocks it, and throws back the lid.

A blaze of light greets us, as we look down on a mass of diamonds, sparkling and twinkling in the light.

Stone and myself stand bewildered at so much wealth. Then the danger this fragile little woman runs, travelling with such jewels, wearing them so recklessly, comes over me; and I say:

"My dear Mrs. Houghton, you don't realize what a fearful risk you run, in a hotel, with such diamonds as these. Why not send them to your bankers? It really is frightfully dangerous to keep them in your room."

My earnestness affects her; for she looks at me for an instant, and then says, "I don't know but what you are right. I think I will, to-morrow. So, to-night,"—with a laugh—"I will say good-bye to my darlings. Here, Estelle, let me put them on you. You are the right kind of woman for diamonds, not poor, insignificant me." And leaning over her, she kissed her.

A hard look came into the girl's eyes. She stood rigidly quiet, making no response to Mrs. Houghton's caress. Mrs. Houghton then took a necklace of gems, clear as dewdrops, and clasped it around the slender throat; next, she placed a shining coronet on the haughty head; rings on the slender fingers; earrings in the little pink ears: and then, standing off, she turned to Stone and myself.

"There," she exclaimed, "isn't she a queen?"

It was a strange picture. Estelle stood quietly, as if carved in marble, her hands clasped tightly in front of her, diamonds sparkling and twinkling all over her.

"A queen," I thought, with a shudder: "but a queen who would order all her subjects to execution."

The scene was disagreeable to me, and I turned to Stone.

"I must leave you, Stone, I'm afraid," I said. "If you will take Mrs. Houghton's diamond, I will go and look after Hastings."

I was looking at him, as I spoke; but as I uttered the name of Hastings, I heard a half gasp, half sob, from Mademoiselle Estelle.

I turned, quickly. She was grasping the arm of a chair; and out of her white face her great eyes stared at me, with a wild, hunted look. Mrs. Houghton, in an instant, was at her side.

"Are you ill?" she asks, affectionately.

"It is nothing," Estelle replies, with an effort; "only a momentary faintness. I am perfectly well." And indeed she seemed to be so, for she walked firmly over to the window, and stood there looking out into the darkness.

Mr. Conyngham, who had not opened his lips all this time, followed her immediately; and they talked in low whispers.

I made my appointment with Stone for the following morning; said good-night to Mrs. Houghton; and then went to Hastings' room. Cautiously looking in, I saw he was asleep. So I had to smoke a solitary cigar. My last thought, that night, was, "I'd give a good deal, if Mrs. Houghton were safe on the other side of the broad Atlantic."

The following morning, I meet Stone in the breakfast-room; and we start off to execute Mrs. Houghton's commission: first, however, I send up word to Hastings that he had better not put in an appearance until my return.

We go through all kinds of queer alley-ways, crooked lanes, and tumble-down archways; and finally we bring up before an old Moorish building. The door is protected with a huge iron grating. On one side is a bell, which Stone rings. A turbaned head immediately appears.

"Is the master within?" Stone asks. The reply is "yes." The grating swings back, and we walk into an open courtyard, paved in marble. A large fountain is playing in the centre. Orange trees, in full blossom, load the air with their fragrance. Fluted columns, at the four corners, support carved balconies, which are filled with bright-hued flowers.

Our guide walks quickly, in his slippered

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feet; and we have but an instant to look around us. We pass through the courtyard, and then through a long stone passage-way. Then our guide pauses in front of a door, at which he gives a respectful tap.

"*Entrez*," comes in French. We go in.

It is a small room, with a low ceiling, carved with the most wonderful skill. The walls are hung in silks of brilliant hues. Low divans, covered with rich embroidery, surround three sides of the room. On the fourth side is what seems to be a huge safe, with massive locks of curious workmanship. In the middle of the room is a table, on which stand glasses, sweetmeats, wine, and coffee.

Coming in out of the bright sunshine, it is hard to see anything, at first, in this dim light. Finally, I observe that there is a man on the further divan; and then I distinguish his face and form. He is dressed in Turkish costume; and is seated cross-legged, smoking his noonday chibouk. A wizened, dried-up little face he has; eyes brimming over with curiosity and intelligence. Stone explains our errand. I, somewhat astonished at this novel kind of a shopkeeper, stand modestly in the background.

The old Turk graciously motions for us to seat ourselves, and then offers us refreshments. All these preliminaries over, Stone produces the diamond.

"A lady," he says, "wishes to match this, if possible."

The Turk takes the stone in his slender, brown fingers, and turns it over and over.

"She would like to know," continues Stone, "what you would demand for a stone of this size and brilliancy."

The little diamond merchant peers up at him, from beneath his bushy eyebrows, and says, an amused gleam in his eyes:

"But monsieur knows, of course, that this is not a genuine stone?"

"Nonsense," says Stone, "none of that. My friend bought it in London, and paid four thousand dollars for it."

"Your friend," answered the merchant, handing back the stone, "sold me the original, and I had this made for her. It is, of course, an exact copy; but it is not a diamond."

The man was evidently telling the truth. There was no doubt of it. Stone and I stare at each other, in stupefaction; then I have an idea.

"Describe her," I say, excitedly: "the friend."

"Eyes like stars, hair like the night, teeth of pearls, and a wound here," he adds, tapping his forehead.

"Come, quickly," I say, to Stone. "We haven't an instant to lose. It's robbery, certainly, if not worse. To the hotel."

We dash through the narrow streets, in frantic haste. Inwardly, I am convinced that it will be of no use; for of course suspicion has been aroused. A walk of twenty minutes is still before us, when we see, coming down upon us, one of the native carts; the driver shouting and whipping his mules furiously.

On the back seat sits Mademoiselle Estelle. By her side is the Englishman. The street is so narrow that Stone and myself have to flatten ourselves against a house, to let the cart go by.

"Where are they going?" asks Stone, blankly, as the cart rattles out of sight.

The whistle of a departing steamer answers him. We go on to the hotel. I ring for Mrs. Houghton's maid.

"Where is your mistress?" I say.

"Asleep," she answers, promptly. "Madame gave orders not to be disturbed until she rang."

"Call me, when she awakes," I say, sternly. Frightened out of her wits at my voice, she goes upstairs.

I turn to find Hastings. I knock at his door. There is no answer. I knock again. Then, alarmed, I open the door. I see Hastings seated at a table, his face buried in his hands. As I enter, he looks up. I see his face.

"Heavens!" I cry. "My dear fellow, you are ill. What has happened?"

"Only this, John," he replies, quietly: "she is gone. I warned her. I loved her, years ago; and I could not see her detected and imprisoned."

"Her?" I gasp. "Mademoiselle Estelle, do you mean? Who is she? What is she?"

"An adventuress," he replies, with a groan, "and a thief. I knew her in Paris, years ago—how I loved her! I would have given her my heart's blood. Well, she took all I had—but that—and left me. First, however,"—he laughed, bitterly—"she tried to kill me. You remember the scar on her forehead? I gave her that, trying to defend myself. When I found out, this morning, that it was she, I wrote her a line, warning her to escape while she could; and by this time, she must be on the steamer, and out of reach." His head fell down into his hands again; and as he finished, his whole frame shook with emotion.

At that moment, the sound of many feet came along the corridor. "Murder! Murder!" was the cry, in a shrill woman's voice. Mrs. Houghton's maid bursts into the room, followed by a quantity of servants.

"My poor mistress," she sobs, wringing her hands. "They've killed her."

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Hastings and myself jump to our feet; and dragging her with us, rush to Mrs. Houghton's room. What a sight greets us!

Extended on the bed lies Mrs. Houghton, the blood streaming from a ghastly cut in her throat. At her side is her empty jewel-casket, her dead fingers clasping it tightly. On the other side lies Fifire, motionless: dead, like her mistress. There is no sign of a struggle. The room is in perfect order. There is nothing to be done. She has been dead for hours. Her maid cannot realize that there is no hope, and kneels by the bedside, imploring her mistress to speak.

The scene is terrible. The room, filled with its foolish knick-nacks, and feminine trinkets; while waiters and natives are staring, with hard, pitiless curiosity, on that kind, weak face, now so stern in the majesty of death. What a fate—murdered in a strange land!

The following day, with Hastings, Stone and myself as sole mourners, Mrs. Houghton was buried. There was no inquest. There is none in those countries.

As we turned away from the newly-made mound in the Stranger's Cemetery, "the pity of it" came over us all; and we sobbed like children.

That afternoon, we left Algiers; and I never intend to see the place again.

There was no pursuit of her murderers. No ocean cable, at that time, united Algiers to France. Pursuit would have been useless.

# FROM THE PAST.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

This old box, that holds the treasures
Of my girlhood's long-ago,
I have found, where once I hid it,
In the garret, quaint and low.
Then my eyes were brighter, clearer,
Not a furrow on my brow;
On my hair the sunshine glittered,
Where the snows have fallen now.

Well, I'll lift the lid, recalling
Dreams, how foolish, yet how fair!
Ah! there lies my ring—the token
Of loves's glory and despair.
Like a tide, flows back upon me
All the pain of that sad day,
When I hid its golden glimmer,
With my love and trust away.

How could jealous pride and anger
Close my heart against its own?
Shut from out my life the sunshine,
Leaving me to walk alone?
Where is he, to-day—my sweetheart?
Ah! I have not wept for years.
Now the ring brings back the heart-break,
With a rush of tender tears.

Yes, the ghosts of dead, white roses
Rustle in this paper's fold;
Once again blue eyes, and bonny,
Smile upon me as of old—
While he gathers creamy roses,
In a cluster sweet for me,
Saying, "You will not forget me,
When I sail the purple sea?"

Dust and ashes are the roses,
Dead Sea apples, hope and love;
Naught but death to be believed in—
None to trust but God above.
Long ago the sweet light vanished
From the blue eyes far from me.
No! poor boy, I'll not forget you,
Sleeping 'neath the purple sea.

From this folded silver paper
Falls a tress of sunny brown;
I behold myself a maiden,
Blushing, shy, with eyes cast down,
While my dark-eyed, boyish lover,
Vows to live for me alone;
Brings—as tokens of affection—
Apples green, and pears half-grown.

'Twas our first romance; we parted—
Bitter were the tears we shed;
Long and dreary seemed the waiting,
For the time that we might wed.
Well, he has a wife and children;
Stout he's grown, and fond of wine;
Bald the head whereon this ringlet,
With its fellows, used to shine.

Here are letters that I cherished,
From the friends of other days:
Some are gone—I know not whither—
Down life's dim and changing ways;
Scattered like the leaves in autumn,
Drifting, drifting, far apart;
Some are dust beneath the daisies,
Some grown proud and cold of heart.

Shall I farther look? No, never!
Peace of years has been in vain.
Memories, like ghosts, upstarting,
Walk and wring their hands in pain.
Gentle eyes gaze out upon me—
Tearful as I saw them last.
Voices call, and white hands beckon,
From the shadows of the past.

Why should wild regrets and passions,
Of my girlhood's folded page,
Come to thrill me with their whispers,
In my lonely, sad old age?
I am groping through life's twilight,
Tow'rd the bright "land of the leal."
Bitter earth has not a sorrow
That sweet heaven cannot heal.

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# "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I KNEW, by the very sound of her step on the stairs, that she was in a bad humor. One often hears it said of a person that one had only to see his back to know he was angry; but it was not even necessary to do so much in my aunt Belmont's case. She had a peculiar step, when mentally ruffled; and she was that very frequently.

Upstairs she came, along the hall; and in another moment I heard my name called:

"Helen Stuart! Helen Stuart!"

Before I could rise or reply, the door opened, and my aunt appeared upon the threshold; tall, upright, and grim, though the majesty of her demeanor was somewhat impaired by the fact that her haste, or an unguarded movement of her hands, had given her cap a twist, so that it fluttered over her left ear, instead of resting decorously upon her apex.

"Are you deaf?" asked aunt Belmont, pausing, with her hand on the door-knob.

I shook my head. An unseemly desire to laugh, caused more by nervousness than amusement, made me afraid to trust my voice to speak.

"And I suppose you are not dumb, either," pursued my aunt, still breathless from the speed with which she had mounted the stairs; "so I should think you might as well answer, as to sit nodding at me, as if I was something strung on wires."

"What did you want, aunt?" I asked, bending over the table, and pretending to arrange my papers, to conceal my disposition to laugh.

"Want?" repeated she, with tragic emphasis, and shut the door so suddenly and so hard that I fairly jumped. She crossed the room; sat down in an easy-chair opposite my table; and after glaring at me in silence for a few seconds, asked, in a tone of solemnity which might have befitted a judge, questioning a prisoner as to his guilt or innocence, "Have you lost your senses, Helen Stuart—completely lost them?" As I still remained silent, she dropped her judicial voice for one of withering scorn; and continued, volubly, "Not that they were much to boast of at their best, but better than none; and unless you expect to shut yourself in an asylum, and be taken care of, it might be wiser to keep them about you."

Somehow, the contempt quelled the miserable nervousness which had all the afternoon beset me; and a composure that was too cold to be quite natural—though I did not know that—took its place.

"I believe I had lost my senses for a time, aunt," I said; "but I have got them back, and I mean to keep possession."

"Such as they are," sneered she.

"Exactly," said I. Then I realized that I was exasperating her, though unintentionally; and I added, earnestly enough: "Indeed, indeed, aunt, I am not acting upon impulse. I have thought and thought, day and night, for weeks. I could not do it—I could not. I would rather die."

Here I was forced to stop, because my voice broke; and for an instant, I was very near weeping.

"I do beg that you won't talk like a young woman in a novel," exclaimed she; and the taunt spurred me up to renewed self-control.

"I have said all there is to say," I replied. "There is nothing to be gained by talking the matter over, and I would rather not do it."

"Do you mean to tell me to mind my own business?" asked my aunt, wrathfully.

"No," I said; "but this is a case where I must decide entirely for myself: it concerns my whole future; nobody can judge for me. Nobody can assist me, either. My own feelings—my conscience, must guide me."

"And a nice conscience you must have," cried she. "For five months you have kept a man believing that you meant to marry him—"

"I spoke clearly, at the first," I interrupted.

"A man whose affection was an honor," pursued she, unheeding; "yes, an honor that you didn't merit—that you have neither the intelligence nor the heart to appreciate; and now, for some ridiculous whim, you throw him over. I never heard of such insane, wicked conduct. It is only equaled by your ingratitude to me, your only living relative; to me, who have been a mother to you. But that is no matter. I expected ingratitude. I have never had anything else. Still, I did not think you would show yourself a heartless coquette—a—"

"Stop," I broke in. "I will not listen to these accusations—they are undeserved."

"To choose the opportunity, when I was absent, to inflict this blow on Mr. Chester; and then not to tell me, when I came back. Oh, I



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never heard of anything so atrocious, so appalling, as your conduct, from first to last."

"Mr. Chester came to me for my decision, during your absence," I said. "I gave it. You only returned home this morning. I should have told you this evening—"

"You say so, now that I have found out," she interrupted.

My temper was hasty, but somehow, at this juncture, I could not call it to my aid. I felt too dispirited and miserable, though there could be no reason for such feeling, as I had told myself twenty times during the day, at least beyond my sympathy for Mr. Chester, and my regret at having to give him pain.

"You have been underhanded and deceitful, from first to last," pursued my aunt, with increased energy. Now I knew her so well, that I was quite aware, if I allowed her to browbeat me in the beginning, she would torment and persecute me for an indefinite time, without mercy; and I did not propose to be so tormented. My relative was violent and tyrannical, exceedingly worldly, and somewhat unscrupulous. I saw her faults more plainly than was perhaps commendable at my age; but I will do myself the justice to add, that I gave equal recognition to her virtues. She had many agreeable qualities; was very kind and charitable; affectionate, too, in a demonstrative, dramatic fashion, which gave her the reputation of being a warmer-hearted person than she really was. Though, after all, I am doing her injustice, and stating the thing wrongly. She had a warm heart, but she was despotic, and always certain that she knew better what those she loved ought to do, than they knew themselves.

She was my father's half-sister, and I went to her house to live, at the time of my widowed mother's death, which happened when I was ten years old. That was twelve years before the period of which I am writing. I am certain, that, in her way, she was really attached to me; but as a child she often rendered me very, very unhappy; and though I grew up without much respect for her character, my affection for her was deep and sincere. She believed herself a just woman; but she did not even know the meaning of the word; and thought herself frank and honest, because, when angry, she would, without hesitation, tell the most unpleasant and uncalled-for home-truths to any and everybody, though very early I discovered that she was not so truthful on ordinary occasions. As a rule, even after I grew up, I gave way to her; partly because I was fond of her, partly because I detested scenes: in which, at times, she delighted. But I had learned, that, beyond a certain point, I must not allow her to encroach, unless I meant to become a slave: and when she found that it was not safe to tyrannize too far, I fancy she respected me more, though I frankly own that I do not think the effect of such companionship was particularly good for my character.

Luckily I was independent, pecuniarily. I had a competency, which brought in an income of two thousand dollars. A goodly share of this had always gone to her, though I know she rather gave the impression, where she could, that I had been reared at her expense. Still, I did not mind that.

My aunt's house was in the outskirts of a flourishing town, in one of the Middle States. There was plenty of agreeable, cultivated society, and as she liked to receive, our home was rather the centre of all social doings. My life had been uneventful enough, still I had managed to have my little romance: a very, very poor one. I have reached an age when I can smile at my youthful follies, (compassionately, though—not with contempt,) and need not hesitate to set down that episode. When I was nineteen, a young man, named Henry Clennam, came to Dorset, and spent several months with a relative. He was handsome and interesting enough for one of my years to idealize into a hero; and I did so. I was called the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, and he devoted himself to me. I know now, that at first he thought I was a great heiress, and really meant to win me for the money's sake. When he learned the truth, he continued his attentions merely to pass the time. He did not, in words, make love to me; but he gave me every reason to suppose that he did love me; and when the period for his departure arrived, he indulged in a pathetic outburst; talked mysteriously about the iron hand of fate, which held him fast; and then went his way. I suffered; but I did not make an idiot of myself. Nobody dreamed that I had received any hurt; and there was a comfort in that. I behaved as usual. I lost neither my health nor spirits, though at first, if I had not struggled hard, I could easily have impaired both. I emerged from my conflict, with the idea that I had exhausted my powers of living; and as, unfortunately, I did not then know the truth in regard to Clennam, I believed that some untoward destiny had separated us; and so I was deprived of the help which the contempt he deserved, would have been to me.

Six months after that period, Arthur Chester came home from Europe, and settled himself at his fine old country place, a few miles from us. He was rich, handsome, and young still—only thirty. We speedily grew firm friends. Before

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I saw him, my aunt had recounted, in a vague, sketchy way, some tragedy connected with his youth, which had ended in his pronouncing a vow not to marry. So, from the outset, I had been quite at ease with him, convinced that he would never ask for anything beyond friendship. He was a great deal at the house, and always a delightful companion. Unconsciously I grew to depend more and more upon his society. I do not know whether I was most startled, or grieved, therefore, when, one day, just three months previous to this stormy interview with aunt Belmont, he asked me to become his wife, and showed me that he was offering his heart as well as his hand. He frankly told me the particulars of what my relative had termed a tragedy, and they dwindled down to a very commonplace matter. While quite young, he had entered into a hasty engagement; soon learned that she lady was as different as possible from the ideal he had formed of her; and felt profoundly grateful, when she astonished her friends, and outraged the proprieties, by making a runaway match with a young naval officer, after a few weeks' acquaintance.

He and my aunt, between them, persuaded me to take the three months for my decision, with the full understanding that I was to be perfectly free at the end. For the last fortnight, both had been absent; and during that season of solitude, I decided that to accept Mr. Chester's hand would be an injustice to him; and when he came back, somewhat unexpectedly, I gave him my response. He was very brave, very kind; he did his best to hide what he suffered; begged that we should be friends still; and offered to announce my decision to my aunt, on her return. He hoped to spare me, but he had not done so. Aunt Belmont had reached home this morning, and it was still early in the afternoon. With his usual promptitude, Mr. Chester had sought an interview as soon as he heard that she was back. Hence, she had not been four hours in the house when she appeared in my room, with the intention of at least overwhelming me with her wrath and scorn, if she could not by argument or persuasion induce me to rescind my resolve.

I could have borne anything except her calling me untruthful. But when, in the very outset, she forgot herself so far as to do so, I could only tell her that our conversation was at an end. I had meant to explain clearly what my feelings and motives were; but that insult had deprived her of any shadow of right to explanation on my part. Then aunt Belmont went from the extreme to the other; forsook rage for pathos; and wept most bitterly. But in ten minutes she was reproaching me again; and at the end of a stormy hour, we were as far from a satisfactory understanding as ever.

"I shall never speak another word about it," cried aunt Belmont; "nor about anything else that concerns you. I beg you will never ask my advice on any subject whatever. Act as you please. Go where you please. Say what you please. Never, never, will I so much as express an opinion."

If she would only have persisted in that resolution, we might have done very well. But the next day, and the next, each time we were alone, she harked back to the forbidden topic. She treated me to so many quotations, as applicable to my case, that I really fancy she must have daily refreshed her memory by a peep into some book of poetical extracts. The serpent's tooth and the ungrateful child figured largely therein; and I think sometimes their absurdity must have struck her, for she had a keen enough sense of humor; but if it did, the consciousness merely caused her to grow more angry.

I bore this for somewhat over a week; then a timely invitation from a dear friend to pay her a visit, gave me an excuse for escape; and I made my preparations for departure, with the intention of remaining absent at least a couple of months.

I had seen Mr. Chester twice during the interval; and owing to his great good sense, his exquisite tact, and wonderful self-control, the meetings proved much less embarrassing than I could have ventured to hope. I received my friend's letter on a Tuesday, and decided to start the next morning. I suppose my aunt must have sent Mr. Chester word, though what she thought would be gained by so doing, I could not imagine. However, that evening, he came upon me, as I was strolling about in the grounds, and said, almost immediately:

"Miss Helen, I want to say something; please don't think me impertinent or—"

"Ah," I interrupted, "you promised we were to be friends—real friends. If we are, you mustn't use such a word."

"It was only this," he continued, thanking me by a grave smile: "I—I feared that, perhaps, during these past days, I had annoyed you in some manner—that my coming here—or—" He broke off; but before I could speak, he added: "I should feel so ashamed, so guilty, if I am driving you away. Indeed, indeed, I believe that you have no truer friend than I."

"I do believe it," I replied; "and I want you to believe that I appreciate, and am grateful for your friendship. I don't think any other man in the world would behave so admirably as you.

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I am going partly because I want a change, partly because my aunt teases me unmercifully, though I don't suppose she means to. You have nothing whatever to do with it. Please don't think so."

I said it all very rapidly, incoherently even. I was embarrassed and troubled; but he was perfectly calm. He smiled again—he had such a beautiful smile; held out his hand; shook mine warmly; and rejoined:

"I thank you. My mind is now quite at rest. I can always trust your frankness and honesty implicitly. Enjoy yourself, and come back to us as soon as you can. I think I may promise that your aunt will not tease you any more on my account. I shall convince her that I am quite satisfied."

He talked a little about my journey, and bade me good-bye. It was very unreasonable, and very absurd; yet I believe that somehow his calmness was a shock to me. Heaven knows, I did not want him to suffer on my account; yet this ability so speedily to put by his thwarted hopes completely, and go back to his old *rôle* of friendship, gave me an odd feeling, as if I had lost some precious treasure. He was a man whose love would have honored any woman. It seemed to me that I rather pitied myself for not being able to accept it. Then I felt indignant enough with my own inconsistency and absurdity; and by way of penance, endured a lecture from aunt Belmont, which began by her declaring that she had one word to say—merely one—then talking me almost deaf and blind. Occasionally, she would break off, to inform me that she had finished; and then continue in a strain of lofty admonition, intempersed with pathetic allusions to the ease with which ingratitude breaks a susceptible heart, and brings gray hairs to an untimely grave—her own tresses being as abundant and black as if she had been twenty, instead of six-and-fifty.

My absence prolonged itself to three months, and very pleasant ones they were; though, towards the last, I began to yearn for home, absence having had its usual effect of lessening any and all of the disagreeables there, and casting a halo over its pleasures. It had, for a good while, been evident, from her letters, that aunt Belmont had reconciled herself to my decision in regard to Mr. Chester, and I felt confident that I had to thank him therefor.

I heard many times also from Mr. Chester himself. He wrote admirable letters, and I found myself receiving and replying to them with extreme satisfaction. Not long before my return, another friend wrote me, among bits of local gossip, that Mr. Chester was reported to be greatly attracted by a charming widow, who had been visiting for some weeks in Dorset.

"We used to think you were his Polar star," wrote Mrs. Lawler, "but men are odd creatures, and are apt to think every new face the real guiding planet."

There was mention of the widow in my aunt's letters, too—a little bitterness apparent, now and then, after the suspicion which Mrs. Lawler had imbibed entered her mind also. I could only say with my friend that men were odd creatures; still, I should certainly be glad to hear that Arthur Chester's life was likely to be brightened and widened. I felt that the woman upon whom he had fixed his choice would be fortunate if she were able to appreciate his affection and return it; and again there came over me that inexplicable regret at having missed a priceless treasure, when within my reach; at having been forced to relinquish a boon whose worth I was capable of comprehending.

My return home proved very pleasant. Aunt Belmont was delighted to have me back, and all our friends received me with a warmth that was as agreeable to my heart, as their compliments upon my looks were to my vanity. No one greeted me more cordially than Mr. Chester, and our meeting was entirely free from embarrassment on either side. The lady of whom my aunt and Mrs. Lawler wrote me, had left the neighborhood, shortly before my arrival, somewhat to my regret, as I had a certain curiosity to see her. Mr. Chester visited at our house, in his old, friendly fashion, and my aunt had apparently resigned herself to her disappointment; for she left me free to enjoy his society, without other allusions to the past than were held in occasional rather sharp satires upon the widow. Mr. Chester seldom spoke of the lady; but rumor informed me that they corresponded, and once during the autumn, and again in the winter, he made a visit to the city in which she lived. On both these occasions my aunt did display a little irritation; but I passed it by in silence, and her ill-humor vented itself in general remarks upon the idiocy of human nature.

"Women, as a rule, are such dunces, that they don't know what they want, and men are so restless, that if they can't have what they want, they will take what they can get," said aunt Belmont, misanthropically; but as I offered no rejoinder whatever, she bit her lips, tossed her head, and dropped the subject.

Indeed, she was in all ways considerate and careful, after a fashion I should hardly have believed her capable of; not only allowing me to hold opinions in peace, but now and then act-

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ually deferring to them; and our domestic life, in consequence, was very tranquil and sunny.

Towards spring, I was rendered restless by hearing that I was likely to meet Henry Clennam again. He had returned from some South American place, where he held a consulate, and proposed to visit his relatives in Dorset. I shrank terribly from seeing him, afraid that doing so would convince me that I was not so thoroughly cured of my folly as I had hoped. I would have been glad to go away; but I could invent no reasonable excuse for doing so; and I had a mortal horror of aunt Belmont, or anybody else, suspecting my motive.

I made myself miserable enough, during a fortnight; and at last Henry Clennam arrived—arrived without my knowing it, and I met him that very evening, at a little musical party, given by Kate Lawler. The first I saw of him, as I entered the rooms, he was standing talking with Mr. Chester. I can't tell how it was; but after one glance, I discovered that I had been tormenting myself uselessly—the sight of Clennam caused me no sensation whatever. I saw him exactly as he was: a handsome, vain, frivolous fop, with his manners marred by an excessive affectation. I wondered how I could ever have been silly enough to fancy that I cared for him, and was ashamed of having so lowered my womanly dignity.

I dare say I am adding somewhat to my feelings of the moment; but, at least, I thought all these things before the evening was over, when he had condescended to renew our acquaintance, and bestow a great deal of attention upon me.

He did that during the whole time of his stay, which lasted a week; and on several occasions he strove to get back to his old style of conversation, which had formerly possessed such a fascination for me. I found it bored me, now. Perhaps my manner piqued him sufficiently to make him wish to lure me into showing that the past still kept a hold upon me. At all events, he tried, openly, on the night before his departure.

It was at my aunt's house. We had a little musical party, and he had, after much persuasion, been induced to display his voice, which was a very fine one, and well cultivated. When he had finished his song, he joined me, as I was standing at the entrance to the conservatory, and, without warning, began to talk in an exceedingly sentimental strain.

"This is my last evening here," he said. "It was hard to go the other time; it is still harder now."

"How can that be?" I asked. "We have a new railway, which shortens the journey to New York by three hours."

"Ah," he sighed, "you know what I mean—you must know."

"I don't think I do," said I, looking down, and playing with my fan.

"Fate has been cruel to me," he went on, in a low, tremulous voice. "I was wrong to come back here—I have only given myself new suffering. Ah, Helen—you used to let me call you so, may I not still? If destiny had been kinder—"

"What would she have done?" I inquired.

"Put me in a position where I could have obeyed the dictates of my heart—have come to you with a question from my soul to yours. Ah, you know what prize I should long since have asked for, had fate permitted."

I looked him full in the face, and said, laughingly:

"Neither fate, nor any other power, could have changed the relations between us, Mr. Clennam. Try and understand that for once and all. We are old friends, so forgive my giving you a word of advice. You ought to stop talking to every girl you meet, in that romantic fashion—young ladies are given to comparing notes; and men, who do such things, get laughed at."

He was well taken aback, for once in his life; and furiously angry, too. I must confess that I was petty enough to heartily enjoy my little vengeance, at the moment; and though, afterwards, I tried to be ashamed, I am afraid I succeeded but poorly.

The months went on to spring. It is difficult to make you understand how precious Mr. Chester's friendship had grown to me, without giving the impression that I had learned to love him; but I was perfectly secure that such was not the case. I must admit that any mention or thought of the widow disturbed me; but I believed that was because the idea of his marrying reminded me that such a step must change our relations, and in a great measure deprive me of the companionship which was not only so pleasant, but which elevated and strengthened my whole character.

It was almost a year from the time when Mr. Chester had asked me to be his wife, that I again left home. My friend, Annie Mason, at whose house I had spent the three months of my previous absence, was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, and I went to her as soon as the news reached me. I passed an anxious fortnight in nursing her; but after that, she began rapidly to mend, and by the end of the month was able to get about again.

I was sitting with her, one pleasant afternoon, and we were talking of her returning home with

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me, by way of having a little change of scene and air, when the post brought me a letter from aunt Belmont. She wrote delightful epistles, and I opened this at once, meaning to amuse Annie by reading it aloud; but I had scarcely glanced at the first page, when I saw some news, which turned me so sick and cold, that the sheet dropped from my hand. I must have grown very pale; for Annie called out in terror. The fear of doing her harm brought my senses back; but I was so completely unnerved, that I had to ask her to read the letter aloud.

Mr. Chester had been ruined by the failure of some stock company, in which his fortune was invested; had already sold his possessions in Dorset, and was preparing to start for California, where he was to take the position of clerk in a mercantile house.

"I am bitterly grieved for him," wrote aunt Belmont, "but oh, my dear, what a mercy that you did not marry our unfortunate friend. I thought you dreadfully obstinate at the time; but it seems now as if you had really been prevented by that higher Power who rules our—"

"Oh, stop!" I broke in. "I can't bear that—it sounds so utterly heartless—worse, so wicked."

I was seated on a footstool, at Annie's feet. As I cried out, she leaned over me, and drew my head towards her.

"Helen," she whispered, "you do love him, after all."

It was true. I knew it in that moment. I loved him!

Before I went to bed that night, I was calm enough to write to him: write the friendly, sympathizing letter which was all I could send now, I had, in my blindness, lost my chance of happiness; lost the blessed privilege of begging to share his troubles: that was another woman's right now. When, in my obstinacy, my silly clinging to a weak, girlish dream, I refused the affection he offered, he had turned to one less weak and blind; from me, he only needed what I had so persistently declared was all I could ever give—esteem, sympathy, friendship.

I was tolerably well satisfied with my letter, when I read it over the next morning. I had not betrayed my secret—the secret which I had learned too late to be of any importance to him; too late to be more than a bitter and life-long regret to myself. I managed delicately to mention the widow; to hint that it was pleasant to think there was a quarter to which he could go for comfort. Though the writing this gave me a sharp pang, I could say it honestly; because, from what I had learned of Mrs. Manners' character, I felt convinced that she was not a woman to break her engagement; and I knew, too, that, if not rich, she possessed a fair competency.

Three days later, I received an answer. Such a beautiful letter: so brave, so manly. But there was one paragraph of more importance to me than all the rest. I shall copy it here:

"I was never more surprised in my life, than at your allusion to the possibility of my marriage. I gave up such dreams a year ago. I am thankful, now, my dear Helen, that you were not able to give me anything beyond the friendship which I prize so highly—which, believe me, is the greatest comfort I possess, in the clouds and difficulties which beset me. I wonder at you a little—let me say so? How could you judge so poorly of me, as to suppose that I could ever think of another woman, after having ventured to raise my eyes to you? Well, well, no matter. As regards Mrs. Manners, let me add that we are old friends, and never dreamed of being anything more; and as for the congratulations you speak of, they must be offered to a fortunate relative of mine, to whom she is to be married early next month."

When I was calm enough—though I must confess that it required some hours to make me so—I read the remainder of the letter. I discovered that Mr. Chester would only be about three weeks longer in Dorset: he was to start for California the moment he could settle his affairs. He hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me before he left. He knew I had intended to remain still another month with my friend; but if I could return a little earlier, he should be so glad. To hear good wishes spoken by my lips would seem a happy omen for his journey and his errand; and several years might elapse before he should be able to pay a visit to the Atlantic States.

I think you can imagine what I did. I packed my trunks that evening, and Annie's too; and the next morning I started for home, accompanied by my friend. I would not allow her to travel at night, so it was late in the afternoon of the second day before we reached Dorset. I had warned my aunt by telegraph; and she met us at the station, in high spirits, for Annie Mason was a great favorite of hers.

My aunt was so full of care of Annie, and so excited about the coming marriage of a pet nephew, that I was spared much conversation in regard to Mr. Chester, whom she told me I would soon see. She had informed him that she expected us, and he had said he should call early in the evening.

When sunset drew near, I got out of the house. I knew the path he would take through the fields, and—I went to meet him. A light wind rustled

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the rye, and stirred the wild flowers scattered through it. The sky was full of the golden sunset. Everything was gay and exhilarating. I shared the joy of nature. I expected to meet Mr. Chester in a little wood beyond, not supposing he would have had time to come so far; but suddenly I heard the sound of footsteps; looked up, and saw him approaching. He was worn, and thin, and pale; but oh, so changed, so hopeful, so determined.

He saw me; gave a cry of joy, and hurried forward. A sudden trembling seized me; I could hardly stand. His delight speedily changed to alarm and anxiety.

"Are you ill?" he asked, eagerly.

I shook my head; I was almost choked; but find voice to speak I would, and did.

"I am well," I said, in gasps; "only, seeing you—knowing—"

Then I broke down.

"Ah," he answered, "I understand. But you must not be so grieved for me. I have merely lost money. I am strong—able to work—only thirty-one. I am not an object of pity."

"No, no," I cried, desperately. "It isn't that. I am proud of you. I—but oh, you are going away."

"Yes. It is hard to leave my friends—such a friend as you, especially; but—"

Here his voice broke, as mine had done; then I heard myself saying, almost in a whisper:

"But I don't want to be left."

He stared at me as if unable to believe his own ears.

"Helen!" he cried, while a great joy lighted up his face; then it faded quickly, leaving him very pale, but quite calm. "You are a brave, noble woman," he said, softly. "I can't tell you how grateful I am for your sympathy. In your excitement, you do not think what a hope your words might give; but don't fear—I shan't misunderstand—"

"You do," I interrupted.

"Helen! Do you mean that—that, sometime, when I have redeemed my fortunes, I may hope that—that—"

"I don't want to be left," I interrupted again; "haven't I said so?"

Then I burst into tears; for the strain on me had been too great. In another moment, his arms were around me.

"Now I can go, courageously enough," he said, suddenly. "Oh, Helen, fate will be kind. It will not be long before I shall be able to come back and claim you."

I cried and laughed both together.

"I've money enough for myself," I cried. "I shouldn't be any drag on you. Oh, do you mean to make me coax you to be allowed to marry you?"

I shan't tell you what he said, in answer. I remember every word; but it is all too sacred to repeat.

It was late before we got home. There was no necessity for telling Annie Mason anything; but aunt Belmont had to be informed; and when she was, she turned into stone, with neatness and despatch.

"I have seen crazy people, and I have seen idiots," was her first remark, as soon as she could find voice, "but none to equal you. Arthur Chester, you would be the maddest creature alive, if Helen Stuart wasn't madder."

I think most people thought the same; but I had my way. We were married a fortnight later, and started for our new home. All these things happened fifteen years ago, and nobody remembers, now, that they considered us mad; for we have been so prosperous, in a worldly way, that my husband has retired from business, and we are established in his beautiful old house near Dorset. But we are something better than prosperous. We are happy, and I have never had the grace to be ashamed of insisting on Arthur's marrying me, that day, when he met me, as he says, "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

## "WHEN THE LILACS BLOSSOM."

BY EMMA A. HILL.

When the lilacs blossom, dearie,
Do you know it, where you lie?
'Mid the pine-trees, wailing eerie,
Standing black against the sky.
Does the myrtle, on your bosom,
Bloom as faithfully and true,
As the lilacs, that, in blossom,
Seem to bloom alone for you?

When the lilacs blossom, dearie,
How their fragrance fills the air!
And the sun it shines so cheery;
And there's beauty everywhere.
But divinier is the weather,
Where you walk, to-day, my dear,
And the lilacs that you gather,
Oh! we've no such lilacs here.

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# BARBARA.

BY SIDNEY POWER HAMILTON.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely June morning, and the thin muslin curtains were floating, lazily, in the delicious summer breeze, in Mrs. Rodney's sitting-room. And what a quaint, comfortable, home-like room it was! One's home, especially one's living-room, must necessarily be impressed with the individuality of its inmates; and Mrs. Rodney's room was no exception to the rule; it was very quiet, a little formal, but truly refined.

Of course, it was not "correct," from an æsthetic point of view; in fact, very incorrect; for bits of Jacobean, and Queen Anne, and Georgian furniture, were mixed together; comfortable modern wicker-chairs elbowed stately claw-foot ones; a Chippendale desk was confronted by a small chest of marquetry drawers; two corner cupboards, of shell-patterned mahogany, were filled with precious bits of Wedgewood, Crown Derby, and old Worcester and Dresden china, "worth a Jew's eye." In one recess, was a small linen press, a real old-fashioned "press," such as our grandmothers delighted in, exquisitely inlaid; and the drawers opening with brass handles, that were works of art, and that surrounded placques of Wedgewood, as fine as the most delicate cameo. In this press, Mrs. Rodney kept her finest napery, perfumed with lavender blossoms; and in one compartment, the screw still remained, and was still used. Bits of priceless "old blue," in the shape of bowls and hawthorn jars, stood in comfortable confusion, on tables and drawers; and a pair of blue and gold Nankin vases decorated the mantel; while above this mantel was a large old mirror, with beveled edges, set in a curiously-carved mahogany and gilt frame.

These treasures had not been purchased at auction, as are so many that we see now, in houses where old fashions are affected; but were things that had been in every-day use, in the Rodney and Lesly families, for generations. The aromatic scent of fresh India matting, was combined with that of great cabbage roses, which filled one huge Nankin bowl, and of the jacqueminots, that fell in lovely confusion out of a large glass vase. Besides this, there was the "bow pot," that almost covered the hearth; this was a great brown vase, which held huge bunches of wild honeysuckle, and of pink kalmia, with its pointed, spotted blooms. In another place, an armful of the common white daisies was crowded into a blue jar. There were flowers everywhere; flowers and books; for the family tried to keep pace with all that was good in the literature of the day.

As one looked at the three occupants of the room, on this sweet summer morning, one felt how admirably they fitted into the place. A girl of about nineteen years was standing with an open letter in her hand; and a half coaxing, half mutinous expression was on her bright, dark face. She was rather tall and slender. Her beautifully-shaped head rose above a throat as round and straight as a marble column. This head was always carried a little high and back, giving a touch of haughtiness to her appearance, somewhat contradicted by the eager light in her large dark eyes, and by the constantly varying expression of her mobile lips. Her mouth, perhaps, was a trifle too large; but her teeth were small, and exquisite in shape. The chin was square and firm, with a slight cleft in it. The brown hair was combed carelessly back from the low brow; but rebellious little curls and rings were always making a soft fringe on the forehead. When she moved, it was with the elasticity that came from a high-arched instep, and that gave her the springing tread of a young Diana.

"Barbara, dear," said Mr. Rodney, or, as he was called generally, Friend Rodney, taking off his glasses slowly, and calmly looking at his somewhat excited daughter, "it appears to me that thee has been very unsettled, since thee came back from Europe. I thought to give thee a pleasure, child; but I doubt if it was really for thy good; thee wishes now to accept this invitation to Newport, I suppose; thee seems to wish to be 'on the go,' as John calls it, all the time."

For Barbara had but recently returned from Europe, where she had been for a year, with her brother Jack and his wife.

"But, father, what harm can there be, in going to Europe? Or even in wishing to accept Kitty Graham's invitation to Newport, this summer?"

Mr. Rodney did not answer this directly, but said, after a moment:

"Why not go with thy sister Ellen, to the White Mountains and Saratoga?"



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"I'm willing to stay at home, if thee says so; but I will *not* go with Ellen, anywhere," was the decided response. For between Ellen and Barbara, though there was no open aversion, there was, as even the father knew, an entire want of sympathy.

Mr. Rodney looked attentively at the outside of the book he had been reading, for some moments. Barbara, after a pause, went on:

"Oh, dear," she said. "I suppose it is because I am young, and want to enjoy life, like the birds and flowers out there." And, as she spoke, she looked wistfully into the garden, and up to a tree, where a small bird seemed to be singing his little heart out.

Mr. Rodney's face grew tender, as he looked at his child. Mrs. Rodney went on with her sewing, as if Barbara's outbreak was a matter of course. The wise mother always held back, till the right time came for speaking.

Directly, she said: "Richard, dear, suppose we take Kitty's letter into consideration. Barbara and she have been friends, ever since their early school days. Kitty Prescott was light-hearted, and thee used to think too merry; but she always had good principles; and now that she is married, she will probably settle down. Moreover, Barbara will really be under Margaret Prescott's care, as Kitty's summer home is with her parents. Thee sees there is a very kind letter from Margaret herself, in addition to that from her daughter."

Barbara turned a grateful glance on her mother, the mother who understood her so well, and who felt, with larger needs than her husband, that perhaps some of the coloring had gone out of her own life, through overmuch repression.

The Rodneys were looked upon, by the stricter members of the "Society of Friends," as much too lax in the discipline of their children. But Richard Rodney was an easy-going, sweet-tempered man, who loved his ease, his books, and his family; and his wife was known to have decided opinions of her own, with regard to the liberty to be given to young people; and her children's dress and amusements were thus often an offence to the "Society." It was becoming harder for them, every day, to stem the strong current of the time. There had been more than one visit to the Rodney mansion, by "Friends," with regard to the little wedges that the world seemed to be driving in, here and there, in the pleasant little family. As to the children themselves, it must be confessed, they wanted the liberty and the gayety; but they were greatly afraid of the "committee from the monthly meeting;" for this, to their youthful minds, was more awful than even the oversight of the terrible Council of Ten had been, in old Venice.

"Well, well, have your own way, you womenfolks; you always do, in the end," said Mr. Rodney, wanting sadly to get back to the article in the Edinburgh Review, which he was reading, and keeping his finger between the leaves. "Barbara is getting very worldly. Eh, Barbara? I suppose I must give thee a large checque, to help thee on in thy course."

Barbara made a rush at her father, at these words, crushing the pretty bunch of buttercups that she wore at her waist against his head, as she encircled his neck with her arms, and kissed him, saying, "Thee's the very best, darlingest father a girl ever had."

"How would it have been, pussy," he retorted, smiling, "if I had not consented? Or given thee no money for furbleows?"

"Oh, I should have been sure that thee was not in thy right mind," she laughingly answered.

The girl began, that very day, her preparations for her visit. In this she was aided and abetted by her brother John's wife; who, not being a member of the Society of Friends, saw no harm in giving her favorite sister-in-law as many advantages in the way of dress as possible. With Jack's full knowledge and consent, she had often furnished many little pleasures in the way of amusements; and now she went in heartily for this visit to Newport. She had even, long before this, entered into a conspiracy, by which Barbara had been taught to dance, while in Europe with them. For, as Nannie sagely said, "I'm not a Quaker, and Jack has been 'turned out of meeting' for marrying me, and there is no reason why Barbara should n't dance a little, and even go to the opera: we cannot leave her at the hotel, all by herself." And so Barbara, during that European trip, had not only learned to dance, but seen a good deal of the gay world.

Barbara arrived at Newport, just as the day was dawning, one July morning. She and Jack left the steamer at once, and drove through the quaint, sleeping town, up to the fashionable avenue. As they went past closed villas and cottages, with their green, flower-studded lawns, the sun rose in the East; and the glorious red and gold of the sky, and the sea in the near distance, just touched by shafts of golden light, made a picture that our heroine never forgot.

"Here we are, what a stunning house!" said her brother Jack, as the carriage drew up before the hall door of a stately villa. "I will not go in, for I must return by the earliest train. So, good-bye. Be a wise little woman, Barbara, and

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don't fall in love with any of the good-looking scamps that come in thy way."

"As if I were one of the kind that fall in love, Jack," replied his sister, scornfully; and the next moment Jack was gone; the door was flung wide; and Kitty Graham appeared in the hall to welcome her former schoolmate.

## CHAPTER II.

BARBARA RODNEY, from the very first, was pronounced a success at Newport. Mr. and Mrs. Prescott had always been fond of her; and Kitty loved and petted her as if a favorite sister. As for Tom Graham—Kitty's husband—he told his wife, in the fashionable slang of the day, that "the girl was no end of fun, with her rather unworldly ways, and her downrightness." So, as Barbara never interfered with other girls' admirers; and rode well; and played lawn-tennis; and dressed with taste, she soon found herself floating pleasantly on the top wave of Newport society.

Many and long were the letters sent home to Lanehurst that summer, full of the new kind of life she was leading. They were full, too, of keen sketches of character: for Barbara was an acute observer, and witty withal. She described polo and lawn-tennis; yachting and garden parties: all the pastimes that came in her way; all the pleasure that she was getting from her visit. She wrote with utter fearlessness, and graphic force. But sometimes she deprecatingly said, "I fear you will think me getting utterly worldly."

Her messages to her sister Ellen, married now to Mr. Hartly, often had a harmless malice veiled under their pleasantness. Ellen, as we have already intimated, was as totally unlike Barbara as it was possible for a sister to be. She was a formalist, through and through: a slave to the world and its opinions, at heart; but yet all the time strictly adhering to all the outward observances of her sect. She took her pleasures in a prim, cheerless fashion. She always wore the most exquisitely-fitting costumes. But the costumes were invariably plain in color: always of a delicate gray or silver, or soft fawn tints; never anything brighter than a heliotrope. She was one of those persons, who are always sure they are doing their duty to their neighbor and themselves.

Mollie, the youngest child, was even more antagonistic to her eldest sister than Barbara. She was an uncompromising little rebel, but devoted to Barbara; and in Barbara's letters Mollie took the greatest delight. She longed for just a taste of all the glories which her sister described.

One day, Ellen drove to Lanehurst, and found her mother opening a letter that had just been received from Barbara. Mollie was standing before a little old-fashioned mirror, trying on a new bonnet.

"Now, Ellen," she exclaimed, "thee's just in time to see a triumph of mind over matter. Look at this poke. It is nothing but a straw, trimmed with white satin ribbon; but the ribbon is of the very richest, I assure thee, Ellen. The style is as old as George Fox himself, and plain enough for the plainest Friend; but yet it is in the very height of the fashion, as it happens, just now."

Ellen saw that the bonnet was pretty and "proper," but said nothing; she always snubbed Mollie, on principle; so she did not condescend to answer.

"Let me hear Barbara's letter, please, mother," she said, turning to Mrs. Rodney.

Mollie threw down her bonnet; knelt on the seat of the chair; hunched up her shoulders to her ears, as she leaned her elbows on the table before her; comfortably placed her chin in the palms of her hands; and prepared to listen.

Mrs. Rodney had been reading the letter, quietly, while Mollie was descanting on the merits of her bonnet; and now went on, without going back.

"Yesterday, I took a drive on a four-in-hand coach," wrote Barbara. "This is quite the thing to do. So I was much delighted, when Mr. Randolph invited me, and asked me to occupy the seat beside him, which is considered the seat of honor, thee must know. Well, mother, dear, it is like many other things in this world: a little disappointing. Of course, it should not have been. I might have known that driving, at the speed of eight miles an hour, with sleek horses, over the level Newport roads, was not like rattling down the precipitate hills in the White Mountains, behind six horses that were horses for work, and not for show; with the spicy mountain air in my face, and occasionally with a *soupçon* of danger in the descent that made it all the more exhilarating. I wonder if I shall ever forget the summer that we 'staged' through the mountains with that wonderful Jehu? He managed his horses as well as Apollo did those of the chariot of the sun. Well, as I said before, this is quite different. Here, we don our most becoming bravery; and six or eight men and women sit on the top of the coach; and the grooms, in top boots and with huge bouquets in their buttonholes, with calm, impassive faces and folded arms, like old Egyptian gods, sit behind. Every now and then, one of these superb creatures takes up a long horn, and blows a few notes upon it; this, if not 'most

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musical,' is 'most melancholy:' for they do usually make such ridiculous work of it. It is supposed that the horn sounds to 'clear the king's highway' of anything that may interfere with the majestic approach of the coach; and I have noticed, in passing these four-in-hands, that the worse a groom toots, the oftener he does it: and a poor unoffending equestrian, or nervous woman driving a stupid horse, who may be quite out of the way, and on the proper side of the road, is often half frightened, and immediately rushes to the wrong place. Of course, there must be some advantage to be derived from a coach-and-four; and I have discovered that it is to make all one's friends jealous. Now, yesterday, I was happy with the consciousness that all the girls whom I passed in my triumphal progress would have given a great deal to be in my place; and I looked down from my high perch, on the dowager's landaus, or the more jaunty Victorias, or the bumping village carts, that contained all our dearest friends, with a most patronizing smile; though, to be sure, to-morrow I shall most probably have exchanged places with one of them. Still, the momentary triumph was pleasant."

"Oh, the naughty child," ejaculated Mr. Rodney; but with a smile, notwithstanding.

"How frivolous she is," said Ellen.

"And tell Ellen," went on the letter, "that I wore my white camel's-hair dress, and a coarse black straw poke, with *lots of pink feathers;* it was stunning."

"Pink feathers!" It fell in a whisper of horror from the elder sister's lips. "She is utterly given over to vanity."

"I don't see that it's any wickeder to be a pink bird, than a white or black one," exclaimed Mollie, bravely standing up for her pet sister. "And why shouldn't she wear his feathers?"

"If thee was a little better acquainted with ornithology," replied Ellen, severely, "thee would know that the feathers don't *grow* pink; they are dyed; the natural color of the ostrich feather is a mixed grayish brown."

"Thee has not bettered thy case at all," argued Mollie, who always tried to have the last word, especially with Ellen. "Black or white ostrich feathers are dyed, too, then; and I am sure that pink, in that case, is no more sinful than any other color."

"There, there, Mollie, thee forgets thyself; that will do," said her mother, and she continued her reading.

"And I wore low shoes and pink stockings," the writer went on to say, "and arranged my dress so that justice should be done to them; but did not show any more of my ankles than was necessary, under the circumstances."

This sentence had the full effect on Ellen that mischievous Barbara had intended it should; for she knew Mrs. Hartly would hear the letter read.

"Showed her ankles! Mother, what has Barbara come to?" exclaimed her sister. "She is forgetting all decorum. I would not have believed that, even of Barbara."

Mrs. Rodney took it all quietly enough. She knew her second daughter sufficiently well, to be sure that she had done nothing unseemly. But she knew, also, that the girl dearly loved to tease, and that Ellen, who was utterly without a sense of humor, never had the slightest perception of her sister's fun.

"I think we need not worry about Barbara doing anything wrong," said the mother, therefore, looking up at her eldest child.

But Ellen responded, sharply, "I never showed my ankles in my life," which, to do her only justice, was true; and they were pretty ankles, too; and she knew it, which, at least, was to her credit.

Meantime, Barbara continued to enjoy herself, at Newport; and one bright morning, when Kitty had gone upon one of her numerous expeditions, to see what could be gotten up in the way of pleasure or fun, Barbara was lounging in the hammock, that hung in the vine-wreathed piazza. A book, which she was reading, was in her hand; and Kitty's gray parrot was perched upon her shoulder. Her white dress floated softly in the breeze, as she gently moved to and fro; and the toe of one tiny slipper just peeped from beneath the skirt. The parrot, who was a wise bird, and had been taught, by Tom, many unnecessary things for a parrot to know, chattered away, eliciting no notice from the reader, except an occasional absent-minded stroke of its feathers, with her disengaged hand. Presently it nipped Barbara's finger, then called in its rasping voice,

"Barbara, here's a lover—bring him on, Tom, bring him on."

Tom's explosion of laughter caused Barbara to look up. Then, in her haste and confusion, she nearly tumbled out of the hammock; for she saw, not only Mr. Graham, but a total stranger also, who was entering with him, and who regarded her with amused eyes.

"This is not a lover, Barbara, (as yet)—" Tom mentally added—"but Sir Philip Carew."

So, Sir Philip was introduced, with all due form.

"And where may Mistress Kitty be?" now asked that lady's husband.



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"Astounding Newport with her spirited new ponies, and getting up a German, under some frivolous pretence," was the laughing reply.

"A German," croaked the parrot.

The stranger looked at the bird: then at Barbara, inquiringly.

"Oh, not a man, but a cotillion," said the girl, in answer to the look. "I think, in Europe, you always call such dances cotillions."

## CHAPTER III.

The long forenoon was whiled away on the piazza, in desultory talk, till Kitty's return. Kitty came in like a small whirlwind, full of excitement, announcing her success for her "small and early" affair. She secured all of Sir Philip's time, at once, for all kinds of things. "I'll make sure of him," she said to herself, "before anyone else can engage him." She had known him before, during other gay Newport summers, and in London, during the whirl of the fashionable season. He was a great favorite with both Kitty and her husband, and in fact wherever he was known. Sir Philip was tall and slender, about twenty-seven years old, with quiet manners, somewhat spoiled by a wearied, indifferent air; but this was contradicted sometimes by such an earnest look in the gray eyes, that it gave an entirely new expression to his character. Kitty frequently complained of his indifference to woman's charms; but as she said, "he was too much accustomed to have women like him." He had a pleasant way of talking, never above the heads of his listeners, however much knowledge might be behind the careless words; and he also possessed that invaluable quality for success in society—tact.

So the days passed, and most of them found Carew at Cliffcote, at some hour or another during the day.

The evening of Kitty's German arrived. Barbara was in her best looks and best spirits; but a little shy about joining in the German, as she feared to make some mistake in the figures. Sir Philip only joined in it, as some lady "took him out," as a favor, not caring as much for dancing as he should have done, some thought.

Towards the close of the entertainment, Barbara was sitting by the door, watching the figures, when Sir Philip came up.

"Shall we try this valse, Miss Rodney?" he asked, lazily.

Barbara's little feet were already dancing by themselves, under her skirts; but she answered, demurely:

"You know that I am a Quakeress," glancing up at him, "and have never waltzed. So I fear I might be awkward."

"Oh! never awkward."

"Well, I think I would like to try. Don't be scared, however; I 'know the steps,' as the children say, and will manage, I hope, not to disgrace you utterly." And she rose from her seat, as she spoke.

Sir Philip took her hand, placed his arm about her, and they circled around two or three times. Then Barbara suddenly stopped, and exclaimed:

"Oh, I can't."

"But that was all right," answered her partner, "Now," and he started again.

"I tell you, I can't," said Barbara, stopping once more.

"But I say, Miss Rodney, your step is perfect," exclaimed the puzzled man; "it's all right—"

"I can't—it isn't all right," retorted Barbara, with a little stamp of her foot; and she released herself from his encircling arm, and walked out on the piazza.

Poor Carew was left standing in the middle of the room, utterly dazed, with mouth half open, and looking as awkward as only an Englishman can, who has received what he thinks a most unnecessary rebuff.

What did it all mean? He went over to the window, which opened on to the piazza, and as he stood in the shadow of the deep bay, he tried to study out the causes of his treatment, and the wonderful nature of young ladies. At last, he came to the conclusion that it was only American manners; though, to do American women justice, it was the first specimen of it he had seen.

Just then he heard, on the piazza, outside, a bubbling laugh, the soft swish of floating drapery, and the rhythmical time of light feet; and Barbara and Linda Prescott, Kitty's school-girl sister, circled past him like two graceful swans. Standing, as he did, inside, in the shadow of the window, they were not aware of his contiguity.

"Oh, this is delicious," said Barbara, as she glided by where Carew stood, "after that—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the distance, as the two girls softly waltzed away. Presently they passed the window again, on their return; and Linda was saying, "Oh, it is ever so much nicer, dancing with a gentleman, for—"

Then again they swept past, and he lost the rest.

After that, the music ceased, and the two girls came down the piazza once more. Barbara was saying:

"But Linda, how can you bear that any man,

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who chooses to dance with you, should put his arm around you? It's just horrid!"

"Oh," answered the more worldly, if younger, girl, "you'll soon get used to that, and like it."

"Like it?" exclaimed Barbara, aghast. "Never, without I was engaged to him—or married to him."

"Pooh! I don't mean 'like it' in that way," said Linda, laughing. "I only mean that a man's arm supports you so well, and you dance so much easier; why, it's as much a matter of course as shaking hands is."

"Oh," was all Barbara said.

She was a little crestfallen, for fear she had "made a goose of herself," as she termed it. Then she added, "Well, I don't want to be a prude; but if that oaf of an Englishman would only have understood and stopped, without all that ado."

"You mean Sir Philip? But how could he understand, if he had no suspicion of what you meant? I suppose he has waltzed with hundreds of girls—been waltzing ever since he was in short clothes," answered Linda.

"That's true," admitted Barbara, laughing.

Sir Philip had listened unintentionally, and at last with amazement. So these were Miss Rodney's reasons for not waltzing with him, he said to himself. What a funny little prude!

Just then, the two girls entered the room, and Barbara was instantly besieged by a crowd of gentlemen, each asking for a dance. Among them was a Mr. Fairlawn, a young millionaire from Boston, who had made himself conspicuous, all the season, by his attentions to Barbara. "The conceited prig," muttered Sir Philip. Perhaps, if Carew had known his own heart a little better, he would have been aware that it was jealousy which made him say this so often. It was, therefore with a feeling almost of anger, that Sir Philip now saw Barbara accept the Bostonian's arm: and accept it, too, as if with the greatest pleasure. Directly, the couple passed near to where he stood, and he could not help overhearing Barbara say, "No, thank you; for to dance on these summer nights is quite out of place and time, don't you think?" She said it so graciously, that her manner took away whatever mortification, otherwise, might have come from the denial.

"So," said Sir Philip to himself, savagely, "there are some fellows she can refuse a dance, with courtesy, at least; while others she snubs unmercifully—calls them 'oafs,' and all that." And he stood twirling his moustache, and watching her with more interest than he had ever done before, even if with a little irritation.

He was in no mood, however, to approach her. Sometimes, he almost thought he would never do it again: he would leave Newport, the next day: after all, why was he idling his time away here, when he ought to be at home? He fumed to himself, for awhile; and then, with sudden determination, went up and made his adieus to Mrs. Graham: much to her astonishment, it must be confessed; for she saw he was out of humor, and could not divine the cause.

His carriage was waiting for him at the door; but he declined to use it, and set off to walk to the Ocean House, on foot. The Prescott villa was well down the avenue, so that he had a long walk before him; and before he had gone half the distance, he began to wonder if he had not made a fool of himself. He had lit a cigar, which, perhaps, helped to soothe him. "Why shouldn't she like the fellow, if she chooses?" he said. "She has a perfect right to do so. I, at least, have no right to complain. She's not a girl to be affected by a handle to one's name. And after all, perhaps"—for a new thought now struck him—"Miss Rodney didn't intend to snub me. She probably does hate dancing, on a warm night, and especially hates waltzing."

By this time, the second cigar was lit, and his mood had become even more charitable.

"The pretty little Puritan," he said, and he laughed, as he said it, rather tenderly. Then he thought of all the women he had ever known; then he wondered if any of them had such scruples. Various scenes in London drawing-rooms, and in English country-houses, came back to him; and as he recalled the free manners he had so often seen, he laughed again, but this time cynically. He flung the cigar, which he had just lit, impatiently away.

But directly, with another revulsion, his thoughts came back to Barbara.

"The pretty little Puritan," he said, again; and he walked slower and slower.

There was a softening smile on his face now. He was going over all he knew of Barbara. He recalled her sparkling wit; her unconventional frankness; her unsophisticated ways; her sympathetic manner; her rare, fresh beauty. He began to wonder how it was, that never before had he realized her winsomeness.

"She's like some sweet, quaint, last century picture, set in a modern frame," he said. "She called herself a Quaker, when she refused to waltz. I wonder if that, after all, wasn't the reason, and not anything personal to me? By Jove, I'll go, to-morrow, and ask her."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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# A RUNAWAY CASE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THE door-bell rang so violently, that Doctor Alexander Ryle answered it himself.

"Come, quick, docthor," cried a female servant, bonnetless and out of breath, "the young misthress is pizened intirely."

Now, as Doctor Alexander Ryle was just beginning practice, he would have been ready enough to go, even without this eager adjuration. So, putting on his hat, he followed Bridget, at once.

She hurried him to Portland Place, the most fashionable locality in the town, and ushered him up a handsome staircase, at the top of which were a dozen other female servants, all in a state of intense excitement. A door opened, and a cultivated voice—a lady's voice—said, "This way, doctor."

His quick eyes took in at a glance, the perfect appointments of the room he entered: the lovely peacock blues, and pale pinks, and dull gold, that made such exquisite combinations; but he looked in vain for his patient. Another bevy of women were there: a stately grandmother, in black silk and point lace, with the inevitable silvery puffs; her matronly daughter, in a great state of agitation; and several friends, also in a highly nervous condition.

Beside one of the broad windows, sat a most refreshing vision of youth and loveliness, attired in a *robe de chambre* of soft white cashmere, that was trimmed with peacock blue. A mass of gold-colored hair was carelessly coiled on the top of her head; and her downcast eyes were resolutely fixed on the book in her hand, with a superb indifference to the tumult around her. She was like a calm, still-life picture, surrounded by battle scenes. "Could this," the doctor thought, "be his patient?"

The color deepened on her cheek; but she did not look up, when her mother said, anxiously:

"We fear, doctor, that my daughter is poisoned. What do you think of her?" At the same time laying her hand caressingly on the graceful shoulder.

The girl slowly lifted a pair of dark-blue eyes, with a mischievous, dancing light in them, to the doctor's face, dropping them again immediately. The young physician was quite embarrassed. What sort of a patient was this?

He rallied, however, and said, composedly:

"What has your daughter taken?"

"Saltpetre," said the anxious mother, in a tone as though prepared for the worst.

"In what quantity?"

"I think," was the reply, "that she may have taken half a teaspoonful. It was given her in mistake for another powder, which she occasionally uses for a bad headache. But tell me at once, doctor,"—tragically—"is she in danger?"

"Not that I am aware of," was the calm reply. "You feel no ill effects from it, do you, Miss—"

"Hallerton," supplied the young lady, resting those bewildering orbs full upon him. Then she added, coolly: "I have reiterated to mamma, and grandmamma, and aunties, and the household generally, that I am *not* poisoned, and that my headache is cured; but they will not believe me. All that I desire now is to be let alone."

An amused smile was discernible on the doctor's face. This seemed such a very broad hint to her medical adviser. And a rosy blush, as she noticed his look, spread itself over Miss Hallerton's fair face.

"My dear child," remonstrated her grandmother, "remember your great-great-great-aunt."

"I'd rather not," was the undutiful reply. "She's a perfect nuisance. Because an ancestor of ours was poisoned," she continued, turning to the doctor, "the whole family cherish the notion, when anything goes wrong with me, that I am following in her footsteps. You must think us a set of madwomen, to summon you on such a pretext as this; but I can assure you that *I* had nothing to do with it."

"I am quite convinced of that," he replied, with a bow and a smile. "If you had taken twice as much saltpetre, it would not have harmed you. But it is not usually prescribed for headaches. I will bid you good-morning, Miss Hallerton, with the hope that you will never stand in any more need of my services than you do at present."

The young lady gracefully inclined her head, and tried to interest herself again in the story she was reading; but Doctor Ryle's manly face and figure were constantly obtruding themselves in place of the hero of the book.

Mrs. Hallerton, following the doctor into the hall, led the way into a reception room.



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Here, with a beckoning whisper, she thrust a handsome fee upon him, English fashion, saying:

"Rose has quite taken to you," ('an odd way of showing it,' parenthesized her auditor to himself,) "and you are the first physician who has entered the house, since the death of our old favorite, Doctor Clay. I really hope you will take his place; for we all feel confidence in you, at once. My daughter is very delicate. Every week she has these terrible headaches, which make us afraid that she will accidentally take something dangerous, to relieve them. The headaches are hereditary, and the great-great-great-aunt, of whom mother spoke (her own great-aunt), poisoned herself, while temporarily deranged from one."

The doctor bowed, and said he would do his best, and went home, thinking, more than a doctor should, of that golden hair. "What a beautiful Rose it is," he could not help saying to himself, "Will I ever see her again?"

Some time elapsed, in fact, before the doctor was summoned again to Portland Place, and he began to think he had been forgotten. At last, a note came from Mrs. Hallerton. "Rose," she wrote, "has one of her violent headaches, even worse than common. Will Dr. Ryle please come immediately?"

The note had been left while he was out. But he hurried off, as soon as he came home, his heart palpitating a little—a curious thing for a doctor, and especially for this one.

The grandmother met him, with a still greater amount, if possible, of silvery puffs, black silk, and point lace, and ejaculated, with clasped hands: "You are too late, doctor. She is gone!"

For a moment, the young man's heart almost stopped beating; but Mrs. Hallerton's cheerful tones hastened to reassure him.

"Oh! it's nothing serious," she said. "You must forgive Rose. I told you that she was wilful. Half an hour ago, she insisted on going off with her cousin, Philip Conrad, on a horseback ride, because he told her it would cure her headache. Phil is a handsome, reckless fellow, who is always leading her into mischief."

A feeling of hatred for the said Philip instantly arose in the heart of the hearer. But he remembered he was a doctor, and replied:

"A ride in this bracing air may prove the best remedy." Nevertheless, it was with a defrauded sort of feeling, that he retraced his steps to the office.

Later in the afternoon, as he was returning from a visit to a patient, in the outskirts of the city, he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and looking up, caught a hasty glimpse of Miss Hallerton and her escort. How the latter's eyes were fastened on her face! And what a handsome, dashing fellow he was! A "cousin," two or three times removed, too, as Mrs. Hallerton had told him; such a convenient relationship. As for the young lady, she looked perfectly radiant, and the deepest damask roses bloomed in her cheeks. She carried herself magnificently in the saddle, too. But like a vision, she was gone. She had not even seen him.

Again and again was Doctor Ryle summoned to the Hallertons. But for a long while he got no glimpse of his patient. One excuse after another was given. Sometimes, she was out; sometimes, she was "quite well." At last, Mrs. Hallerton admitted, confidentially, that "Rose was terribly afraid of doctors." The reply was naturally suggested, that, under the circumstances, a physician's visits were somewhat superfluous. But Doctor Ryle was so piteously entreated not to forego them, that, aided by certain growing inclinations of his own, he consented to keep up what began to look very much like a medical farce.

But a day came, when Miss Rose was prostrated by a severe attack of pneumonia, and could not possibly make her escape. As Doctor Ryle entered the room where she lay, looking far more like a lily than a rose, she held out a beautiful little hand to him, and asked to be forgiven, like a penitent child.

"There is nothing to forgive," replied the doctor, as he took the little hand for a moment in his; "we will not talk of your running away now, but of your getting well. You must not talk at all, for the present."

"Then you will really take care of me?" she asked, disobeying him with the most charming promptness.

"I will," he answered, solemnly as though responding in the marriage service; "but I am very tyrannical, Miss Hallerton. I cannot promise to cure you, without implicit obedience."

A sunset glow of crimson suffused the patient's cheeks, as she remembered her escapades. But on the whole, she rather enjoyed being under authority: it was such a novel sensation. She was a somewhat spoiled child, as well as a wilful one, if the truth must be told; and she found it exciting, as long as she was able, to puzzle and thwart the doctor in every possible way.

But pretty Rose Hallerton was soon beyond this; and Doctor Ryle saw that his patient was likely to have only her youth in her favor. For some days, she fairly hung suspended between life and death; and mother, nurse, and doctor, watched each labored breath with a sickening

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sense that it might be the last. For two or three nights, the doctor remained until morning with the stricken mother.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Hallerton, when, at last, she saw her daughter in a fair way to recover, "what *would* we have done without Doctor Ryle? He could not have been more tender with Rose, had he been her brother."

All the household echoed the words; and the sick girl soon learned to read the earnest gaze of those deep-set eyes. It had really seemed to hold her back from the grave, as she lay half unconscious; and later, its tender watchfulness gave her comfort and strength.

"Mother," she asked, one day, "didn't Doctor Ryle watch with me all night, while I was so very ill?"

"Yes, my darling," was the reply; "he spent several nights here—and I feel that we owe your precious life to him. I really love him for his goodness to you, and I shall miss his visits dreadfully. He said, this morning, that it would scarcely be necessary for him to come more than once or twice more."

Rose was silent. But she wondered if she, too, would not miss his visits dreadfully.

"I am proud of my patient," said Doctor Ryle, merrily, the next time he came, after feasting his eyes on the lovely vision propped up on the lounge. "How do you feel, to-day, Miss Rose?"

"Almost well enough to run away again," was the laughing reply. "I shall probably be off, the next time you come. I am beginning to remember that I am terribly afraid of doctors, and I am quite pining for a sight of old faces. Mamma says that I may see Phil, in a day or two, if you have no objection. The poor boy has been nearly crazy."

A very queer, cold sort of expression came over the doctor's face; and Rose looked up in surprise at the stiff tone in which he said:

"I do not think there will be any 'next time,' Miss Hallerton. You are quite able now to dispense with my services, and I have several other patients who really need them."

"You are the best judge," replied the young lady, with a sudden chill on her own feelings. "I only wish that I could make some sort of return for your unwearied care and kindness during the last month."

This sounded very dignified and proper, she thought. But the faint, returning color was perceptibly heightened; and she was conscious of a dull, aching pain at her heart.

"Do not thank me," said Doctor Ryle, also dignified and proper, and equally miserable. "I merely did my duty. I should feel sadly conscience-stricken to lose a patient through neglect or carelessness. I am rejoiced to see you so much improved, Miss Hallerton; and as I can be of no further use, I will say good-morning, and good-bye."

Rose merely bowed in return: she could not speak; and when he had fairly gone, she cried until she was tired. It was very natural, of course, in her weak state, said her devoted bevy of relatives; but it brought upon her such a shower of restoratives that she was fain to stop, in self-defence.

Two or three weeks after this, Miss Hallerton, apparently restored to health and strength, went for a solitary drive in her own especial vehicle. She was restless and dissatisfied, and mad for excitement of some sort; and the pony phaeton offered the most desirable safety-valve. She drove at a proper orthodox pace through the city; but once off the pavement, she gave the pony a loose rein, and touched him with the whip.

Unfortunately, "Knight" was also spoiling for excitement, having been exercised so little during his mistress' illness; besides, he had almost forgotten what the whip meant; so, with a vicious kick, he broke into a frantic run.

Rose had been accustomed to horses from babyhood; but she was still weak from her recent illness. She soon found herself unable to hold in the excited animal, and had given herself up for lost, when assistance came from the most unexpected quarter. Before she knew how it happened, Doctor Ryle had seized the bridle, and was soothing the trembling animal.

"Will you allow me to drive you home?" he asked, as he saw how pale and faint the girl looked. He did not wait for an answer, but stepped into the phaeton.

"It is a long time since I have seen you," began Rose, feeling the silence, after a moment, embarrassing.

"And you were running away from me again," said her companion, with a smile.

"That was Knight's running, not mine," she replied. "But, Doctor Ryle, I must speak seriously about what has proved no jesting matter, and tell you, whether you like it or not, how grateful I am to you for saving my life this second time. On your last visit, you were so distant and severe, that you frightened me, and I am almost afraid, even now—"

"I, too, must speak seriously," said the doctor, fixing upon her the earnest gaze that Rose remembered so well. "Will you allow me to ask you a question, Miss Hallerton?"

The deepening, varying hues on the face beside him were beautiful to see; and the weight on his

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heart was already partly lifted, as he uttered the words: "Are you engaged to your cousin, Mr. Philip Conrad?"

Rose suddenly lifted her face, with the old mischievous look in her violet eyes, and laughed like a happy child. The gaze she met seemed searching her very soul; and crimsoning more vividly than ever, she said: "Why do you ask me that?"

"Because," imprisoning both of her hands in the one that was not monopolized by the reins, "if you are *not* engaged to him—oh, my darling, I felt so sure that you were—you are certainly engaged to *me*."

There was no sound of denial, and he ventured to continue: "Rose, my *Rosa Mundi*, when I watched beside you, night after night, during your illness, I did it because my life was so bound up in yours, that I felt it would be death to lose you. It was not true to say that I did no more than my duty; for if I attended to patients generally in that way, I should soon be unfitted for practice. Since your recovery, I have been ill myself, from the intense strain on brain and heart, and I shall never be quite cured, until you prescribe for me."

Rose Hallerton married Doctor Alexander Ryle, to the great satisfaction of her family, who received him, both literally and figuratively, with open arms; but she always declared that he never had proposed to her. Did he?

## MY VIS-À-VIS.

BY H. CHALMONDELEY-PENNELL.

Your step is the softest that brushes
The silken-swept floors of Cockayne,
Your face is the idol they worship
In Fashion's idolatrous fane.
Did fancy recall for the moment
We pass'd in the dazzling throng,
A wave-lighted darkness by Arno,
And one lonely nightingale's song?
Some sweetnesses whispered at parting,
Some clasping of hands when we met?
Or have you forgot to remember
What I—recollect to forget?

A folly! but good while it lasted—
Perhaps we've grown wiser since then;
You're learn'd in the highways and byways
Of the paths of the children of men.
The blossoms and fruits of Love's garden,
The star-flow'rs that vanish with morn,
Are not for my Eve of the Arno—
*I've* found that the "rose has a thorn."
Then was Paradise undisenchanted,
Young Love a divinity yet.
Now, you can forget to remember,
Whilst I recollect to forget.

There are scores only asking permission
To put their necks under your foot,
The slaves of your sceptre, my beauty,
Outnumber the slaves of Amroot.
Yet still as you stand in the glitter,
The pride and the passion of pow'r,
Sigh once for the glory departed,
The love that you loved—for an hour:
The stars we saw rise upon Arno
Shall turn in their courses and set,
When you can forget to remember
What I . . . . recollect to forget.

## SUMMER-TIME FRIENDS.

BY WILLIAM SAND.

Summer friends! When birds are calling,
Trees are waving, roses bloom—
Leaf, and bud, and blossom, filling
All the air with sweet perfume—

Wakening to the morning's glory,
Dreaming in the golden noon,
Welcoming the evening shadows,
Lingering 'neath the tender moon—

Ye are welcome! Gifts of summer:
Rich, and beautiful, and sweet,
Lying all around, above you,
Blossoming beneath your feet—

Ye are welcome! But when winter,
Storm-clad, lifts his finger dread,
And each tender leaf and blossom
Lays on earth its beauteous head—

When the birds have flown, and tree-tops
Stand dark-lined against the sky,
And the streamlet's heart is silent,
And the storm-cloud gathereth nigh—

Will ye come, and share our winter,
As ye shared our summer hours?
When Life's storms are beating o'er us,
Will your tears o'erflow with ours?

Home and love are changeless, whether
Summer sun, or firelight, glow.
Blest are they, who, faithful ever,
Come to us, in joy or woe.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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## CHAPTER XI.

MRS. JANSON FORBES had just completed her preparations for "The Saturday Night," to which some important invitations had been given out. Whatever financial results might have followed these festive gatherings, but little display of them had been made either in her residence or its surroundings. Whatever her vain desires in this respect may have been, her husband, Janson Forbes, the editor of a political journal, and, in that position, a convenient link of communication between experienced lobbyists and accessible Congressmen, was far too prudent for any ostentatious exhibition of success in his vocation. Indeed, he rather affected the need of parsimony in his household.

The apartment, in which she was that evening awaiting the presence of her guests, could hardly have been considered a drawing-room, but for an arch of ornate stucco work that spanned it in the middle, giving an ostentatious display of size, and two marble mantelpieces, backed by long narrow mirrors, divided into compartments, each of which reflected a tall brass candlestick, and duplicated the lights they held, like soldiers carrying flambeaux in a procession.

To these ornaments was added a gilt chandelier, with a circle of long crystals dropping from the socket of each candle it bore, which gave to the room a dusky atmosphere, into which Mrs. Forbes glided, like an actress when the footlights are turned low. On the carpet, numerous arabesques, medallions, and a blazing entanglement of flowers shed their gorgeousness.

But most of all did Mrs. Forbes exult in a portrait of herself, hanging against the opposite wall; not as she was then, in the waning bloom of her womanhood, with long curls falling to her shoulders, crowned with a wreath of roses, that caught the candlelight, as it glinted down the azure silk of her dress, and lost itself in the carpet. No, this work of high art consisted of a little girl, stiff and upright as an exclamation point, standing against a blue background, with her feet planted on a patch of vivid green, and carrying a basket of wooden-looking flowers in her stiff little hand.

On that particular evening, she had thrown a wreath of paper roses, of her own making, over the frame, and divided her admiration, for some time, between that and the long mirror running back of the opposite mantelpiece, where she seemed to be searching for some of the beauty in her own face, which she fancied to exist in the child. A moment after, as if the habit of deception was so strong that she must practice on herself, she would push the autumn leaves aside, give a new twist to her long curls, draw one farther down to her bosom, toss another back over her shoulder, examine her face still more closely in the glass, and, with a sigh of contentment, take to roving up and down the room again, only to grow restless, as she thought of the combinations that were to be formed, the influences used, and the great interests that would depend upon the coming of such guests as were essential to success, in an enterprise that had been left, more than had ever happened before, to her own capacities for deception and powers of pleasing.

Mrs. Forbes was not a woman for deep reflection on this or any other subject. She could usually depend on her own spontaneous efforts at personal influence. Indeed, all the power she possessed depended upon the natural audacity of character, which made her very falsehood seem like the recklessness of fearless truth; but this evening, the magnitude of an object, scarcely yet thoroughly understood, made her thoughtful, as the moment of action drew on.

Up to this time, her duties had been to lure, flatter, or push her way into society, and thus find ready access to persons in power, whom her husband might wish to influence. Naturally ambitious, and full of that courage which springs from heedlessness of danger, she gloried in the excitement of a career carefully laid out for her, as much as she desired the profit that might accrue from it.

A few words with her husband that day had stimulated her ambition, and opened a vista of wealth, that seemed almost fabulous to her. Success in this one enterprise, he said, would lift them above all necessities of prudence, or fears of disaster. She could then boldly take a place in



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the gay world, toward which she had hitherto been compelled to creep and cringe. Then she could openly assert all the appliances of wealth, and exercise the taste which she felt quite certain of possessing. No dark horsehair chairs should then dim the gorgeousness of her carpets.

The noise of a latch-key at the door, and a step in the hall, broke in on her reverie. Directly, Janson Forbes came into the room, with a bundle of papers in his hand.

"Ah, you are here, and all right. That is capital. Get up, and let me see how you look. We have difficult cards to play, and I suppose there is something in that, where women are concerned."

"You ought to know. I'm sure I've dressed often enough for you in times gone by," said the wife, arising, and shaking out the folds of her dress, with some show of impatience. "It's the same old thing, you see. I have no chance for variety."

"Pretty enough, anyway," said the husband, surveying her from head to foot, with far more interest than she had observed in him before. "Upon my word, I begin to think there is some power in beautiful things."

"No one but you ever doubted it," retorted the wife. "By and by, you will perhaps find it out. I never could see what use there is in seeming poor, except to give other women a chance to crow over you."

"That depends, my dear. Nothing helps a public man now like a good clear reputation for poverty."

Mrs. Forbes shrugged her plump shoulders.

"I dare say; but for my part, I would just as soon be poor as seem so. What's the good of money, anyway, if one cannot cut a splurge with it? I tell you what, Janson, I'm tired to death of all this talk about prudence. It's just because you dote on hoarding up money."

"Well, well, don't plunge into that subject again just now. Only look your prettiest, and do your best in this Stewart matter, and we can afford to snap our fingers at the world."

"But will you?"

"When this Western business is accomplished, I can promise you almost anything."

"Certainly, you can do that, without much trouble, at any time; but keeping the promise is another thing. I want to be certain about that."

Forbes laughed, grimly. He was a tall, loose-jointed man, so constituted, both by nature and education, that his very smile was untrustworthy.

"Well, well, what do you want?"

"This," answered the lady, planting herself on the carpet, and counting off the fingers of her left hand with the other: "a new house, on one of the squares."

"Well?"

"Furnished beautifully."

"Like the East room, perhaps," suggested Forbes, with another smile, that had no sweetness, but much mockery in it.

"No, no," was the prompt answer, accompanied by a lively toss of the head; "that old Washington stuff won't answer for me. When I do come out, it shall be with a dash."

"Well, what next?"

"Dresses—superb, and plenty of them; fur cloaks; lace flounces; silks that will stand alone; camel's-hair shawls, such as the Sultans give their wives; rings down to each knuckle of my hands: everything that shines and sparkles, and makes one woman hate another, in the way of toilet."

"Well, what next?" asked the man, with a sneer on his lips, and darkening in his eyes. "What next? I only want to know how moderate a woman can be when she has full swing."

"Oh, you can laugh and sneer," she said; "but I'm in earnest—dead earnest. If this big fish comes into our net, I'm bound to have my share of it made certain."

"Well, go on."

"Carriages; horses; a great stout coachman, sitting on a hammercloth cushion, and flipping little boys in the face with his whip; two black footmen, and a maid."

"Is that all?"

"Why not? One can think of other things afterward—more than I'm likely to get out of you; but all this is only to tantalize me. You'd better go upstairs; get rid of that bundle of papers, and put on a dress fit for company."

Forbes sauntered toward the door, but his wife called him back.

"One thing more: I don't mean to be made useful in this business till I know all about it."

"Nonsense, my dear. Why should you care about the details, so long as the result will bring in money enough for all you want."

Here Forbes held up the package, that bespoke his arduous calling, and left the room.

Mrs. Forbes remained upon the sofa to which she had retreated, and watched him, with a look of sly cunning in her eyes, till he disappeared up the stairway. Then she leaned back, with a low, dissatisfied laugh, that ended in words equally scornful.

"Oh, yes, I am always to take orders, and never know anything—not even where the money goes to. This comes of marrying a man of genius: one of those fellows who think they know so much that their wives have nothing to do but watch and wor-

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ship them, in order to educate themselves. But I don't mean to play blind-man's buff, with a handkerchief over my eyes, all our lives—"

Mrs. Forbes started to an upright position on the hard sofa, and arranged her dress with careful precision, for the door-bell had sounded; and directly, a gentleman came in.

"Ah, Mr. Stewart, how fortunate. 'We know, by the perfume, when a rose is near.' I was just thinking of you," she exclaimed, advancing to meet her first visitor with beaming hospitality in her face, and that elaboration of manner so common to women who have fought or wheedled their way into society. "Sit down, sit down, and let us have a little chat before the rest come in."

Stewart, who had taken the lady's extended hand, forgot to relinquish it; and it was difficult to say which led the other to that horsehair sofa, or why their hands did not unclasp when they were safely ensconced between its curving arms.

"Now tell me all about these poor Indians. You don't know how much I am interested in them. Janson is so absorbed in his paper that he tells me nothing; but you have been among them, and can give me some idea of what they come here about."

"Oh," answered Stewart, "that should be an easy thing, even for a lady, to understand. What did an Indian ever come to Washington for, but to protest against some swindle, or subject himself to one?"

"There, there, don't talk politics, or you will think me strong-minded. Society ladies, you know, feel almost insulted, when public men seem to think that they can ever understand such things."

A look of sarcastic amusement came over Stewart's rather handsome countenance.

"But the most fashionable of our ladies do not hesitate to admit that they study and discuss history," he said.

"History? Oh, yes, but that is different, you know," rejoined the lady, with breathless eagerness, like a child who has suddenly plunged into deep water, and already feels beyond its depth.

Stewart saw this, and smiled encouragingly.

"But where is the difference, except that history is a record of the past, and politics of the present. Who can tell where one merges into the other?"

Mrs. Forbes looked up, archly.

"Just here, I should think; so we will not go over the line either way. Only about these poor savages: I want to know all about them. You wished me to invite them. I have done it."

"That was very kind."

"Kind? But Janson was anxious about it, and said great things might come out of it."

"Great things? Yes, he was right. It would be a great—a noble thing—if we could rescue these poor people from their despoilers."

Stewart's voice changed a little here, and the sharp-witted woman was quick to observe it. She laid her hand on his arm, and laughed in his face.

"There, there. You are not practising for the ministry. Of course, you and my husband—I don't know how many persons beside—are dying to take these savages out of the hands of their persecutors—but what then?"

"Why, then, we shall protect their rights."

Mrs. Forbes looked steadily in the man's face.

"And secure your own," she said.

"Well, there can be no harm in that. These Indians own lands that our people want."

"Yes, I know: as they wanted and took those on this side of the Mississippi."

"Then you do know something of politics?" said Stewart, laughing.

"No; that is of the past—history—and very disgraceful history it is; but go on."

"Well, these lands will, in some way, be forced into the market, either by treaty or purchase. In forming a treaty, great care is necessary; and these savages have need of their friends. They are not an ungrateful people; and trust wholly, when they trust at all."

"And they trust you? Yes, I see: you will draw up the treaty."

"Or failing that, defeat it; and our friends will accept, from the gratitude of these savages, all that a sharply-watched treaty would enable them to divide."

"Then, either way, those friends will benefit?"

"Surely."

"But how much?"

The woman was eager now, and did not care to conceal it; for her soul was in sympathy with the man's evil work. She repeated her words.

"How much? I am not speaking of my husband's share: that does not count with me; but how much for the woman who will find a way to help you."

"More than that of any man engaged in the affair."

"You promise this?"

"Upon my honor."

Mrs. Forbes bent her head, and was thoughtful a minute, as if she did not quite accept the security; but her face cleared up after a moment.

"Tell me how much will there be to divide—at a rough estimate, you know."

"One can't, yet, tell the exact figures. But there is marvelous wealth in these lands."

"Marvelous?" exclaimed the woman, with renewed eagerness.

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She was surprised to see the color mount to Stewart's face, as if he had committed an indiscretion; but the sound of a carriage, and a quick ringing at the door-bell, checked further speech between them.

## CHAPTER XII.

That bell summoned Mrs. Janson Forbes to the performance of her social duties, which she assumed with all her usual exuberant hospitality. She really was a charming hostess—not the less so because she allowed some hoydenish elements, that had been attractive in her former frontier life, to break through the veneering of her present position—not always, but with a certain tact, that recognized kindred tastes in her visitors.

Thus, when General Noel came in, with Constance leaning on his arm, she came a step forward to receive him, smiling, bland, and low-voiced, in her recognition.

Constance had never been in the house before, and to the fair girl her manner was caressing almost to obsequiousness, and lacked nothing of courtly grace but its sincerity. Constance felt this, and it increased her dislike of the woman, all the more because she stood near when Huestice Young came in, and saw that with him her demeanor was more broadly free, as if cordial relations existed between them.

"I am so glad that you have come early," said the lady, keeping Young by her side, by an exercise of that elaborate cordiality, which a sensitive man finds it difficult to resist, "for I am expecting Ellen Camp, and no one will get a chance to speak with you, after she comes in."

Young looked up, and saw that the eyes of Constance Noel were turned upon him, with the same expression of scorn that had kindled their blue depths, when she had retreated from that window in the marble balcony of the Capitol. The look stung him, and he said, with a touch of defiance in his voice:

"Yes, I knew that she would be here—"

"And came accordingly. Thanks for the compliment to me, and some other ladies, who may have been vain enough to fancy that they possessed some attractions."

Mrs. Forbes flung a little of her old rough breeding into this speech, which annoyed Young, and he turned away angry with himself that he had provoked it. One glance toward the spot that Constance had occupied, convinced him that she was no longer there. Glancing across the room, he saw the Indian chief standing by the door, with Washanee by his side.

The old man had taken off his red-lined cloak, and thrown it over his arm, where it hung in rich waves of color, as an artist might have arranged it. He was surveying the crowd with calm scrutiny, apparently waiting for some signal to advance.

Washanee stood near him: tall, graceful, and ardently observant; her dark eyes, full of suppressed fire, wandered from face to face, with wistful searching. At last they fell upon Young, and all their hidden fire sparkled beneath the thick lashes. Wild, impulsive, thrilled with delight, she started forward, and would have met him half way, but for a grave whisper from the old man, which checked her progress, and sent a flood of hot color to her face.

Young's face lighted up. Compared to the woman he had just left, this brilliant creature from the wilderness was marvelous in her rare and vigorous beauty. It was like escaping from the sultry heat of a forcing-house into the fresh cool breeze of a mountain peak, when his eyes fell upon the girl. Still, he did not approach her, at first; but stood awhile, watching her.

She stood there by the Indian chief: erect, independent, yet with a certain grace of shy modesty about her, that became manifest when her eyes met his, and were instantly hid under the long black lashes, like stars under a cloud.

Young was not particularly a vain man; but there was something in that shy, swift look, that almost atoned for the cold and even scornful glances of Constance Noel.

"I say, Stewart; look over yonder. Who can it be?"

"That—ah, I see now. The very person we were speaking of—the Cherokee chief."

"Chief? Oh, that is the old fellow with the red cloak. How could one notice him, with that magnificent creature standing by? Who is she? And how on earth did the Forbes manage to get her here?"

"Who is she?" answered Stewart, hesitating.

"Then you do not know her? I will inquire of someone else," was the impatient rejoinder.

"That is quite unnecessary. Of course I know her. She is the old chief's granddaughter."

"What—the squaw you were telling me about?"

"No, you gave her the name. I never did."

"No matter who gave her the name. He was a brute who did it. Why, the creature is beautiful!"

"You are not the first man who has found that out."

"No, I see. Look at Senator Young: he is quite devouring her with his eyes."

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"Still, the truth is there. She is of Indian blood, and that old chief is, beyond a doubt, her grandfather. So, as I am supposed to represent the Commission here, they must be introduced."

"First to the lady of the house, and then to me. Had you told me of the girl, I might have thrown more enthusiasm into your affair. Money is not everything."

"But I did not wish it. Nothing could antagonize the old chief more than that. He holds Washanee in the core of his heart."

"And he is rich—independent of the tribes?"

"Yes—very."

"Then she might be made invaluable?"

"Not in the ring."

"That depends. It was a wedding-ring I thought of."

Had anyone in the crowd been looking at Stewart just then, the pallor that swept over his face might have caused some astonishment. He turned and looked at Keene from head to foot, till his pallor turned to a sneer, which might have worked against his interest with that stout, middle-aged person, had he observed it.

"The idea seems to have struck you dumb," he said. "But there have been such marriages before this."

Here the conversation was checked by Young, who turned suddenly, and looked at the two men. He had been heedless of the first part of their low-toned colloquy; but the last sentences reached his ear, and, connecting them with Washanee, his first impulse was one of resentment. But this quick movement warned the speakers, and there was nothing in their immovable features to prove that they were the persons he had listened to. Directly, they drifted apart, and Stewart moved toward Washanee.

"Our hostess is expecting you," he said, addressing the chief, with some inward trepidation. "I will present your granddaughter."

"No," answered Washaning, with that calm air of authority, which gave indescribable gentleness to a will strong as iron. "I will myself introduce Washanee to the lady who has wished to see her. Come, my child."

"But, as one of the Commission, it will be expected of me," persisted Stewart.

"But I will have it otherwise," was the quiet answer; and leaving his place by the door, the chief advanced toward the little crowd that still surrounded Mrs. Forbes. Washanee came forward also, side by side with the old man. Those who had surrounded the hostess drew back and watched the advance of this strange pair with curiosity.

"You have asked to see a daughter of our people, and my grandchild is glad to come," said the old man, bending his head slightly, like one long unaccustomed to ceremonials of the kind, but all the more dignified for that.

Mrs. Forbes reached out her hand to Washanee, and at once became profuse in expressions of delight. She was indeed highly elated by the successful efforts that had drawn so many strange lions to her reception, and would have placed Washanee by her side, in the first outgush of triumph that anything so magnificently picturesque had fallen to her for a first introduction into society.

But Washanee was sensitively alive to all that was true and real in the persons she met with, and was retreating shyly from this sudden exhibition of friendship, when her eyes fell on Constance Noel. Swift and graceful as the flight of a bird, she passed through the little crowd that had gathered about her.

"They told me that you would be here, and so I came," she said. "Among all these voices, my heart has listened for yours."

Constance smiled, and reached forth her hand. There was something so sincere and ardent in the expression of gladness that shone in those great black eyes, that she could not resist it.

"I had hoped to see you again before this," she said, with some embarrassment; for many of the guests had left their hostess, and were curiously listening to every word that dropped from the strange girl.

"But I have seen you, every day: sometimes at the window, sometimes in the garden, where the flowers were peeping up from the ground to look at you."

Constance smiled, but colored slightly; for she scarcely knew how to answer.

"But you never came there," she said.

"Because you did not sing for me to come. I listened and listened, but you never called; so I hid away, like a lone deer in the woods."

"That was unkind. I should have been glad to see you."

"You are glad now. I can see it. Your eyes are like robins' eggs with the sunshine on them."

Constance blushed vividly, and strove to hide her consciousness of it under a light laugh.

"But that night, shadows were in them. I thought of it in the night, and was angry with myself. But what had I done?"

"Nothing that was not bright and charming, Washanee. You must not fancy anything else. My father has more than once inquired after you. He will be glad to meet you again."

"The tall white chief? Is he coming? Shall I see him?"

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"But you do not inquire for me," said Young, who had quietly made his way toward the two girls. "I also have some right to be remembered."

At his approach, the smiles died suddenly on Constance's lips; and returning Young's grave salutation with a cold bow, she turned to the person nearest her, and began a conversation with him. But the joy Washanee felt flashed into her face. She half reached out her hand: then drew it back again, blushing vividly.

"We Indians never forget those who have been kind to us," she said, with drooping eyelids and smiling lips.

Before Young could reply, Mrs. Forbes came up, and put an end to the conversation.

"General Noel has just told me that you sing like a nightingale," she said. "Everybody here will be delighted to hear you."

Washanee was startled. Like the mocking-birds in her own wild woods, she sang from the heart, and only when that was brimful of music. This request amazed her.

"Sing?" she said, appealing to Young, as if for protection, "and for all these people? How can I do that?" Then turning to Mrs. Forbes, she added: "Sing like a nightingale? They do not find music in their throats for asking; but only because they love one another."

"Then sing for me."

Young was scarcely conscious of these words, uttered almost in a whisper; but they thrilled Washanee from head to foot; and Constance—whose heart listened, while her lips conversed with another—felt a swift pain pass through her, as if left by the flight of an arrow.

Washanee turned at once, and walked toward a piano at the other end of the room. Quite unaccustomed to the usages of a drawing-room, she had not observed that Young was offering his arm, nor dreamed that an escort was necessary in order to cross a few breadths of carpet. Thus the Senator was left under some embarrassment; still, somewhat amused by this sudden desertion.

"May I offer myself as a substitute?" said a soft, caressing voice, at his elbow; and turning his head, he saw Mrs. Camp.

There was nothing for Young but acquiescence in this arrangement; so he went with the crowd, and placed himself by the piano, with the lady still leaning on his arm.

Washanee sat down by the piano, conscious of his presence; but, embarrassed by so many strange eyes, she could not venture to lift her own to greet him.

Instead of breaking into a wild burst of inspiration—such as had astonished some of those around her on the night of her advent at General Noel's—she touched the keys lightly; and without notes or prelude, broke into the very song that Constance had sung that evening.

The persons who had been present that night listened in breathless amazement; for this wild girl gave to both the music and the words an expression so perfect, yet with a certain degree of originality, that it seemed like a miracle.

How had she learned this music? In what way had words, that had only crossed the lips of Constance Noel, become familiar to her?

Washanee was evidently subduing a natural habit of improvisation, as she sang; and this threw a shade of embarrassment over her. She felt the presence of those three persons, who had heard the song before, oppressively; and was afraid to turn her eyes upon their faces. What if she had failed to give the music its true expression? The thought filled her with self-distrust.

The audience were indeed silent: partly from surprise, partly from disappointment; for most of them had expected something eccentric.

Washanee, keenly sensitive by nature, felt the atmosphere created by this feeling as a rebuke, and her eyes were full of deprecating anxiety when the notes died away under her fingers, and she turned them upon Young. But, like a flash of lightning, her face changed. The glance, that she gave to him, took in the woman, who still clung, with an air of tender helplessness, to his arm, and the seeming interest with which he met the beseeching eyes uplifted to his.

Washanee started from her seat, amid a storm of applause, worthless to her as a rush of wind through forest leaves. She cast a wild glance around the room, and, seeing her grandfather, swept through the crowd, with the graceful force of a panther, and, seizing hold of his cloak, said, in a passionate whisper:

"Take me home, grandfather—take me home."

The old man saw that she was pale with some strong emotion, and was about to lead her from the room, when she broke from him, and went up to Constance Noel, who stood somewhat apart from the crowd, that had left one end of the room almost vacant, while Washanee was singing.

"Have I done wrong to steal your words?" she said. "You are good; you look the truth; tell me if I have done wrong. It is you only that I care for—"

Constance had watched the passionate movement of this wild girl with keen sympathy. She had kept aloof from the crowd near the piano, because the presence of Young, with that woman clinging to his arm, like some parasite around a

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noble oak, had repelled her. For Washanee, Constance had a degree of jealousy, that may be bitter but not absolutely humiliating, because it finds some solace to pride in the character of its object. This strange Indian girl had so enlisted her own admiration, that she could be just—even kind—to her, though she had innocently brought the first real trouble into her young life. Now these two beautiful girls met in such sympathy, that they almost comprehended each other. Certainly, Constance had read, in the wild impulsive action which had brought Washanee to her side, something of the jealous pain hidden away in her own bosom. She understood, also, that this pain must be doubly barbed, because of the contempt for an unworthy object, that must extend to the man whose honor it impeached. There was no coldness of manner in Constance now. She took the hand, which Washanee held out, between both hers, and led her into the recess of a window, where the draperies concealed them.

"You have done no wrong," she said. "It was a compliment to my poor song, that you could learn it so completely. I shall be prouder than ever of it now."

"I thought that you would like it, and that he might think me more like you."

"More like me? Oh, that would be little enough," said Constance, shaking her head, and, spite of all her efforts, speaking somewhat bitterly. "No one is likely to take me for a standard."

Washanee, who stood with her back to the window, cast a wistful glance across the room, where Young and his companion stood.

"Is it her?" she questioned, with a proud curve of the lip. "I could not be like her. We have small animals in our woods, that creep and fawn like that; but our young braves will not even kill them. What is she to him?"

"Nothing, Washanee, nothing. Still, enough to destroy all respect for him. The world is full of such women."

"Women who fawn so?"

"Fawn? Yes, it is an accomplishment."

Washanee shook her head in unbelief.

"You will find no devices in human beings or animals, that artful women cannot imitate," said Constance, who felt strange relief in this opportunity to express the contempt that for days had been burning in her mind. "I could forgive them anything but this subtle degradation of men who are naturally great and good."

Washanee turned her flashing eyes on the woman, who was still whispering her silken flattery into the ears of Huestice Young.

"We have poisonous flowers in our woods, and vines that grow around the roots, and creep like snakes up the oaks—she is like them."

"And like them, may strangle and kill."

"No, no," returned Washanee, in a deep, fierce whisper, clenching her hands, and wringing them apart, with an energy that was almost ferocious. "We who are strong trample them with our heels—tear them up by the root."

Constance recoiled a little. This was the first exhibition of savage blood that she had yet seen in the girl; and while the passionate splendor of her face fascinated, its fierceness almost frightened her.

"Hush! They will hear you," she whispered.

Washanee looked around, impatiently; then turned to Constance.

"For a little time, I thought myself in the woods, where the trees never listen. Now I will go away. My grandfather is waiting."

Constance reached out her hand.

"Some day, you will sing again, and I shall hear you across the garden," said Washanee, holding the little hand in her own firm clasp. "I have frightened you. Your lips tremble, and are white. But when I come to your window again, you will be glad, and tell me to come in?"

"Yes, I shall always be glad to see you."

"And the tall chief—he looks at me so strangely. Have I made him angry?"

"No, my father is a little anxious. Perhaps he has seen how much you have been disturbed, and is troubled about it. By and by, you will learn to suffer and be silent. Your first lesson will be to smile and talk lightly when your heart is aching."

Constance smiled sadly, as she said this; and Washanee saw that her sweet mouth trembled. All at once, her eyes filled with tears: a great flood of sympathy had quenched that savage passion, and this wild creature was gentle as a fawn; but ashamed of this, she stole away; and joining her grandfather, passed through those crowded rooms, and away from the house, without dreaming that it was necessary to speak with the hostess before she went.

Young, who had been kept in thraldom by the soft voice of his captor, caught a glimpse of the old man and Washanee, as they passed through the room; and made an impatient movement, as if he would have followed them. Mrs. Camp observed this, as she did everything that appertained to her own interests; and broke into a new subject.

"How strange it is that Miss Noel should have taken such a fancy to that Indian girl," she said; "and what a queer wild thing she is. Ever since we have been standing here, they have

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been hidden away by the window there, talking eagerly, like lovers making up a quarrel. The Indian looked quite savage for awhile, but toned down somehow, and seemed more than half civilized, before she left."

"Then she has left?" said Young, with a restless movement. "And I have hardly spoken to the old chief."

Mrs. Camp saw that the charm of her society had passed away, for that time, at least; and being an adroit tactician, withdrew from her place by the piano, and released him by quietly dropping into the corner of a sofa.

"Perhaps they have not gone even now," she said. "I caught a glimpse of the old man's cloak, two or three minutes ago."

Young bowed, and went away, thoroughly dissatisfied with himself, and with an inexplicable sense of thraldom about him; while the lady he had left leaned her arm on the curving side of the sofa, and fanned herself, with a sweet sense of contentment. Directly, she found Caleb Stewart by her side, looking into her face with sidelong scrutiny.

"Well, are you satisfied with what I have done?" she said, yawning faintly behind the feathers of her fan. "You certainly had a fair chance with the handsome savage."

"But no opportunity of using it. She was under the old chief's eye all the time, and now has gone off like a lapwing."

"Fearfully jealous, too," said the widow, laughing a little maliciously.

"Jealous of whom?"

"Of whom? Why, man, have you no eyes?"

"Not often, for anyone but yourself, Ellen—"

Mrs. Camp brushed Stewart's cheek lightly with her fan.

"There, there! Our time for all this has passed and gone. Now, it is out of harmony."

"Well then, Ellen, plainly, what did you mean?"

"Only that the girl is in love with Huestice Young, and at this moment madly jealous of poor me."

"In love with Young? Why, she cannot have seen him more than once."

"Oh, but with these wild, passionate creatures, love is most likely to come at first sight."

"Impossible; quite impossible. Washanee is no common Indian. She is, in fact, better educated than half the ladies in this room. You cannot judge her by the women of her tribe."

"Still, as I have said, she is in love; she is jealous; and what is more, our stately young Senator is fascinated with her—beyond doubt." Here the widow turned squarely, and fixed her eyes on her companion. "Beside—but what makes you so pale, Caleb Stewart? Surely, surely—"

If the man was pale, so also was the woman, who fixed her kindling eyes upon him, and sat for a moment with her lips apart, and the breath coming through them in faint gasps. The sudden change in her face startled him into self-control.

"Surely," he said, "the interests, that I told you of, are great enough to cause some alarm, when a danger of this kind presents itself. In order to secure them, we must have control of the girl, and it becomes all the more important that you should secure every possible influence over Young."

"And more difficult, too," said the widow, regaining such portion of color as emotion could disturb, though her searching eyes still dwelt suspiciously on her companion, "but that I do not care for, only—"

"Well?"

"I must be sure—"

"Of what?"

"Oh, nothing. He is coming this way—you must not be found here—in fact, I am scarcely acquainted with you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# SENTINEL OF THE FLOWERS.

BY JEAN MAXWELL.

Just outside the garden,
Tinct with the breathing bowers,
The thistle waits
And guards the gates—
Sentinel of the flowers.

Blades of dirk and bayonet
Gleam through the spreading gloom,
While on the air—
The one thing fair—
Waves his purple plume.

Flower lips of beauty
Speak, in their blushing bloom,
Dear words of praise
And thankful lays,
Voiced in a sweet perfume.

Faithful stand, oh thistle!
Guarding the breathing bowers,
And envied fame
Will crown thy name—
Sentinel of the flowers.

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# HOW KITTY RECEIVED IN DAKOTA.

BY MRS. CELIA A. WHEELOCK.

"OH, papa, I think I will receive on New Year's day," said little Kitty Clifton, to her father, a few days before Christmas. "The other ladies are going to receive, and I wish to."

"But, Kitty, are you not rather young to undertake so formidable a task?"

"Well, papa, I am eighteen; and some girls are married at that age. No, I think I am old enough, and your position will require it."

"Ah, ha! That's it, is it? Judge Clifton's ladies must receive, if other society ladies do. Very well, little one. Invite some lady to assist you, and order whatever you need, in the way of refreshments."

"And, papa, shall we close the blinds, and light the rooms? Some ladies do it."

"Yes, dear, if the sun forgets to shine; not otherwise. Seriously, Kitty, I do not like affectation. Have everything as nice as you like; but no nonsense."

"Very well, papa. Will it be nonsense to order flowers?"

"No, dear. I am fond of flowers. You can have them from Sioux City, on the ten o'clock train, in time to arrange them before the reception. Now kiss me good-night, pet. I shall be writing until late."

Judge Clifton was a wealthy, middle-aged gentleman, and Kitty was his only child. Of course, she was petted and indulged, and to an extent which would have spoiled a less affectionate and unselfish girl. She had just come, with an old maid cousin of her mother's, from the East, where she had spent the last three years, finishing her education. She was now installed as the mistress of his large and beautiful house.

As the judge went out, Kitty flew up the stairs to tell her cousin that her father had given his consent to the New Year's reception.

"Now, Alice," she said, "I am going out to invite Mrs. Holoome and Mrs. Gleury, to assist me."

An hour after, she came back, very much discouraged.

"It is too bad," she said, "all the ladies are promised; and I suppose papa will not like me to receive alone."

"No, dear, I think not."

At breakfast, next morning, the judge noticed Kitty was unusually quiet, and asked what was the matter.

"Why, Kitty," he replied, when she had told him, "Alice is not engaged, and I daresay she will assist you."

"But," said Alice, hesitatingly, "you know I did not intend to enter society, this winter."

The judge looked over to the window, where Alice stood; then turning to Kitty, said:

"Go, my pet, and prepare your cards. I will try, meanwhile, to persuade cousin Alice to assist you."

The judge, when she had gone, crossed to where Alice stood; took her hand; passed an arm around her; and whispered in her ear something, which seemed to surprise her.

"But I thought we had arranged that, for next summer," she replied.

"True, love. But I am impatient, and Kitty needs a mother. Do, darling Alice, consent." He murmured a few words about arrangements, and then came a click of heels on the stairs, as Kitty appeared again, at which the judge saluted the ladies, and went out.

"Oh, what a dear, darling old papa it is!" said Kitty. "And thank you, too, a thousand times, dear Alice. But now, what shall we wear? Shall I have black, or white?"

"Black, Kitty? What an idea! Your first reception, too."

"Well, I do like black best; but I suppose white will be more suitable. White silk, trimmed with down; I must have down, it is so soft and warm. What will you wear, Alice?"

"You may choose for me, pet."

"May I? Oh, I'll make you lovely, Alice!"

"Not too gay, little one. Remember, I am an old maid."

"Pshaw! At any rate, I'll make them all forget it, for one day at least."

It was New Year's morning. Directly after breakfast, the judge said to Alice: "Please put on your wraps, Alice, and come up town with me. The sleigh is at the door. I wish you to assist me in securing a suitable present for this little girl of mine."

Kitty waited to see them drive off, and then went to her room, to dress for the reception. "For I must be ready," she said, "to help Alice, when she comes home." Kitty had hardly com-



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pleted her toilet, when the sound of bells was heard; and she hurried downstairs to see her present. Her father was coming up the steps, with Alice on his arm; and as they entered the hall, he took Kitty by the hand, and led her up to her cousin.

"Alice, dear wife," he said, "let me present to you our daughter. Kitty, I bring you a new mamma."

Kitty looked from one to the other. It took her by surprise. But, as she began to understand the case, she fairly danced with delight, kissing Alice, and thanking her father, in a way that soon banished from Mrs. Clifton's mind all apprehensions as to the reception which her new daughter would give her.

Two o'clock arrived, all too slow for our impulsive Kitty. But it came, at last. It found her mother and herself in the long drawing-room, which was decorated so tastefully and profusely with flowers, that one might have thought the season was summer, instead of midwinter. Soon, the guests began to arrive: the Mayor, the Council, the business men, the young men—all came; by twos, by fours, in coaches, on foot, and on horseback—the whole town seemed to be paying calls.

The news of the judge's marriage had flown like the wind, and all seemed anxious to pay the compliments of the season to the new wife. Leaving them to dispense the luxuries so generously provided, we will go back a few hours.

Doctor Frank Wirton, returning from a professional visit, about one o'clock, had stepped into a restaurant for lunch. As he was leisurely sipping his coffee, a couple of "young men about town" entered; and sitting down at the next table, gave their orders. One of them began with:

"I say, Jim, can't we pay New Year's calls, as well as the rest of the fellows?"

"Where, Bill? We don't hardly belong to the circle who receive, to-day."

"Well, that's so. But let me see, I used to know little Kitt Clifton. They were our neighbors in 'old York State.' Many a time I've drawn her to school on my sled, and taken her across the brook in my arms, when we went into the old pasture for winter-green berries. She receives to-day. Let's rig up and go. I'll introduce you."

"Agreed. But I'll bet cigars you don't dare to speak of her riding on your sled."

Frank's first thought was to interfere; but he did not wish Kitty's name to be mixed up in a quarrel. So he quietly ate his dinner, and went to his rooms, to prepare for making calls. He did not occupy much time in dressing. As he crossed the square by Judge Clifton's, he saw the two roughs ascending the steps.

Thinking the guests were all done calling, Mrs. Clifton had said, "Kitty, darling, if you do not object, I think I will go to my room, and lay aside this 'splendor.' It's like a disguise for me. Besides, your father will soon be home."

"Yes, mamma," said Kitty, kissing her. "You have looked lovely, as I wished you to. I shall soon follow you."

Mrs. Clifton ran upstairs, glad to be at liberty; and Kitty threw herself into a great rocker, to rest, she said; but really to wait for one whom she had been expecting, but who had not, as yet, arrived. Presently, the bell rang. A look of perplexity passed over Kitty's face, as two visitors, unknown to her, came in. One advanced, with an outstretched hand.

"Allow me to offer the compliments of the day, Miss Kitty," he said; "and to present my friend, Mr. Stanton. You've never forgotten Willie Morton, have you?"

"Oh, no, I have not forgotten Willie. But you are so changed, and it was ten years ago."

"I say, Kitty," he went on, "you remember the little sled, don't you? Didn't we have fun? And the winter-green berries? And the brook—"

"Please let me give you some coffee, Mr. Morton," Kitty interrupted, annoyed.

"Now, Kitty, that won't do. Call me 'Willie,' as you used to. Yes, thank you, a cup of coffee, and cake. I always liked your cake, you know, Kitty; and you used to sit on my lap, as you ate your dinner. Now, didn't you, Kitty?"

Kitty heard a step, and looked around, to see Doctor Wirton, who had just entered the room. The mortification was too much for her. Hot, indignant tears rolled down her pale cheeks.

Doctor Wirton stepped to her side.

"Miss Clifton," he said, "let me take you into the drawing-room," and offered her his arm. Kitty went without a word. The doctor conducted her to a sofa, bowed, and left her, and closed the door after him. When left alone, Kitty gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.

Doctor Wirton went directly back to the dining-room. The two rowdies were eating and drinking, gleefully.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you will please leave this house, at once. You are in no fit condition, to-day, for ladies' company. To-morrow, at ten o'clock, you will come here, to apologize to Miss Clifton, for the insult you have offered her. I shall be here, myself, to see that you do it." There was a world of meaning in his voice. The two bullies cowered before it. "John," calling



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the waiter. "Show these gentlemen out, and shut the door."

Then, he sought Kitty, who was still sobbing; sobbing as if her heart were broken. He took a seat at her side.

"What will you think of me, Doctor Wirton?" she said, at last, "I—I—"

"I think you are the best and dearest little girl in the world, and the bravest."

"But you don't know."

"Yes, Kitty, I know all about it. How one of them was your playfellow in childhood, and that you have not seen him since. They will come, to-morrow, to apologize, and—"

"Oh, doctor, I cannot see them again. Willie Morton, as a boy, was not at all like the man I saw to-day. And it was my first reception, too."

Here, Kitty broke down again. Frank passed an arm around her, and drew her to his breast. "Your first reception, dearest, and Kitty Clifton's last, I hope—"

"Oh, no, I will not give up so."

"I said the last reception of Kitty Clifton. I trust Kitty Wirton will receive, next year."

The poor girl had been so mortified by the late scene, that she had not seemed to notice the doctor's unusual manner; but now she raised her head and looked at him, puzzled, yet earnestly.

"What do you mean?" she began. But, as she met his fond gaze, she dropped her head, in confused silence. He pressed his lips to her brow, and went on:

"I was going to say, I will be here to receive them, with you. Do you understand me, Kitty?"

Kitty disengaged herself, and arose.

"I don't know—I thank you, Mr. Wirton—but I can't have this talked of, all over town. Papa will feel very bad. And oh, dear, what will people say—that is—I think papa had best attend to this for me."

"My own little girl, I hope people will say that we are engaged. I ought to receive the apology with you, because I have the right to do so, as your future husband."

"But when were we engaged, doctor?" said Kitty, archly, beginning to recover her spirits. "It is news to me."

"Well, darling," said Frank, with an amused smile. "*I* am engaged to Kitty Clifton, the dearest little girl in the world; and I hope I shall induce her to engage herself to me, before to-morrow. Come, darling, say 'yes.' Oh, Kitty, dear, say it."

Kitty remained silent, for a few moments, evidently striving to comprehend the situation. Then she sprang up, and danced into the middle of the room, laughing.

"This is my first reception," she said, "and I will say, if it is to be my last, it is a great, yes, a decided success. For first, I receive a new mamma, whom I love dearly; and then I receive 'New Year's calls;' and then I receive—I receive—"

"A husband," said Frank, and prevented a refusal, by sealing her lips with kisses.

# CLOVER-BLOOMS.

BY MAGGIE A. COYNE.

Deep 'mid the clover-blooms I lie,
And upward gaze with dreamy eye,
And softly dreaming, speculate
On life, and death, and mystic fate,
That seems to hold with nerveful hand,
And set, stern brow, the fateful wand
That points to eyes that cannot see
The path marked out by destiny.

The while the glitt'ring sunbeams slide
Thro' whispering leaves, and softly glide,
Swift followed by cool shadows, where
The clover-blooms, amid my hair,
Nestle like snow, and summer's smile
And fragrant breath almost beguile
Grim treachery's arrows from the breast,
That knows no more, nor peace, nor rest.

"Oh, Thou who driest the mourner's tears,"
Omnipotent through thorn-crowned years,
Must we e'er tread the path that lies
O'er arid sands, 'neath burning skies,
And lack the power to seek the glade,
O'er-arched by trees whose restful shade
Woos, with the breath of dewy flowers,
To waters still, and peace-crowned hours?

Or, lying 'mid the clover-blooms,
While far the angry tempest glooms,
With hands filled with the flowers of fate,
Must leave them all, and desolate,
Go forth as Hagar, till the sun
Shows but our faltering steps alone
In all the waste and desert sands—
An outcast from God's smiling lands?

So, as the shadows come and go,
As light flees darkness—gladness, woe—
Deep 'mid the clover-blooms I lie,
And upward gaze, while soft the sky,
With changeful forms of beauty spread,
Bends o'er the living as the dead,
And smiles alike on those who wait,
And those who rest, unseen of fate.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The favorite materials for spring wear are the soft woolen beiges, either plain or in shot colors; fine checks, in all-wool goods; black and white, navy-blue, or brown and white. Next in texture

No. 1.

for woolen goods are nun's-veiling, albatross cloth, kyber cloth, etc., all of which are light in weight, and they come in all the exquisite shades: garnet, navy-blue, gray, pale-blue, pink, and cream, for more dressy occasions. In wash-goods, we have zephyr cloths, in pale-pink and blue pin-stripes and checks; and the very fresh and charming costumes made of these will be the prettiest and most serviceable of summer dresses. Now is the time to make up these wash-dresses,

No. 2.

and nearly all the washing frocks are to be made in a simple fashion. A skirt, made of three deep flounces, edged with white embroidery, to soften the tint of the colored goods; or a tunic, looped up on one side over a skirt covered with narrow ruffles or kiltings; full bodice fastened in by a



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waistband, made of a wide sash of the material, tied in a large bow at the back. Percales, sateens, ginghams, linen lawns, may all be made after these simple styles.

No. 3.

No. 1—Is a model for a walking-costume, made of plain and pin-striped woolen goods, summer camel's-hair cloth, cashmere or beige. The short round skirt has three deep kilted flounces of the plain material, each with a narrow knife-plaited ruffle of the pin-stripe showing from under the edge, about two inches to show. The long cuirass bodice buttons close all the way down the front; the side seams at the back are left open half-way from the waist-line, and a kilted flounce is added on the back. Over this is tied a wide sash, with bow and ends. This may be of gros-grain, satin, or watered ribbon, as the taste may decide. The Mother Hubbard cape is adjustable, and is made of the pin-stripe, using it lengthwise of the material. It is simply a straight length, gathered in to fit the neck and shoulders. It should be lined with soft Florence silk. Cuffs of the pin-stripe. Eight yards of plain material, in double-fold goods, and three yards of striped goods, same width, will be required.

No. 2—Is a toilette of figured and plain sateen.

No. 4.

It is very easy to make up, and can be worn for morning promenade. The skirt is of the plain sateen; and has, first, a flounce six inches deep; over this, six puffs, separated by narrow bands of

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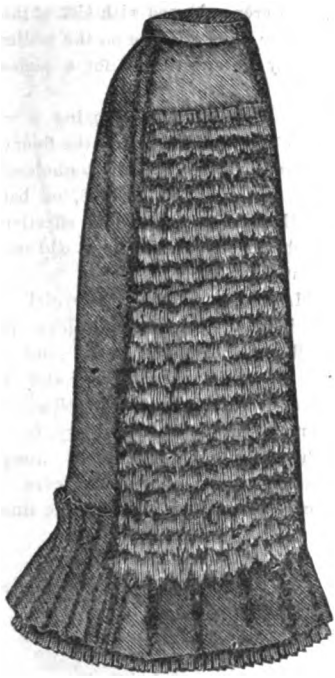
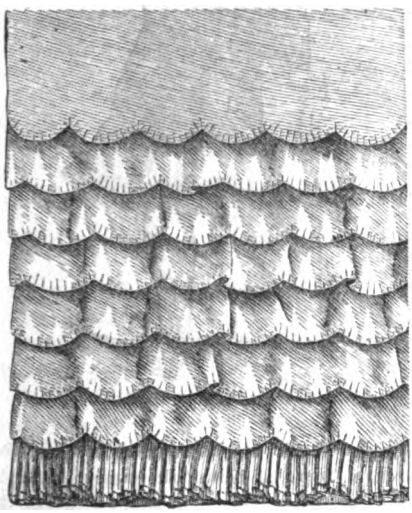
sateen, stitched on. The polonaise is made very long, and the edge is trimmed all around by rows



No. 5.

of narrow braid. It is gathered rather high on the right side, to show the puffed underskirt. The left side is shown in the illustration. The



No. 6.

front of the waist opens over a puffing of the plain sateen; and there is a row of buttons on the right side, with simulated buttonholes. On the left side, the garment is fastened by buttons and buttonholes corresponding with the other side. Cuffs trimmed with rows of braid. Six and a half yards of figured sateen, six yards of plain, three and a half dozen buttons, will be required.

No. 3—Is a costume of nun's-veiling or albatross cloth, in maroon color, combined with surah silk to match, or a shade darker. The skirt is mounted on a foundation of silesia, which forms the lining of the whole suit, which is cut in the Princess shape. The trimming for the

No. 7.

skirt is made by a straight piece, with the edge turned up four inches. Four or five rows of gathers separate the ruffle from the deep puff, which is carried up, and sewn fast to the foundation. Over this, the surah silk and the other material is arranged in scarf-like folds across the front; and in the back, looped in large puffs, terminating in a big double bow. The front of the waist buttons with tiny garnet buttons. Cuffs made of plaits of the surah silk. Eight yards of double-fold goods, and three and a half yards of surah silk, will be required.

No. 4—Is a costume of foulard silk, of a deep olive tint. It is also cut in the Princess form.

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and has three narrow kilted flounces on the bottom of the skirt. Over this, a wrinkled apron-front is arranged. Then the material is taken in lengthwise, and plaited up in front, as seen in the illustration, and fastened by a buckle of steel or jet. This is arranged in plaits at the

No. 8.

sides, and finishes at the back in irregular puffs. The front of the waist has an inside simulated vest, of narrow knife-plaits; and a straight piece of the material is gathered in rows at the shoulders and the waist, finishing the trimming of the bodice. The polonaise fastens in front, under the plaited vest, which is made on a thin crinoline foundation; and fastens, and is concealed, under the gathered trimming on the left side. Sleeves are half-long; edged by two narrow knife-plaited ruffles, with a gathered piece fastened by smaller buckle on the inside of the arm. This would be a good model for a black surah silk or foulard, for half mourning. Also for the foulard sateens, in dark-blues, garnets, etc.; either plain, or mixed with the figured ones, in solid colors, with polka-dots or small figures. Fourteen to fifteen yards of sateen, or eighteen yards of surah silk, twenty yards of foulard.

No. 5—Is a new model for a black silk and crèpe, for mourning. The skirt has a deep plaiting of silk, and the tablier consists of bouillonès of crèpe, draped with silk at the back. In place of the puffs of crèpe on the tablier, folds of crèpe may be substituted for a plainer costume.

No. 6—Is a design for trimming a washing skirt. The edge is kilted, and the flounces are festooned, and overcast with buttonhole-stitches, in working cotton. Red or blue, on batiste or pongee, will make a pretty and effective trimming, which any lady can make at odd moments, and without much labor.

No. 7—Is a costume for a little girl of three years. It is made of cream, light-blue, pink, or crimson flannel, trimmed with embroidered flounces. The waist is gathered, and fastened with a satin belt and bow. Wide collar, trimmed with a narrower ruffle of embroidery, fastened in front with a bow to match the belt. Deep cuffs.

No. 8—Is a suit for a boy of six years. Beige-colored serge, flannel, or butcher-blue linen may

No. 9.

be used. The blouse is mounted in box-plaits, back and front. A belt of the same material, or leather, is passed through straps beneath the arms. Knickerbockers to the knee.

No. 9—Is an out-door costume, for a girl of four to five years. It is made of a tiny pin-check

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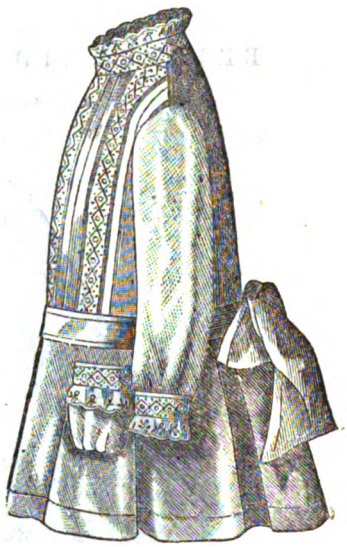
woolen, in black and white, or dark-blue and white. The waist is gathered, to fit the neck, in six or eight rows; this is repeated at the back and in front, at the waist. An extra piece is

No. 10.

gathered in like manner for the heading for the skirt, which is put on in box-plaits, edged by a narrow knife-plaiting. A wide, plaited collar of the material is adjustable, and ties in front with ribbon strings. Similar plaiting forms the deep cuffs.

No. 10—Is a pretty little suit, for a boy of three or four years. The under part of the dress is of white cambric, made with a long blouse waist and deep flounce, gathered into a narrow band. Over this is an open paletot, made of navy-blue or garnet flannel, or cashmere, simply bound on the edge with a silk or worsted braid. The bottom of the paletot is slashed in two-inch squares, and bound.

No. 11—Is an apron, of percale or nainsook, for a girl of four to six years. The waist is made of insertion, with tucks between. Cuffs and heading of the pockets to match. The belt is stitched on in front, and from it, under the arms,



No. 11.

wide strings of the muslin are sewn, which tie at the back. Nothing can be prettier, or more appropriate, than these useful aprons for little girls, either for summer or winter.

## DANTE AND SHAKESPEARE SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, an engraving of a screen, called the "Dante and Shakespeare Screen;" because, prominent on it, are the heads of those two poets.

It is, as will be seen, a screen with two folds. Each leaf should be about two feet three inches by five feet six inches high. The upper panels, containing the heads of Shakespeare and Dante, are separated from the lower part by cross-bars of wood; and as these heads are meant to be painted in oil or water-colors, two wooden panels should be made to fit into the framework; and these can either be painted upon or papered over. If the panels were oak, it would look well to leave the wood in the background, simply painting the faces and drapery in oil-color. Gold grounds would have a rich effect, for those who paint tapestry might execute the heads by that process. The Chandos portrait of Shakespeare is the one used in the screen. The head of Dante is the well-known one copied from the wall-painting by Giotto, at Florence. Both have been made so familiar, by engravings, that it will be quite easy to get them for copying.

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The lower portions of the screen are designed to represent appliqué needlework, and are drawn in the quaint, somewhat stiff manner, to facilitate the designs being carried out in that style of work; for unless the design is kept pretty flat and simple in treatment, appliqué work is not successful. The same designs might be executed by other means, such as outline embroidery; but we think it would be more effective to carry it out as we suggest. The back of this screen can be covered with any nice-colored textile—such as cretonne and tapestry, or some nice wall-paper. Or imitation-leather paper is effective.

This screen is rather more difficult than most of the Work-Table designs which we give. But there must be hundreds, if not thousands, of our fair subscribers quite competent to paint the portraits, and do the appliqué work: and it is for them that we give it. Certainly, it is one of the most beautiful affairs we have seen for some time. Any carpenter can make the wood-work. If a screen of more than two folds is desired, the lower portions may be repeated, alternately, and additional portraits painted in at the top, viz: Homer, Milton, etc., etc. The screen, beautiful as it is, is really not very costly.

## BRIDESMAID'S FLOWER BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

It is a very pretty fashion for bridesmaids to carry baskets, full of flowers; and, after the ceremony, to strew the bride's path with the contents; be they forget-me-nots, or whatever flowers may be in season. Our model is of wicker-work, which is gilded. Rich satin ribbon is twisted around the handle, and tied in a large bow, with ends.

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# HABIT-BASQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of quite a new thing: a HABIT-BASQUE. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-sized patterns for cutting it out.

The material used is watered silk. A garment —or rather a waist—made after this design, in watered, brocaded, or dotted silk, may be worn over any black silk skirt. It would also be suitable for the striped watered silk and grenadines. It consists of seven pieces, as follows:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.

II.—HALF OF BACK. (And observe that where the dotted line is, our pattern turns over, giving the entire length of the skirt of the back. The dotted lines at the end of the coat-tail show where it is to be plaited, and turned up on the outside. These coat-tails must be faced on the under side with the material.)

III.—HALF OF THE SIDE-BACK.

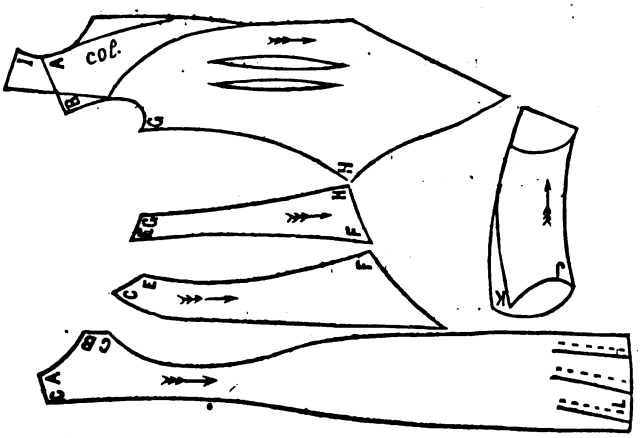
IV.—LITTLE SIDE-BODY. (This joins the front and back. The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined.)

V.—HALF OF THE COLLAR.

VI.—ENTIRE SLEEVE, UPPER AND UNDER SIDE.

VII.—CUFF.

We give (the better to explain these patterns, there being more of them than usual) a reduced copy of the seven parts, which we here annex.



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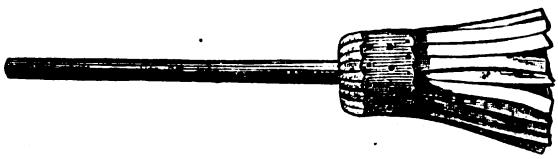
## GREEK ORNAMENTAL EMBROIDERIES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give three designs, copied from Greek vases, where they appear as borders on the garments of Greek women. They are particularly suitable for embroidering summer dresses, especially white ones, and are therefore printed in pink, as giving the best color. But any other color may be used, or several colors may be combined: in fact, the combination of colors is conventional; but must be adapted to the color of the material which is to be embroidered. Too vivid shades of scarlet ought to be avoided, and the olive or verd antique tints selected for the greens. The designs can either be worked in silk or in fine crewels, using for single lines the stem or chain-stitch, for the filled-in parts tent or crewel-stitch. It requires but little experience to arrange for each of the three designs a suitable corner ornament. We would suggest, that, on a white dress, if several colors are preferred, the upper design would look well if the large leaves were done in blue, as also the line at the bottom; the small leaves in red; and the curved lines in yellow. In the middle design, do the leaves in green; the curved lines in yellow, and the lines above and below, in red. The lower design would look very well with the curved lines done in yellow, the largest of leaves in green, and the smaller in red.

## BROOM PENWIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The stick is a long penholder, plain or fancy; one end of which is dipped in sealing-wax to form a knob, and around which the ends of cloth are tightly sewed. The wiper is formed of a number of narrow strips of cloth, cut twice the length required, and doubled in half. The cloth may be all black, or of mixed colors, as the taste may dictate. The cloth ends should be rather short, and very full. A band of red cloth or thin leather, worked with dots in gold-colored silk, to imitate brass-headed nails, is fastened around the cloth, and keeps it in shape.

## PASSION FLOWER AND HOLLY DESIGNS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in colors, we give two new and pretty designs in embroidery. One is a passion-flower, the other a holly-branch, etc. They may be worked in either outline-stitch, or Kensington-stitch; and will be very appropriate for borders of curtains, table-covers, stripes for chairs, or a variety of purposes.

## BEADED ROSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty design for a beaded rose. This rose can be copied with either beads or chain-stitch; and it will serve as an ornament for either a dress or a mantilla. For a dress, it looks well outlined with gold beads, the foundation being filled in with beads of different size and color. For mantles and black dresses, use jet beads, finely cut.



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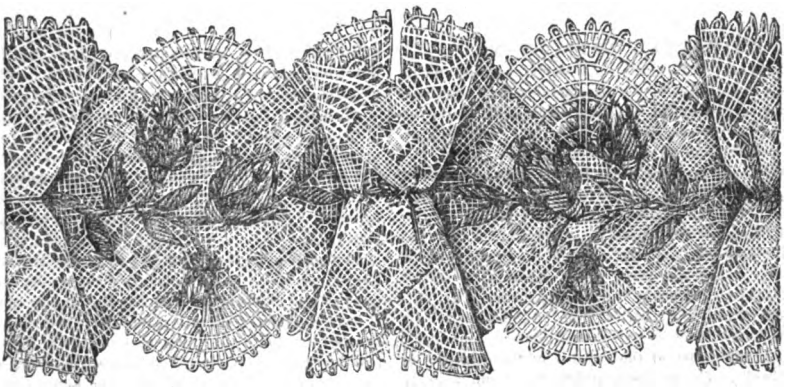
## RUCHE OF LACE, ORNAMENTED BY EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



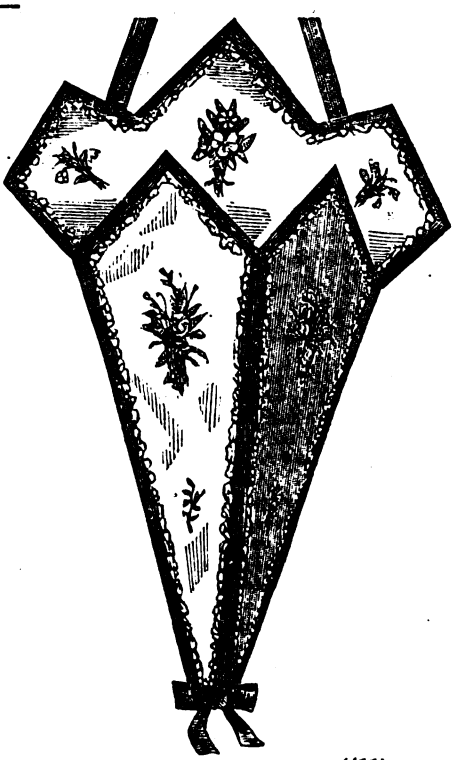
For this ruche, use a fine torchon lace, and arrange it in box-plaits, as seen in the engraving. Then embroider a small vine of rose-buds and leaves, in silks. This makes a pretty trimming for a breakfast-sacque; as also for trimming pincushions, toilet mats, etc.

## TOILET TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This tidy is made of three pieces of colored cardboard, of a soft, gray shade; bound with crimson ribbon, and ornamented with colored "scraps."

The back of the tidy is eight inches deep, and six inches across, from the two lower points. It tapers towards the bottom, which is rather more than an inch wide. The two front pieces are about five and a half inches deep from the upper points; the outer edge being cut to fit the back, as shown in the illustration. First, bind each piece with the ribbon, making small stitches at the back. Fix on the "scraps" neatly. When these are well dried, the two fronts are sewn together, and then attached in the same manner to the back. The fronts are nearly an inch wide at the bottom; which causes them to stand forward, thus forming the pocket. A loose paper bag is put inside; and can easily be removed, when filled with the combing from the hair. A small bow with ends is fastened at the bottom of the front pieces; and a hanging-string, with bow in the centre, fastened neatly to the back, completes this useful little tidy for the toilette-table.





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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE INCREASE OF MALARIA, in malarial regions, and its appearance in localities where hitherto it has been unknown, seems to be very generally admitted. This leads to the inquiry, in the first place, as to its cause; and in the second, as to the possibility of its prevention.

On these questions, the Saturday Review—one of the ablest of the London journals—quotes the opinion of Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, an Italian physician, who has studied malaria in Italy, where malaria is most prevalent. He has demonstrated, probably beyond a doubt, that malaria is due to a specific microscopic plant, which exists in the soil of certain districts, and floats in the atmosphere above it. This plant, when inhaled and absorbed, finds, in the human body, conditions favorable for its growth and reproduction; and it prospers and multiplies, at the expense of the organism in which it dwells. The professor insists that it can be easily eliminated, if proper remedies are applied. The mode of combating it is twofold: First, to find suitable, and, if possible, inexpensive remedies for it, and prophylactics against it. Second, to prevent, if possible, its generation and multiplication in the soil itself. The conditions necessary for its development have been found to be: firstly, a temperature of not less than 60° to 70° Fahrenheit; secondly, a moderate, but not excessive, degree of permanent humidity; and thirdly, a free supply of oxygen. "The absence of any one of these three conditions is sufficient to arrest, or render impossible, the development and multiplication of this organism," he says.

It is necessary to clear our minds from the old prejudice that malaria exists only, or even chiefly, in marshy soil. The Campagna, as it happens, is not really marshy. Professor Tommasi-Crudeli is of opinion that, speaking roughly, two-thirds of the malaria-stricken districts in Italy are situated on heights. "Sometimes," he says, "the surface of these districts is completely dry during summer; but the production of malaria in them goes on just the same, provided they are kept moist below the surface by special conditions of the subsoil, and the air can reach the moist strata by pores or crevices in the surface. This is precisely the condition of the greater part of the rising grounds in the Campagna of Rome." Further, the direct action of the oxygen of the air is so necessary to the development of the plant, that the most pestilential marshes become innocuous, when the soil is *completely* covered by water. Pavements, buildings, and the like, may act in the same way; and arrest the development of the plant, by cutting off the necessary supply of oxygen. But if, even after the lapse of years or of centuries, communication with the outer air is restored, while the other conditions remain the same, the soil recovers its noxious properties.

Again, a very moderate amount of moisture suffices to evoke malaria, when other conditions are favorable, as is shown by the fact that malarious districts may be safely inhabited during a very hot and dry summer; but that the first shower of rain is followed by an outbreak of the disease. Here, in fact, lies the practical knot of the question. If a large, instead of only a small, amount of water were requisite for the development of these germs, the problem would be comparatively simple; for any ordinary system of drainage would meet the case. "Neither hygienists," says Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, "nor engineers, have, as yet, faced the problem from this point of view; for all medical schools are still dominated by the paludine prejudice: namely, by the idea that malaria is produced exclusively in marshes, or in localities analogous to marshes. The natural consequence of this prejudice has been the concentration of the attention of those who have tried to hinder the production of malaria, upon marshy localities. They have completely ignored, or at most have hardly recognized, the most important part of the problem of disinfection: namely, the disinfection of malarial districts which are not, and never have been, marshy."

There can be no doubt that the *Eucalyptus* tree is, more or less, a protection against malaria. It grows with great rapidity, and seems to absorb or inhale the poisonous germs. It has been planted in Italy, in districts formerly very malarious; and has been found to make those districts comparatively healthy again. The long dry summer we had in America last year, developed, when the autumn rains came, an unusual amount of malaria. Let us hope that the coming season will be less malarious; and that, in addition, people will understand better how to prevent it.

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THERE ARE A FEW GOLDEN RULES of housekeeping, which every woman ought to always bear in mind: Be cleanly, be regular, and never suffer an inferior article to come into your larder: poor ones are always the dearest in the long run. In making coffee, clear it with isinglass, and not with eggs; and serve with it, in addition to the ordinary jug of boiled milk, a small pitcher of cream. Do not cover jam, except with rounds of tissue-paper, dipped in brandy, and pressed close upon the top of each pot: if the preserve has been properly made—that is, equal weights of sugar and fruit, and boiled sufficiently—it will keep well for twelve months, without being what is termed "covered down;" of course, we mean provided it be kept in a dry place. Broil steak without salting, as salt draws the juices; and cook over a hot, clear fire, turning frequently with tongs. Beef, which has a tendency to be tough, can be made tender by stewing very gently, for two hours, with pepper and salt; letting out about a pint of liquid when done, and allowing the remainder to boil into the meat. After taking up, make gravy of the liquid saved. If your cooking-fire is slow, throw on a little salt: it will help it very much. In making pastry, do not spare butter; and let it be of the very best. In icing cakes, dip your knife frequently into cold water.

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ÆSTHETIC DRESSING is, just now, quite a rage with some ladies. Within proper limits, it is not objectionable. The embroidery of dresses, in Greek patterns, is one of the directions it takes; and a very beautiful, as well as allowable, one. To assist such of our fair subscribers as desire to be original, and yet in good taste, we give, in the front of the number, three different designs for embroidering dresses, in one or more colors, as the wearers may approve. In this way, ladies can be æsthetic without being absurd. Of course, the designs can be used for any other purpose that may be desired.

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THE DESIGNS FOR TIDIES, in Java canvas, given in the front of the number, are in reply to numerous requests. One represents a quarter of a tidy. The other gives a pattern that may be extended indefinitely, so as to make a tidy of any size or shape. These patterns may be done also in crochet, if preferred.



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SPLENDID PREMIUMS FOR 1882.—Our premium engraving for this year, to be sent to persons for getting up clubs, is entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," and is of the size of 20 inches by 16. No more beautiful ornament, to be framed, and hung on the parlor wall, could be desired. It is a work of real art, and a copy should be had by every family in the land. It is, on the whole, we find, the most popular of our premiums for 1882. Nothing gives such an air of refinement to a room as a handsome engraving. "One *good* engraving," the N. Y. Tribune says, "is worth a dozen chromos."

*Or, in place of it*, we will give, for a premium, either a PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, or our QUARTO ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, which was so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1882. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those wishing to get up clubs.

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OUR ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE, this month, claims that the Norse blood enters more largely than is popularly supposed, into the composition of this mixed race to which we Americans belong. DuChaillu, in his recent work, "The Land Of The Midnight Sun," expresses the same opinion. "The Scandinavians," he says, "have left, to this day, an indelible impression of their character on the countries they overran, and in which they settled; and England is indebted for the freedom she possesses, and the manly qualities of her people —their roving disposition, their love of the sea, and of conquest in distant lands—to this admixture of Scandinavian blood; which, through hereditary transmission, makes her prominent as descended from Anglo-Scandinavians, and not Anglo-Saxons." It is but fair to our contributor to add that he was not indebted to DuChaillu for his opinions, for his article has been in our possession for more than two years, waiting its turn for publication, while DuChaillu's book has only recently appeared.

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THE NEWEST VALANCES for mantel-shelves have a large design, worked only in the centre; and if there are small curtains at each side, a corresponding design is in the corner nearest the fire. A design of large lilies, or rich red peonies, or sunflowers, on peacock-blue plush, looks most beautiful. Folding screens, of brown velvet, velveteen, or plush, with a lattice worked in shades of brown, and the large purple, white, or pale-mauve clematis (Jackmanii), and leaves trailing over the surface and in and out, is a most effective design. For this style of work, the screen should be three-leaved, the centre panel being just double the width of the other two. When open, it makes a good protection against draughts, and forms at once a snug corner to any room.

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WE INSERT ADVERTISEMENTS, because it is a great convenience for subscribers, especially those in remote rural districts, to know where to get anything they want. But there our responsibility ceases. We allow the advertiser to tell his story, but the public must judge about the rest. Of course, we insert nothing that we *even suspect* is misleading; but we do not *guarantee* anything. No magazine, or newspaper, does, or can. If orders miscarry, or if the articles do not come up to expectation, we cannot undertake to be responsible. We make this statement in order to avoid all possibility of misconstruction. For remittances made for the magazine, *if made as directed*, we are responsible; but not for anything connected with anybody else.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, IN FUTURE, intended for this periodical, to PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, *instead* of to Charles J. Peterson. There are several gentlemen of the name of Peterson in business in this city, and our letters often go to the wrong persons in consequence, causing delay, and sometimes even loss. There can be no mistake, however, if *all letters* are addressed to Peterson's Magazine, for there is but one Peterson's Magazine. *Hereafter, we repeat, direct your letters, not to Charles J. Peterson*, but to PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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IT IS ALWAYS DARKEST, as the old saying goes, just before the dawn. Take heart, troubled and sorrowing soul, for the sunrise, and the singing of the birds, is close at hand.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Monsieur Le Ministre. By Jules Claretie.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is more of a romance, than a novel, to speak critically; and on that account will be peculiarly acceptable to a large class of readers. We are not sure but what, on the whole, we ourselves prefer the ideal regions of romance to the realistic ones of the novel. At any rate, the novel has been made so intensely realistic, at least by many recent French writers, that it no longer fascinates us: it is too much like looking at a picture of boors, by Teniers, which, though wonderful in its way, is so realistic as to be repellant. The translation is good.

*Our Homes. By Henry Hartshorne, M. D.* 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.*—A book of very unusual merit, and one that ought to be in every family. It treats, at large, and with great judgment, for example, of drainage, ventilation, and everything else desirable to know, and on which the health, and therefore the happiness, of a household depends. So much nonsense has been written on these subjects, that it is really refreshing to find a treatise, at once so sensible and so concise.

*Ballads and Sonnets. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* 1 *vol., crown* 8*vo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Mr. Rossetti, in one sense, belongs to the Swinburne school: indeed, may almost be considered its founder. He writes, too often, as a Greek Pagan would have written, if we can imagine a Greek Pagan surviving to the nineteenth century. At other times, however, he is anything but Pagan; witness his "Sister Helen," a very powerful poem, in this volume.

*Mrs. Mayburn's Twins. By John Habberton.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is by that popular humorist, the author of "Helen's Babies." No book of its kind ever had so great a sale, and the sale is still going on. "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins" is a worthy successor of "Helen's Babies," full of fun, frolic, and graphic pictures of every-day life.

*Aunt Serena. By Blanche N. Howard.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.*—The author of this novel is already favorably known by her "One Summer." Since the appearance of that book, Mrs. Howard has been living abroad, and her mind has ripened alike by observation and by maturer thought, so that "Aunt Serena," in every way, is an improvement on its predecessor.

*The Initials. By Baroness Tautphœus.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new and cheap edition of one of the best love-stories ever written. Hardly a year passes, that we do not read it again; and we always find it entertaining, and even fresh. Nobody, alas, writes such novels now. The dearth of good novels is surprising.

*The Hudson. By Wallace Bruce.* 1 *vol., small* 4*to. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—A poem descriptive of the Hudson, "the Rhine of America," as it has been, not inaptly, called. Numerous illustrations, by Albert Fredericks, add to the interest of the text.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

It Is Never Too Late in the year to subscribe for this magazine. Back numbers can always be supplied, to January inclusive, to those who wish for them; and all club subscriptions must begin with either January or July. But single subscriptions may begin with any number desired, though it is best to begin with January, so as to get the continued stories complete. The newspapers always speak of "Peterson" as altogether the best and cheapest of its kind. This is what we claim for it, and we do not think we exaggerate. A leading Southern journal, the Rayville (La.) Beacon only expresses the general opinion, when it says, as it does in a recent issue, that "Peterson is a universal favorite with our lady friends; it is the most prompt, reliable, and cheapest magazine that comes to our office, and always a welcome guest at our fireside." A Western paper, the Shelbyville (Ill.) Journal says: "No lady who desires to know what the fashions are, whether she proposes to keep up with them or not, should fail to see 'Peterson.' Aside from fashion plates, patterns, etc., it contains a large amount of interesting reading matter, just such as is calculated to relieve the dull routine of domestic life." An Eastern one, the Potsdam (N. Y.) Courier says: "Peterson is the most attractive magazine for ladies published." Specimens are sent, gratis, to those wishing, in good faith, to get up clubs. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate should be taken by those who perform mental labor. It acts as a brain-food, and is particularly recommended for Wakefulness, Hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous system. For loss of appetite it is invaluable.

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Beatty Investigated.—*A Trip to Washington, New Jersey.* A representative of our advertising department visited the new mammoth Piano and Organ factory of Daniel F. Beatty, at Washington, New Jersey, a few days since, and thus speaks of the gigantic enterprise: "Leaving New York, foot of Barclay Street, a run of two hours brought us to the city made famous by its present Mayor—Hon. Daniel F. Beatty—who owns and controls one of the most extensive and well-organized factories on this hemisphere, where is manufactured his well-known and highly-prized pianos and organs.

"Our party was met by his private coach (run to all the principal trains, for the sole accommodation of his visitors), and driven direct to the factory, where we, in a hurried manner, took a run through the acres of floor in the new factory, devoted to the manufacture of his celebrated instruments. We could hardly realize that this indomitable man had within five months been burned out entire, and these immense structures had been erected and put in operation since, and now turning out thirty musical instruments a day—which we were assured would be doubled in thirty days, and trebled in ninety—for it must be remembered that the final finish on instruments in this new factory had but just begun. If those who have spoken disparagingly of Mr. Beatty could take a look at these enormous works, as we did, common justice would demand retractions for all they ever said.

"The treatment received from the proprietor, and the facilities given to look thoroughly into his business, showed an entire confidence in himself, his system, and his instruments. At the well-known Beatty Building, in the heart of the city, he has the most magnificent and well-arranged suites of office rooms on the continent; and busy, intelligent, and polite managers, correspondents, and clerks, attest to the perfect system necessary to the transaction of such a mammoth establishment. We listened to the music of the Beethoven Organ, now being so well advertised, for nearly an hour. The instruments were taken at random from the lot, and we never heard better, sweeter-toned reed organs than each proved to be; and it is yet a complete wonder to us how such a magnificent instrument, in appearance, in tone, and in variety, can be made for anything like the money he asks for it. We can see how, upon such a scale selling direct to the consumer, and having perfect organization, Mr. Beatty can outdo all competitors; but that they should be outdone to the extent they are, is yet a mystery. Success to Mayor Beatty and his efforts accomplished in bringing these instruments within the reach of all."

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Pearl's White Glycerine leaves the skin soft, smooth, pliable, and beautiful. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Toilet Soap.

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## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVERSEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. 5.—Elder—Sambucus Canadensis.

The Common Elder or Elder bush is so common, indeed, and so well known, that a very brief botanical description will suffice.

It possesses a stem five to eight feet high, shrub-like, finally woody, nodose, branching, containing a large white pith. Leaves, odd-pinnately dissected; leaflets, two to four inches long, oblong, serrate, acuminate, smooth, usually three pairs and an odd one. Inflorescence, cymose; corolla, rotate, deeply five-lobed, white. Fruit, a globular, berry-like, juicy drupe, purplish-black. Seen growing in thickets, along fence-rows, in waste places generally.

The long roots of this plant are very tenacious of life, and are inclined to spread extensively wherever it gets a foothold; and thus it becomes quite troublesome to negligent farmers. The tender shoots, when but few inches in height, are cut and used in the early spring by some as greens. They are also frequently seen in our markets. An elderberry wine was formerly frequently made by our good old mothers in the country; and the writer has often been the recipient of (as well as refreshed by) a glass from a good-hearted mother, living in a wooded place, who appreciated the toils and hardships of a practitioner engaged in an extensive country practice. The flowers are sudorific, and may be used as a mild discutient in the form of poultice, fomentation, and ointment. The best ointment or salve is made from the inside (second) or green bark of the large stalks.

In the early years of my professional life, I saw a mother cure a chronic cutaneous affection (eczema, perhaps) of the face of her child, in a few days—after her family physician had vainly tried a host of salves and washes—by giving the child a dose of rhubarb and magnesia, and applying a salve made from the inside or green bark of the common elder: a handful, scraped off by a bit of glass, placed in an earthen cup, pressed down, and covered with sweet cream, simmered for a time, till the liquid assumed a nice green color, then strained. It makes a beautiful and most useful cerate. It is recommended by Professor Scudder, of Cincinnati, in various chronic affections of the skin. The probable cause of the failure of the physician, in the above case, was his neglect to give any laxative or alterative medicine, to correct or remove the morbid secretions of the stomach and bowels. The old mother was more wise than he. The writer, in these papers, for the past nine years, has, every few months, as opportunity offered, constantly impressed upon mothers the importance of always administering some medicine internally, immediately preceding the local application of any wash or ointment, to any and every form of disease of the

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skin affecting her children; remembering, always, that local diseases, in the strict sense of the term, are comparatively rare: in other words, these cutaneous diseases are generally but local manifestations of a constitutional disturbing cause, which must be corrected; and then the encrusted face, the chapped ears, or scabby head, can soon be cleansed and healed by simple means: as tepid milk and water, cold cream, glycerine lotion, mild zinc ointment, or elder-salve.

The juice of the berries has been given in rheumatic and gouty affections, in domestic practice; and the inner bark, in strong infusion or tinctured in gin, has some reputation in dropsy—acting, when freely taken, as a diuretic and hydragogue cathartic.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

### No. 153.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In hostility, but not in war.
In equality, but not in par.
In sailor, but not in tar.
In ingot, but not in bar.
In railway, but not in car.
In laughter, but not in mirth.
Whole, the Grecian goddess of the hearth.

*St. Joseph, Mo.* WILD ROSE.

### No. 154.—HOUR-GLASS.

1. Alive. 2. To ask. 3. A celestial body. 4. A letter. 5. A plant. 6. An animal. 7. A rich wine.
Centrals, downward, name an animal.

*Brooklyn, N. Y.* T. H. FINN.

### No. 155.—REBUS.

H I L L
J O H N
M A S S

A man's name and residence.

*Palmyra, N. J.* KATIE MEGINNEY.

### No. 156.—OCTAGON.

1. To trample. 2. Minute orifices. 3. Intellectual tastes. 4. Having many angles. 5. A mineral. 6. Exploded. 7. An ancient Italian race. 8. Satisfies. 9. Conducted.

*Baltimore, Md.* HAL HAZARD.

### No. 157.—WORD PUZZLE.

Cut off my head, and I move. Behead me again and curtail, and I am new. Now reverse me, and I am to contend. Take two-thirds of me now, and prefix my final, and I rule a nation.

*Gloucester, Mass.* MAIL.

*Answers Next Month.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

No. 149.
Haystack.

No. 150.

C O R S A C
O N I O N
R I O T
S O T
A N
C

No. 151.

C L A M P
C A C A O
G R A P E
S C A L Y
S H E E N

No. 152.
Spadille.

## THE GARDEN. No. II.

FLOWERS SUITABLE FOR BEDDING OUT.—Among the various fair flowers which ladies might cultivate in this way for their own sakes, (see article in April number,) are the delightful old clove carnations—white, crimson, and scarlet, as well as the various mixed and named races of the same family. Then we have the tall and graceful phloxes, so fair in the autumn, in country gardens; the fine old handsome scarlet lobelias, splendid in color, and with erect, sword-like shoots; the pinks of various kinds, white and colored, and hybrid; the handsome Persian and Turban ranunculus; the bright old garden anemones, and the finer species of anemone, like the scarlet A. fulgens; the many kinds of lilies, commencing with the beautiful old white lily, and as many as possible of the splendid species introduced into our gardens from California within the past dozen years; the tall, perennial larkspurs, with their fountains of lovely blue, surpassing in color the gentian; the old double rockets; the many beautiful irises—English, Spanish, Japanese, and German; pansies in great variety, always so faithful and rich in color: flowering, moreover, nearly throughout the year; the old tiger flowers; the beautiful races of columbine, including the lovely A. cærulea of the Rocky Mountains, and the golden columbine of the same region; the blue African lily, in various forms, and with it the belladonna lily. Verbenas, which may now be easily raised from seed during the current year, and are so pretty and varied; Chinese pinks, rich in color, large, and finely fringed; the old garden scabious, with a great variety of delicate and beautiful color; the blue cornflower, one of the most precious things we have for cutting, and which should always be sown in autumn, bearing flowers for months in consequence; sweet-williams; stocks of many kinds; wall-flowers, double and single; the annual phlox, which has races now broken into a fine set of different colors; zinnias, which, as grown abroad—that is to say, well and singly grown—are very fine in color, and sometimes as large as dahlias; China asters, quilled and others; the sweet Sultan, in two or three forms, excellent for cutting; the showy tri-colored chrysanthemums; double daisies, very bright and useful in spring; grasses of the more useful kinds, suitable for cutting in the winter; grape hyacinths; daffodil or narcissus in variety—many strong kinds may be grown in the grass, or in rough or half-waste places; meadow saffrons, pretty in the autumn; lily-of-the-valley, of which a variety of kinds are now coming into cultivation, differing in length and size of raceme; crocuses, the autumnal as well as the vernal kinds; the hardy kinds of cyclamen, which are at home on the mountains of Europe, and perfectly hardy in our own gardens; forget-me-nots; dahlias, double and single, and in three or four classes of doubles; evening prim-

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roses, opening so prettily at night; peonies, in splendid variety; primroses, double and single, many kinds; pentstemon, graceful autumn flowers; polyanthus, richly-colored vigorous kinds, for borders; oxlips, the same; tulips, many early and late kinds; sweet violets, in great variety, choosing the kinds best liked; American cowslips; dog's-tooth violets and gladioli, the finest and most stately flowers of autumn; the Christmas rose, and its vernal relations; and lastly, everlasting flowers, which may be grown along with the ornamental grasses; and, like them, be gathered for house decoration, in winter. All these fair flowers deserve special care in the smallest garden, and should not be trusted to the poor chances of the ill-considered and ill-cultivated slips called "mixed borders."

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS.

*Chicken Cheese.*—Boil two chickens in water enough to make them tender; take them out when done; remove all the bones; mince the meat very fine; season with salt, pepper, and butter, and return them to the water in which they were boiled; cook until the liquid is nearly gone; pour into a deep dish; lay a plate over it, put on a weight, and set away in a cool place. When ready to be eaten, cut it in slices, and it will be as firm as cheese, and is very nice for tea.

*Beef Rissoles.*—Mince and season cold beef, and flavor it with mushroom or walnut ketchup. Make of beef dripping a very thin paste, roll it out in thin pieces, about four inches square; enclose in each piece some of the mince, in the same way as for puffs, cutting each neatly all round; fry them in dripping of a very light brown. The paste can scarcely be rolled out too thin.

*Boiled Fowls with Onion Sauce.*—Place a couple of fowls trussed for boiling, with an onion and a piece of butter inside each, into a saucepan, with sufficient water and three ounces of butter, a couple of carrots, a bundle of sweet herbs, (parsley, thyme, and celery,) whole pepper and salt to taste; let them boil slowly till done—about one hour. Serve with the sauce over them.

*Boiled Ham.*—Put a ham in a boiler while the water is cold; be careful that it boils slowly. A ham of twenty pounds takes four hours and a half, larger and smaller in proportion; keep the water well skimmed. A green ham wants no soaking; but an old one must be soaked sixteen hours in a large tub of water.

### DESSERTS.

*Buttermilk Creams.*—Take a quart or two, according to quantity required, of freshly churned buttermilk; tie it up in a cloth, and hang it over a basin for three or four days till the whey has all run from it, and only the curd remains in the cloth. Beat the curd with a whisk, with either raspberry jam or fresh raspberries. If the latter, a good deal of pounded white sugar should be added; if the former, a little sugar will do. Sent to table heaped in jelly glasses.

*Potato Pudding.*—One pound of potatoes, boiled and well mashed, salted; one-quarter pound of butter, stirred in while warm; two ounces of sugar; rind of half a lemon, chopped fine, with the juice, two teacupfuls of milk, and four eggs; butter the tin, put in the mixture, bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

*Buttermilk Pancakes.*—One quarter of a pound of flour, one small teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, made into a light batter, with buttermilk; must be put in the pan at once, with very little butter or lard, and fried as other pancakes.

### VEGETABLES.

*Asparagus.*—The fresher the better, and all stalks not crisp and tender should be thrown aside. Cut off the white parts, tie the rest in bunches, and boil, with a little salt in the water, for almost twenty minutes; then take out and drain a minute, and lay in a deep dish on slices of buttered toast, the heads all one way, covered with a rich drawn butter. Or the stalks may be cut in inch pieces, boiled tender, then seasoned, and cooked a few minutes longer in thick cream.

*Brussels Sprouts.*—Trim them neatly, and wash them in several waters. Put them to boil in plenty of salted water, and when almost done strain them, and dry them in a cloth. Put them in a saucepan, with a large piece of butter, pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg to taste. Toss them gently on the fire until they are quite cooked.

*To Stew Carrots White.*—Half boil, then nicely scrape, and slice them into a stewpan. Put to them half a teacupful of any weak broth, some pepper and salt, and half a cupful of cream; simmer them till they are very tender, but not broken. Before serving up, rub a very little flour with a bit of butter, and warm up with them.

### CAKES.

*Coffee Cake.*—Beat up the yolks of four eggs, quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and gradually two ounces of flour and two ounces of potato flour; lastly, the whites of four eggs, whipped to a stiff froth. When the whole is well mixed, put it in a buttered plain mould and bake. Turn out the cake when done, and when it is quite cold cover it evenly all over with the following icing, ornamenting it with piping of the icing pushed through a paper cone. This last operation must be done with care, lest the heat of the hand warm the icing. When the cake is finished, it should be put in a cold place or on ice till the time of serving. The icing: Take a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, and a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, beat them to a cream in a bowl, adding, drop by drop, during the process, half a teacupful of the strongest coffee that can be made.

*Parkin.*—Two and a half pounds of fine oatmeal, two pounds of treacle, one pound of moist sugar, one-half pound of butter. Rub the butter into the oatmeal; add the sugar and molasses, mixing very thoroughly; put into tins, or roll into small cakes, and bake in a rather slow oven. A little grated ginger may be added if liked. It is better, mixed the night before it is baked.

*Plain Cake.*—My grandmother's luncheon cake was three-quarters pound of flour, one-quarter pound of butter, one-quarter pound of raisins, stoned and slightly cut, two ounces of sugar, two eggs, one ounce of mixed peel, one teaspoonful baking powder, a little milk to make it a stiff batter. Put in a buttered tin, and bake one and a-half hours.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*To Clean Paint.*—Smear a piece of flannel in common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste, in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other dirt, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

*To Kill Cockroaches.*—Set a glazed baking-dish, filled with beer, sweetened with coarse brown sugar, in the place infested, and place a board against it, as a bridge or ladder for the roaches to ascend.

*To Clean Carpets.*—A solution of ammonia and water, lukewarm, will, if well rubbed in carpets, take out all stains; take one part of ammonia, three of water.

*Corns and Warts.*—Apply soft brown paper, moistened with spittle. A few dressings will remove them.

*Flowers.*—Flowers may be preserved fresh in vases by putting a little salt in the water, which increases its coldness.

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## FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK SURAH, over a petticoat of gray stone-colored faielle silk. The petticoat is made in one deep puff, beneath which are two narrow ruffles. The surah tunic is draped, and ornamented with a band of gray silk, embroidered in red roses. The long pointed waist and the sleeves are also trimmed with embroidered gray silk. The black straw bonnet is ornamented with a bunch of red feathers.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE MOIRÉ, draped with soft white India muslin. The skirt is cut up at the bottom, showing a plaiting of white silk. The muslin draperies are caught together by large bunches of flowers. The low waist is cuirass in shape.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION AND VISITING-DRESS, OF CIGAR-BROWN FOULARD. The petticoat has a puffing, above three narrow knife-plaitings. The overdress is Princess shape, rather short in front, and trimmed with two rows of white embroidery. The fichu is of white India mull, lined with lemon-colored silk, and trimmed with lemon-colored ribbon and white lace. The dress has a high standing collar. The bonnet is of black straw, trimmed with India muslin and red roses, and lined with lemon-colored silk.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is laid in lengthwise plaits, and is finished by a row of the white embroidery, which is now woven to use with soft woolen materials. This embroidery is set on about three inches from the bottom of the blue skirt. Beneath the edge of the skirt is a narrow plaiting, of white and red striped silk, laid in narrow plaits. The Princess tunic is rather long, back and front; and is trimmed down the front and around the bottom with the white embroidery. The large soft collar and sleeves are edged with lace, and ornamented with trimmings of the white and red silk, which also forms a plastron on the corsage.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PINK AND WHITE STRIPED FOULARD, over a black velveteen skirt. The black skirt hangs in straight plaits at the back, and is trimmed with alternate knife-plaited and gathered ruffles in front. The front of the tunic is made crosswise of the material. The Princess overdress forms paniers on the hips, and is gathered up with a knot of lace and black velvet ribbon loops. Black velvet ribbon band on the sleeves; large embroidered collar. White chip bonnet, trimmed with a half-wreath of roses, and black velvet ribbon.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN ALBATROSS CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed with three box-plaited flounces. At the back, it has a puffed drapery and a bow of the material is sewn to the bodice, with gatherings. The bodice is pointed; and the paniers are gathered to it, and ornamented with rows of machine-stitching; having a deep collar, of dark-green velvet, gathered at the neck. The cuffs are also of dark-green velvet.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED BUNTING. The flounces continue all around the skirt. They are gathered on the skirt, and are graduated in width. The coat bodice is buttoned below the waist, and cut away to display the skirt trimming.

FIG. IX.—WALKING OR HOUSE-DRESS, OF SILVER-GRAY NUN'S-VEILING. The petticoat is silver-gray silk, laid in plaits. At the bottom is one gathered, and two knife-plaited ruffles. The tunic is of silver-gray nun's-veiling, much gathered across the front, and trimmed with three rows of white lace. There is one broad end at the back, which forms the drapery, and it is also trimmed with one row of lace. The cuirass corsage is also trimmed with lace. Gray chip hat, trimmed with lace, and a red rose.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN FOULARD. The petticoat has a plaited flounce, of plain brown silk. The overdress is of the brown foulard, studded with yellow primroses. The redingote is of brown camel's-hair, and has a collar and facing of primrose-colored silk. Brown chip bonnet, trimmed with brown feathers and yellow roses.

FIG. XI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE SILK, in checks of two sizes. The kilted skirt is made of the larger-sized check; the tunic vest and coat basque of a smaller size; and the fichu of the larger-size check, like the skirt. It is all trimmed with a heavy, yellowish guipure lace. Hat of leghorn, trimmed with a white feather, and a knot of black surah silk.

FIGS. XII. AND XIII.—FRONT AND BACK OF A WALKING OR CARRIAGE-DRESS. The petticoat is of black moiré, edged with two narrow ruffles of black silk. The overdress is of very fine soft black camel's-hair. It is pointed, and gathered in the centre, and opened at the sides to show a moiré facing. A black camel's-hair scarf is arranged as paniers, and fastened with a moiré bow at the back. The bodice is pointed. Gauze fichu, edged with narrow Spanish blonde lace, and tied in a large bow in front. Black chip hat, trimmed with soft black silk and feathers. Tan-colored kid gloves.

FIG. XIV.—BLACK STRAW HAT, trimmed around the edge with a quilting of black lace. At the left side is a large cluster of pale-yellow roses and leaves.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF TUSCAN STRAW, lined with very pale-blue silk, and ornamented with a pale-blue pompon and bow of ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—GRAY CHIP HAT, edged with a double puffing of gray satin; and trimmed with a Bayadere scarf, striped with gold.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Every spring and early summer, we think the colors of the new goods more beautiful than ever before; and this year, the shades of brown, tan, gray, lilac, and cream, are endless. The soft nun's-veiling, albatross cloth, and French bunting, are so thin, and drape so exquisitely, that they will, in a great measure, take the place of more expensive goods: as summer silks and grenadines. Pongees, and many other raw silk materials, are popular, because they are comparatively cheap, wear very well, throw off dust, and are not too showy for general use. Foulards are much liked, for their gay, dressy appearance; but the sateens, so much resembling them in finish and style, will, in a great degree, take their place. The new grenadines are very handsome, and very expensive. They have large moons or dots over them, or are brocaded in flowers or leaves; and some are more grotesque than beautiful, with fans, lightning-streaks, or other unusual figures upon them. We would never recommend these outré patterns. The batistes are of exquisite quality. The lawns, sateens, chintzes, zephyr cloths, cheviots, and all the large tribe of cotton goods, are most beautiful in color and design. Daisies, buttercups, pansies, rosebuds, lilies, carnations, ferns, sprays of oats, or grass, or wheat, all the most beautiful flowers, are thrown carelessly on some neutral-tinted or delicate ground, sometimes in rich profusion and mingling of colors, sometimes in bouquets of one kind of flower.

There is no decided change in the make of dresses: many more are made short than long, even for more dressy occasions. Most of the waists fit closely, from the neck to down over the hips, where the panier or sash drapery finishes it off, so that the waist looks slender and long, and the hips large. Princess dresses often have the front of the skirt left open, and drawn back to form paniers. Skirts are trimmed in almost any fashion that the fancy may dictate, though those with large figures have usually no trimming except a very full, but narrow, quilted or shell-shaped ruffle around the bottom. The cut of one of these plain skirts must be very good, as no defect can be concealed, as in the case of a much-ruffled or plaited one. The large bouquets and single flowers are, we think, only the precursors of elegant brocades next fall; and on these expensive materials, but little trimming can be employed.



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*Mantles* are made of thin camel's-hair, surah silk, or Spanish lace, frequently very much trimmed with lace ruffles or flounces.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Worth's new models are, as usual, extremely elegant and tasteful. He is using Spanish lace largely; less, however, for trimming, than for the composition of entire dresses. A very superb model, recently shown, had the underskirt of rich scarlet velvet, edged with a full flounce of black Spanish lace, headed with jet passementerie, in a pointed leaf pattern. Chantilly lace and jet are used to cover underskirts of olive-green satin or surah. Large palms, in jet passementerie, edged with little ruches of black lace, are placed above the lace flounce that borders the hem. Then there is a very short apron overskirt of lace, worked with jet, above the palms, and the back of the skirt is covered with finger-wide ruffles of lace.

Chené silks, in Pompadour patterns, on cream-white grounds, and printed moiré antiques, have taken the place of brocades and stamped velvets for full-dress wear. Worth makes up the former in draped skirts, finished with a plaited flounce of dark velvet, over which falls a gathered ruffle of cream embroidery. The printed moiré antiques are a decided novelty, and are very rich and effective, the pattern being usually large flowers and foliage, on a cream-white or neutral-tinted background. The newest printed muslins of the season are very much in the same style, the ground being neutral-tinted, and the design scattered flowers of large size and brilliant hue, such as carnations of their natural size, strewn over a smoke-gray ground.

In less expensive materials than silk and moiré, mixed goods and small checks are used for walking-costumes; blue and white being a favorite combination in these patterns, and in woolen materials. Brocaded silk gauzes will be much more worn than plain gauzes and grenadines, which last soon lose their stiffness, and do not wear. Changeable silks are now a good deal used, gold-color and light-brown being the most stylish combination. These come in the cheaper grades of silks, and seem destined to replace the grisailles, or black and white summer silks, in pin-stripes and minute checks, which were once so popular. Watered silk and satin merveilleux form a favorite combination for visiting-dresses.

Straw bonnets are all the rage, and are worn in all sorts of eccentric shapes. A modified poke is, so far, the favorite of the season; the projecting brim being flatter and less flaring than formerly. The inside of this brim is often lined with a very fine, close shirring, on gauze; either of cream-white, or of a tint to match the trimming of the bonnet. This soft, vaporous-looking lining is very becoming to the complexion and features of the wearer. The straws are, so far, split straws of great fineness. The Japanese straws are of mixed colors; then there is the metallic straw, which is gilt or bronzed; and the pearl straw, which has a mother-of-pearl effect; and other pretty styles. Black straws, trimmed with black lace and plumes, and jet passementerie, are very popular; they come in the Tyrolean shape, with the crown very high and pointed; in the Spanish shape; and also in the poke form. In this last shape, the outside of the brim is sometimes covered with closely-set and very handsome leaves of jet passementerie. On these bonnets are used the richest of ostrich feathers, ornaments of Rhine pebbles, such as buckles and long pins; and also wide ribbons of watered silk, and of moiré antique. One very handsome poke bonnet, in black lace, had a large cluster of pale-pink wild roses, with buds and foliage set at one side of the crown. The pretty capote bonnets are still a great deal worn; they are shown in black lace, and in colored beads, as well as in jet. But, as a rule, the fashion permits all kinds of eccentricities in the matter of bonnets. A very picturesque, but odd, bonnet was shown to me the other day: it was of black straw, with a projecting brim; and was trimmed with a mantilla of Spanish lace, caught up and confined at one side of the crown with a high comb of cut jet, the ends of the mantilla forming the strings. On the head, the effect was exceedingly novel, and characteristically Spanish.

The latest styles in silk hosiery are very elegant, consisting of plain black and scarlet silk stockings, embroidered on the instep and high up the ankle with elaborate patterns in jet, gold, steel, or amber beads. One very handsome pair, in scarlet silk, was worked with a series of large graduated stars in steel beads, outlined with gold ones. Other patterns were elaborate and contorted arabesques. But there are three objections to be urged against these new and elegant styles of hosiery: they are costly; they are perishable (for the beads wear off speedily); and finally, they scratch.

The mantles of the season are of the visite or dolman form. Bengaline wraps, trimmed with Chantilly lace, for cool days, and mantles, all in Spanish lace, for warm weather, are the favorite styles. The new fashionable colors are all various shades of brown, comprising the dark mahogany (acajou), the yellowish-brown tobacco-color, and the paler and more becoming ashade known as coffee-color, which is simply a revival of the *café-au-lait* of bygone years. Then there is a very light tint, known as twine-color (ficelle), which is really of the hue of that useful article, being a very delicate, subdued color, that goes well with the darker browns.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, PRINCESS SHAPE, made of dust-colored serge, with sash and pockets of blue shaded silk. Carrick cape, of white muslin, edged with embroidery. The pockets are also trimmed with white embroidery.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF HEATHER-COLORED TWEED. The short trousers have three buttons on the outside. The sailor shirt-waist has a very large collar, which, like the cuffs, has an anchor embroidered upon it.

FIG. III.—CHILD'S DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED FLANNEL. The skirt is a very simple, loose one, edged with a ruffle. The collar is of heavy white linen.


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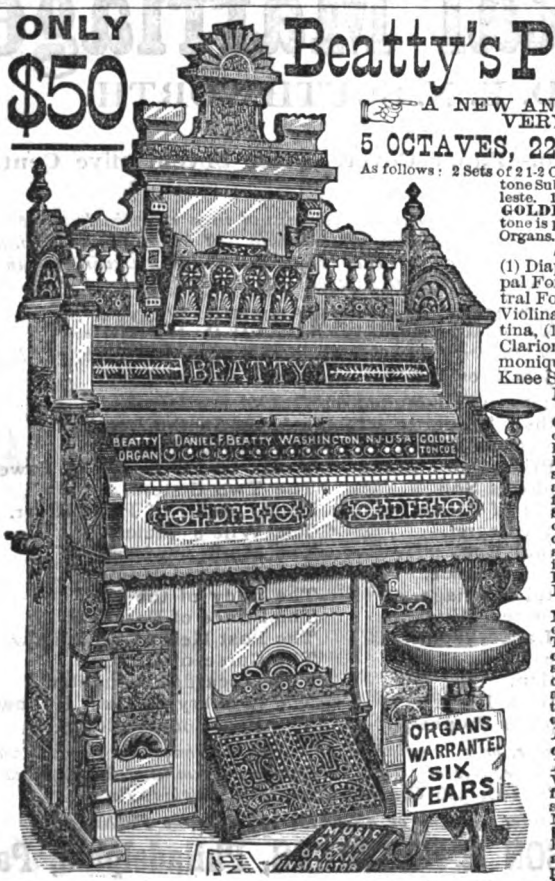


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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—June, 1882.

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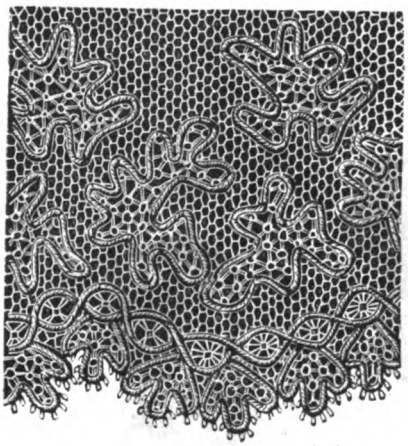

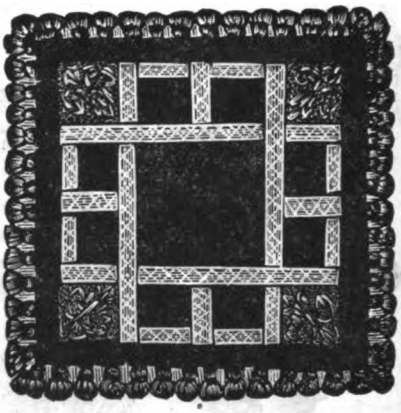

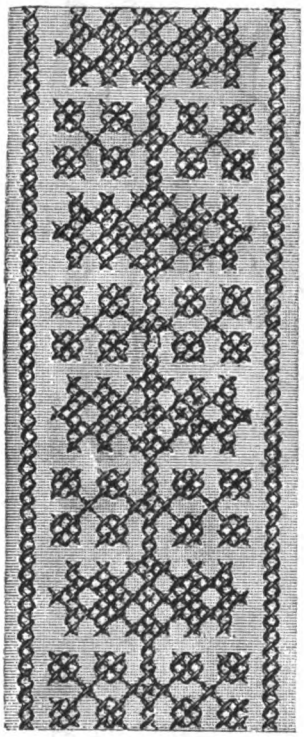

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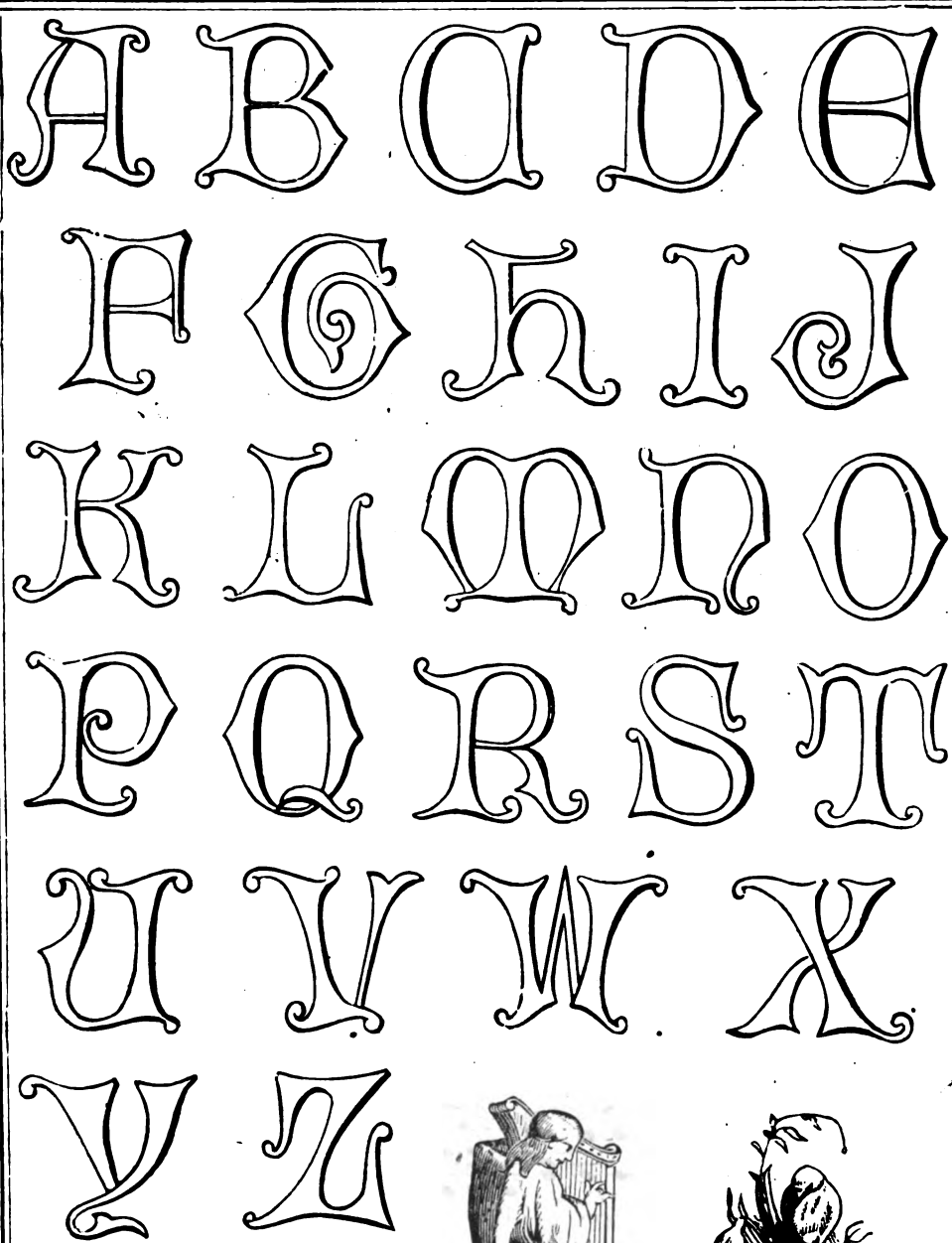


ALPHABET FOR MARKING. ORNAMENTAL LETTERS.

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# OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by HARRY HUNTER. Music by G. D. FOX.

*Vivace.*

*ff*

1. Oh, my love stood un - der the wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall, She whisper'd and said she'd be true to me,
2. But her fa - ther stamped, and her fa - ther raved, O - ver the gar - den wall, And like an old mad - man he behaved,

*p*

O - ver the garden wall, She'd beautiful eyes, and beautiful hair, She was not very tall so she
O - ver the garden wall, She made a bouquet of ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I

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stood on a chair, And ma-ny a time have I kissed her there O-ver the gar-den wall.
popped up my head, He gave me a buck-et of wa ter in stead, O-ver the gar-den wall.

CHORUS.

O-ver the gar-den wall, The sweet-est girl of all, There

*f*

nev-er were yet such eyes of jet, And you may bet, I'll nev-er for-get, The

night our lips in kiss-es met, O-ver the gar-den wall.

3. One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall,
But she scream'd in a fright, "here's father, quick,
I have an impression he's bringing a brick,"
But I brought the impression of half a brick,
Over the garen wall.

4. But where there's a will, there's always a way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night as well as day,
Over the garden wall,
We had'nt much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a ladder she managed to creep
Over the garden wall.

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SUMMER BONNET AND MANTLE.

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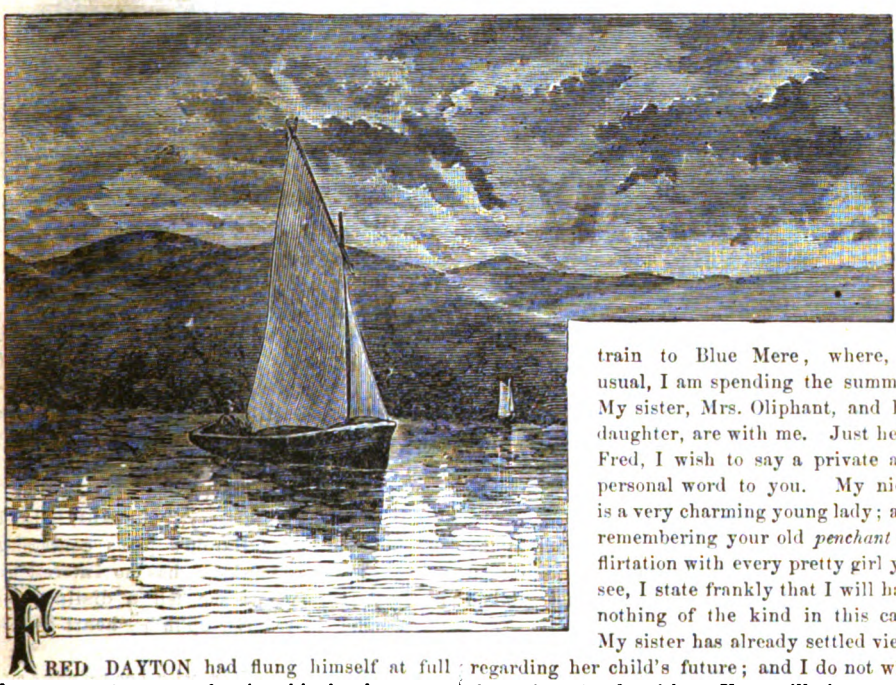
# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXI. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1882. No. 6

## TWO WISE GUARDIANS.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.



FRED DAYTON had flung himself at full length on the grass, leaning his head on one hand, while he held an open letter in the other. He had arrived from Europe, only the day before; and had hurried to his country-seat, near Bryn Mawr, in the environs of Philadelphia, to escape the heat of the August weather.

"From the dear old guardian," he said. "I wonder if he has changed? Or if the Catskill mountains, above Blue Mere, are as lovely as ever? Or the Hudson as beautiful, by moonlight, as I thought it, when a boy? By Jove," as he read, "this *is* rather cool!"

The letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR BOY:

Welcome back! I thought you would never weary of wandering. Pray, take the earliest train to Blue Mere, where, as usual, I am spending the summer. My sister, Mrs. Oliphant, and her daughter, are with me. Just here, Fred, I wish to say a private and personal word to you. My niece is a very charming young lady; and remembering your old *penchant* for flirtation with every pretty girl you see, I state frankly that I will have nothing of the kind in this case. My sister has already settled views regarding her child's future; and I do not wish them interfered with. You will incur my strongest displeasure by disobeying my commands in this particular.

Apart from this, I hope you will enjoy each other's society, and have a pleasant summer. We shall have considerable company, through the season: the Davenants, the Wiltons, the Lemperts, all of whom you remember; and a number of my sister's friends, who will probably be new to you. Of course, you know, you can ask anyone down you like; and it is my earnest wish, dear boy, that, whatever your plans may be for the future, you will spend the next three months here. Affectionately,

HAROLD DAYTON."

Fred read the letter through, attentively, twice.



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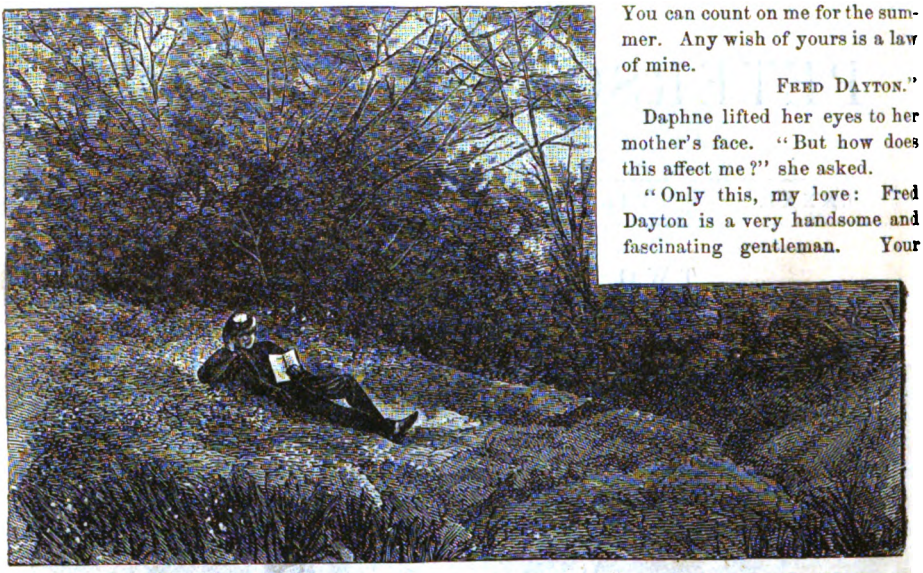

You can count on me for the summer. Any wish of yours is a law of mine.

FRED DAYTON."

Daphne lifted her eyes to her mother's face. "But how does this affect me?" she asked.

"Only this, my love: Fred Dayton is a very handsome and fascinating gentleman. Your uncle is very desirous that he should marry a certain young lady of—our acquaintance; and we thought it would simplify matters to have you understand these wishes, before he came." Mrs. Oliphant concluded this speech a little nervously.

"I do not see—" began Daphne, with a slight hauteur, that made her look like a young princess: her eyes darkening and flashing, and a deep rose-flush creeping into her cheeks. And then she paused, abruptly.

After a moment, however, she went on.

"It was hardly necessary," she said, "that I should know uncle Harold's plans concerning his ward. The knowledge has no interest for me." And somehow she felt a distinct and unreasoning hatred rise up in her heart against this Fred Dayton.

She walked to the door, with her princess air, as she spoke, leaving her mother quite confounded.

Fred Dayton reached the Mere, by a midnight train; and saw no one but his uncle. But the next morning, he was awakened by a bird-like voice beneath his window, singing softly, but with a finished sweetness and passion that could not be hidden. The voice would sink away, almost; and then burst out into a rippling roulade of trills: swelling, and dying, and rising again. A sweet, fresh, rapturous voice, that made every pulse in his veins thrill.

"What a marvellous voice! Who can it be?" he cried, springing to the window.

Down in the garden sat a girl, tall and slim, and royally beautiful as a young goddess. The sunshine streamed upon her uncovered head, her

"Evidently, the guardian's brain has begun to soften," he said, "under the strain of fifteen years' martyrdom to a graceless ward. Does he think flirtation my whole aim in life?"

In a moment, he began again.

"His niece, indeed! Some bread-and-butter school-girl, no doubt. Oliphant? Of course. The little girl, I remember, that I tormented so when she came down to the Mere, the summer before I went to college—seven years ago. A little milk-and-water creature, afraid of a snake. But, for that matter, I never saw a woman that wasn't. I will go down to the Mere, to-morrow, if for no other reason than to show my worthy old protector what sublime indifference his niece can be accorded."

That very day, at Blue Mere, Mrs. Oliphant was heard calling to her daughter.

"Daphne! Daphne! my love," she said, "where are you?"

"Here, mamma," answered a sweet voice, from the rose-garden. And a graceful girl comes running in: a girl as beautiful as the Daphne, that Apollo pursued of old: with a glory of gold hair, a rose-leaf skin, and violet eyes.

"My darling, I have a word to say to you, this morning," began Mrs. Oliphant. "But don't look frightened, dear. It is nothing very serious: only a little duty that I owe to your uncle Harold. But read this telegram. It will partly explain matters."

Daphne took the slip of paper, obediently, and read a telegram which Fred Dayton had sent to his uncle, that morning:

"I shall be at Blue Mere, to-morrow afternoon.

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small white hands, her slender lily-throat. She had been gathering flowers. Her dress was a simple morning one, but white and filmy; and over her shoulders she wore a broad fichu. Every now and then, she sang a snatch of song: for very gladness of heart, it seemed.

Fred looked at her, with his heart in his eyes. Suddenly a breakfast-bell rang, and the fair vision disappeared. Fred pulled his long moustache, viciously, saying:

"By Jove! Who can she be? Not Mrs. Oliphant's daughter? Not that little chit? I wonder if Pygmalion's enchantress was half so beautiful?"

When he descended to breakfast, the first words that greeted him were from Mrs. Oliphant.

"My daughter Daphne, Mr. Dayton," she said, gravely. He looked up, and encountered the gaze of the young princess he had heard singing.

The girl, however, scarcely noticed him; and not only then, but afterwards, treated him with a cool disdain, that made him quite frantic. He seldom caught a glimpse of her, except at meals. Once or twice, he saw her rowing on the lake, with her boat filled with water-lilies; or riding down the avenue, in a dark-blue habit; but he would hardly have realized that she lived in the same house, if he had not known that she was Miss Oliphant.

One evening, Mrs. Oliphant gave a party, and Daphne was radiant. Fred was jealous and miserable; for she had smiles for every one but him.

He was the more jealous, because she was, beyond all controversy, the loveliest girl in the room. Dressed in some Indian fabric of pure clinging white, with ivy-leaves in her yellow hair and in the soft folds of her dress, she was superlatively lovely. It was the simplest toilette there. But the exquisite beauty of the girl was only enhanced by this Arcadian simplicity.

As he stood, with folded arms, leaning against a pillar, watching her unconscious face, as she smiled into the admiring eyes of her partner, he felt, for the first time in his life, supremely miserable. His dark eyes glowed, and his lips were set firmly under the heavy moustache.

Suddenly, he noticed that the chandelier, directly over her head, was swaying in a peculiar manner. With a cry, he sprang forward, and drew Daphne aside, just as it fell.

But he was too late to save himself. He only caught a glimpse of Daphne's horror-stricken face; he only heard a confusion of voices, and a crash of music, as the band abruptly ceased

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playing; and then everything grew black, and life faded away in a sickening mist before him.

There was great confusion, until the doctor came, and pronounced his verdict. Fred's arm was broken, and his head contused; but there was no occasion for alarm: rest and care would bring him around, in a very few weeks. But Fred had no feeling, except that of thankfulness, that he had been able to save Daphne from disfigurement, perhaps from death.

It was many days, however, before the two met. There had been danger of fever, and the doctor had ordered Fred to keep his room, and see no one. But one morning, Daphne stole into the chamber, silently, and laid a great, dewy bunch of roses on the stand beside him.

"Mamma told me I might come up, for a moment," she said, timidly; her haughty air quite gone; and then, as she looked at the splintered arm, and the bandaged head, and the white, thin face, her eyes filled with tears, her voice faltered.

Fred looked up in alarm.

"My dear Miss Oliphant," Fred said, "you must not feel so badly. I am really not so ill as I look; indeed, I hardly suffer at all."

In his generous tenderness,

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he unconsciously essayed to hold out his hand to her. The next thing he knew, Mrs. Oliphant was bathing his head with ice-water, and Daphne was holding his uninjured hand fast in hers, with the tears pouring down her face.

"This has probably thrown you back a month longer," Mrs. Oliphant was saying, severely. "Your arm is broken again. Yet we warned you so particularly not to exert yourself."

The doctor had been sent for, immediately; and soon came.

Mrs. Oliphant arose, saying:

"Come, Daphne. I shall not allow you here again. So, bid Mr. Dayton good-bye, until he has recovered sufficiently to come down to the parlors."

Did Daphne look grieved and hurt? Fred almost fancied so. Mrs. Oliphant paused a moment, to receive the doctor's directions. Before Fred could think, Daphne had bent down, and kissed the hand that lay so languidly upon the pillow, and vanished.

So Fred was thrown far back in his recovery; but the sharp, heavy pain was bearable now.

It was the last day of September. A week ago, the guests of Blue Mere had all departed. Daphne is standing at the garden-gate. She has her hat on, but is simply dressed; yet how royally beautiful she looks. Every day has added some new charm, some new grace to her perfection. Her dark eyes are deeper, her smile tenderer, her voice more thrilling. Just now, evidently, she is watching for someone. But who? Surely, not our hero.

Yes, it is. He has gone out, with his gun, for the first time since his recovery, saying, laughingly, as he went; "I shall bring you home a brace of partridges, Daphne: that is, if my gun don't go off, and shoot me, instead." She had thought but little of the gay words at the time. But now that it was dusk, and he has not returned, she begins to be alarmed.

"Oh!" she cries, wringing her hands, and tears starting to her eyes, "something dreadful has happened: his words were a presentiment."

At that moment, our hero, who had been delayed by following his game further than he intended, was walking slowly homeward, thinking of Daphne. "Once, I looked on her," he was saying to himself, "as a girl who had no soul. No soul! Ah, what a summer this has been. I have lived more in these few months, than in all my life before. But I will not give her up—I will not. Uncle Harold can cast me off: he can keep his property; but he cannot touch mine; he cannot make me quite a beggar. I will work, work for her—that is, if she will have me. Sometimes, I almost hope she loves me."

He recalls the songs she has sung for him on starlit nights; the books they have read together in rainy weather; the walks and drives; the wanderings in the rose-garden; the rows on the blue lake; the *tête-a-tête* sails on the Hudson, in his uncle's trim little yacht; the flowers she has worn, and given him afterwards, occasionally; the tender care she bestowed on him, when an invalid; all her pretty ways, and smiles.

He thinks of these, but then he thinks of other things: of her variable moods to him; her coldness at times; her apparent insensibility to his adoration; her cutting retorts, that surely she could not have made, if she had loved him. He heaves a deep sigh, and looks up. He has reached the garden-gate.

Daphne turns, suddenly; and he sees she has been weeping. Something in her face, too, tells him why. He sets his gun down quickly against the fence, and springs to her side.

"My darling, what is it?" he cries, and seizes her hand.

For one instant, she turned, as if to fly. But his arm is around her waist, and she is a prisoner.

"Don't, dear," he cries. "It breaks my heart to see your tears. Oh, Daphne, don't you know I love you!"

She turns her head, at these words—words that fill her with happiness inexpressible; and gives him a look that, to his dying day, he never forgot. The next moment, their lips had met.

Half an hour or so later, when the stars are out, Mrs. Oliphant, seeking for her daughter, goes down the tangled path, toward the rose-arbor. Her light footfall makes no sound on the moss. She stops, for she sees Daphne and Fred Dayton. They are sitting on a low, rustic bench. Fred's arm is about Daphne, and her head is on his shoulder.

Suddenly, Mrs. Oliphant sees her sedate and haughty daughter draw the dark, handsome face near her, and kiss a scar on the white brow, with lingering, reproachful lips.

That is enough. She hurries back to the house, and tells her brother what she has seen, adding,

"Didn't I tell you I'd manage it? Now, if we had told them that the dearest wish of our hearts was to have them happy together, they would have disliked each other cordially, and then the property would have been divided, and we two base deceivers been disappointed."

Mr. Dayton looked at his sister.

"Marian, you are a genius," he said: and then they shook hands, and laughed, with the air of conspirators; those TWO WISE GUARDIANS.



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# THAT LITTLE TOAD.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

MRS. DINSMORE settled her voluminous black silk ruffles with her white hand, and looked complacently at her two handsome daughters.

"I hope you will do yourselves credit when Mr. Seymour comes," she said. "You'll never have a better chance for a settlement for one of you, and if you play your cards well, why—"

"We have a chance of a dashing winter in Washington, a rich husband, and plenty of money," supplied Miss Augusta, as her mother paused. "Bell, if you get him, be generous, and ask me to stay with you."

"I will," drawled Arabella, lazily. "But, ma, don't you know we must have new things, if we're to go out with Mr. Seymour."

"Of course. I mean to go shopping to-morrow. But you must be reasonable in your demands."

"I *must* have a new silk and a new cashmere," said Bell, "and several small articles."

"Well, I'm positively obliged to have a new cloak and a velvet skirt, to wear with my old-gold polonaise, and a pair of twelve-button kids," said Augusta.

Mrs. Dinsmore lifted her hands in horror.

"Good gracious! Don't begin that way, girls. Do you think there's no end to my money? I can tell you, if Mr. Seymour's board wasn't coming in, we wouldn't have much. And I've got to get some new things for his room, and Toad needs a new cashmere—"

"Oh, never mind Toad," said Augusta. "I can give her my old brown cashmere to make over, and you can save that much."

"But she really must have a new hat," said Mrs. Dinsmore, feebly. She knew that "never mind Toad" was the rule much too often in that house; and even while powerless to resist her imperious elder girls, felt slightly ashamed of their selfishness.

"I'll fix my last winter's hat over for her," said Bell, quickly. "You know she never goes out, anyway, and she don't care what she has. Do you, Toad?"

"Not very much," answered the young girl, who had just tripped into the room. Not a beauty, like her stylish sisters; but a demure, dainty little maiden, with hands and feet childishly small, and a wealth of gold-red hair, which, guiltless of bangs or frizzes, was simply tied back, and fell in a few great curls to her waist.

She despised the "horrid red mop," as she called it; but Bell and Gusta, though they took care never to tell her it was pretty, would have traded their best French waves and switches for it, any day.

How her pretty little name of Eva had ever got corrupted into "Toad," perhaps none of them could remember. At school, her name appeared as Eva Dinsmore; but at home, she was never called anything but "Toad."

She was a good-natured little Toad, anyway; and so her sisters let her have all their old books and magazines to read, and allowed her to learn their old music—Miss Augusta slightly affected the literary, and Miss Arabella the musical. She did not care if she wore out their old clothes, and stayed at home, while they went out with their beaux.

She did not consider herself at all concerned by Mr. Harry Seymour's advent. She might have to work more, since they kept but one hired girl, and Bell and Gusta never soiled their dainty fingers; but they would go out a great deal, and she would have more time at home, alone, to practice.

She accepted Gusta's brown cashmere, and Bell's old hat, without a murmur; and proceeded to fix them over to suit her own dainty taste; while mamma and her elder daughters ransacked the shops for elegant costumes, in which to capture the unwary heart of Mr. Seymour.

Mr. Seymour held a Government post at Washington. Business called him to New England, for a couple of months, and as Mrs. Dinsmore was an old acquaintance, he wrote to her, to ask if she would take him as a boarder for that time.

She consented, eagerly; taking care to spread it among her friends that he was far more a guest than a boarder, and they would never have thought of taking anyone else.

People smiled—it's a way they have, when they doubt anything—and some asked if Mr. Seymour was married; remarking that, if not, he was just as good as gone when he went to Dinsmore's.

There was even a wager laid, between two wild young fellows, as to whether Miss Augusta or Miss Arabella would "take him in."

Mr. Seymour, all unconscious of the sensation



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his advent was creating, arrived in due time, and presented himself at Mrs. Dinsmore's.

He was cordially welcomed, and was greatly delighted with the handsome chamber awaiting him.

"Ah, this is home-like," he said. "I do hate hotels. I am greatly your debtor, Mrs. Dinsmore, for taking pity on me."

"We are the obliged parties," said the gracious lady. "Your society is such a favor to us. My poor girls are so lonely; having no brother to take them out, they welcome you to our home-circle gladly."

"Thank you, ladies. I hope I shall merit your kindness. I shall endeavor to make up for the missing brother, and feel myself honored and happy."

Bell and Gusta were anxious to make Mr. Seymour quite at his ease. When supper was announced, he did not know whether most to admire the blonde beauty of Miss Augusta, or the brunette brightness of Miss Arabella.

At the table, he met a small, shy maiden, whom Mrs. Dinsmore presented as "my youngest daughter, Eva, Mr. Seymour;" who appeared to have assumed a maid's place, as she waited upon the table; and the others took little notice of her, except when they wanted some dish, and then they called her "Toad," without noticing the expression of disgust which passed over the gentleman's face, at the obnoxious name.

"I was not aware you had a second sister," remarked Mr. Seymour, to Miss Bell, as they returned to the parlor.

"Who? Oh, you mean that little Toad?" answered Bell. "She's only a child, you see, and doesn't go out with us."

"She looks about eighteen."

"Well, she is nearly that. But she's no beauty, and we don't make much of her."

"I thought she had a pleasing face. But—excuse me, Miss Arabella—what a dreadful name."

"Toad? Oh, her name is Eva; but she's got the nickname, somehow, and it sticks to her. Oh, Mr. Seymour, have you heard the new 'Gondolied?'"

"I don't think I have had that pleasure."

"Then I will play it for you. I know you will be one of the few who can appreciate it."

So Miss Bell played for him, and Miss Gusta talked Ruskin and Carlyle to him, until Mr. Seymour forgot the little "Toad" in the dining-room; but only to remember her again when he went to his room.

"She has," he murmured, "the most intellectual face of the lot. And that head of auburn curls is beautiful. Dress her up like the rest, and she would throw them into the shade completely."

Meantime, Eva was never visible, except at meals, though he occasionally caught glimpses of a little figure, flitting up and downstairs, with a broom and dust-pan; or saw it curled up in a sofa-corner in the back parlor, intent on the pages of a magazine.

A few days later, he returned to his room, near the middle of the forenoon, for some paper. His door stood ajar; and softly pushing it open, he stepped inside. A small figure, with a blue cambric sweeping-cap on its red curls, a broom resting beside it, stood at his table, poring over a book.

Harry Seymour gently slipped up, and peeped over her shoulder. The book was a German one, which he had just finished reading. A little exclamation of surprise broke from him; and the girl turned quickly, all a-blush with shame.

"Oh, excuse me," she cried. "I know it was rude; but it was so tempting, I couldn't help just a glance."

"Can you read German?" he asked, quickly.

"A little," she answered, modestly.

He caught up the book, and said, kindly, "Will you read me a sentence or two?"

She read two or three, quite fluently.

Harry's fine face kindled. "Oblige me by taking the book, and reading it all, at your leisure," he said.

"Oh, would you be so kind, Mr. Seymour?"

"I should be delighted. Anything of mine is at your service, Miss Eva. Excuse me for disturbing you. I came for a paper—here it is; and I'll get out of your way, at once."

He lifted his hat to her, and was off; while Eva, with a consciousness of a pair of dark, eloquent eyes fixed on her face, finished her sweeping, and carried the precious book to her own little room.

And Mr. Seymour, walking down town, carried a picture of a quaint little figure, in a sweeping-cap, reading a book of German metaphysics, with a broom in her hand.

"And I'll swear it would have been all Greek to the stately Miss Gusta, or the warbling Miss Bell either," he said, enjoying the joke exceedingly.

The summer went on, and Harry grew more and more interested in Eva. But it was only now and then that he saw her, and rarely alone; for the two elder sisters took care to monopolize nearly the whole of his leisure time. An amicable, but not the less decided, rivalry went on,

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meantime, between the two, each trying her best to win the prize. Nor could the closest observer have told which Harry preferred, if either. To each he was equally attentive; and it must be confessed, his attentions grew, as the days slipped by. Perhaps he had a purpose in this. Perhaps he thought, that, if his real aim was suspected, he would be compelled to change his quarters. Certainly, he was not, as a rule, a flirt.

Thus it came to pass, that each sister thought herself "the winning card." The annual boat-race, between Harvard and Yale, was now at hand; and everybody was wild with excitement about it, in the New England town where Harry was staying. He had asked the girls to go with him to see the race, and had included Eva in the invitation; but, though Mrs. Dinsmore had allowed her two elder daughters to accept, she had declined for the younger. Harry could not tell whether the refusal really came from Eva, or from the mother. The latter had simply said, "Eva is too much of a child to think of such a thing." He had tried to see Eva alone, in order to discover the truth; but had failed; and was forced, finally, much to his chagrin, to go with the others alone.

There had been considerable discussion, and, for the first time, a little acrimony, between Gus and Bell, as to this invitation. Each insisted that Harry really went for her sake, and only asked the other from civility. "You needn't plume yourself on it," said the elder. "I'm quite sure, from his manner, that he mean't me: of course, he had to ask us all; that was mere politeness: his asking 'that little Toad' is a proof of it." To which the other had retorted, with a toss of her head, "You needn't be too sure, Miss Conceit, for if ever eyes meant anything, they meant more than the words expressed, when he asked me. Come, I'll bet you a pair of gloves I win." "Well," said the other, "we'll not quarrel; you've always been for Harvard, and I for Yale; suppose we go by them: if Harvard wins, I'll pay the gloves, and give you a fair field for a week; if Yale wins, I shall have the chance; and if, at the end of the week, he doesn't speak, it shall be an open game for both again." To which the other assented.

Harry, as he stood over the girls, field-glass in hand, watching the race, little knew how much he was supposed to have at stake in the struggle. To do the sisters justice, they had never looked so well; each had got herself up in all her bravery; each was undeniably pretty; and the beauty of each was heightened by the contrast between their blonde and brunette styles.

The race was closely contested, from the first. Now Yale shot ahead; now Harvard; now the boats ran side by side. The excitement grew intense. The spectators shouted themselves hoarse. Crowds of young men and boys ran along the river-bank, trying to keep up with the contesting crews. Even staid, middle-aged men took off their hats, and frantically waved them, as their favorite, for a moment, seemed about to win. Ladies fluttered their handkerchiefs; clapped their delicate little hands: stood up, the better to see the struggle. The sisters were even more excited than others; for each had begun to feel, in a superstitious way, that her own future depended on the event. "Yale wins," cried one, looking triumphantly at the other. "Harvard is ahead," said her sister, with eager tremulousness. "No, it's Yale." "It's Harvard." "Yale, I tell you." "Harvard, Harvard," clapping her hands. But, lo! at this crisis, when it really seemed as if Harvard was about to win, Yale crashed into her—whether by accident or design, was then, and has ever since been, a mooted question; and both boats, in an instant, were a wreck, and the crews in the water.

"A drawn game," said Harry, shutting up his field-glass, with a click. "Who wins the bet, girls?"

He spoke in jest, and at random; but both girls blushed crimson, and looked guilty; for it seemed to each as if he had divined her thoughts. The elder was the first to rally. "Yes, it's a drawn game," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders; "and just, too, when I was sure I should win: it will all have to be fought over again, won't it, Gus?" And she looked, meaningly, at her sister.

The next night, there was to be a grand party, to which Gus and Bell, as well as Harry, had been invited. Mrs. Dinsmore and the two girls went early, but business kept Mr. Seymour until late. He had returned home, and was hurrying upstairs to dress, when the sound of a favorite nocturne from the parlor stopped him.

"Ah! now's my chance," he said. "That is Eva's touch. The sisters and mother are away, thank heaven. I'll know the truth, at last, whether she didn't want to go to the regatta, or was kept away." As he spoke, he descended the stairs again, three steps at a time, and burst into the parlor.

The player turned, with a start, as the door opened. Yes, it was Eva. She sprang up, blushing.

"Don't stop," entreated Harry. "I am always disturbing you, it would seem." Then, abruptly: "Why didn't you accept my invitation to the regatta?"

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"You don't disturb me at all," said Eva, quietly ignoring his question. "But I thought you had gone to Mrs. Taylor's."

"I was going. I have changed my mind, now," coolly taking a seat on the sofa. "I am going to stay here, and ask you how you liked the German book; that is, after you have answered my other question."

"I like the German book very much. I have almost finished it. It has been such a treat."

"I am glad of it. Give me a treat, in return. Will you?"

"If I can, certainly."

"Please play for me," he said, aloud; but adding, to himself: "I'll have the other question answered later. I mustn't frighten her."

"I only play what I have taught myself."

"Very well, I'd prefer that." She played two or three pieces. Then he said, genily: "You sing, I know."

"Ballads—not opera songs."

"I shall be glad of a change. I am sick and tired of operatic airs."

She sang a couple of simple ballads, in a clear, sweet voice, with taste and feeling.

"Thank you," said Harry, when she rose from the stool. "You have given me a great pleasure, Miss Eva. But don't go. You haven't answered my question. Why didn't you accept my invitation?"

"I—I," stammered Eva, finding herself driven to a corner. "What invitation? Mamma—"

"Oh, I see," interposed Harry, divining that the girl wished to shield her mother; but seeing, also, that this was the first Eva had heard of the invitation. "Mrs. Dinsmore had something for you to do at home. She couldn't spare you. But is this to go on forever? Won't she, some time, have to spare you?"

The tone in which this was spoken, and the look which accompanied it, were so significant, that Eva colored to her pretty little pink ears, glanced shyly towards the door, and would have escaped through it, if Harry had not intervened.

"Come," he said, half tenderly, half teasingly, imprisoning one of her hands, "tell me. Isn't your mother ever going to spare you?"

"I—I—don't know," stammered Eva, looking down at the toe of her slipper, with which she was drawing imaginary figures on the carpet.

"But I know," said Harry, growing bolder, as Eva grew more embarrassed; and slipping his arm around her slender, yielding waist, he drew her to him, and said a few words, in a whisper.

"Oh, no, you can't mean it," said Eva, giving one quick glance up at him, and then shyly dropping her lovely eyes. "You are only laughing at me. I thought you cared for Gus—or Bell. It must be one of them."

"And why should you think that?"

"Because they are so beautiful and stylish; while I am only—"

"Only the dearest, truest little girl in all the world," cried Harry. "Only my own darling little Eva. Say you will be that."

Whatever the answer was, it was spoken so low, that it is a wonder Harry heard it. But when mamma and her fine daughters came home, weren't they surprised at what he told them!

However, they were wise enough to endure what they couldn't cure. "Well, you didn't win, at least: I suppose our bet is off," said Gus, crossly, with a shrug. "Yes," answered Bell, more philosophically, "if one can't be the rich Mrs. Seymour oneself, the next best thing is to be Mrs. Seymour's sister. But to think that we should have been cut out—of all things—by 'THAT LITTLE TOAD.'"

## "ONLY A BUTTERFLY."

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I AM only a butterfly—do you say?—
  Fickle and frivolous, vain and light.
Throwing the best of my life away?
  Well, well, I own it; and you are right.

I live in excitement, and glee, and mirth;
  I am wedded to folly, and blind to duty.
I have no aim, no ambition on earth—
  Only to dress, and display my beauty.

You never would dream that I had a heart,
  Full of feeling, and fire, and passion.
You never would dream that I played a part—
  I, this butterfly thing of fashion.

You never would think that I lay awake,
  Night after night, while others sleep—
With a tortured heart, that will not break,
  And wide-open eyes, that will not weep.

I say it is better to lie, and deceive
  With smiles, and laughter, and idle ways,
Than to wear your bleeding heart on your sleeve,
  Where daws can peck, and the bold world gaze.

So I can but cover and hide my heart,
  And bury away this useless passion.
I am glad to be reckoned a senseless flirt,
  With no higher aim than to be in fashion.

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# BARBARA.

BY SIDNEY POWER HAMILTON.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 387.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, Carew lounged in at Cliffcote, and found the girls chatting on the piazza; and the Bostonian—fortunately, as he thought—absent, for once. "We are resting, after the unexampled fatigues of the evening before" Kitty Graham informed him. Tom's whole lazy length was stretched out, in one of the reclining-chairs; while he occupied his time by hanging some cherries, which he took from a basket on a table beside him, on Kitty's ears; and then, for variety, teasing a beautiful brown and white setter that was by his side. Barbara was sitting near, crocheting quietly.

Sir Philip had retired, the night before, primed with a very important question for Barbara, as we have seen. But when he met her now, he felt that he dared not ask her, for that would make her answer directly; and perhaps the reply might be one that would not be pleasant to hear. And again, somehow, it seemed that it would be like crushing some fragrance out of a violet, to force her to tell him; and yet he must talk to her again about that, or something else. But, despite his resolves, despite his fears, he found himself perpetually hovering around the forbidden topic.

"You both look as fresh as possible. I'm sure Miss Rodney is not at all fatigued—she danced so little," he said.

"My principles, Sir Philip," answered Barbara, gravely.

"Ah, yes. You said you were a Quakeress, I remember."

"Orthodox," replied Barbara, carefully selecting the finest cherries from her plate. "The very strictest kind of Quakers."

"Beg pardon. Orthodox? Ah, the strictest kind: those who wear things that go so?"

As he spoke, he made, with his two hands, a coalscuttle-shaped sweep about his head.

"No," replied Barbara, laughing gayly. "But some of their girls wear things that go so;" and she made a large, sweeping circle about her head, indicating the Gainsborough hat.

"Don't you really know anything about Quakers, Carew?" said Graham. "I thought all the Quakers came from England."

"Well, yes. There's John Bright, a great liberal and reformer; and all that kind of thing, you know," answered Sir Philip. "And then I've heard that the Gurneys, and Buxtons, and lots of folks who are great swells now, used to be Quakers. But they dance," said he.

Barbara laughed, but made no reply; for now she had discovered the reason for Sir Philip's questions.

So the summer days wore on. Meantime, to Sir Philip's great relief, Mr. Fairlawn had gone back to Boston. Lawn-tennis followed lawn-tennis. Yachting followed yachting. There were polo and garden parties; fox-hunts and small dinners. Barbara's time was fully occupied. It was all so new and pleasant. But the rush was so great that she sometimes felt that she scarcely had time to breathe.

"I must draw the line somewhere, Kitty," she said, at last, one day: "and it shall be at Mrs. Ripley's German. You know I don't dance much, and I'm tired out, and will stay at home, to-night."

Kitty's persuasions were of no avail; and after seeing her friend off, Barbara took her seat in a great chair in the piazza, prepared to enjoy the quiet and the moonlight, and the low voice of the sea that came murmuring to her across the lawn. She sat dreaming away the time, till she suddenly started: for Sir Philip was speaking, close at her side.

"Why are you not at Mrs. Ripley's?" Barbara asked, surprised, as she looked up.

"It's such a warm night," was the answer. "And I don't care much for dancing, you know. Mrs. Graham said you wouldn't come; and I thought that, perhaps, you would let me sit awhile with you."

"Of course; I'm very glad, providing you will be very agreeable."

So they fell into a desultory chat, but one somewhat more serious than usual; for in the busy, "chopped-up kind of life," as Barbara called it, which they usually led, repartees and frothy nothings seemed most natural.

The moonlight flooded the broad piazza; and Sir Philip took his seat facing Barbara, leaning his elbows on his knees, twisting his crush hat in his hands, and looking up in Barbara's face. It was a position that always irritated the girl,



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as he usually assumed it when he was in a cynical mood.

"What a night to spend in a hot room, dancing," she said.

"You don't suppose that the people who are passing it so would enjoy this, do you, Miss Rodney?" he asked.

"Why not? I've enjoyed many evenings, in a hot room; and have enjoyed moonlight ones, too. And I enjoy this," she replied.

"But such a night! There is scarcely a star to be seen. No 'fireflies, tangled in a silver braid,' to-night."

"That is a very pretty conceit; but how I hate the poem," said Barbara.

"Do you? I thought all young ladies liked Tennyson."

"I like him, too, in general. But I don't like this particular poem. In fact, I hate that egotistical fellow, who goes maundering about Locksley Hall."

"Why?"

"If a woman is unworthy of a man, why does he not make a life for himself, quite independent of her, and not sit down and moan about it?" She spoke scornfully. "Moreover, he didn't think of her sorrows: she could not help being so weak." And, after a pause: "No, I don't believe in it. 'Men have died, and worms eaten them, but not for love,' Sir Philip."

"Perhaps you have never been in love, Miss Rodney," said Sir Philip.

"Not I," was the prompt, heart-whole, laughing rejoinder. "Have you?"

"Y-e-s; rather," he drawled out, in his most indifferent tone. But he still leaned forward, and gazed intently in her face.

"Good gracious," murmured Barbara, under her breath.

Yet there was something about him, a kind of forced quiet, that startled her; and in an instant, she had extended her hand.

"Sir Philip, can you pardon me?" she said. "You must know that I did not mean to ask such a question. I cannot imagine what possessed me to do it; it was horrid of me; do forgive me." She was evidently much disturbed.

Sir Philip took the hand, and held it firmly, for a moment, before he replied.

"You are a good, tender-hearted little girl," he said. "Do not mind. It's not a bit of matter, you know. But then, you see, I know all about that fellow in Locksley Hall."

Barbara's quiet imagination, even while he was speaking, was busy at work, weaving a romance out of the life of the man before her. How she wished she knew his story. It was not only that she was curious about it; but because she really liked him so much.

Carew had raised himself from his stooping position, and had thrown his head back, and was now looking out toward the sea. He seemed to be speaking to himself, rather than to his companion, as he went on:

"I wonder if there is any such thing as real love, in the world," said he.

"Lots of it," replied his companion, decidedly, and in the slang that she had acquired during her Newport summer.

"I don't know," replied Carew, thoughtfully. "Most fellows marry because they get engaged in a flirtation, or drift into it, somehow; and the girls marry for the same reason, or for money, or position; and it stands, in the nature of things, that *such* marriages should not be happy."

"You are very illogical," answered Barbara. "A woman who marries for such reasons, is not to be pitied; she is happier without the love, than she would be without the money or the position; otherwise she would not have made such a choice; she is shallow, and does not feel the want of what she can as well do without."

So the talk went on, drifting from one thing to another, till Mr. and Mrs. Graham returned.

"Had a pleasant evening, Miss Rodney?" asked Tom, after Carew left.

"Very. Only Sir Philip was in one of his cynical, drawling moods, that always provoke me—irritate me, indeed."

"Oh, I've noticed that they come on, usually, when he feels the most," replied Mr. Graham.

"Poor fellow. He has not, even yet, got over that love affair of his," said Kitty. "He had a beautiful cousin, you must know, Barbara; and she led him a pretty dance, when he was about twenty-three. He was passionately in love with her, and was engaged to her, when along came a miserable old marquis, with his coronet and his estates, and she threw Sir Philip over, and took the marquisate in preference to the baronetcy. She is a professional beauty, a hard rider, an excellent amateur actress; and has all the London world at her feet. She would have made Sir Philip miserable, if she had married him; but he does not see it."

"Amy, of Locksley Hall," said Barbara.

"Not exactly, as she was not her mother's puppet; but I'm afraid he loves her yet."

The next morning was like a day dropped down from heaven. Carew, as usual at that time of day, made one of the group on the piazza.

"What an afternoon it will be, for our ride over the beaches, Kitty," said Barbara. "I do hope Comet will be in good spirits."

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"Now, how you girls can exert yourselves so, in this hot weather, is a marvel to me," grumbled Mr. Graham.

"Don't you go, Tom. It is too much, really, for such a delicate fellow as you are," laughed his wife. "Jones is a very good groom, and will take excellent care of us, if we need it."

"May I divide the pleasure, and the responsibility, with Jones?" asked Sir Philip.

"Well, if Carew goes, I shall be obliged to go, too. But it is so much nicer here, Kitty dear, with you," whispered Tom.

"It will not do, Tom; the flattery has failed; we are going for a gallop," was the inexorable reply.

## CHAPTER V.

So, in the cool of the afternoon, the party started. They were joined by some friends, on the road, and made a brilliant cavalcade, as they swept past Easton's beach and over the hill beyond. The last rays of the sun were lengthening the shadows, before they turned their faces towards home, and began to walk their horses, over the lovely green meadows back of the second beach. Perhaps there is nowhere in the world a more beautiful piece of coloring than that meadow, as seen just before sunset, on a day in early August. In June and early July, it is too green; in September, a little too brown, perhaps; but in late July and early August, it is perfect. And then, too, to be seen in its perfection, it should be approached from the third beach, and not viewed with the sun at one's back. It is like a huge velvet carpet, of richest and most varied greens and browns, with golden lights woven all over it. To the right, rise the soft gray of the sinuous rocks of Paradise; to the left, the delicate, yellow-colored sand dunes; and between, come glimpses of the blue ocean, whose restless murmurings constantly strike the ear. The heavy white sand is fetlock deep. The grass is coarse and rank; but it has all the glittering freshness of a meadow, watered by a hundred rills. In June and July, it is full of the blue iris; and all summer long, meadow-pink and yellow stars laugh and nod at each other; and birds and bees and butterflies haunt the place.

The beauty of the scene made two of the riders, at least, silent, for a long while. At last, Sir Philip said:

"Life seems full of possibilities, Miss Rodney, on such a day as this."

Barbara roused herself, as if from a dream. Then she answered, with her usual decision:

"Life *always is* full of possibilities."

"Yes?" queried Sir Philip, with one of his drawls.

"Yes," asserted Barbara.

They were now ascending the hill, west of the second beach; and they rode on, in silence, for a few moments. Then Carew drew his horse close to that of his companion.

"Perhaps," he said, "a man's life has only begun, sometimes, when he thinks it has ended; and the best of it may be to come. Do you think, Miss Rodney, that we ever get over the effects of a great mistake?"

"That depends upon the nature of the mistake," replied the girl. "If it is a poor investment, now; or a bad horse; or even a love affair, yes. But if it is a bad wife, you know, why that is quite different."

"A miserable love affair," answered Sir Philip, "a mad infatuation."

The manner and look made Barbara very nervous, yet somehow happy. But the nervousness preponderated, so that she said, with a shy laugh, turning half around in her saddle, and looking backward:

"Just see the Club House, on West Island. It lies like a golden picture, in the blue of the ocean."

Carew seemed discontented, and was silent for a moment. He gazed at his companion, and then said, pleasantly enough:

"That is just like life, Miss Rodney. That is a very commonplace kind of affair; filled with gay, but rough fishermen and yachtmen; but to look at it now, how glorified it seems. And so with people. They are treacherous and mean and commonplace; but our imaginations invest them, frequently, with qualities not at all belonging to them; and so they become glorified, for a time at least; but when we come to know them, how really different we find them to be."

Sir Philip had withdrawn his eyes from Barbara's face, while speaking, and was looking far away out to sea, evidently not thinking of her at all, just then.

"How dreadful," laughed she, "to be drawing a moral from such a view. Now *I* only thought how like it is to bits of Venice. Your prosaic West Island rises out of the sea, this afternoon, like a dream; and like a dream it will fade away. Do you know, Sir Philip, that I fully expect to see Rome, and Naples, and Florence, again; but I am sure that Venice will have disappeared. When I used to sail out on the lonely lagoons, at sunset, I could not help feeling, that when I went back, the place would have dissolved in mist and water; and that I must go on forever, looking for it. And what

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frauds the old Senators were; they professed that it was for sumptuary reasons that no gay coloring was allowed on the gondolas, whereas it was only an æsthetic instinct; anything but black would have been quite out of place, in that pathetic, enchanted city."

Sir Philip's eyes were withdrawn from the sea, to rest again on the enthusiastic face of his companion. He thought, as he had thought a hundred times, "how sympathetic she is." But he only said: "Yes, one lives in a dream there; one wants to do nothing; and there is nothing to do."

"Were you ever really interested in anything, in your life?" asked Barbara, petulantly. "How I hate all this pessimism (that is the right word, now, is it not? Whatever it may mean). Is there nothing really worth living for?"

"Not much," muttered her companion.

"Then, don't cumber the ground; but get off of it, as soon as you can, and leave room for others who will work." She said this warmly, but half laughingly. "Why, do you know that you are not of as much use as that clump of late wild roses? They beautify the earth, at least."

"No, I am not ornamental, I know; and I am not useful, I think," was the good-humored reply.

So, the mood which had threatened to be a little serious, a little time before, passed; and the talk drifted back again to harmless topics: and when Carew assisted Barbara from her horse, he felt that he had not made as much of the afternoon as he had intended; and she went upstairs, and threw herself into a chair, and thought a long time about the Circe who had so affected Carew's life, and wondered what might be the secret of her charms. Then she rose slowly, and went to the mirror; and after looking at herself intently for a long while, she said, "It won't do, Barbara; you're well enough, in an ordinary way, but you were mistaken; you are neither very beautiful nor brilliant, nor in fact anything to attract such a man." And somehow, strange to say, she did not feel as happy as she had done in the afternoon.

The next morning found Sir Philip, as usual, on Mr. Prescott's piazza. He seemed restless and uncertain, and was made more so by Barbara's nonchalant manner. Even the parrot seemed in league with Barbara, to annoy him. The bird swung about on his perch, and looked askance at Carew, with his knowing, wicked eyes; and called out, "Go home, go home; it's no use. Oh, Barbara, Barbara."

Sir Philip could not help laughing, when he thought that the senseless chatter of a parrot could affect him so; but he walked up to the bird, and looked fiercely at it, and devoutly wished that he could wring its neck. At last, he said:

"I must take that wretched creature's advice, and go home. My steward has been writing about all kinds of things, which he says I ought to see to; and I suppose I must: but then," with a sigh, "where's the use?"

"Is it not of use," asked Barbara, gravely, "always to do one's duty? I suppose your tenants want you to give them back their rents—'remit them.' Isn't that the word?"

"But, Miss Rodney, I can't be 'remitting,' as you call it, *all* the time. I've tried to do my duty there, at any rate."

"Then build some cottages."

"But they don't want to live in them. They prefer the old dirty ones, I assure you. They don't like to be clean."

"Get up cooking-schools, and sewing-schools," replied Barbara, demurely.

"But, you see, I am so ignorant about cooking—I couldn't teach them," he answered, with great gravity, but with laughing eyes. "Now, if I belonged to that Philadelphia place: a kind of cooking club, I suppose, from what some fellows said last night, I might perhaps teach something. Why, I'm told that one man can concoct green-turtle soup that would make an alderman's mouth water; and that all the fellows have some specialty: they will become regular 'cordons bleu,' in time, I suppose."

Barbara laughed. "Yes; green-turtle soup would be a necessity, in your village housekeeping. I know about that place: it is called the 'Terrapin;' and is a club-house, in a lonely lane, some miles out of the city. The men go there, and cook their own dinners; and never let a woman look at them. I don't know why, I am sure; except that they are greedy, perhaps," she said, laughing, "and are afraid we would eat up everything. Or it may be because they must look so horrid, in white aprons and things, with great boots showing underneath; and they are sure to be awkward, you know, and don't want to be seen. What a 'witches' cauldron scene' the affair must be. Teach a sewing-school, Sir Philip," she continued, nodding mischievously.

"Now, Miss Rodney, I never could learn that Kensington thing that you are always making."

"What a pity. That, too, would be so useful in your village school. Hercules, with the distaff of Omphale."

The day of Carew's departure was at length announced; and Barbara's visit was also drawing

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to a close. The coloring seemed to have been taken out of her summer, somehow; and she now looked gladly forward to her return to Lanehurst. Her manner had become cold to Sir Philip—without her knowing it, however; and he seemed less at ease in her company than he had formerly been. Part of this, perhaps, was accounted for by the fact that Mr. Fairlawn had returned; and was, Sir Philip thought, more kindly treated than ever by Barbara.

One morning, at breakfast, as Mr. Graham was looking over the paper, while waiting for his cup of coffee, he suddenly exclaimed:

"I say, Kitty, here's a go. Lord Upton is dead."

"Good gracious," was the reply; "and that woman is a widow."

"Whew!" whistled Tom. "So she is. Now Carew can marry her."

Kitty gave one quick look at Barbara, who was stirring her coffee, with apparent calmness; for Mistress Kitty had not been as obtuse as her husband seemed to be, as to what was going on around her; but Barbara said nothing.

While sitting at dinner, a telegram was brought to Barbara, that her mother was ill. Her departure was, therefore, accelerated. She began, at once, to make preparations for leaving by the boat, that night. She felt that this hurried leaving, this anxiety about her mother, was only the natural ending of her visit. In fact, anything that was sad seemed natural to her now.

When Sir Philip met the Grahams, later in the evening, and he was told that Barbara had gone, he looked dazed, for a moment. But he soon rallied, and seemed as usual, only saying that circumstances made it necessary for him to sail for home earlier than he had intended.

Kitty was angry, and said to her husband, to whom she had told all that she surmised about Carew and Barbara, "I have no patience with a man who lets 'I will, wait upon I dare not.' I believe that he does not know whether he is in love with Lady Upton, or with Barbara Rodney."

## CHAPTER VI.

The hunting season found Carew at one of the best houses in the shires. His business with his steward had been quickly transacted; and his inclination was to rush back to America, and ask Barbara to be his wife. But his early experience had made him wary; and Barbara had seemed so cool and self-contained, that he said constantly to himself that she had not given him the slightest encouragement. As for Lady Upton, he had not seen her since his return. During the last few days of his stay, there were but few visitors in the house. So Carew's surprise was great, while talking to his host about the day's run, just before dinner, to see a slender, black-clad figure glide into the drawing-room.

The woman went straight up to Sir Philip, and putting out her hand, said, in a silvery voice: "Cousin Philip, how glad I am."

Carew looked all the surprise he felt, in seeing his widowed first love. But he quite forgot, for a moment, that she had been his first love, so little did his pulses stir at her presence.

Lady Upton was evidently willing to take up the "flirtation," as she called it, where she had left it off; though it was all to be done in a decorous manner, as befitted a widow. But to her wonder, her cousin was utterly indifferent and quietly ignored all her advances.

Meantime, Barbara Rodney was passing an uneventful winter at Lanehurst. In the autumn, Mr. Fairlawn had appeared in Philadelphia, whence he made almost daily calls on the Rodneys: coming, indeed, whenever he could invent an excuse. At last, his visits stopped suddenly; and soon after, Mr. Rodney heard that he had gone back to Boston. Barbara, at having this intelligence imparted to her, did not seem the least bit surprised. "I do believe," said the mother to herself, "she has refused him." But if so, Barbara kept her own counsel.

A great deal of time was spent on horseback, by Barbara, wandering about the quiet lanes and country roads, and in reading, or visiting in the pleasant neighborhood; and so November passed, and then December came with its snows, followed by one of the severest seasons on record, that made out-of-door exercise almost impossible.

Mrs. Rodney saw that all was not well with her daughter; but refrained from asking questions, only taking care that she should have as much harmless diversion as possible. She sent Barbara into the city, to pass a few weeks in Jack's bright home. But the girl was glad to get back again to her old routine, and soon returned to Lanehurst. "I'd rather be here, mother dear," she said; and there the subject was dropped.

Thus the winter passed. The bleak winds of March had gone, at last, and the soft, pearly days of April had come. Bluebirds were singing; the grass was green; daffodils and violets bloomed in the warm corners of the garden; and trees were putting forth, everywhere, their young buds and leaves, till the whole landscape looked as if it had been done in a delicate green wash of water colors. Even Barbara's heart danced, with this new life all about her.

One morning, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney went into the city, leaving Barbara alone. The girl took her

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basket, and set forth for a long ramble. A little while after her departure, who should appear but Sir Philip Carew. He had given no notice of his coming, and Barbara supposed him to be in England. He asked for Miss Rodney, and when told that she was out, went in, to await her return. He was ushered into the room usually occupied by the family, half parlor, half library, and that opened into a large drawing-room beyond. A beautiful brown and white setter was stretched on a bearskin, before the fire, that crackled merrily on the hearth; but the day was warm, and a half-open window let in the sunshine and the song of birds. All about him were evidences of Barbara, and Barbara's home life; the books, the bric-a-brac, the basket of crewels, etc., etc.

He went about, softly touching one and another, and smiling to himself, as he thought of her. When he had waited a long while, he wandered out into the larger drawing-room. This overlooked the lawn. Here he walked up and down. up and down, till at last he almost decided that he would go out, and make an effort to find Barbara.

He was gazing out of the window, trying to decide which way to take, when a door, at the far end of the library, opened. The noise startled him, and he turned, to see Barbara enter the other room. He sprang forward; but the next moment stopped, as if instinctively, to take in all the sweet beauty of the girl, before she should see him. In one hand she held a basket, full of blood-root, anemones, and wild violets; in the other was her large hat, crowded with yellow daffodils and sweet-scented garden violets. She placed them all on the table, and was pinning a bunch of the daffodils on the bosom of her brown dress, when Sir Philip's step, in the drawing-room, made her look up.

A great, glad light rushed over Barbara's face. Impulsively, she advanced to the door, extended her hands, and said:

"Oh, Sir Philip!"

Then a quick blush dyed her face, and she would have drawn back. But Sir Philip interfered. He now knew that he need not have doubted, nor delayed so long; and so he took the little hands in one of his own, and drew her towards him.

"Oh my love, oh my love," he said.

By this time, Barbara had partially recovered her self-possession, and was half angry at having betrayed herself. She turned slightly away. But he drew her, the next moment, beside him, on the sofa, and said:

"Oh! Barbara dear, do not shun me. I love you, with all my heart. You will be my wife, my very love, won't you?"

She made no answer, but shyly laid her head on his shoulder.

Presently he said:

"Barbara, say you love me."

Still there was no answer.

Then again:

"Barbara, say you love me."

"I love you, Sir Philip," murmured Barbara.

"That's not my name, to you, sweetheart."

"Well, then—I love you—Philip," she whispered.

Romeo, the dog, got up, and walked around the stranger, and signified his approval. The fire crackled and sparkled in the chimney. The light-golden spring sun shone in at the window. The birds sang in the elm tree. The fragrance of the garden violets, and the clean earthy smell of the wild flowers, strewed on the table, filled the room. It was all Arcadia. And those two, whose lips met for the first time, they also "were in Arcadia."

## BY THE SEA.

BY N. DELLA JOHNSON.

Dear one, do you still remember
That bright summer, by the sea;
When for us the skies were cloudless,
When for us the birds sang free?
Then all nature's throbbing pulses
Leaped up wildly at our song;
And our hearts beat time to music,
As the hours sped along.

Now I stand beside the waters,
And I hear their sad refrain,
While your cruel words I whisper—
"Never, nevermore again."

Once, I waited for your coming;
Once, I listened for your step.
Now, apart our lives are drifting—
In your heart is there regret?

Still, the winds are whispering softly,
To the waves that ebb and flow;
Bringing back to me, in fancy,
One sweet eve of long ago.
And I hear the vespers chiming
Blending with the ocean's moan,
And again my heart is throbbing
To the music of your tone.

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# HIRAM HAPGOOD'S SURPRISE.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

SQUIRE SKINNER was a very rich man—the richest in his native village; and he had won his wealth, in a large measure, through adherence to the old adage, "A penny saved is worth two earned." His enemies said he was penurious, and a few even called him tricky, and not to be depended upon in a bargain.

He was loud in his professions of Christianity, however. He attended the meetings of the church punctually, whenever there were no collections to be taken up. At conference meetings, too, he was nearly always present, and sang with unction; but, unfortunately, a little through his nose. He prayed frequently and powerfully; he exhorted sinners, and in a very loud voice: in fact, all the power of his lungs he seemed willing to offer as a free gift to the church; but when it was a question of money, he managed somehow to be indisposed at home.

The minister's salary was already scanty, but Squire Skinner thought they had better make it less. "When one is toiling for the good of souls," he said, "one should not be given to love of filthy lucre." Whereat one of the profane retorted that "the minister couldn't live on souls; and if he could, he would starve to death on such souls as Squire Skinner's."

His household consisted of a daughter and a son. Rose, the daughter, was about seventeen; with a sweet, wild-rose face; large, wistful gray eyes; and a tender, sensitive mouth. Not from the old squire, however, did she inherit that refined face. To see the two together you would be unconsciously reminded of some rare white lily, growing in the shade of a grim old rock. Her mother had died when Rose was only eight years old; but the daughter had a memory of a face like her own, only paler and more shadowy: a memory of a sweet, tender face, that looked upon her, crowned with that divine halo—a mother's love.

It was a pale, shadowy face, indeed; and it faded quite away from earth while Rose was still a child, and the baby brother was just beginning to walk about. The baby was now a fleshy, uncomfortable boy of ten, with immense powers of being disagreeable. He had light-blue eyes: hair nearly white; hands and feet that were forever out of place, and equally a discomfort to himself and others; to all which he added an appetite of matchless power, seemingly insatiable. His chief pursuit was what he called "poking fun at folks," the chief victim and sufferer being his sister Rose.

He did not dare, however, to play his pranks before his father. No, the squire condemned all mirth, as the first of the seven deadly sins. When Bob, therefore, snatched the chair away as his sister went to sit down; or rushed out at her, with white drapery and direful groans, from dark closets; or was seized with any other exquisite humorous fancy, he knew his sister was too tender-hearted to complain to his father, and bring disgrace and contumely down upon the little white head, that, with all its faults, was so inexpressibly dear to her.

On the evening our story opens, Rose was sitting on the old brown door-step, busily engaged in sewing: making a shirt for her father; for she was housekeeper, cook, and sewing-girl; her aunt, who lived with them, being one of those old ladies who are more ornamental than useful.

She had a terrible headache, too, besides being tired with a hard day's work; and when Bob came up, with a wild warwhoop, and a grotesque pumpkin mask over his face, she entreated him "not to make so much noise."

"Why not?" says Bob, speaking through the mouth of his yellow mask, like an oracle speaking through the wide lips of an idol. "Why not?"

"Because I have such a terrible headache, dear."

"Headache!" says Bob, in a disdainful voice. And then he takes off his hollow mask, that she may see the full incredulity and derision of his face. "What's a girl good for? They're always havin' headaches. You feel awful big, don't you," he says, "with your headache? Mebby you think you are goin' to be sick a-bed; you would feel awful big then, wouldn't you?"

That was a standing belief of Bob's, or at least he always professed it as such, that if Rose was sick, it made her haughty and conceited. But whatever else Bob would have said, was cut short; for a loud rapping at the front door, at this moment, interrupted him.

They were sitting in a little porch, at the back of the house.

"Run and open the door, that's a good boy," said Rose. "I really am too sick."

Bob obeyed at once; not from any spirit of



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obedience, but from pure curiosity. A young man stood upon the door-step: a handsome young man, with a dark, resolute eye, making manly a face that would otherwise have been almost feminine in its gentleness.

"Does Squire Skinner reside here?" said the young man.

"Yes, sir."

"He is trustee of this district?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was directed here. I have applied for the situation of school-teacher. Can I see Squire Skinner?"

"Yes, sir, when he comes home, sir," said Bob. with elaborate politeness, and speaking the "sir" with emphasis. "He is down to the village; but he will be home soon, sir."

"Can I wait here, till he comes?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Walk in, sir," said Bob, and he led the way to the back porch, walking with the stateliness and importance befitting one who is ushering in a stranger. And thus Harry Graham went to meet his fate.

Bob said his father was in the village. It was true. At that very moment, Squire Skinner was sitting on an inverted butter-tub, on the steps of the grocery store, with Hiram Hapgood on an empty peach-crate beside him, settling the final doom of those who were not of the elect. The business was congenial to both of them, and time passed rapidly, as they dealt with the souls of sinful men, and whittled shingles. Squire Skinner, however, was harder in his judgments than his companion: a long, lean, lank youth, whose sallow countenance had none of the firm, sanguinary glow that marked the squire's face, as he irrevocably settled the doom of the lost.

"There is not a ray of hope in their case; there will not, there cannot be a soul saved, only jest the elect," says the squire; and his face looks cheerful, though firm, as he says it.

But Hiram Hapgood, though he agrees with him, has a shade of sadness and regret on his countenance. He seems to be sorry for the world, and as if he would be glad if the squire had not made the decision.

At last, the squire, having settled the doom of the world at large, descends to minutiæ. One of his favorite topics is the conduct of our Government towards the Indians. This he condemns bitterly. He is for having them all killed at once. "No Quaker nonsense for me," he says. "Extermination is the only remedy." And he quotes largely from the Old Testament wars, to confirm and establish his opinion.

He explains to Hiram what his views and wishes really are. His plan is to have every young, able-bodied man called out by Government, armed and equipped with muskets, bayonets, swords, and, if need be, packages of arsenic and ratsbane, in order to slay and smite the Indians hip and thigh, and "wipe them off the face of the earth," to use his final expression.

Hiram's wish and purpose is to join with the squire in each and every one of his propositions, no matter how hard they are; but this is a little too much for him. Not that he so much dislikes having the Indians smitten and vanquished; but being very cowardly by nature, he fears that if such a war ensues, he, being young and able-bodied, will be obliged to join in the conflict. He hesitates, looks embarrassed, and finally remarks:

"But, by Jehosiphat! Won't it be ruther tuff, you know, as it were—on the Injuns, as it were—"

If Hiram ventures to differ from Squire Skinner, it is with extreme diffidence; and the "as it were," which he invariably adds to his remarks, is placed something as an elephant places his foot upon the weak planks of a bridge, before he ventures his whole body thereon. Or as a blind man gropes his way forward with a cane, to feel how the land lays, and judge of obstructions, before he ventures onward himself.

But the squire's words are firm, decided, like spears, each one finding the heart of the object aimed at. And he does not seem at all pleased to have his neophyte seem to doubt his decision. For one great reason why Hiram Hapgood is favored by Squire Skinner, beyond any of the other youths of Hevvolton, is because he always so obediently, not to say slavishly, agrees with his hardest opinions.

To tell the truth, Hiram has a strong motive in endeavoring, by all possible means, to conciliate the squire; for he is very much in love with sweet Rose Skinner, or as much in love as it is possible for anyone constituted like him to be.

He has, according to his light, wooed her for years. He has gazed at her steadily and persistently, nearly every moment of the time, at evening meetings and singing schools. He has even gone a step further. Dressed in his best, and crowned with a strong smell of hair oil, as a halo, he has presented himself at Squire Skinner's, for an evening call. But as yet he has made no progress. And his visits were made seasons of poignant agony, to both himself and Rose, by reason of Bob's hints and open revilings.

To Rose, indeed, who was entirely fancy free, there was an undercurrent of fun and comicality in Bob's remarks and actions. But to Hiram, who was in deadly earnest, to have himself and his love made objects of ridicule, before the sweet embodiment of all his hopes, was hard indeed.

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He has endeavored, meantime, to bribe Bob with candy and nuts, to be on his side; but Bob has gradually become so exorbitant, that it is impossible to satisfy him. Now, when he spends an evening there, it is with a consciousness, that, while he is making his brighest remarks, Bob is making faces at him behind his back. Or, perhaps, drawing his portrait on the wall. Or waiting for a chance to slyly pin placards to his coat-skirts. Or standing just within the next room, and plainly visible to Rose, but to no one else, making wild gestures to all his, Hiram's, remarks: smiting his breast, tearing his hair, kneeling in agony, or raising his clenched hands.

Hiram had caught Bob at these pranks, once or twice, and now he was in constant fear of their repetition. So, whenever Rose smiled, and turned her head away from the open door, that led into the other room, Hiram knew what was the matter.

But if he couldn't buy up Bob, he could agree with her father. And so he echoed the squire's opinions on every subject. And being by far the richest young man in the place, and as penurious and miserly as it was possible for anyone to be at his age, he was a prime favorite with Rose's parent; who had signified, in consequence, to Rose, his firm determination to have Hiram Hapgood for a son-in-law. Rose had no affection for her wealthy and prudent suitor. Her heart was like the soul of Undine—asleep, waiting the magic touch that should awaken it. In every gentle and amiable way, she had endeavored to show the state of her mind to Hiram. But it was not possible for her to be unkind or rude to any human being. She was always cool and indifferent; but as Hiram had not come out in plain terms, and asked her to be his wife, things drifted along until Harry Graham came upon the scene. From that hour, the pangs of jealousy rent his soul.

Discouraged by her cool manner, encouraged by her father, and tortured by Bob, life's path had not been over smooth to Hiram Hapgood. But worse had now come. Heretofore, he had had no rival; and so, of course, had felt none of the pangs of jealousy. To none of the rustic swains, though every one of them would have been overjoyed to have won her favor, did she show any preference. But, alas for Hiram Hapgood, when the handsome, gentlemanly Harry Graham became an inmate of her father's dwelling, things became different.

When Squire Skinner, on his return from judging the world, and settling the affairs of the Indians, heard that an applicant for the teacher's situation was waiting to see him, he was just in the mood to be gracious. His late conversation had satisfied his sanguinary instincts, and softened his mood. The handsome, noble face of Harry Graham, moreover, impressed even him favorably. But most of all, he was influenced by the very moderate terms that Harry asked. After a short conversation, the teacher was engaged. The squire also agreed to take Harry as a boarder, tempted by the very liberal sum offered.

The next Monday, accordingly, Harry Graham commenced his school. Bob, whose behavior had been remarkably beautiful, for him, walked beside the new teacher to the school-room, giving him all kinds of necessary and unnecessary information and advice. Bob showed his admiration and partiality, moreover, by offering to dig worms, if he wanted to go fishing; to lend him his jack-knife, pop-gun, and flints. His demeanor through the day was also remarkably good; so that, at night, Harry was able to give excellent accounts of him to Rose. And this made her gentle heart happy; for, despite the martyrdom Bob daily inflicted upon her—nay, perhaps by reason of it, so strange are the vagaries of human love—Bob was the very apple of her eye. The boy, mischievous as he was, was greatly attached to Rose, also; and he showed his affection in various uncomfortable ways, and at entirely unexpected moments: sometimes hugging her so violently that an inch more of pressure must necessarily have proved fatal, or kissing her when his lips were most hopelessly smeared with molasses or jelly.

But now, for awhile, Bob's demeanor was almost perfect. He had taken a great fancy to his new teacher, and seemed anxious to win his approbation; and as days passed by, this sentiment seemed to intensify instead of lessening. Harry Graham, indeed, was one of those fortunate ones who can win and keep a child's respect and love. But, of course, such goodness on the part of Bob would have been superhuman, if continued. So, one evening, when Rose and Harry Graham were the sole occupants of the sitting-room, in came the irrepressible Bob, and defiantly announced his resolution to go to the lake, seven miles distant, and spend the night there with Tom Hanchett, who was one of the most disreputable boys in the neighborhood. Rose remonstrated.

"You know, Bob," she said, "that father wouldn't let you go anywhere with Tom Hanchett; much less to the lake, to be away all night."

"But I want to help pull the seen," says Bob, obstinately. "Tom says it's fun to pull the white-fish in, and sturjens, and sammens. And say, don't you s'pose I can go? Don't you s'pose you can get father to lemme?"

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"You know father wouldn't let you go, Bob."

"Well, you know you could get him to lemme, if you was a mind to. But girls are such shiftless things, they never will help a feller. I could probable get enough fish to last us the year 'round. Say, don't you s'pose you could get him to lemme?"

"No, Bob; you know I wouldn't ask him. You know I wouldn't dare to have you go."

"Oh, I wonder who you be, anyway? You wouldn't darst to have me go. You think you are somebody, don't you? You've got a beau —Hiram—that wears a brass handkerchief pin, hain't you? Oh, yes, and scents himself up with hair-oil. Oh, yes, you think you are somebody."

It would be utterly impossible to convey upon paper the scornful derision of Bob's voice and countenance, as he uttered these words.

"Oh, Bob," cried Rose, appealingly, while her sweet face, and even her white neck, were crimson with blushes.

"Well, ain't it brass, say? And don't he come here a-courtin' with it, Sunday nights, say? No wonder you feel big. No wonder you don't darst to let me stir out of the house."

Poor Rose! Heretofore, she had borne the laughter and contemptuous remarks of Bob, concerning her rustic admirer, with equanimity, and even, sometimes, with a sly enjoyment of his fun; but now, the very mention of his name in connection with her own, suddenly became perfectly unendurable. She glanced up at Harry Graham's face, which, despite the absurdity of the scene, had grown very grave; and then she burst into tears, and left the room.

Bob, conscience smitten, opened his eyes to their full extent, and scratched his white head ruefully. His teacher looked at him, reprovingly, and said, "How could you tease your sister so?"

"Well, I'm sorry; I'm blamed if I ain't. Hain't seen her cry before, since I tied a string 'round her kitten's neck, and let it down into the cistern: it was an awful hot day, and I let it down to cool it off; and the string slipped, and made a gallus of it, and hung it dead. I don't see what started her off so now. I was only pokin' fun at her. She don't like that feller, but father makes her treat him first-rate."

Harry Graham felt his heart grow absurdly light at this remark, though he could hardly have explained why. He had rather prided himself on his indifference towards women, until this summer. But he had not been at the squire's a week before he yielded utterly to the gentle, resistless power which Rose unconsciously exercised: an influence, in his case, that pervaded his soul as with a new birth, and filled all nature as with a fresher, diviner life.

Never were there such glorious, entrancing days as those that followed. Never were such starry, heavenly nights. Never such dreams—dreams of the lovely face that blessed his waking visions, or of the sweet face that flushed and kindled beneath his glance. Golden summer days they were, to both Harry Graham and Rose Skinner.

It chanced, the very day after Hiram Hapgood ventured to disagree with Squire Skinner, concerning the settlement of the Indian question, that Hiram was called to a distant part of the State, to the sick-bed of his only brother. He was detained there, moreover, for most of the summer; so that autumn was at hand when he returned. He returned, too, to find that Harry Graham had been winning golden opinions from all; and had won, he feared, what was of more value to him than anything else, save his property.

Alas for Hiram Hapgood! On the first evening of his arrival home, he hastened, after a hasty supper and a hasty toilet, to the squire's; but only to see the evident devotion of the handsome, gentlemanly young teacher to Rose, and to witness her evident interest in this brave, gentle suitor. Poor Hiram, his stay was short. In pity to himself, he left soon.

Bob had lately become possessor of a torch: a relic of a political torch-light procession. He delighted in walking out nights, carrying this new acquisition aloft, startling the neighbors with the unexpected appearance of his white head, lit up by the glaring reflection. On this evening, he prepared to accompany Hiram part of the way home, more that he might show off his torch than because he had any especial liking for Hiram. So, as he walked along, with the wind-waven torch casting weird and fitful reflections around them, he began, teasingly, to praise Graham.

"Did Rose like him?" asked Hiram, with a quavering voice.

"Golly, didn't she, though!" cried Bob. "And father—he took care of father, when he was sick—father liked him, oh! ever so much. And aunt Matilda never liked anybody so well before, nor Rose neither."

Poor Hiram! His heart sank low at these confidences. But how much more information he would have extracted will never be known; for at this very moment, an inopportune gust of wind extinguished the torch; and as Bob couldn't think of walking a step without its light, he left Hiram, and returned home at once.

All that night, Hapgood lay awake, plotting revenge, and trying to fashion some plan to defeat the handsome young school-teacher. Of course, he considered Graham an impostor; the

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earnest wish being, as usual, father to the conviction. He was a moneyless adventurer, no doubt.

The more he pondered upon this, the more reasonable it seemed. "If I only knew where the fellow came from," he said. He had inquired, the day before; but nobody had seemed to know. "That, in itself, is sufficient proof," soliloquized Hiram. "He is, perhaps, a fugitive from justice. Why wasn't he willing to let the name of his former home be known?" Pondering this, he fell asleep, at last.

The next evening, Hiram met Bob Skinner, walking along, as usual, under the blazing light of his torch. The squire had sent him on an errand. Bob entered into conversation again. They talked of the weather; Bob's new dog; the hail-storm of the past week; the coming circus, that was advertised as being one of uncommon brilliancy, and which Bob wished to join; and finally, of the school-teacher.

"Do you know, Bob, as it were, where he came from? In fact, where his home was, and so forth?" said Hiram.

"No, not for certain," replied Bob. "But I have seen the name of a place, upstairs, on some books, when his trunk was open."

"What will you take, Bob, to get the address?"

Bob, like the thrifty speculator that he was, did not consent at once; for he saw Hiram was anxious. Finally, for the consideration of a two-bladed jack-knife, and a new pocket fishing-rod, he consented to copy the address, and say nothing. To do Bob justice, he never thought of any harm. He supposed it was only idle curiosity that was impelling Hiram. The next day, therefore, Hiram was possessor of the address: a thriving inland village, in another State. He wrote to the postmaster there, at once. The answer informed him, to his infinite delight, that Harry Graham had run away from an uncle, some three months before; that his uncle was a man of great wealth, and had adopted Harry, and brought him up as his own son; and proclaimed the fact that he was to be his heir. "But suddenly," continued the writer, "some difficulty had arisen between the two, of what nature no one knew; and Harry had left home; since which nothing had been heard of him."

Of course, having followed the guidance of duty so far, Hiram was not weak enough to shrink from the task of telling Deacon Skinner, at once, that he was harboring an impostor and a runaway in his house. "If for the sake of no one else," said Hiram to himself, "for Rose's sake he ought to be exposed."

Now, on that very morning, Harry Graham had asked Squire Skinner's consent to marry his daughter. "Not at once," said the suitor, "for I have no fortune; but give your consent to the engagement, and oh, how I will work for her sweet sake." Harry, like all ardent young lovers, was certain that he could soon carve out a path in the future. "I can dare anything, endure anything, if only I can have this hope to inspire me," he said. "I had meant to conceal my love from Rose; I had meant to leave her entirely unfettered, until I was in a situation to woo her, and win her for my wife; but my love proved stronger than my will. I was betrayed into avowing my affection; I found that my love was returned; and I could not rest until I had told you, sir, and endeavored to win your consent to an engagement." Harry said much more, and talked so well and eloquently, that Squire Skinner could not but acknowledge he had acted in a manly, straightforward manner. But he did not, for all that, accord his consent. He said, on the contrary, that he would give an answer in a few days.

The fact was, the cautious squire wanted time to think of some plausible excuse for refusing. He feared that it would be very difficult to get Rose to listen to reason, very difficult to convince her how much better it would be for her future interest, to marry Hiram, a young man who had already a handsome property.

Personally, Squire Skinner liked Harry Graham. Had he and Hiram been equal in wealth, Squire Skinner would have chosen him at once. Bob did not exaggerate the matter at all, when he said that "father liked him." The squire recalled the tender, almost filial care, which Harry had shown when he was ill. He thought of his intelligence: his pleasant, manly ways. His heart sank within him, at the task of convincing Rose that it would not be best to "give up all for love, and the world well lost."

It was while he was pondering over all this, that Hiram brought the thrilling intelligence that Harry Graham was "a runaway, an outcast, and an impostor," as he phrased it.

The squire, at first, did not seem to show much indignation; and this puzzled and annoyed Hiram. He finished, therefore, rather curtly. "I have done my duty now," he said, "and leave the rest to you. Besides, I have to go back to my brother, who is worse again. They telegraphed for me, and I leave by the afternoon train." The squire civilly expressed his regret, thanked Hiram, and so they parted. But had Hiram seen the glow of satisfaction on the squire's face, as he walked off, muttering to himself: "So the uncle is rich," he would have taken the train in more gloomy spirits even than he did.

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Harry, when confronted by Squire Skinner, did not deny Hiram's story. "Yes," he said, "my uncle and I did quarrel. It was over a difference of opinion. My uncle is hot-tempered, and told me to leave the house. I took him at his word. He said that I could not earn my living. Now, as you know, sir, I have proved that to be a mistake. My uncle told me that it would not be a month before I would be writing back to him for assistance. My answer was that I would never write to him for help, even if I starved by the wayside. Nor will I. More than that, I will never go back, unless he sends for me." Harry owned, however, that he had been too hasty. He said that his uncle had been kindness itself to him, until their difference; had lavished all that love and wealth could upon him. "But it was out of the question," the young man said, "for me to yield, in the matter. And as my uncle was determined I should obey him, or leave his house, I had, after all, you see, no alternative."

"May I ask what was the cause of the disagreement?" said the squire. "I can hardly think of anything that would justify your conduct, after all his kindness."

Thus driven to the wall, Harry had to tell his secret.

"My uncle," he said, "wanted me to marry a lady, who, though excellent and even rich, I could not love. Knowing his wishes, I tried to like her; but could not. Pray, do not press me further. It is a thing too delicate to speak of. A loveless marriage is a crime."

Even Squire Skinner had to admit, that, in all this, there was no possible blame to be attached to Harry. "It is a great pity," he said; "but you could not have done otherwise." But he did not tell Harry of an idea that had dawned upon his mind, while listening.

He did not tell anyone; but that very day, he dispatched a letter to the offended uncle: as courteous and pleasant a letter as he could write; in which he told how a young gentleman—his nephew—had come there, and engaged the school; how faithful and industrious he had proved; how exemplary his conduct had been; how he had won the esteem and friendship of everyone; and how he had wooed and won the heart of the writer's daughter.

"And now," continued the astute old squire, "while pondering whether it would be prudent to give my daughter to an entire stranger, however well-conducted, I hear, accidentally, of your quarrel with Harry; and having taxed him with it, learn that it is true. Harry has said nothing save good of you," he added, "praising your constant kindness and care; but he adds that he could not marry, where his affections were not given; and so had found it impossible to obey you, much to his sorrow."

In conclusion, Squire Skinner asked the advice of the old gentleman. "Harry is devotedly attached to my daughter, and wishes to marry her, just as soon as his circumstances will permit. My daughter is devotedly attached to Harry. Now I would ask, in all candor and confidence, ought I to give my daughter to your nephew? Will you, sir, do me the great kindness to reply at once, for I must arrive at some decision soon."

This letter found Harry's uncle sick in bed, his illness having been brought on, in great measure, by his fretting and worrying over the departure of his nephew. For he loved Harry, with the warm, impetuous love of hot-tempered people; and he had regretted bitterly the unreasonable demand he had made of him. But he was anxious to see him married, anxious to secure the fine old Graham property to heirs of his own line; for, failing heirs from Harry, the place was to go into the hands of a family he detested: a second cousin of his own, who had always been his bitterest enemy. Besides, the old man loved his own way, and had been so accustomed to having it, that he knew not how to brook opposition. When Harry took him at his word, and left, it had almost broken his heart. He was now longing to see his nephew, and yearning for a reconciliation. So, when Squire Skinner's letter came, he was ready to weep for joy. To say that he was overjoyed at the intelligence, is to say too little. He was rejoiced to learn that his remorseful fears were in vain; that Harry was alive and well; rejoiced to know that he was contemplating matrimony; rejoiced at the prospect thus opened for a reconciliation.

He wrote to Squire Skinner, at once, that he alone was to blame, and declared how gladly he would welcome Rose as Harry's wife. In conclusion, he entreated the squire to let them be married at once, and come to him. "I am so lonely and ill," he said, "and I do so want my boy. Tell them there is a warm welcome waiting for them, and that all I have is theirs."

Of course, Harry was overjoyed at the intelligence. He loved his uncle, and was only too glad to be reconciled, now that the hateful marriage was no longer insisted on. And then Rose—oh, he could wed Rose, at once.

He did not wed her at once, of course; but he did wed her very soon. The marriage came off, as speedily as Rose could be persuaded to it. The squire bestowed his warm blessing and approval on the happy pair. Aunt Matilda gave her tearful good wishes, and two patchwork bed-



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quilts, of high colors and astonishing patterns. Bob was in ecstasies over the prospect of unlimited cake and pastries, and learning that wedding-gifts would be expected of all the family, he commenced, in the most secret depths of the wagon-house, to whittle out, with his jack-knife, a bracket of most wonderful and fearful design; assuring aunt Matilda, his only confidant in the undertaking, "that he was whittling it out of his own head." On the night of the wedding, it was with great difficulty he could be persuaded not to parade, in front of the house, with his torch.

But while happiness and content reigned at the farmhouse, during the preparations for the marriage, one thought disquieted the squire. Hiram Hapgood would soon return; in fact, was liable to appear at any moment: and he must be told. He must, moreover, be given a good and respectable reason for being discarded by the squire. Of course, the latter could not give as a reason the knowledge he had gained of Harry's wealth, especially as he had gained that knowledge from Hiram. No, he must get some plausible excuse; and, if possible, it must be on some high moral ground. And while he was racking his brain, thinking what it should be, Hiram Hapgood called to see him, and the excuse came, as it were, by inspiration.

Hiram, who knew nothing of what had happened, had been pondering, during his absence, on some way by which he might win the squire entirely to his side. So, almost at the first moment of his arrival, he said, with the air of one who has been at last convinced:

"I have been thinkin' it all over, what you said about the Injins, squire. It will come tough on 'em; but I believe you wuz in the right of it; I believe they ought to be exterminated; killed right out, every one of 'em. I tell you, squire, it wuz your strong arguments that convinced me. It wuz the Bible texts that you brought up, about 'smotin' 'em hip and thigh,' as it were—"

Alas for Hiram Hapgood! Alas for the hapless lover! Here was the opportunity for which the squire had been seeking. Here was an opening to dismiss him logically and religiously.

What was Hiram's consternation, what his unutterable dismay, when the squire said, coldly:

"It pains me, Hiram, to see a young man so ready to condemn. The Good Book says, 'Judge not; that ye be not judged.' And though it is very unpleasant for me to do so, yet I consider it my duty to inform you that I feel I cannot entrust my daughter's happiness to a young man who is so bloodthirsty, so cruel, so savage, so sanguinary, in his instincts."

"But you said," cried Hiram, with wide-staring eyes, "you said yourself, squire, you said you believed so and so, as it were—"

"As I said, it pains me, Hiram," retorted the squire, inexorable as Rhadamanthus. "But I tell you, plainly, you never shall marry my daughter. I cannot, and will not, give her to a man who brings up the Bible—"

"But you did it yourself, squire; you—"

"As I said, Hiram," continued Squire Skinner, not heeding the interruption, "as I said, although it is a painful duty to perform, I must tell you that my daughter Rose will be married to Harry Graham, two weeks from to-day. I could not, conscientiously, give her to you, Hiram. I felt that I must guard her from an alliance with a young man who is, I fear, liable to wrest the Scriptures to his own destruction."

Hiram Hapgood's hands dropped to his sides. Not a word of remonstrance or self-vindication did he utter. But as the squire turned and left him, he stood watching the retreating form, with eyes that grew wider and wider with astonishment.

At last, he said a few words, that were seemingly wrung from the depths of his agonized spirit, and said them as if unconsciously.

"Jehosiphat!" he cried, "Pocahontas, and Joe Smith, as it were—"

# DREAMS.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

My long-time friend of years ago,
  Your mem'ry comes to me, to-night;
The old sweet love I used to know
  When I was young, and life was bright.
In dreams, I live those years again,
And taste their mingled joy and pain.

I hear the voice I used to hear—
  I list to catch your every word.
And at the sound so loved, so dear,
  My heart beats like a prisoned bird.
In dreams, I walk the paths of youth,
When I believed in you, and truth—

When I had faith, strong faith in you,
  And trusted you, with all my heart.
But, oh! my friend, you were untrue;
  And faith is dead, and we must part.
It was your hand that gave the blow—
But I forgive, I loved you so.

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# ALL IN THE WRONG.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE Honorable Noel Langdon, and his friend Count de Sarde, were seated in the latter's salon, in one of the summer hotels on the Lake of Thun. There had been heavy play at the supper-party, from which they had just returned; and though it was now long past midnight, they sat down to smoke, and got betting on the throws of dice; and in the course of half an hour, Langdon discovered that he had added a couple of thousand francs to his previous losses.

He flung himself back in his chair, with an exclamation of disgust; and then began to laugh.

"Serves me right," he said. "I'll pay you in the morning, old man; but you must lend me fifty napoleons afterward. I'm regularly cleaned out."

"No, I won't lend you a sou—you'd never find it convenient to remember the loan," returned de Sarde, laughing also. "But you may give me an I-O-U for the whole amount—you won't repudiate that debt; and I'll wait for it till we meet in Paris, in October."

"Bravo!" cried Langdon. "Talk about Damon and what-you-call-him—why, those old fellows never did anything to equal that. And now I'm going to make myself a promise: I'll not touch a card, or dice, from now till then."

"I'll bet you two thousand francs you don't stick to that," said de Sarde.

"All right," rejoined Noel. Then he added, "But, on second thought, I'll not leave Thun yet. I'll wait till I hear my old brute of an uncle reaches Ouchy."

"You had better go. You might be in my way," said de Sarde. "I can't imagine any woman preferring a great hulking fellow like you, to myself; but still, she might; and I've made up my mind to go in for the American widow. You've a genius for flirtation, and we might quarrel."

"You never even set eyes on her," said Noel, "if you mean the Mrs. Rushton that has been expected this last week."

"I shall, to-morrow. She got here this evening. I know all about her. She is pretty, graceful, spirituelle—and there's no doubt as to the money—five hundred thousand dollars. I'm twenty-nine. She is five years younger. I've my title to offer, and income sufficient for my personal expenses, after my debts are paid—"

"I shan't go away," broke in Langdon. "You can lend me some money, or take my I-O-U, or neither, just as you please; but I shall stop here."

"Well," he said, with perfect equanimity, "personally, I shall be glad to have your society. Besides, it won't matter; for you are not the sort of fellow to please the widow."

"But I mean to go in for her."

"I'll lay you a thousand pounds I win her," cried de Sarde.

"Done," returned Langdon.

"She only stops four weeks—it is understood the bet comes off before she leaves."

"Very well. But you won't stand a shadow of a chance," said Noel. "I've a title in prospective, and American women think nothing of your foreign ones, compared to ours. I'm two years younger than you. At bottom, you're a melancholy beast. I'm capable of falling in love—"

"Both of which things are against you," broke in the count, with a compassionate smile. "But it's past two o'clock. Let us be off to bed."

It was a contemptible wager to make, yet neither of the men were mean. But the Frenchman's education had taught him to consider women as a pretty sort of puppet, made for man's convenience or amusement; while the Englishman had gone into the wager from sheer recklessness, and on the impulse of the moment.

When Noel Langdon awoke the next morning, he had forgotten all about the bet. When he did remember it, he had the grace to feel heartily ashamed. He looked into de Sarde's rooms, as he passed through the corridor; but a servant informed him that the count had already descended, and taken the path towards the lake. Thither he followed; and found his friend seated in a summer-house, tranquilly smoking, and gazing out indolently over the shining waters of the lake.

"Here you are," exclaimed Langdon, as he strode up, at his habitual quick pace.

"Here I am," returned de Sarde, languidly; "and you might be a tempest or an earthquake, you make such a fracas. What a confounded hurry you are always in about nothing."

"I wouldn't be so lazy a beggar as you for a great deal," retorted Langdon. "You look as if



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you had just been taken out of a band-box, and ought to be labeled, 'this side up, with care.' A touch would damage you."

"And you look as if you had put on your clothes with a pitchfork," said de Sarde. "Still, that carelessness suits you. All you Englishmen dress clumsily. And you're more ugly and monstrous than most."

Then they both laughed; for both were very handsome men, in their different styles; so that such jests were not dangerous.

"I say—" began Langdon.

But de Sarde put up his hand, with an appealing gesture.

"Don't say it," he shuddered. "You mean to be energetic about something, and my nerves won't stand that. Sit down, and keep quiet, if you can. By the way, I have seen her—she was passing through the hall: a thoroughly American type of woman, and that's a very graceful one. I'm quite satisfied with her appearance."

"I say," cried Langdon, again, "we did a beastly thing, last night, in laying that wager—I'm ashamed of it."

"You mean, I suppose, that you know you are certain to lose your thousand pounds?" returned de Sarde, jeeringly. "You can't get off a bet on any such grounds, my young friend."

"Somebody ought to thrash us both," said Langdon. "Well, don't let's talk about it, or we shall quarrel."

"No, we will not do that. But remember, I hold you to your wager," replied de Sarde. "Don't forget it."

"I shan't forget," growled Langdon. "But if ever I make another of the kind, about a woman, I hope—"

He broke off, suddenly; and de Sarde, who had begun to laugh, followed the direction of his eyes. Two ladies were just coming around the corner of a path, which led to the summer-house, from the opposite direction to that by which Langdon had approached, a few moments before.

One was a handsome, elderly lady, with beautiful snow-white hair and animated black eyes. She was tall and stately, with a strength and vigor that made the slender, delicate creature, who walked beside her, look fairly fragile by contrast. Langdon knew, at once, that they must be the widow and her companion.

De Sarde had risen; and as the ladies reached the open front of the arbor, he lifted his hat. Langdon mechanically imitated his gesture. The strangers slightly returned the salute, and then passed on.

"By Jove!" muttered Langdon, as the pair disappeared. "If they'd been a little nearer, she'd have heard."

"She would only have been flattered. Nineteenth century women like that sort of thing—Americans especially," answered the count. "What do you think of her?"

"Nothing—hadn't time," replied Langdon, crossly, and turned away; for he felt that if he remained another moment, he would inevitably quarrel with the count.

All that day, he thought of the widow. It was not her beauty which had struck him so much. Indeed, he told himself that she was barely pretty. But she looked so delicate, so refined—one of those creatures who need protection, such as one would give a child—that it seemed gross and horrible to have made her the subject of a coarse wager. He was angry at himself, and he remained so all day.

To de Sarde, the day was, on the contrary, a very agreeable one. Some mutual acquaintance presented him to Mrs. Rushton; and he was received with marked favor.

"I met your cousin, Madame de Noailles, in London, this spring," she said. "She promised me, that, if I encountered you, you would make yourself nice and agreeable. I hope you mean to do it."

"If only I can be fortunate enough to find the way," he answered, bowing low.

"Oh, that is easy," she said, smiling. "I like to be taken care of, and waited on, and coaxed. Now Mrs. Devereux thinks I am not dignified; and, oh! dear, I don't know how to be. I say everything that comes into my head, and I believe everything people tell me; and the more I try to be a fine lady, and a woman of the world, the more I can't. I'm thinking, seriously, of giving all my money to a convent, and being a nun. Only I should want them, in that case, to make me the Superior. Don't laugh, please; I'm quite serious about it."

Though she talked nonsense, she did it with a *naiveté* which had a great charm. It was so evident, too, that she was not silly, that de Sarde, at first, decided she had adopted that *rôle* as the one suited to her appearance; but before two days had elapsed, he had given up this idea, and had come to believe her to be as unsophisticated as she seemed.

Before a week elapsed, she was the idol of the whole house. Strange to say, the women were as fond of her as the men. As for Gaston de Sarde, he was the most astonished Frenchman that ever trod the earth; for he discovered that she was taking a hold upon him that no woman had ever done before. She flattered him; piqued

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him; teased; coaxed; tormented him. He was, for the first time in his life, seriously in love. But of all absurd things, the most absurd, the most unnatural, he said to himself, was for a man to love his own wife. In such case, he was sure to become the woman's victim; certain to be deceived and deluded, somehow. "Yet I would marry her, *Mon Dieu*," he said to himself, "even if she had not a sou." And he shrugged his shoulders, as he spoke.

Langdon saw very little of the lady, for several days. Some exacting relatives had arrived, unexpectedly, at one of the other hotels; and as their time was very brief, he was much occupied with them. He made acquaintance first with Mrs. Devereux, who one day lost her road in the wood; and he was fortunate enough to be at hand, and show her the way home. She took a fancy to him, and introduced him to the widow. But for some time, he and Mrs. Rushton made no progress in acquaintanceship; why, he could not tell. At last, she herself alluded to this.

"Everybody else in the house likes me—why don't you?" she asked, abruptly, one evening, coming up to him, as he stood talking with Mrs. Devereux.

For an instant, Noel was fairly taken aback. He had not been used to such directness, especially from a woman. He recovered himself quickly, however; and answered with tolerable ease.

"Perhaps I am afraid of liking you too much," he said, with a low bow. Then he feared he had gone too far: the compliment was certainly ver- pronounced; and he glanced half apologetically at Mrs. Devereux. He was quite startled by the expression of the latter's face. She was gazing full at him; and except for the absurdity of the thing, he would have been ready to swear it was pity, rather than reproof, that he read in her eyes.

"How could you like me too much?" said the widow, not seeing all this. "I must be liked. It's sunshine to me. You are English—that's almost as good as being an American: so different from these dreadful foreigners, one can feel acquainted at once; mayn't I, Mrs. Devereux? Oh, don't scold. I'm sure you like him; you told me so. She did, Mr. Langdon; and she never makes mistakes, so I am certain you are nice. Life isn't long enough to waste a lot of time in getting acquainted, so let's play we know each other well already; and do you sit down there on the grass, and tell me all about yourself. I know there'll be a pack of wickedness in it, and then Mrs. Devereux will scold you instead of me; and I like to hear other people scolded."

Was she a child still, in character, to talk in this way? her hearer said to himself, just as the count had said before. Or was she an accomplished flirt? But he sat down, as commanded.

Half an hour after, de Sarde chanced to pass that way, and beheld the surprising spectacle: his friend seated at the feet of the two ladies, playing with the widow's fan, and talking in his most animated fashion.

"You may come, too, count," said Mrs. Rushton. "Only you are too stately to loll on the grass; so you shall sit on the bench, between us."

Four days later, the two men were near a violent quarrel. But they checked themselves in time.

"Don't let us be donkeys," cried de Sarde, suddenly, holding out his hand. "We've been friends for five years. A woman shan't separate us; for it's Mrs. Rushton we are fighting about, though we haven't mentioned her name."

"Of course it is," said Langdon. "No, we won't fight. It shall all be fair, and above-board, Gaston. I swear I am in earnest, at least. The creature drives me wild. I love her!"

"I am troubled with the same complaint," replied de Sarde, with the expressive shrug characteristic of him. "I wouldn't have believed it was in me."

Each had private reason for feeling very certain that the other had no chance of success, so they could both afford to keep good-natured; thus matters went on with tolerable smoothness, till Mrs. Rushton had been nearly three weeks at the hotel.

Then, one morning, Langdon received a telegram, which forced him to go away for a few days. His sister's marriage was to take place, at once. She had been engaged for a good while; her lover had received a civil appointment in India; he was obliged to sail at short notice; and he would not go without his bride; so trousseau and settlements were preparing in hot haste, and Noel could not refuse to leave.

He would see Mrs. Rushton, he said, before he started. He would tell her his story: he would go mad if he did not. But Mrs. Devereux, alone, met him in their salon. "Mrs. Rushton," said Mrs. Devereux, "was ill in bed." Langdon, quite stunned by this unexpected blow, could only stammer out his regret, make his adieus, and wonder, after he had departed, whether he had betrayed his secret.

Four days later, de Sarde was seated in that very salon, gazing, with all his eyes, at the graceful creature who sat leaning back in a low

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easy-chair, looking up at him with a radiant smile, while he talked. Mrs. Rushton never received him alone. But, to all intents and purposes, their interview was a *tête-à-tête;* for the great drawing-room was divided by an arch, and Mrs. Devereux sat writing letters at the further end, quite beyond the reach of their voices.

The count had not gone with the intention of speaking, that day. He was so confident of success, that he said to himself, that, when he did speak, she would yield. There was a certain piquancy, meantime, he thought, in prolonging the situation. But, at this interview, she so bewitched and bewildered him, that, before he knew it, he had snatched her two hands, and was exclaiming:

"I love you, I love you!"

She did not withdraw her hands. She made no effort to do so. On the contrary, she let them lie in his; but looked at him in a pained, troubled way, and said, tremulously, yet with a dignity he had never seen her exhibit:

"I did not think you would punish me like this, for having trusted you."

He released her hands, exclaiming:

"You must have seen—you must know that I love you. How can you be offended, as you seem to be? Do you understand? I ask you to be my wife."

"Oh," she interrupted, with a little frightened laugh, "if you were one of my countrymen, I could understand. But Frenchmen don't woo in that fashion. They go to the lady's friends."

"To whom shall I go?" he asked.

"Mrs. Devereux, of course."

He started up.

"Wait," she said. "I—I must ask you something, first. If I told you, that, in the event of my marrying again, I had to give up the greater part of my fortune—"

"I have twenty-five thousand francs a year," he broke in. "We can live on that, at least, in Italy. I will be honest. At one time, I would not have thought a man could marry on that. But if you can love me, if you can be content, I am the happiest fellow alive."

"You mean that?" she cried.

Her lustrous eyes gazed into his, as if she would read his very soul.

"Let me call your friend, Mrs. Devereux, and tell her?" he exclaimed. "You will believe, then."

"You will be sorry, after," she said, in an odd tone.

"Sorry?" he echoed. "How could I be?"

"Ah, well, call her," said the widow.

De Sarde hurried down the room, and looked in through the muslin curtains that hung over the archway.

"A thousand pardons, madame," he said, to Mrs. Devereux. "Mrs. Rushton begs you to come to her, for a moment."

The old lady arose. He stood aside, for her to pass. When they reached the widow, Mrs. Devereux said, in an annoyed tone:

"What did you want, Adela?"

"It was the count wanted you," replied Mrs. Rushton, nestling down in her chair, like a white kitten.

"I have asked this lady to be my wife," said the count, trembling and agitated, yet speaking very firmly. "I love her. It is not her fortune I want—it is herself. I will not deny, that, at first, I did think of her money. But whether she loses it or not, is of no consequence. It is she—she alone—who can make my happiness. I love her."

"My dear Mrs. Devereux," said the widow, in her softest voice, "you can draw on your banker. I have gained my wager. Count de Sarde, your bet was that you could win me in four weeks. Mine was, that, in three, you would ask me to marry you; not for my money, but because you loved me. Good-day, Monsieur de Sarde. The next time you indulge in such wagers, be careful you do it in a room with thick walls."

The count had grown white as a ghost while she spoke. As she ceased, he bowed; and turned slowly away. He reached the door; then he came as slowly back; paused at a little distance from her; and said, in a muffled, difficult voice:

"I don't ask your pardon. That would be useless. I want only to say that I am rightly punished. I—I think I ought to tell you, too, that Langdon was ashamed of the bet. We were both mad, I think; and he wanted to get out of it."

Mrs. Rushton arose, quickly; went up to him, and held out her hand. The tears were in her eyes; and she said, rapidly:

"You are an honest man, at bottom. I did so hope you were. If you will only let your true self act, you will be worthy an honest woman's affection, some time. Good-bye."

She went away, beyond the arch; and he left the room. The next morning, he started for Berne, and took the route to Paris; but he was honorable enough to telegraph to Langdon; and the telegram ran thus:

*"I have failed; and I must tell you that she knows about the wager."*

That telegram did not reach Noel. He had

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already left home; and within thirty-six hours after de Sarde's departure, had arrived at Thun.

The porter, who carried his luggage upstairs, informed him that his friend was gone. Noel, though ignorant of the facts, suspected the truth; and said to himself that de Sarde had rushed upon his fate, and had met with a refusal.

Judicious inquiries subsequently elicited the information that the two American ladies were quite well. Then the man proceeded to give news in regard to others; to mention new arrivals, etc., etc. But Langdon's interest in the affairs of the house had suddenly failed; and he dismissed the loquacious porter, with an unfinished sentence on his lips.

Langdon flung himself into a chair, travel-stained and weary; and sat thinking and wondering. "Have I not been a fool to come back?" he said to himself. "Am I not madder than de Sarde, to tempt my fate? No, no! Without this bewitching woman, life would be a desert. I cannot risk losing her. She was so gentle, so yielding—protection was so necessary to her," he went on to say, "that she might, while he shilly-shallied, give herself to some man who had the wit to be masterful and insist: and whom she could not bear to refuse, for fear of giving pain: she was just the sort of woman to make some sacrifice like that."

And she cared for him. She must. Her beautiful eyes had shown it. When he reached that thought, a memory, which he had studiously banished for weeks, started up in his mind, showing so loathsome and black, that, for a space, he felt utterly overwhelmed—unworthy, ever, even to see her again.

He sat, for awhile, brooding over his dark fancies; then a stern resolve fastened upon him: he could not shake it off; he tried, but he failed. He must go to her. He must tell her the truth. He must reveal the fact of that vile wager. It was useless to argue—to assure himself that it was downright madness: he must do it. Not to do it would be dishonorable.

He got up, and began to dress, in great haste: it seemed to him as if he should never be ready. But he was, at length, out in the hall, giving his card to a servant, and bidding the man inquire if Mrs. Rushton could receive him.

Then, presently, he found himself in her salon; and after a few moments' waiting, she appeared. She was dressed, as usual, in white, looking so ethereal and lovely that his misery and remorse swelled up in a higher, blacker tide; and even if he had not been already resolved to tell her the whole truth, he could not have kept his lips from its utterance.

"Mr. Langdon, how nice of you to come back," she said, approaching him, with her dainty hand extended, and that Circe-like smile on her lips.

He hurried forward to meet her. He stretched forth his hand. Then he drew it back, and stopped short, and said, brokenly:

"I can't take it. I'm not fit. I'm the meanest wretch alive, and I came to tell you so."

Her whole face changed, as if by magic. The smile faded from her lips; her eyes grew soft and kind. She put out her slender fingers, took his, and shook them cordially.

"You are nothing of the sort," she said; "and I won't hear my friends abused. You are a very good fellow, by nature. But the life you have led has nearly ruined everything that is decent in you, and will completely, if you don't change it."

"I want to change it," he stammered. "I mean to; but—"

"There mustn't be any but in the case," she interrupted. "You are to do it, all for the sake of right: for the sake of being an honorable man. I meant to treat you very differently; to give you the punishment I thought you merited, just as I did your friend. Even he made me feel a little ashamed; for, after all, though I was provoked to it, that's no excuse. I have behaved nearly as bad as you two."

"You know?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I know. I heard the bet, and I heard your wish to retract it, the next morning. Don't look like that. If you could endure those weeks, believing that you deceived me, you can endure the pain of hearing that I did know, all the while."

There came a knock at the door; and in answer to Mrs. Rushton's summons, a servant entered, with a bouquet.

"Colonel Falkland's compliments, madame; and he will come for you to drive, in a quarter of an hour. He was unavoidably detained at Thun, and is busy with letters for the post."

The door closed again, and she turned to Langdon, holding up the odorous flowers.

"From the man I am engaged to," she said. "He only got here last night. I've not had the courage to tell him how ill I have behaved. But I must. So you see I have my punishment, too."

Langdon sat still, for a few instants, his hand covering his face. Presently he arose, and went up to her.

"The difference is, that my punishment is deserved, and yours is not," he said. "I seem to have lived a whole life, in these seconds. I am going now. Some time—if I am ever strong enough, manly enough—I will see you again,

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and thank you. Anyway, you shall live to acknowledge that the lesson was not wasted on a man incapable of profiting by it."

He lifted the loose sleeve of her dress to his lips, and went quickly out of the room.

That happened five years since, and he kept his word. Colonel Falkland and his wife may be considered to rank among the happy people of this earth. Only last month, I spent a few days at their house; and Langdon brought his bride on a visit. We should have had de Sarde, also; only he was called unexpectedly back to Constantinople, where he holds a diplomatic position of importance.

I have no moral to offer, except this: There's a turning-point in every human life, no matter what the past has been; if only the wanderer, in the world's wilderness, will have fortitude enough to tread bravely along the thorny path, which is the only way out of the morass.

## DAME BARBARA'S PORTRAIT.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

BARBARA HEATHCOTE was her name.
Out of this deeply-carven frame,
She smiles through years and years the same.

Three roses, in her hand of snow,
Blush as they did amidst the glow
Of some hot summer, long ago.

Beneath her feet, the grass is green;
And half in shadow, half in sheen,
Against her dress, two daisies lean.

Like the bright spirits of her two
Sweet babes, that died, ere yet they knew
Their mother's loving eyes of blue.

Those puffs and curls of golden hair,
Those crimson lips, that forehead fair,
Those white arms, from the shoulders bare,

Lie in the churchyard; with the dust
Of English squires, both brave and just,
Whose swords in Heathcote Manor rust.

Yet, through the painter's art divine,
Her blue eyes still upon us shine—
Her silken curls still twist and twine.

And when the pallid moonlight falls
Upon the Manor's ivied walls,
And glimmers faintly through its halls,

Out of the shadows, black and drear,
So blooming does her face appear,
You'd say her very self was here.

## A JUNE LANDSCAPE.

BY MAURICE PENDERICK.

No smallest leaf of all the trees—
  Beeches, and our sad sister pine,
  That girdles in this haunt benign—
Was stirring; yet the truant breeze
  Not far was known where quick sunshine
And shadows playing hide-and-seek
Amidst its cliffs, alternate freak
  The eastward mountains' solemn line.

In middle distance, soft to scan,
  A landscape lay; of such repose
  As you might tell is found for those
Who rest in fields Elysian.
  'Mid greenest foliage, there rose
Sparse farmsteads, and the silent spire;
And southward, where the land is higher,
  An old Round Tower the prospect knows.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BY PAUL M. RUSSELL.

HE needs no lettered shaft to tell his worth,
  Whose grave is wet with universal tears;
  His fame survives the ceaseless flight of years,
E'en though his voice is heard no more on earth.
  Oh, Longfellow, sweet singer of the North!
Thy muse to thee a nobler pillar rears,
Than aught on Athens' classic plain appears.

  Enceladus still breathes hot vapor forth;
So, too, the incense of thy song will rise
  Above the Etna of long years; thy name,
"Not born to die," shine like a planet bright,
Fixed in the gorgeous archives of the skies.
  "Burns on for ever more that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light."

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 399.

## CHAPTER XIII.

In a side street, near the National Hotel, the Indian Commission were lodged. The presence of Washanee in the party had, of course, separated her and the old chief from their associates; and this gave Caleb Stewart great opportunities for the exercise of a subtle influence with the members, which he did not fail to use with dexterity and caution.

There was scarcely a member of that little band who had not been craftily selected for the position he held, by this astute man; yet his efforts in the whole business had been so quiet and deceptive, that no one, except himself, was probably aware of the fact. Indeed, it would have been difficult to tell how he had managed to instill so many of the vices of our civilization into these primitive people, against the finer influence of a man who had toiled, worked, and suffered for them, during a long lifetime. When Washaning left his territory, in was in the belief that some of the best men of his nation were his associates. He had seen both them and their fathers emerge from crude savage life into an industrious and law-making people. From wild huntsmen and fierce warriors, they had become tillers of the soil; and in a certain picturesque way, statesmen as well as warriors.

From the time when Washaning, in his ardent youth, came eastward in search of knowledge, and carried it back to the wilderness with the aid of a beautiful young wife, the mission-work of civilization had commenced, and progressed as it never had done before in a savage nation.

The influence of a benign climate had perhaps prepared the tribes for her gentle ministration, and his ever increasing knowledge. Certain it is, that nature or circumstances had made it easy for these people to accept the first great lesson of self-government, with a thirst for improvement as yet unknown to the wild hordes of the mountains or desert plains farther west. But with this growth of knowledge, came, after awhile, the evils of civilization, also—ambition, the craft of trade, the fever of speculation—all the creeping sins for which the Indians have bartered the wild fierce freedom of savage life.

When Washaning looked back, in his ripe old age, on the field he had sowed and reaped through three generations, did he discern, amid the stubble left from the grand harvest of a life, the evil things that had crept in with civilization? Did he feel the waning of that power of command, which, united with the superstitions of an imaginative race, had made him almost an object of worship, before the level of intelligence among his people arose to the habit of questioning? Or, serene and content with his own work, did he remain unconscious of the influences that were undermining him?

I think the old man was unconscious. It seems almost impossible that his grand character could stoop even to a suspicion of the craft, greed, and falsehood that had surrounded him for years. Such things, lying far below his ideas of human nature, could hardly be guarded against, save by the fine intuition that makes one shrink from an evil thing without comprehending it. A daring and fearless attempt at wrong he would have felt, and met with all the vigor of his early days; but men who can grapple with lions do not grope down in the earth for moles. Yet to such men, these things are sometimes the most dangerous. In this way, the old chief was ignorant of the underground movements of Caleb Stewart; though his fine nature recoiled from the man, almost with shuddering, when he had dared to speak of Washanee as a woman who might become his wife.

Caleb Stewart could never have understood these feelings in the old chief, had they been explained to him ever so clearly. With him, the interview had left a burning sense of present defeat, with a more stubborn resolve to accomplish the system of spoliation he had arranged with such deep skill, against the Indians he designed to make the instruments both of his greed, his revenge, and his baffled but not despairing love. With this object always in view, he sought the Commissioners, in their lodgings, the night of Mrs. Forbes' party, after gliding like a thief from the side of Mrs. Camp, when he saw Huestice Young approaching her.

The Indians had not yet made their scant



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preparations for rest, though one or two of them had cast their blankets on the floor of one large common room; and half sitting, half lying upon them, lazily watched some strange game of hazard that three of the younger members were playing: in which a dainty moccasin, embroidered all over with dainty needlework, was passed back and forth among them, sometimes flashing in the candle-light, again hid away in the garments of the players.

When Stewart entered, one of these bronzed gamblers, who had the moccasin in his hand, held it up, uttering a triumphant sound from the throat, intended to draw attention either to the beauty of the moccasin, or the good luck that it had achieved for him.

"See, I have got it," he said, thrusting the moccasin into his bosom, as Stewart came near. "Pretty thing, and all mine. Who will say, after this, that I cannot have what I want?"

"But it is not hers," said Stewart, with that white look about the mouth which came and went so frequently when Washanee was mentioned.

"Yes, hers."

"But she did not give it to you."

The young chief nodded his head, and hugged the moccasin to his breast with one hand, while his black eyes, full of malicious mischief, were turned on the man.

"Yes, I say—yes."

"I do not believe it. She never would have anything to say to you copper-colored fellows."

"Only she takes this from her foot—this way; throws it for me to catch; and laughs when I take it between both hands—so—and kiss it here, there, everywhere."

Here the young chief held up his prize, and touched it with his lips on the instep, the sole, and the delicate silken lining.

Stewart was a prudent man, and usually held his passions under control; but when Washanee was the person in discussion, it seemed as if some hidden passion was sure to master him.

"Take that shoe from your audacious mouth, and throw it here," he said, reaching out his hand.

"No, no; we have only just begun to play," broke in the other young men, who still kept their places, seated like Turks on the floor. "Gray Hawk keeps us waiting. One of us might have won the 'come' before now."

Gray Hawk thrust the moccasin into his bosom, casting a defiant look on Stewart.

"No, no. He wants to steal it. I will not play," he said, gathering up his limbs, and smoothing down the leathern fringe of his leggings, with provoking calmness.

"There, I will meet all your losses," said Stewart, tossing a gold piece to the floor. "Only no more lies about the moccasin."

Gray Hawk arose to his feet, with lurid fire in his eyes.

"Who speaks of lies? That is a word that blisters a white man's mouth," he said. "Do you give it to a chief, and the son of a chief?"

Stewart laughed; but slowly, and with grim hesitation. He had no wish to quarrel with any person present—certainly not with this young Indian, who was a chief of great influence in the dusky group.

"My dear fellow," he said, with entire change of manner, "you are learning English too rapidly. Make certain that you know what a word means, before you quarrel about it; especially, with the best friend you have."

Gray Hawk shook off the caressing hand laid on his shoulder, and drew back against the wall.

"You dare not have said that word to me in the woods; only here, where you take away our rifles," he muttered.

"I dare not say it anywhere, if it gives you offense," said Stewart, who never hesitated at concessions of any kind, when they were in his own interest; and was now almost amusing himself with the rage of this young savage, in spite of the moccasin in his bosom. "But you do not understand. No brave man takes offense at a word spoken in jest, no matter what its meaning may be."

The Indian's features relaxed; the clutched hand fell slowly from his bosom.

"I was a fool," he said. "The white men have words that cut like knives, but mean nothing. It takes long time to understand. I will ask Washaning, before I let the blood boil up to my head again."

"Why ask Washaning?" said Stewart, with a glance that conveyed more meaning than his words.

"Because he knows everything."

"Why should he know more than yourselves, who are young and strong, and have learned many things from his own books. You Indians allow this old man to think all your thoughts, and speak all your words—you, who are chiefs like himself."

"No, not like himself," said the young brave, who had thrown himself on a buffalo-robe in one corner of the room. "Washaning is a great medicine-man, as well as a chief. He and the Great Spirit talk together, face to face."

One of his cold, sinister smiles, that chilled all enthusiasm like icicles, accompanied Stewart's answer.

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"We have prophets here who claim to do that, but no man in his senses believes. It is only the ignorant that do that."

"But who would dare to go against Washaning?"

"You."

"No, no!"

"Why should you be afraid of him?"

"Because he is wise; because he loves us, and all the tribes of our people."

"But you also are wise. You study the books that gave him all that he knows."

"But he is old. He is the prophet of a great medicine-lodge."

"Yes, that is his home. You should have left him in the medicine-lodge, to talk for you with the Great Spirit; but here, among white men, it is youth, and strength, and fearlessness, that win prosperity. The great father here wants to deal with the young braves, who will be chiefs and rich men of their nation, after this old prophet is happy with his fathers. Why should he sell the lands that are yours as well as his, or take the money that belongs to you all?"

"Because he is chief of the Cherokee Nation. The best of us only rule over a tribe."

"That is like our nation, only no one of us has the right to guide all the rest. Down yonder, is the White House, where our great chief is lodged. He, yesterday, promised many things that you asked of him—but look through the window. Yonder, on the hill, lifted like a great palace of snow into the moonlight, is the great marble-pillared lodge of the people, where a hundred chiefs will have a talk, and decide whether he can keep his word or not. If these chiefs do not like the promises he has made, they will pass away like the wind. Up there, all the white tribes have a right to speak. Last of all, the man you talked to yesterday; but then he can only say what the other chiefs have told him, every one speaking for his tribe."

As he spoke, Stewart drew aside a curtain from the window, and, as one or two of the young Indians came to his side, pointed out the Capitol, seated imperially on its terraced hill, and bathed in the soft glory of a midnight moon.

"There," he said, pointing to the dome that rose against the deep-blue sky, "is the great council-lodge of our nation, where every tribe sends its chiefs, and all have a right to speak; those who are bravest, strongest, and most wise, lift their voices above the rest, and they become laws."

Gray Hawk, who had listened keenly, but with the silent pride of his race, which forbids an expression of surprise or sudden pleasure, lifted himself to one elbow, and looked indifferently out upon the noble scene. This man was, at heart, a poet, and that grand combination of light and shadow thrilled him with inexpressible pleasure. For a time, he rested in an attitude at once picturesque and indolent, gazing on the snow-white facade; the black shadows, that seemed to lurk like assassins behind the pillars; the swift rain of water drops, that flashed upward from a fountain on the terrace; and the delicate penciling of elm branches, that swayed in the wind, and threw a network of ever-changing beauty over the green embankments and the marble walls. For a moment or two, all was silent in the room; then Gray Hawk fell back to his old position, and all the delight that view had given him came in one long breath:

"Ugh."

The other young savages drew in silence from the window, seated themselves on the floor again, and one of them taking the moccasin from his foot for the occasion, went on with their game; while Gray Hawk remained thoughtful, as if pondering over this new idea of government in his mind.

Stewart saw that his words had taken effect on this one mind at least.

"In the great white lodge up yonder, all the tribes of our nation have a chief to speak for them, while you have only one—Washaning."

"Washaning is wise. He holds talk with our people in a lodge built by the Great Spirit, many years before that one of yours. His council-lodge has a roof of great trees, that locked their branches against the sky hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when the warriors that fill our mounds with the glory of their ashes, smoked the pipe of peace, or sharpened their arrows under them. Up their vast trunks, and around their limbs, spreading vines have wound themselves, summer after summer, till, heavy with age, they have drooped down to the earth again, like the curtains of a white man's tent, bright with flowers in the spring time, heavy with ripe fruit in the fall. The floor is thick with moss, through which little plants creep in and out, and drop their red berries everywhere. We know that the Great Spirit loves this place, because he sends mocking-birds and red birds, who shake the leaves with their wings, and fill them with sweet noises, by which we learn that he is pleased with us. When we hear them, the bravest warrior among us treads softly on the moss. Some birds build nests there, and no warrior will trample on their eggs: the voices of their dead children, sleeping there, might cry out from the broken shells. For we know that birds bring to us messages from the

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great hunting ground, where our fathers are watching over us night and day. Is the white lodge up yonder, with all the moonlight upon it, larger or grander than that in which Washaning talks to his chiefs?"

The young braves upon the floor had forgotten their game while Gray Hawk was speaking, and broke into a low guttural sound of approbation when he paused.

Stewart had listened to this unexpected burst of eloquence with interest, surprise, and annoyance. It held him silent for some moments. He comprehended how deeply seated was the poetic superstition of these people, and how powerful they might become in the hands of a dexterous reasoner. After a time, the insidious man recovered himself. He was not to be baffled in his object by a dash of savage poetry.

"No matter if your council-lodges are of trees and roofed by the sky, while ours is of stone taken from the hills. It is the spirit of liberty that dwells up yonder, I have been trying to make you understand," he said.

Something more near to a smile than anyone had seen upon the young Indian's face came over it now.

"Liberty?" he said. "Is that the spirit which gave our lands to the whites, before I was old enough to feel the wrong of it, and drove our people across the great river?"

"That," answered Stewart, with a half-jeering smile, "was what our statesmen call the spirit of progress."

"And that spirit is seeking to tear down our homes again. This it is which troubles Washaning."

"But he is old, and all the fire has gone out of him."

"Washaning is wise—a prophet. He talks with the Great Spirit, and tells us what is best."

"We, too, have such prophets. You can see their lodges all around; the white man's world is full of them—see!"

As Stewart spoke, he moved across the room, and lifted a curtain opposite the window through which they had looked upon the Capitol. The Indians looked out, and saw half a dozen church spires rising against the deep blue of the sky.

"Medicine-lodges?" questioned the young chief.

"Every one of them, and a prophet in each. Only we call them by another name, and their prophets have no power in making laws for the people. Their duty is to teach us the way to reach Heaven."

"That is the white man's hunting ground?"

Stewart nodded his head.

"And these men talk with your Great Spirit?"

"They talk of him," said Stewart.

"And go up yonder to hold council with the great white chiefs, telling his thoughts to them?"

"For about a minute each day."

A grim sarcastic smile stirred Stewart's mouth. In his scoffing irreverence, he longed to say more, but checked himself. The devout principle was too deeply seated in those young Indians, for any attack upon their religion; his object now was to separate that feeling from the worldly objects that had brought them eastward. If he could limit Washaning's influence to that of a prophet, and convince these braves that there was a kind of sacrilege in mingling religious with temporal matters, a great step toward the control of these young men would be gained.

Gray Hawk fixed his black eyes on the man who could hardly keep sneers from his lips when he spoke of the most sacred things.

"What are your prophets doing in so many lodges, if they do not tell the chiefs of a nation what their Great Spirit thinks is good for them?"

Stewart bit his lips, and checked the scoffing satire that sprang to them; for he saw how earnest was the devout feeling that prompted these questions, and dared not laugh at it.

"The law-makers of a nation think it safest to consult each other. They think it might displease their Great Spirit, if they drew his prophets from their heavenly path to deal with worldly affairs. Young warriors and wise men, who can fight as well as talk, are permitted to make our laws."

"Ugh," muttered one of the young Indians, looking up from his game, "that is well."

"Washaning is a great prophet. Our fathers have seen him on the war-path, but no one of us ever has," said Gray Hawk.

"There is much wisdom in his head, but no sap in his arm," added another.

This speaker stretched out his arm, sinewy and strong, shaking it, as he spoke, with all the arrogance of youth.

"Those who defend the laws should make them," said Stewart, delighted with the success of his efforts.

Gray Hawk did not reply; he had fallen into sombre thought, and sat upon his buffalo-robe, motionless as a statue of bronze. He did not even look up, when Stewart prepared to go. These new ideas of government troubled him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

WASHANEE had been living, for many days, like a bird in its cage; only that the door was open, and she could have gone out, but for her own

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strong will. She had been training her glorious voice down to the conventionalities of ordinary music, quite unconscious that improvisation was the great charm of her own performances. Hour after hour, she practiced on the hired piano that the kind old grandfather had obtained for her; and it was no fault of hers if the genius she possessed was not tamed down into the insipidity of sound given by sweet-voiced women, who, after well-acted reluctance and due persuasion, practice their lessons for us in the parlor. Her great ambition, just then, was to sing like Constance Noel; look, dress, and act like her; while that young lady, understanding the value of original genius, would have given up all her accomplishments for the wild power of pleasing with which this girl of the woods was endowed.

To this end, Washanee had lent all the force of her intellect, for weeks. That piano, which had suffered by constant migrations to various houses in the city, was not the only proof of the civilization the girl was bent on acquiring. A huge mirror had attracted her attention, in a second-hand furniture store, mounted in an entanglement of tarnished gilding; and this also the old chief had been induced to purchase, and have transported to his lodgings, where it covered half of a wall, and reflected the embroideries and furs that made Washanee's little parlor so picturesque. Before this glass, the girl turned herself into wonderful pictures, in which she found it impossible to transform her wild originality into the suave and graceful loveliness which surrounded Constance like an atmosphere; but she could not mistake the picturesque effects of her own grand beauty, which no effort of hers could tame into conventional nothingness.

Indeed, that old looking-glass seemed to have been inspired with life, from the time it took position on the wall; for when Washanee was not practicing vague attempts at grace before it, the black girl, whom she called Wisse, planted her bronze image on its surface; and found infinite delight in varying the beauties of her own person by adding fragments of bright color to her dress, braiding and unbraiding the kinks of her hair into inconceivable complications, while she performed the antics of "Jack in a box" before the unconscious glass.

One day, when Washanee's enthusiasm was dying out under the monotony of frequent practice, and a humiliating sense of failure that had haunted her since Mrs. Forbes' "Saturday Night," she found Wisse upon the floor, in front of the mirror, reflecting an elaborate picture of herself therein. She had dragged out the great black bearskin, lined with scarlet cloth, that served her as a bed, and thrown it down, in massive waves of red and black; on which she enthroned herself, like a Nubian queen—if such things exist—bent upon a regal toilet, such as the Indian girl herself had sometimes improvised, with a degree of success that might have charmed any artist.

Never was the impulsive genius of a richly-endowed creature caricatured with more success than Wisse gave to her imitation. She had arrayed herself in the blue skirt and scarlet jacket which was the pretty costume Washanee had chosen for her. The young Indian's own Persian scarf was knotted about the gypsy's waist; while leggings and moccasins, heavy with embroidery, encased limbs agile and slender as those of an Italian grayhound. Thus, piling tint on tint, the girl had thrown herself into a very nest of gorgeous color, and reveled in it with delightful satisfaction, such as only one of her race can feel. In order to complete the picture, she had braided her black wool into innumerable kinks, and tipped each one with variously-tinted scraps of ribbon and floss silk, till a swarm of butterflies seemed hovering about her head, as she half reclined, with her elbow in the fur, and her head resting on one hand, admiring herself in the glass.

Washanee, who had a quick sense of the ludicrous, took in this absurd sarcasm on her own efforts, and broke into a burst of laughter, so genial and good-natured that the very lesson it bore seemed like an enjoyment.

"Get up, Wisse, get up," she said, touching the young imp with her foot, in a spirit to caress rather than reprove. "You and I may as well give up. We can never make ourselves anything but what we both are. We have been brought up in the woods, and cannot shake it off.

Wisse did not move; but kept her admiring gaze on the mirror, while she answered:

"I never answers, 'cept when folks 'dresses me by der name as is mine. Dat young pusson in dar don't know no sich pusson as Wisse."

"Well, then, Chloe, get up, at once; give me that scarf, and get ready to go out. I mean to have a long walk."

Wisse gave one more longing glance at the mirror; lifted herself from the bearskin; and reluctantly uncoiled the scarf from her waist.

"There it am," she said, tossing it to the feet of her mistress.

"Now get ready, at once. I am tired of these rooms—ashamed of myself. There must be woods to be reached. You and I will go and find them."

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Wisse, who had felt like a caged bird of late, forgot the picture she had been forced to mutilate, and began to pluck the ribbon butterflies from her hair in great glee.

"Them's um, them's um," she said, dancing up and down on the bearskin. "Jes' let us get under de trees, whar no white folks kin kotch us, while we 'joy ourselves. Golly, ain't I glad!"

The girl evidently was glad to get out of those close rooms, and take one more breath of her old wild life; for she tore the bits of ribbon recklessly from her head; tugged the braids loose, and combed them with her fingers.

"Now I'se ready," she said, tying a Madras handkerchief in a tight knot under her chin. "Seems ter me as if we was goin' home. Hi, hi, wouldn't I jes' lub ter see a wigwam agin."

"Well, we will find the woods, if they have any in this part of the world, Wisse. Once under the shadow of trees, I shall feel like myself again. Come."

This strange pair—mistress and maid—went out together, both thirsting for a glimpse of their old wild life; as birds, caged for awhile, flee back to their nests. Hard study, and a vague sense of defeat, had discouraged Washanee; and added to that was the restlessness of a heart disturbed by passions so completely unknown to it before, that they haunted her like sins. Nothing but a long, long walk, that might dull her disappointment with physical exhaustion, could satisfy her craving for change. She did not understand this; but took her intense longing for the woods as a fit of homesickness, which must be appeased, before she could be at rest.

They went up the first street that seemed to lead to the open country; and heedless of the attention their appearance on the sidewalk made, walked on and on, until the pavements were lost in a broad highway, with fields on either side, and houses here and there, surrounded with ornamental grounds and tilled lands.

As they went deeper into the country, Washanee's spirits rose. The color, that had faded somewhat from her face during those weeks of study and confinement, came back, flushing her cheeks as if the soft spring air had brought bloom with it. She looked around, as she walked, with a new sense of delight. The trees became plentiful, after awhile; for the old forest monarchs, that were afterwards swept away by the war, stood in all their primeval grandeur then, surrounding Washington almost with a succession of woodland. The soft spring winds had been among them, sending sweet sap through trunk and branches, covering them with tender leaves, sometimes green, sometimes tinted with the colors of autumn, only fainter, more delicate, and so exquisitely blended that in soft masses they seemed like colored shadows of a glory that had been. Sometimes, the mossy turf of a forest sloped down to the road, and there Washanee found wild flowers that she knew and loved. Here, a patch of wood-pansies purpled the turf all around her. There, a grapevine, covered with glossy pink leaf-buds, flung its graceful tendrils over the branch of an oak, that seemed to accept its bright burden tenderly, as a mother accepts the kisses of her child. Sometimes she found a tuft of blue anemones, or saxifrage, and with delicious home feeling gathered them. More than once, she trod down the gold of a dandelion, and almost wept over it, as if she had hurt some living thing of beauty.

Wisse also was full of animal enjoyment. She leaped the little brooks, that sometimes ran along the banks of the highway, half covered with blackberry vines, and sometimes running over green cresses, for which she plunged her hand into the water, dragging them up with cries of exultation. Now and then, she came across a tuft of wintergreen with berries, and would devour them and the young sprouts together.

Thus the two wandered on, till a deeper and more considerable stream crossed the road, and came sweeping through a piece of woodland on their right. Here, Washanee paused; for the stream was too deep for wading. and no other road presented itself. Besides, the scene was beautiful just there; for an old mill stood on the opposite bank, and its water-wheel was in full action, dropping water in great diamond sheets from its buckets, with a slow, monotonous plash, that sent cheerful music to the bank where the young Indian girl stood.

"Is I to wade, young missus?" said Wisse, reading the perplexity in Washanee's countenance, and beginning to unlace her moccasins. "Over dar is a hoss—I bring him here, and you ride."

"No, no," said Washanee. "They would not permit it here. Every horse has an owner."

Wisse listened with open-eyed wonder. She could not comprehend why horses were not as free as the wintergreen she had been eating.

"We must turn back," said Washanee, with a sigh; for though quite six miles from the city, the walk had not half met her longing for exertion. Still, she lingered in that picturesque spot, looking wistfully up and down the stream, until Wisse gave a skip and a jump on the bank, singing out: "Hi, hi, here him comes."

Washanee turned, and saw a man on horseback, coming around a corner of the mill toward

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the river. He did not see them; but looked down at the water anxiously, as if doubtful of the place he was to cross. At last, he seemed to trust himself to his horse. The sagacious beast moved a little up stream, then stepped carefully into the water, and bore his rider safely over, landing a yard or two from where the Indian girl and her maid stood watching him.

Wisse gave out another joyous "Hi, hi," when she saw the face of the rider clearly, and Washanee made a sudden effort to escape up the bank; but it was too late. Huestice Young had seen them, and leaping from his horse the moment he touched ground, came toward them, drawing the bridle over his arm.

"You here," he said, with a look of glad surprise, "so far from town, and afoot? Where is the grandfather?"

Washanee recovered at once from the panic that had seized upon her.

"Are we far from home?" she said. "I did not know it. Walking is so pleasant, that I was disappointed when the river blocked our path."

"But the grandfather—Washaning?" said Young, looking around. "He must possess robust health to come so far, at his age."

"He is not here," said Washanee, puzzled by this persistence. "Wisse and I came alone."

Here, Wisse bridled her head, and made a bungling failure in her attempt at dignity.

"Do you really feel strong enough to walk back to the city?" he said, with some anxiety.

Washanee laughed, and unconsciously drew her superb figure up to its full height, as she glanced down upon it, in all the confidence of perfect health.

"It is pleasant; the day is beautiful. I could walk it back and again with delight," she said. "As for Wisse, nothing tires her."

Wisse seemed to dissent from this. She was eyeing the horse Young led, with a keen desire to mount him. Such chances did not often come to her, even in the forest, and if the girl had an ambition in the world, it was to ride some wild horse over a prairie, as she had seen the Indian boys exercise the horses of their chiefs. Once in her life, she had joined in these exploits, and a great thirst for them had been on her ever since.

"Then I will have the pleasure of walking with you—that is, if you will not honor my horse," he said, with a doubtful glance at the saddle.

Washanee laughed; his anxiety amused her.

"I could ride him without saddle," she said. "We are not dainty in the woods; but here I like to walk best."

Young turned, and walked on by her side, leading his horse. It was an awkward way of escorting a young lady, even of Cherokee birth, and a princess, and he felt this with some irritation. Washanee was beautiful and picturesque enough to satisfy the scruples of any man; but there was Wisse and the horse, forming a group that disturbed the young man's ideas of dignity. If they could have been disposed of, this encounter would have been a delight to him.

Wisse was ignorant of this feeling; but the girl had her own ideas, and seldom failed to act upon them. They had not gone more than half a mile, before she began to limp, and venture on a few stifled moans of pain.

Washanee, always compassionate and really fond of her black handmaiden, asked the reason of all this.

Wisse rubbed the side of her right legging, and moaning faintly, said:

"Nuffin' ailed her. Dat leg would guv way, and wuzn't wuth nuffin' to speak on, but nuffin' wuz de matter wid her."

Here was an opportunity for Young. The horse was a terrible drag on his arm, and the great round eyes of Wisse, turned upon him whenever he spoke, had begun to be oppressive. Seized with a sudden impulse of humanity, he inquired if the girl could keep her place on a saddle, and being assured that she could not only do that, but manage a horse with some dexterity, he would have lifted her to his vacated seat; but forgetful of her lame ankle, the slave ran back a few paces, returned with a flying leap, and perched herself on the animal's back with a chuckle of delight, that dissipated all Young's fears for her safety, and transferred them to his horse; for, with the dexterity of a circus rider, she had secured a good hold of the bridle, and was now galloping up the road like a Cossack.

"Surely, she will not ride into the city in that way," said Young, turning to Washanee, with a look of consternation.

Washanee curved one hand over her mouth, and uttered a shrill whistle, which sounded like that of a bird in distress. The girl heard it; wheeled her horse in full career; and came reluctantly back, drawing him in as she approached.

"Ride till you come within sight of the city; but turn back then, and keep within reach of my call," said her mistress.

"But she will be hurt. He is a spirited animal," said young.

Washanee shook her head and laughed.

"She has ridden wild prairie horses before now. Let her go."

Whether he liked it or not, Young was compelled to take Washanee's advice; for Wisse was

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out of sight before he could frame another objection. Now and then, during their walk homeward, they saw her on some rise of ground, looking back on them; now riding toward Washington; now coming toward them: it mattered to the girl very little which way she went, so long as a good horse was under her, and the fresh wind brought blood even into her dusky cheeks.

Left thus alone upon the road, these young people walked on, for a time, almost in silence. Washanee had been so completely taken by surprise, when Young rode up to her from the river, that all the doubt and indignation that had possessed her since Mrs. Forbes' "Saturday Night" was forgotten. The very joy of seeing him was enough for the moment; but now she began to feel the solitude of their position, and remember the woman she had seen hanging, with scarcely concealed caresses, on his arm. She remembered, also, the scorn with which Constance Noel had regarded this scene; and the bitterness of that hour came back upon her.

Young, without understanding the cause of her silence, was oppressed by it. He saw that the smiles had all left her face, and that she walked proudly, like one completely given up to thought that troubled her. He said nothing then; but swerved a little from the road, and gathered some wild flowers from the bank, arranging them as he walked.

"Perhaps you will deign to smile on them. To me, your countenance has been cloudy. Why is that, Washanee?"

Washanee took the pretty bouquet he offered; looked at it a moment, wistfully, almost longingly; then dashed it from her.

"No, I will not take it. How dare you give me smiles and flowers that belong to that woman?"

"Another woman? What can you mean, Washanee?"

"How dare you ask that?" cried the girl, flashing a look half of sorrow half of scorn upon him. "I have eyes, and saw it all."

Young was troubled: he did not really understand her. Then the truth flashed upon him; and with it came a hot flush of resentful shame.

"You are thinking of a lady who—who was near me awhile that evening," he said. "But why are you angry with me for that?"

"Because you love her, and give me flowers."

"No, no. A thousand times no."

Washanee turned upon him, her face all afire; so swiftly was the pain swept from it with a rush of happiness.

"No—you say no?"

"On my honor, no."

Young spoke with thrilling emphasis. The joy in that young face was a revelation that made his blood tingle, and his heart leap. He lost all prudence, all control of himself. That glorious creature, offering her love with such innocent unconsciousness, intoxicated his senses, swept away his judgment.

"You do not love her, and you give me flowers. Ah, in my country, we know what such things mean; but not here, not here."

The girl was abashed, now; she felt that her words were in some way wrong, that blushes arose to her cheeks, while the lids drooped over her eyes, leaving them altogether in shadow of their lashes.

"They mean," said Young, altogether beside himself, "that I love you—you. No other woman on earth loves me." Young uttered these words under his breath.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

ONLY a pansy blossom,
A faded, withered thing;
But I would not give it to you,
For all the flowers of spring.
For it brings me back the June-time
Of a summer that is fled:
The fairest and sunniest summer
Of all the summers dead—
The dear, sweet summers dead.

There is something strange about it;
For out of its faded heart,
As I look at this poor, dead blossom,
I see a fair face start—
A face like a sweet wild flower—
And the tears will dim my eyes.
Is it under the churchyard grasses,
Or abloom in Paradise?
For me, in Paradise?

It is only the ghost of a blossom
That I gathered at her feet;
But the love has never faded
That made that summer sweet,
That made it, oh! so sweet.
Only a pansy blossom,
But it brings her back to me;
And I feel her eyes upon me,
Her tender face I see—
Her dear, dead face I see.

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# "THAT LITERARY OGRESS."

BY ELLA WHEELER.

At the tea-table, Mrs. Coleman, mistress of the genteel boarding-house, at that pretty seaside village, Idlewood, made an announcement.

"I have a new boarder coming," she said.

"Who is it?" they all queried, in one voice.

"A Miss Helen Lawrence. She wants a quiet seaside resort, where she can rest and write; for she is a literary woman."

There was a chorus of groans from the gentlemen.

"Mrs. Coleman," cried Grant Brown, a handsome young bachelor, in tragic tones, "I did not expect this from your hands. I trusted myself—my peace—my happiness—to your keeping, this summer, in perfect security and good faith. Is my confidence betrayed—my trust misplaced? Am I, an unprotected man, to be thrown upon the mercy of a—a—literary ogress? Am I to be pursued by a woman in spectacles, with a pen behind her ear? Never. I will die first."

"A literary woman," echoed John Foster, languidly. "Really, Mrs. Coleman, the prospect is quite dreadful."

"Helen Lawrence!" cried Mrs. Payson, a handsome young widow. "Why, I used to know a Helen Lawrence. She has grown literary, has she?"

"Oh, I see it all," cried pretty, sentimental Grace Clair. "You were both rivals for Mr. Payson; and you won; and that blighted Miss Lawrence's heart, and turned her into a literary woman."

"But you are wrong," interrupted the widow, though with a simper. "It was not Mr. Payson; but quite another man, who," blushing and looking down, "did not plead his suit quite as successfully—a man who has, however, made a great name since."

The only silent person at the table had been Donald McLean, who had been at Idlewood but a few days, yet long enough to have won the fancy of Grace Clair, the belle of the season. Alas! how little she dreamed that he had come to Idlewood, solely because he had learned it was to be the destination of Helen Lawrence.

He was at the station when Helen arrived, the following day.

"Why, Donald," she cried. "*You* here? Ah," she added, shaking her head, "you oughtn't to have come."

"I came because I learned you were coming," he said, stoutly.

"Foolish boy," she said; but smiled as she said it. "You know I came down here to be quiet, and write a book."

"I will be content with a dozen words a day," he said, "and a sight of you at the table. I do not expect much more."

That evening, as Grant Brown passed Mrs. Coleman, on his way to the tea-table, he said:

"Has the ogress come?"

"Yes," Mrs. Coleman answered. "But I have placed your chair close to my own, at my right. I will protect you."

They were all seated at the table, before she appeared: a fine graceful figure, dressed simply in white; with a handsome head, a sweet girlish face, with a womanly brow, and a tender mouth, and loosely-coiled hair, golden-brown, like her eyes, and a tinge of color in her cheeks.

"Not so very much in the way of beauty," thought Grace Clair, "yet prettier than I expected."

"Awfully kissable mouth, which is odd, for a literary woman," said Grant Brown to himself.

"My dear Miss Lawrence," said Mrs. Payson, directly, "you surely have not forgotten me? Your old friend, she that was Susie Main?"

"Indeed, no," cried Miss Lawrence, extending her hand, cordially. "It is a pleasure to meet so old a friend here; and after—why it must be five years of separation."

"Six," amended Mrs. Payson. "It was the summer before Fenton Dyke went off so suddenly to the West. You know we were all together at the Dyke Manor."

"Dyke, Fenton Dyke," repeated Mr. Foster. "Why, I know a man by that name, a member of Congress from Wisconsin. They say he's to be the next Senator. Can it be the same?"

"The very same," responded Mrs. Payson. "He threw up his practice all at once, in the East here; and went off to Wisconsin. Poor fellow!"

"I have heard that, at one time, he was terribly dissipated; but that was five or six years ago, before he ran for Congress. I felt so sorry for him. Everybody said it would be his ruin. Sorry for him, you know, after it was too late."



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Helen Lawrence, who chanced to be seated next Donald McLean, addressed some remark to him, at this juncture; and the conversation changed.

"It was too bad of me to mention him, as I did," said Mrs. Payson, to Mrs. Coleman, that evening. "I had fancied the poor girl was over her feeling about him: but it is evident she is not. You saw how she changed the conversation."

"Tell me the story," said Mrs. Coleman.

"Oh, it is a brief one, and a common enough one. We were both guests of his sister, who is since dead. He was twenty-five. We were eighteen. Helen loved him. I fancied him. He loved me; but I was engaged to Mr. Payson. He found it out, and went away suddenly, as I have said. I realized, after he had gone, that my conduct had not been exactly fair. I had given him, unconsciously, a little encouragement. He went away, you see, mad with pain and jealousy. Soon after, I married Mr. Payson. My husband lived but two years. I have never met Mr. Dyke since, though perhaps I may, some day," simpering. "I expect, you know, to spend next winter in Washington. Helen, poor girl, bore her part proudly; but we all saw she suffered: and to this day I think she loves him, though he never cared for her. Is it not a sad story?"

"Very," responded Mrs. Coleman. "But do you think she grieves much? They say all literary women are heartless, and sharp, too."

"Oh, you mistake her," smiled Mrs. Payson. "Helen is actually devoid of worldly wisdom: the most unsophisticated being in the world. I hope John Foster will not try his arts upon her. He is such a flirt." For Mrs. Payson had her eye on Mr. Foster's fortune, if everything else failed.

As Mrs. Coleman left the room, she came upon Foster, in earnest conversation with Miss Lawrence, at the foot of the stairs.

"I am trying to give Mr. Foster an idea of a literary woman's life," said Helen, smiling brightly upon Mrs. Coleman. "I am teaching him that women can really work—"

"Be careful that you do not teach him that men must weep," laughed Mrs. Coleman, as she threw a meaning glance over her shoulder, and passed on.

Helen laughed in return, and hummed the refrain of the "Three Fishers."

"What a finely-cultured voice you have," said Mr. Foster. "Come in and sing for us." Helen, without affectation, complied at once, the whole household gathering to hear her; Mr. Foster himself hanging over her, enraptured.

"I wonder if she fancies, for a moment, that she can win Donald McLean," thought pretty Grace Clair, as she watched him listening. But Helen disarmed her jealousy, the following day, by refusing to join their picnic excursion to the woods.

"I came here to work," she said. "I mustn't play, even for one day. But I thank you all for the invitation."

Helen, when everybody had gone, moved her little desk out through the open French window upon the verandah, for it was cool and shaded there.

Glancing back, as he followed in the train of the picnic party, John Foster saw the figure, all in white, on the verandah.

"I—I have forgotten something," he said, "and will have to go back. I will join you later."

Ten minutes afterward, he was sitting on the verandah, beside Helen.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but I am awfully interested in your work; and anxious to know more about it. I saw you here, and concluded to intrude upon you, for half an hour."

It was an hour and a half, instead; and then Helen had to drive him off.

Donald, meantime, began to be jealous. One evening, he came upon Helen in the garden, at the gloaming. She had just returned from a "constitutional," in which she had chanced to meet Grant Brown; and they had parted only a moment before. She greeted Donald with her usual smile, that was almost a caress; but would have passed on.

"Stop," he said. "I want to tell you, Helen, that I cannot endure this any longer. I love you. Do you know it, Helen?"

She smiled up into his face.

"I know it, and that is why I told you you ought not to have come here. I cannot give you hope. I have always been frank with you, have I not?" And she was gone.

She passed on to her room; but finding it close, stepped out upon the long verandah, that stretched the whole length of the house. Suddenly, she saw the light of a cigar coming toward her; and met John Foster, face to face.

"I came up here, hoping to find you," he said, flinging away his cigar. "You see a desperate man. For the first time in my life, I love; and with my whole soul. You are such a revelation to me. I did not know a woman could be strong, self-reliant, self-supporting, gifted, and at the same time essentially feminine and lovely. Will you be my wife?"

"I cannot," she said. "I do not love you. Have I ever pretended to?"

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"No," he said, gloomily. "But I will not take your answer as final. At the end of a week, I will come again." And as he spoke, he turned and left her.

The next forenoon, Grace Clair said to her:

"Do you not find the life here very tiresome? You never go out."

"No," answered Helen. "I enjoy work, which is my life, wonderfully well."

"But do you never long for society and excitement?"

"No. I am quite content."

"It seems to me a lonely life," interposed Mrs. Payson. "A life almost devoid of companionship. With my love of incident and adventure, I cannot comprehend your content, Helen. I should die of heart-hunger."

A few days later, to Helen's surprise, Fenton Dyke suddenly made his appearance.

Mrs. Payson immediately monopolized him, with a quiet air of ownership, that made Helen think the widow had known of his coming. As for herself, she treated him with friendly kindness; but at night, alone in her room, she shed many tears; for he brought the old life, the old dream, back so strongly.

The third night after his arrival, she was asked to sing. It was in the gloaming, after supper.

She sat down to the piano, and her rich voice rang out in the old song of "Douglas." It was almost with a wail that she sang:

"Oh, to go back to the days that are real;
Mine eyes were blinded, thy words were few—"

There were tears in her throat when she sang:

"I was not half worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the likes of you;
Now all men beside are but shadows,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

John Foster listened, and his heart died within him. Donald McLean listened, and knew his doom. Fenton Dyke listened, and rose, and followed the singer out into the moonlighted portico.

"I heard, by accident, that you were here, Helen," he said, "and so I came. Let us forget the bitter, foolish past. I reach out my arms to you. Will you come to the *living* heart, as you sang of going to a *dead* one? I have loved you all these years; ever since you sent me away, in a foolish fit of anger. What did we quarrel about, Helen?"

"I do not remember," she said, as she leaned against his breast. "I only remember the unavailing pain and regret, and the years I have filled in as best I could. It has made us both better and greater, though, Fenton. We never should have known what was in us, but for this parting and pain."

"And you have always loved me, Helen?"

"Always."

John Foster, hearing her answer, as he leaned out of his window above, to smoke his cigar, went straightway and packed his portmanteau, and the next morning announced his departure from Idlewood.

"Called away by a telegram," he said; but aside to Helen, added: "I know all—God bless you."

Donald McLean was more bitter.

"It is the death of a year-old hope," he said.

"I did not deceive you. I told you not to hope," she answered. "But I am sorry, Donald. I like you very much." And she held out her hand.

The next day, Donald, too, took his departure.

"It's just awfully lonesome here. I can't stand it," said Grant Brown, and he also left; no one, not even Helen, dreaming why he went.

When Mrs. Coleman realized how her family was being reduced, she said, snappishly, to Mrs. Payson:

"I told you she was a sharp one. To think that the blue-stocking—the literary ogress—should have won the field, after all."

And the book? Oh, well, it was never finished. Perhaps it would have made no great noise in the world, after all. Certainly, Helen Lawrence was never intended for A LITERARY OGRESS.

# FROM THE HINDOO.

BY LAURA ROSS.

'Tis said that, when we cross the deep,
And reach the pearly gate,
Before whose golden portals steep,
The cherubim await—
The first to greet us, as we come,
In shining raiment clear,
With welcomes to that heav'nly home,
Are those we've succored here.

Ah! who will give me welcome there,
Rememb'ring one good deed—
One word to save them from despair,
When in their day of need?
Help me, oh! Father, so to live,
That when those gates I see,
Some one I've succored *here* may give
A welcome *there* to me.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an afternoon toilette, of self-colored satine, trimmed with muslin embroidery. The skirt has kiltings up the front breadth, and a deep one around the back. The tunic has straight panels at the sides, and the drapery is arranged in irregular puffs at the back. Five kilted ruffles,

No. 1.

six inches deep, cover the front breadth; the one around the back is twelve inches deep. The basque bodice is closed at the throat, and is buttoned down six inches below the waist line, where it is cut away, forming deep points on the hips; then cut up in the back into a corresponding point. The edge is trimmed with a white embroidered flounce, gathered on quite full. The same embroidery forms the collar and cuffs. Lace may be used in place of the embroidery; and in that case, we would suggest arranging it full around the throat and down the front, in a jabot. The self-colored satines come in garnet, dark-blue, and olive, for the dark shades, and pale-pink, blue, and cream. They are very fine wash goods, and cost forty-five cents

No. 2.

per yard. Fourteen to fifteen yards are required for a dress-pattern. This model is equally well adapted for any wash goods, or for any of the light woolen summer textures, such as nun's-veiling, albatross cloth, etc.

No. 2—Is a cambric costume, cream-colored, with blue spots. The skirt has a deep kilted



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flounce, eighteen inches deep; this is edged with either narrow lace or Hamburg edging. Over this is a scarf-like tunic, which is bordered with a deep lace or embroidery. The pointed bodice, which is pointed back and front, has a deep skirt

No. 3. No. 4.

attached to it, which fits nearly around the hips. Plaits are arranged under the point in the back, to give the required fullness. This is edged with lace or embroidery, to match the rest of the costume. Two rows of trimming ornament the sleeves. If preferred, the upper tunic, (which in our model is adjusted to the waist,) may be instead arranged upon the skirt, and the waist made in a simple pointed basque. Either way is a good one. Twelve to fourteen yards of cambric will be required.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume, of gray satine, and the trimmings in cobalt-blue, dotted with white. The skirt has a deep kilted flounce, upon which a band of the dotted material is stitched before kilting, four inches from the edge. This band is nearly two inches deep. The tunic is arranged in a scarf drapery in front, and in large puffs at the back. It is bordered all around by a band of the dotted material, four inches wide. Stripes of the two fabrics compose the waistcoat. The jacket is double-breasted, with turnover collar, forming revers in front. Pockets and cuffs to match the waistcoat. Smoke-pearl buttons. Ten yards of plain, and four yards of figured material will be required.

No. 4—Is a lovely costume, of pale-pink gingham, bordered with bands of figured or pin-striped gingham of the same shade; or it may be reversed—the dress of the pin-stripe or figured goods, and the border of the plain. The skirt has a deep kilted flounce, with a two-inch-wide border. The overskirt is a simple round skirt, draped high at the sides, to display the kilting underneath. This has only a tiny edge, to show off the border, which forms the hem, and serves as a facing for the edge of the tunic. The basque bodice is cut without darts in front, and half tight in the back, and adjusted to the figure by a belt of the border, fastened in front by a buckle of pearl. The basque is finished on the edge

No. 5.

with a two-inch-wide border. Collar and cuffs to correspond. Nine yards of gingham, and three yards for trimming will be required.

No. 5—Is a Hubbard blouse, for a girl of eight to ten years. It is made of white nainsook, and

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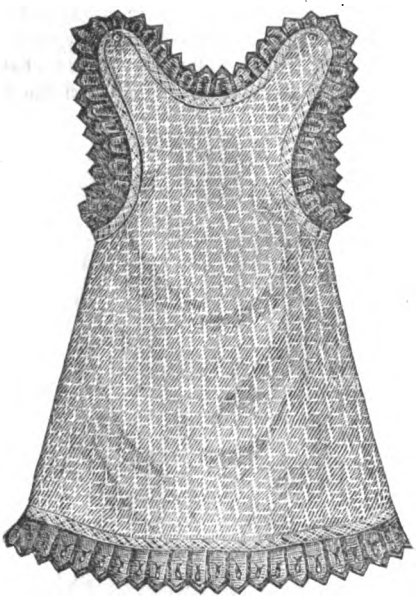
trimmed with white or colored embroidered

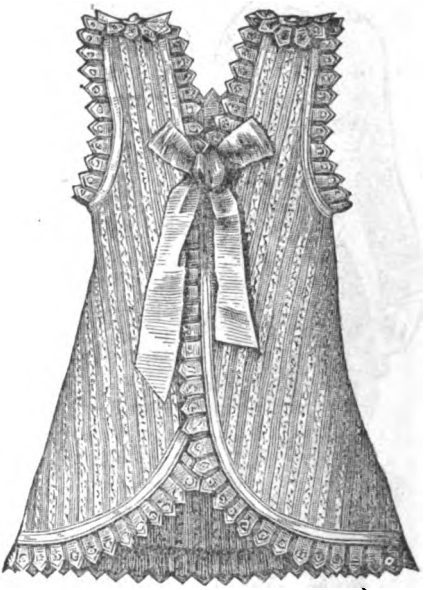
No. 6.



No. 7.—A.

flouncing. The loose Hubbard is bordered with a flounce of embroidery four inches wide, and confined around the waist with a girdle. The sleeves are gathered and finished at the hand with a narrow ruffle of the embroidery. A gathered collar of the same is tied with a cord, to match the girdle. This is worn over a kilted skirt, attached to a petticoat body.

No. 6.—Sailor costume, giving the back and front view, for a boy of two to four years. It is made of dark-blue serge or flannel, with anchors embroidered in red. The kilted skirt is mounted



No. 7.—B.

to a waistcoat of striped flannel, and ornamented with four rows of machine-stitching on the skirt; two rows upon the blouse.

No. 7—Is a pretty and dressy pinafore, for a little girl of four to five years. Made of plain or striped nainsook, and trimmed with Hamburg edging. We give the front and back view of the garment. These pinafores are very much worn over colored, high-necked, long-sleeved dresses. The bow at the back may be of ribbon, or of the muslin hemmed.

## BORDER FOR DARNING ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a design for a border, for darning on net. This popular Vernicelli pattern is darned on the net, either in white linen or in silk filoselle, or with any bright color. A picot edge is sewed on. This border forms a pretty trimming, and an inexpensive one for evening dresses of thin material, such as will be worn this summer.

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# PELERINE FICHU.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, the newest fashion for a fichu. It has also the merit of being easily made, as will be seen by referring to the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number.

This stylish article may be made of the same material as the dress, or of black cashmere, Canton crêpe, or surah silk: in fact, any soft material, if preferred. The pattern we give is full size, for a young girl of medium height.

No. I.—IS HALF OF THE PELERINE. From A to B, the dotted lines show where five rows of gauging are to be placed: these are to be drawn to make the pelerine fit the neck. The little rever is cut with the pelerine, and turns back to meet the gathered collar.

No. II.—IS THE PIECE FOR THE COLLAR. Five rows of gauging fit this to the neck. The edge of the pelerine and of the collar may be trimmed with lace, headed by a narrow row of jet braid. Bows of black satin or watered ribbon, the color of the fichu, are made in long loops with ends, and placed on each end of the fichu, which is plaited into a point. The dotted lines show where the plaits are to be placed.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, a Japanese design for a flamingo. Also a design for a pillow-sham, with a motto. Full descriptions of these are given elsewhere. They are so placed on the SUPPLEMENT as not to interfere with the diagrams for the fichu.

# DESIGN FOR PILLOW-SHAM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT that is folded in with this number, a new and very beautiful design for a pillow-sham. It is, as will be seen, a group of angels' heads. Accompanying it are two lines, one to be placed above the heads, and the other below it; they are:

ANGELS SING THEE
TO THY REST.

We have inserted them to the left of the heads, on the SUPPLEMENT, because there was not room for them above or below, where they should be placed, when the pillow-sham comes to be worked. The designs may be done either in outline, in blue crewel, or in linen. Finish the edge of the pillow-shams with a fine nainsook ruffle, to be goffered.

The design would also be a very suitable one for a baby's blanket. In this case, work in silk or crewel, on white flannel; and finish the edge with either a binding of ribbon, or buttonhole the edge with crewel, like all old-fashioned blankets were finished. The buttonholed edge is considered the most artistic finish, although many mammas like the ribbon binding best.



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# CHATELAINE BAG, IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Small bags attached to the waistbands are still worn by young ladies who affect narrow skirts. Our illustration may be carried out in velvet, plush, or satin, according to the material of the dress with which the bag is to be worn. The design may be worked either in gold or silver thread as outline, and fill in with silks to match; or it may be done entirely in silks, either to match, or in different colors, corresponding with the flowers and leaves of the design.

## LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

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| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
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| Trimmed Skirts, | .50 |
| Watteau Wrapper, | .50 |
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| Coats, | .35 |
| " with vests or skirts cut off, | .50 |
| Overskirts, | .35 |
| Talmas and Dolmans, | .35 |
| Waterproofs and Circulars, | .35 |
| Ulsters, | .35 |

## CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

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| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
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| Polonaise: Plain, | .25 | Waterproofs, Circulars | |
| " Fancy, | .35 | and Ulsters, | .25 |

## BOYS' PATTERNS.

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| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
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| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

# THE OSCAR WILDE PENWIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a design for a penwiper, which we have called the "Oscar Wilde." To make it, take some pieces of yellow cloth or flannel, and cut out the leaves of the sunflower, of the size and number given in the design. These are to be worked on the edge in buttonhole-stitch, with yellow embroidery silk. Attach these, when worked, to a centre-piece of brown cloth; and this piece fill in with French knots, worked closely together, and done in a reddish-brown crewel, to form the centre of the flower. Cut some pieces of brown cloth or flannel, and notch the edges; these are to be fastened to the back of the flower, and serve for the actual penwiper. Some brown ribbon, an inch wide, is sewed to the penwiper, between the flower-front and the leaves at the back. Tie in a bow, as seen in the illustration; and suspend the penwiper in a convenient place, in or near the writing-desk.



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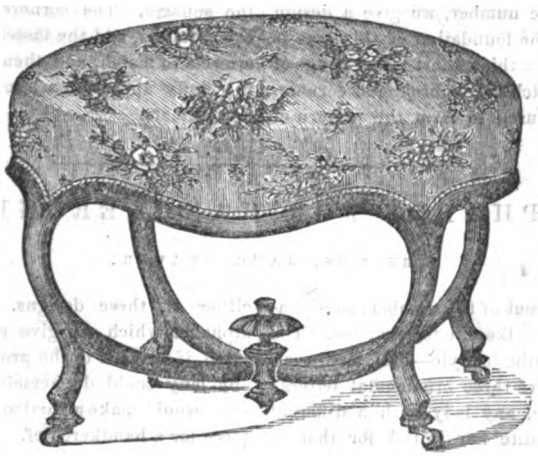
## CIRCULAR OTTOMAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This ottoman is done in appliqué embroidery. The small bunches of flowers are cut out of some pretty cretonne, and then appliquéd on to a foundation of cloth, felt, or linen. The edges of the work are all fastened down with fine sewing-silk of the same color as the flowers or leaves. Any stool or ottoman may be covered with the work when done.

## BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a very pretty border for towels, sideboard covers, etc. Work on crash, butcher's linen, or Java canvas, in red, blue (or red and blue together) French working cottons. These cross-stitch designs can be used for very many purposes.

## SUMMER HAT FOR CHILD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a hat for a child two years old. Make of heavy corded piquè. Trim the edge of the brim with a torchon edging, turned up and sewed down to keep in place. The crown is a circular piece, the edges cut in deep scallops, and then buttonholed in small scallops. A buttonhole is made in the centre of each large scallop. The buttons are sewed on to the brim. The crown is thus made adjustable, and the whole hat is easily washed, stiffened, and ironed, and then shaped.



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## PLUSH MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a plush mat. The foundation of this mat is crimson plush, with a thick short tassel-fringe of various colors to match the embroidered corners. Flat fancy braid is used to form the pattern of the squares. The corners are embroidered in colored silks, and the tassels are made of colored crewels to match, and then combed out, to give the fluffy appearance like those upon the imported mats.

## ALPHABET FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, an alphabet for marking handkerchiefs, etc., etc. The letters are in the æsthetic style—half mediæval, in fact. We also give three ornamental letters: C. L. A. Of course, any lady with a different initial could substitute her initial for that in either of these designs. The letters of the alphabet which we give could thus be substituted, if reduced to the proper size, which almost any lady could do herself. The girl with the harp would make a particularly beautiful corner-piece for a handkerchief.

## DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a new design in embroidery, suitable for ornamenting a handkerchief-sachet, glove-case, or the corner of pincushion and toilet-mat. Work in satin or silk, and with silks make the flowers: to be daisies or apple-blossoms; stems and leaves of different shades of green. This is a particularly graceful design.

## JAPANESE DESIGN FOR FLAMINGO.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, we give a design for a flamingo, to be done in embroidery in flat-stitch, or Kensington-stitch. The design is suitable for a screen, rug, chimney-piece, or cushion. It is in full size.

First trace the outline of the bird, the bamboo, the leaves, etc., on the material to be embroidered, by using tracing-paper; and then begin on the outlines, and fill in with the stitches, following the shape of the bird as seen in the model. Use four shades of red for the bird, and four shades of olive-green for the leaves; brown for the bamboo; black for the legs. The shading of the illustration shows how to dispose of the colors. The body, breast, neck, head, and upper part of the legs, are all done in the shades of rose to red, with a little white for the high lights. The feathers of the wing, and the tail feathers, are in the same colors, with black and white mixed where the feathers join the body. The beak is of red silk, separated by a line of black, to mark the division. The leaves are all done in the shades of green; and the brown is used for the bamboo, with a lighter shade for the leaves of the same.

This embroidery may be done in crewels, with silks for the white and black, and for the beak. Or it may be done entirely in silk. The best foundations are cloth, satin, or plush. One must be careful to follow the direction of the stitches, given in the illustration, or else most of the effect of the feathers will be lost.



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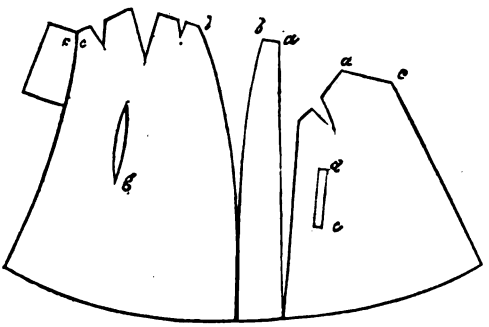
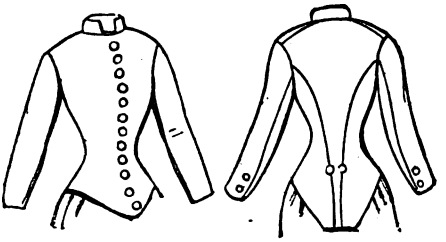
# RIDING-HABIT: WITH DIAGRAM.

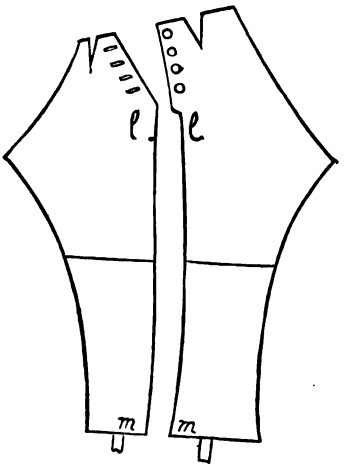
BY EMILY H. MAY.

Since the appearance of the article in our March number, on "How to Ride," we have received a very great number of inquiries as to the fashionable style of riding-habit for ladies. Accordingly, we give, here, an engraving of one; and add diagrams (reduced) by which to cut it out. Almost any lady, who can make dresses at all, can enlarge these diagrams to the proper size, whether for herself or some other. They give, at any rate, the cut.

On the left side of the front, for instance, one sees a plait going crosswise, making the place for the knee. The cut is far from being a straight line: it is a curve, forming a sort of pocket for the knee. The front, it will be observed, has a little plait, and then it is joined to the gore, which begins at *a a*. The next seam joins *b b*, thus forming a fullness, making a place for the seat, without putting the fullness into the skirt. We might as well say at once that the skirt is completely held in place around the waist by being gathered into a yoke; this is not seen upon the pattern; but it fits around the waist, and the skirt is gathered to fit it. An opening is put in on the right, between the flap of the front and of the back; and it is closed by buttons and buttonholes, and a pocket is put on the inside.







On the front, a dotted line is seen, marked *d*, which indicates the place where an elastic is put on the inside of the skirt, through which the foot is passed, so as to keep the skirt down. The trousers are made half of chamois leather, and half of cloth: the upper half of leather, the lower half of cloth. They are completely closed, and button on the sides. The notches show where the plaits are put, to fit the waist. We give, above, the upper and lower half of one leg of the trousers.

The basque is of the most approved shape; and the seams of the side-body, at the back are laid over, and stitched on the outside. The tail of the basque lies quite flat, and is finished by two small flat cloth buttons; the same kind button the front, and the sleeve on the outside of the arm. A small standing collar finishes the neck.

This is the latest and most approved English riding-costume. It is severely plain, as is the style now.



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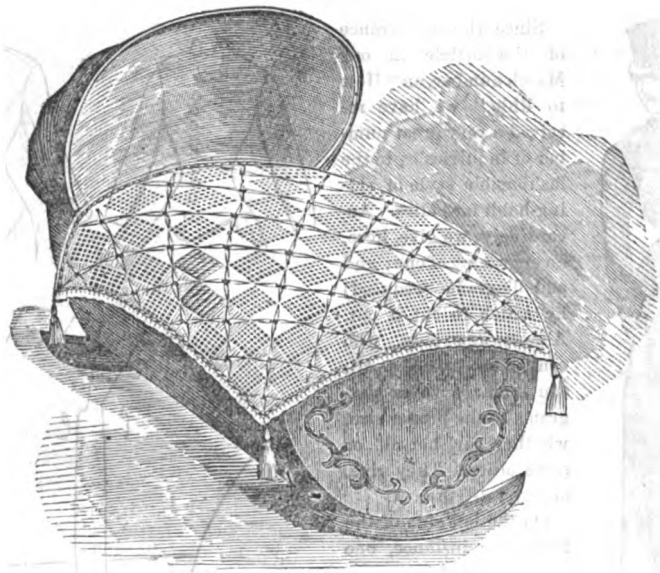
# KNITTED BASSINET QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials for this pretty quilt are one pound of six-thread fleecy wool, one-quarter of a pound of blue or pink ditto, a pair of wooden knitting-needles, No. 8, eagle card-board gauge, and a coarse crochet-hook and rug-needle. The quilt may be done in cotton, if preferred; but we advise wool to be used, as so much warmer. Cast on one hundred and thirty-five stitches, or any other number which can be divided by twenty-four, and leave fifteen over. At the beginning of every row, slip off a stitch, without knitting, putting the needle in as if you were going to purl it, and at the end knit a stitch, taking it through the centre instead of the front of the loop, as is usually done. These stitches are not reckoned in the receipt, as they are invariably the same.

*First Row.*—Knit 13, + make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip-stitch over, * 6 times knit 12 + repeat to the end of the row.

*Second Row*, and all the other alternate rows are purled.

*Third, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, and Eleventh Rows.*—Like first.

*Thirteenth Row.*—Knit 1, + * make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip-stitch over * 6 times, knit 12 + repeat to the end of the row, which will end with the +, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slip-stitch over + 6 times.

*Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-third Rows.*—Like the thirteenth.

*Twenty-fourth Row.*—Purled like all the other alternate rows. This completes one pattern, and the twenty-four rows are to be repeated until the piece of knitting is as long as is desired, when cast off. Now thread a large rug-needle with wool of the other color; fasten it on at the corner of one of the plain squares; take the needle through the centre of the square, to the opposite corner, and then the next, in a diagonal line downwards, returning in the same stitches, twisting the needle in every loop of wool. When all the plain squares are thus worked in one direction, do them in the same way from corner to corner in the opposite direction. Thus every plain square will have a colored cross on it, the open squares being left without.

A bassinet quilt might be done in stripes of two colors, each being worked with the other color. For this purpose, cast on thirty-nine stitches only for each stripe, and make them an uneven number, three, five, or seven, so that the same color may be at each edge. They must be neatly sewed together. When the centre of the quilt is done, work one round of open square crochet, with three stitches close together in every corner. In these open squares knit a fringe three and a half inches deep, and composed of the two colors.



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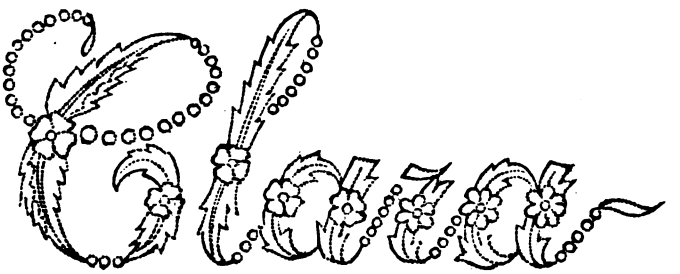
## CHILD'S DINNER BIB.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a design for a "child's dinner bib," to be done in outline-stitch. Bibs embroidered in this way are now very popular. Sometimes an appropriate motto is added.

## NAME FOR MARKING.





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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

COOKING-CLUBS are now all the fashion, in our great cities. The richest girls go to them; put on aprons; stew, bake, and roast; and after awhile, venture on French dishes and other delicacies. We are glad to see this. It seems to us that every woman ought to understand how to cook, just as every man is expected to understand the business he may be in. Each sex has its part to perform in the economy of life. That of women, speaking of them as a class, is to manage the household. That of man, to provide funds to carry the household on. Some women never marry, and never have the charge of a household; but nine-tenths of them do, and it is of the nine-tenths we speak. No matter how rich a woman is, she has, in this country, to superintend her own domestic affairs. If she does not, they soon come to "sixes and sevens." Just as the richest men—the Astors, the Vanderbilts, etc.—have to look after their investments, so American wives, even the wives of millionaires, have to see, personally, to the details of the family. Much more are women of smaller fortunes compelled to do this. But to do it effectually, a woman must understand housekeeping as a business; if she does not herself have to cook, she must know how: her husband has to train his clerks, and she must be able, if necessary, to train her cook.

To this extent, therefore, cooking-clubs are in the way of progress. But they do not go to the root of the matter. Girls ought to be trained to do other things beside cooking; and the proper training-school, after all, is their home. A cotemporary newspaper, in a recent issue, speaks out bravely on this subject. "Let all the girls," it says, "have a share in the housekeeping at home before they marry; let each superintend some department by turns. It need occupy but little time to see that the house has been properly swept, dusted, and put in order; or to prepare puddings, and make dishes." Idleness, in fact, enervates both body and mind. "Women," says our cotemporary, "do not, as a general rule, get pale faces by doing housework. Their sedentary habits, in overheated rooms, combined with ill-chosen food, are to blame for bad health. Our mothers used to pride themselves on their housekeeping and fine needlework. Why should not we?"

To all which we say, "Why not?" Many a husband goes to ruin because his home is slovenly, his food badly cooked, his wife out of temper because out of health. Yet all these, even the last, could be avoided, as a rule; for work, when not too great, is healthy: and "nerves" are very often but the result of idleness and imagination. Feed a man on bad food, and ten to one he takes to drinking; first, to digest the trash he has been forced to eat; and finally, because alcohol has become a habit with him. On the other hand, the wife and children, because of the same wretchedly-cooked food, have to be physicked constantly. And generally the wife ends by getting "nerves."

Of course, there are some households in which the opposite to all this prevails: households in which the husband is a tyrant and brute, and the wife an overworked slave. It is not of such that we speak now. Of them we may have something to say, on a future occasion.

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CONTRIBUTORS WISHING to preserve their articles must keep copies of them. We do not undertake to return manuscripts for which we have no use.

THE "OSCAR WILDE" PENWIPER.—Our colored pattern, for this month, is a penwiper, after a sunflower design, called the "Oscar Wilde." Mr. Oscar Wilde, as our readers know, is a very "cheeky" young Irishman, who has undertaken to teach the world how it should dress, how it should furnish its houses, and how it should do a great many things, that it knows better how to do, or *at least if it can afford*, than he does. For several years, he has posed, in London, as a sort of apostle of the so-called æsthetic school, and has been made fun of, in "Punch," he, and his lilies, and his sunflowers, etc., etc., etc. Last winter, he came to this country, and made a tour of it, delivering lectures, which were neither witty nor new. But then, when he lectured, he wore knee-breeches, which were a novelty; and that of course was better than learning or eloquence. The lectures and knee-breeches, however, served his purpose, which seems to have been to make a "pot of money," as he and our English cousins phrase it. All through the spring, and up to the present time, there has been quite an outburst of sunflowers, lilies, daisies, etc., as decorations for rooms, and even for ladies' dresses. Our penwiper is after this school. We, therefore, call it the "Oscar Wilde." It is quite a pretty design, very much prettier than Oscar himself.

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"HER FIRST HAND AT AN OAR," our steel-engraving for this month, is after a very celebrated painting, from the Paris Salon of 1881, that was exhibited last winter, for a short period, at the rooms of SCHAUS, the well-known picture-dealer, in New York. "Her First Hand At An Oar," is really a masterpiece of art. The earnestness with which the little granddaughter addresses herself to her task, is only equaled by the pride and affection with which the veteran, her grandsire, regards her. Evidently, he thinks her a "chip of the old block."

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A FIRE-GRATE ORNAMENT.—As cheap Japanese paper umbrellas are flooding the country, some of the dilapidated ones can be turned to account by covering them with peacock-feathers. Cut off the stalks of the feathers, to within a few inches of the eyes; then stitch the eyes on in rows around the umbrella, beginning at the outer edge, and having each row to overlap the other, till the centre is reached; then finish the centre off with a tuft of small feathers. The umbrella should never be closed, as of course the shutting would be disastrous to the feathers.

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THE THREE CLASSES into which flowers are divided, are: (1.) Annuals, or yearly flowers, which are raised from seed to be sown every year. (2.) Biennials, or two years' flowers, which blossom for two successive years, then die, but yet their offspring lives by offsets, slips, cuttings, and by layers and pipings. (3.) Perennials are flowers which continue many years, and are propagated by root-offsets, by suckers, and by parting the roots. We would say to our fair correspondent, JULIA, that we are always ready to answer this, or similar questions, for her or any other subscriber.

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WE GIVE NO PREMIUMS to subscribers, for subscribing. We only give premiums to repay persons for getting up clubs. A magazine that has to bribe people with premiums, merely to take it, cannot, in the nature of things, be good for much. The wonder is that people ever allow themselves to be deluded in that way.



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A NEW VOLUME BEGINS with the next number, affording a particularly excellent opportunity to subscribe, if you do not wish back numbers. *We still continue to offer a choice of three costly premiums for getting up clubs.* The first is the beautiful steel-engraving, entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," of the size of 20 inches by 16. No more beautiful ornament, to be framed and hung on the parlor wall, could be desired. It is a work of real art, and a copy should be had by every family in the land.

*Or, in place of it*, we will give, for a premium, either a PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, or our QUARTO ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, which was so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again. See the Prospectus on second page of cover.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1882. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive, when desired. *Be particular, when remitting, to say whether you wish to begin with the January number, or that for July.* Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, in good faith, to those wishing to get up clubs.

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QUITE A CONTROVERSY is being carried on among some of our cotemporaries as to what constitutes a good wood-engraving. Most of them seem to think that the nearer they can counterfeit a steel-engraving, the greater their success; forgetting that all imitations, at best, can be but second-rate. The truth is, the two kinds of engraving are essentially distinct, and their effects are to be reached by entirely different methods. A bold freedom may very properly characterize a wood-engraving; but it is impossible for it ever to achieve the delicacy of a steel-engraving. Hence, the direction which wood-engraving is taking, in most of our cotemporaries, at present, is a mistake. What a chromo is to an oil painting, that a wood-cut is to a steel-engraving. Imitations never are, never can be, a success. They are, after all, only "Brummagem" wares.

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BAD DRAINAGE is just now the *bugaboo* of the medical profession. At least, it is so in our great cities. No matter what disease attacks a patient, the doctors shake their wise heads, and say, "bad drainage." This absurd scare prevails in England, also; and of course is fostered by plumbers, so-called sanitary engineers, and all others who hope to make money out of it. One London journal wittily "wonders how our forefathers could ever have lived at all," when drainage was so much worse than now. Another says, that, "to be secure, a man must live in a balloon, anchored in mid-air." Never exaggerate anything: even bad drainage.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN FANS.—There has recently been an exhibition, in New York, of ancient and modern fans. Some of those of the last century were very beautiful, but the two which were really the most artistic were contributed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. August Belmont, and were modern. There is a good deal of nonsense written about the "good old times" in art, as in other things; but in point of fact, the present is better than the past, not only in matters of science, but frequently also in matters of art.

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"IT IS INDISPENSABLE." A lady writes: "I have arrived at the permanent conclusion that 'Peterson' is indispensable to my present and future happiness. Its Supplements alone are worth more than double the subscription price."

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, IN FUTURE, intended for this periodical, to PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, *instead* of to Charles J. Peterson. There are several gentlemen of the name of Peterson in business in this city, and our letters often go to the wrong persons in consequence, causing delay, and sometimes even loss. There can be no mistake, however, if *all letters* are addressed to Peterson's Magazine, for there is but one Peterson's Magazine.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Book Of The Dead. By George H. Boker.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The poetry of Mr. Boker has always been distinguished for its strength. After many years of silence, he re-appears, in verse, in the volume before us. The book consists of more than a hundred short poems—variations, so to speak, on a principal theme. It is apparently devoted to the memory of some one now dead, whom the poet had dearly loved: a father, perhaps, if we may judge from the internal evidence. Never was nobler monument erected, in verse, to the memory of anyone. For bursts of passionate affection; for power of invective; for indignant protests against wrong; for strains of high philosophy; for mastery of language; for scorn of everything base, from lust of gold to the betrayal of friendship, the poems are probably without a parallel, taken as a whole, in English or American literature. Their style belongs to the severest school. They do not depend for success on the mere jingle of words. It is the thought that pulsates through, and gives life to all. They are robust and strong, with the power of a great and disciplined intellect.

*A Fascinating Woman. By Madame Edmond Adam. Translated from the French.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this novel has held, for years, a popular salon in Paris, the central point around which its brightest wits, poets, artists, and politicians revolve. She is herself a writer of no mean powers, and in more departments than one. The novel before us appeared abroad, under the name of "Laide;" and is the story of the trials of a highly intellectual woman, without personal charms, but who eventually regains the beauty she had lost when a child. It is generally believed to be, in some respects, the story of Madame Adam's own life.

*Conversation: Its Faults And Its Graces. Compiled by Andrew P. Peabody, LL.D.* 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The aim of this little work is to teach people to speak elegantly, as well as grammatically. Perhaps there is a little too much "prunes and prisms" in it; but the object is a good one; and on the whole, it has been successfully achieved. The best thing in the book is the little essay by Trench.

*Count Silvius. From the German of Georg Horn.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: George W. Harlan.*—This is rather a romance than a novel; and is, therefore, to some minds, the more agreeable reading. The story is well told, and ends happily. The translation is by M. J. Safford, and is comparatively excellent.

*Castle And Tower. By Francis May Peard.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A very charming love-story: just the book to read on a summer afternoon, when one would forget, for awhile, care and sorrow, and try to believe in romance and possible happiness.

*The Comparative New Testament.* 1 *vol., small* 8*vo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.*—In this volume, we have the text of King James' version, and that of the new one, printed in parallel columns, so that the reader can compare the two, with little or no trouble.

*Field Botany. By Walter P. Manton.* 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A neat and compendious hand-book for the collector; well printed, and fully illustrated.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"IT IS STILL IN TIME." It is still in time to subscribe for "Peterson" for 1882, whether singly or in clubs. Never before did the newspapers speak so enthusiastically of this magazine. The May number seems to have been exceptionally popular. The Chelsea (Mass.) Pioneer but echoes hundreds of others, when it says, of that issue: "It is as bright and welcome as May itself. The principal engraving, 'Comin' Thro' The Rye,' is especially beautiful, and illustrates a capital story by Frank Lee Benedict. The article on 'Scandinavia,' with its numerous engravings, and its account of the Vikings, is one of the very noticeable papers for which this magazine is becoming famous. Then there is a charming love-story, 'Barbara,' by a new contributor, from whom we hope to hear often. Mrs. Stephens' powerful novelet of Washington society deepens in interest with the chapters in this number. The illustrations for fashions, embroideries, and fancy work generally, are as numerous and new in style as ever. There are two colored patterns—a specialty with 'Peterson,' no other giving these patterns. *We do not see how any lady, or even family, can do without this invaluable monthly.* The price is but two dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs; and a free copy, or a photograph album, or large engraving, for getting up the club. It is still in time to subscribe for 1882. Specimens are sent, gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in seasickness, is of great value. Its action on the nerves of the disturbed stomach is soothing and effective.

FASHION'S WHIMS.—At the present time, fashion seems to indicate a choice, even in such a garment as a corset; and the preference, as far as we are able to judge, is for a woven corset.

The best of this kind of corset is, without doubt, the DOUBLE HIP PERFECT-FITTING WOVEN CORSET, which we heartily recommend to our readers; full particulars of construction on page 500.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. 6.—ELM—ULMUS FULVA.

The *Slippery Elm* is a tree growing to the height of thirty to fifty feet, with its young branches virgate. Flowers in lateral fascicles, preceding the leaves, purplish-brown and downy. Leaves, four to six inches long, two to three inches wide, obovate, oblong, very scabrous above, conspicuously acuminate, subcordate at the base; petioles, about one-third of an inch long, pubescent; calyx, seven to eight-cleft, clothed and ciliate with a reddish-tawny pubescence; stamens, five, short, and of a pale rose-color; samara, or fruit, cleft at the apex, with a broad membranaceous margin all around and by abortion one-celled, one-seeded. Flowering in April, fruits in June.

The inner bark of this species of elm is so abundant in mucilage, and so very useful in general practice, that it has been placed among our indigenous medicinal agents by authority; and the bark, in large, long, tawny flakes, or ground, is found in stores and shops, and used everywhere in domestic practice. The other species of Elm, *Ulmus Americana*, is not very common in districts adjoining Philadelphia, though somewhat prized in New England as a noble shade tree for streets and avenues. The former species is of much smaller size, with straggling branches, and is only prized for its bark, which school-boys in the country were wont to strip from the trees, whenever met with, to chew, before the pernicious habit of chewing tobacco affected them. We pride ourselves on being progressive; but it is a great pity we could not go back some fifty years to a better state of habits and morals. Elm bark is an excellent demulcent, and it is often carried in the pockets of those who are troubled with an irritant cough, to be chewed to evolve its mucilage, and thus acts as a soothing expectorant. It is used with advantage as a drink in diarrhœa, dysentery, inflammation of the bowels, and diseases of the kidneys and bladder. It is decidedly nutritious, and has supported life. The Indians are said to have resorted to the use of the bark as a food, in extreme cases.

And yet for all these purposes, gum arabic is now mostly used, being more convenient to form a mucilage, is more nutritious, and probably more soothing to all internal inflammatory conditions. But for external use, the ground elm bark carries off the palm as an emollient application.

To make a poultice, it is only necessary to take any quantity of the ground elm, add water gradually, and stir or mix until every fibre or particle is thoroughly saturated. If a poultice is formed too hastily, and with too little water, it soon dries by absorption of the water. Cold water is generally used, but warm water may be used, and the poultice applied warm, if more agreeable to the patient. In boils, carbuncles, catarrhs or "frogs" of the palm, the parts are generally so hot that a cold poultice feels better than a warm one.

By way of parenthesis, the writer begs leave to remark, that a free incision or opening, made into these several affections early, will save time and great suffering. It is folly to poultice by the week, and wait for such swellings to break of their own sweet will and accord. This treatment is not popular among the common people, but it is nevertheless correct. The subsequent cure can be hastened by painting with turpentine or iodine, and mixing ground flaxseed with a spoonful of yeast to every elm poultice. Fine powdered elm will arrest the hemorrhage following an extracted tooth, by forming a clotted plug. Fine elm, mixed with milk and water, is one of the best domestic remedies for burns and scalds. Re-wet the poultice without removing it.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.

### No. 158.—DOUBLE DIAMOND.

*Across.*—1. A letter. 2. A fish. 3. Viler. 4. Warbled. 5. Pastoral. 6. Absurd. 7. Re-illuminated. 8. A race of people. 9. A kind of snake. 10. Heavy. 11. A letter.

*Down.*—1. A letter. 2. To prohibit. 3. Removed. 4. A town in Yucatan. 5. A large archipelago in the Pacific Ocean. 6. Pertaining to a systematic classification of diseases. 7. Pleased highly. 8. One who rehearses. 9. Certain fishes. 10. A stripling. 11. A letter.

*Baltimore, Md.* HAL HAZARD.

### No. 159.—PUZZLE BOUQUET.

1. A number on dice, and a weapon.
2. A bird, and to incite.
3. A season, and a color.
4. Frozen vapor, and a round body.
5. A fluid, and the emblem of purity.
6. Precious, and a weapon.

*Gloucester, Mass.* MAIR.

### No. 160.—COMPLETE DIAGONALS.

*Across.*—1. Mystery. 2. Western. 3. A stout woolen stuff. 4. Morning. 5. A color. 6. A companion.

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*Diagonals.* (Up, from left to right.)—1. A consonant. 2. A town of China. 3. A cap. 4. One of the West Indies. 5. A fruit. 6. A fish. 7. An edict of a sovereign prince. 8. Red. 9. A file. 10. Near. 11. A consonant.

*St. Joseph, Mo.* WILD ROSE.

*Answers Next Month.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

No. 153.

Hestia.

No. 154.

A N I M A T E
C R A V E
O R B
M
H O P
B I S O N
M A D E I R A

No. 155.

John Underhill, Andover, Massachusetts.

No. 156.

P A D
P O R E S
P A L A T E S
P O L Y G O N A L
A R A G O N I T E
D E T O N A T E D
S E N I T E S
S A T E S
L E D

No. 157.

Scrawl.

## HOUSE FURNISHING, ETC.

GOOD TASTE, WITH ECONOMY, is what is equally rare and desirable, in house furnishing. The so-called "æsthetic craze" originated in a reaction against the stiff, ungainly, yet extravagant styles of twenty years ago. But the change, while a reform in taste, was not so in point of economy. In fact, æsthetic furniture soon came to be much more extravagant than that which it was trying to supplant. In time, too, it grew to be too pronounced: eccentric in fact. A late number of the New York Sun has a capital article on the subject, in answer to a young bride, who has asked its advice. We copy that portion which tells how to furnish a house with economy as well as taste.

"Oak graining," it says, "is not at all desirable. It gives a common appearance to any room. An imitation of black walnut is better, especially in the country, where you have plenty of light for your house; but even that is not the best. Some pleasant colors, not too pronounced, are far preferable. A warm brown is good; so is a Pompeiian red, if used with discretion. As to the hangings for the windows, there is a fine chance for the exercise of taste. Avoid the hideous lambrequins so often seen, with their stiff and meaningless patterns. Get your curtains of some material, no matter how cheap, which hangs in agreeable folds, and have them of a solid color, or of some Moorish or Persian pattern. Very cheap stuffs, made of linen, can now be purchased, and goods of cotton handsomely dyed are suitable for bedrooms. They have a pleasant tone and a nice texture. Then put at the top, instead of the odious lambrequins, a square piece of material of a contrasting color or shade, or nothing but a heavy fringe. Or you can run your curtains on a round rod of brass or wood, and so dispense with the top piece altogether. You don't need a conspicuous cornice. There is nothing more vulgar.

"For a centre-table, any kind of simple table will do. Avoid those hideous white-marble-top ones. If it is a plain, square, or round pine table, with legs painted black, it will serve as well as another. Then put a pretty cloth on it, of agreeable colors. That will go far toward making your room bright and cheerful, and the cost of the whole will be less than that of a marble-top table, or one of the machine-carved monstrosities. As to the chairs, first of all get those that people can occupy comfortably. A chair is not merely to be looked at, and it is not intended to be an instrument of torture. The same thing is true about sofas. They especially should invite occupancy by their comfortable appearance. Avoid curved-back chairs, with carvings which annoy those who sit in them. There is no need of buying a set of furniture with the chairs matching in their coverings. Get only the articles which by themselves please you, no matter how great the variety; taking care, however, to have them covered with stuffs of agreeable tones of color that go well together. Easy-chairs and sofas, which show no wood except in the legs, and are upholstered throughout, are the best. Wicker-chairs are desirable, and they are cheap. Black is a good color for them. Two or three camp-chairs, covered with dark and pretty stuff, are also very convenient to bring into use on occasion.

"Then put on your mantelpiece, which is probably of marble, a board, covered with a suitable color, and provided with a proper fringe. It will not cost much, and will greatly add to the cheerfulness of the room. Don't undertake to load your parlor with furniture. Comparatively few articles are necessary, and everything in it should have its use, or a reason for being there because of its beauty. If you wish to paper the walls, put on a quiet paper of a pleasant tone without large figures. Even that which is perfectly plain is good, provided its color helps to furnish the room, and gives a desirable background for pictures.

"A good carpenter can make for you a sideboard, which will serve any purpose, and be better than the ugly things generally sold in the shops. Paint it black, for instance, giving it several coats, then apply varnish, and it will look like lacquer-work. Put a little red stripe around to relieve the black. A box standing on its side, with two or three shelves within it, and perhaps two or three on top, is all you need. A curtain in front will hide the lower shelves, and a piece of dark enameled cloth on top will complete the thing. There is no need of going to much expense for a sideboard.

"Paint the walls of your hall a plain tint—Pompeiian red is a good shade—and let the washboard be dark-brown, and relieve the edge of the ceiling with a black line. Paint the floor very dark-brown, and shellac it. Then lay a strip of carpet half a yard wide through the centre, put up some pegs to hang coats on, provide a table for hats, a jar for umbrellas, and a chair to sit on, and your hall will be all right. Avoid the stiff hat-racks of an octopus pattern. And generally, in carpeting your house, don't think it necessary to fit the carpet into every little jog. Leave a space of sixteen or eighteen inches around it, to be painted dark-brown and covered with shellac. And let the carpets be small in figure and quiet in tone.

"All this may be done at no great expense—with a very little money, indeed, compared to that often expended in making a single room hideous. The bride who honors us by asking our advice, can make her country home pretty and a model for the whole neighborhood with a small outlay of



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money, if her taste is good, and she is not tied down by merely conventional notions of house furnishing. That she may succeed in doing it, and that her household may be a model in its peace and harmony, is our hearty wish."

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS.

*Mellon Veal.*—Cut three pounds of raw veal, and half as much ham, into small pieces. If you have any bits of cooked veal or ham, add them. Cut six hard-boiled eggs into slices; lay part of them in a deep brown pan; shake in a little minced parsley; lay in some veal and ham, more eggs, pepper and salt, till all is used; then add just water enough to cover it; mince one ounce of butter, lay it on top, tie a buttered paper over it, and bake it one hour or longer; remove the paper, press it down with a spoon, lay a plate on it with a weight; let it remain another hour in the oven; turn it out on a dish when it is quite cold.

*Potato Puff.*—Take cold roast meat—beef or mutton, or veal and ham together—clear from gristle; cut small, and season with pepper and salt, and cut pickles if liked. Boil and mash some potatoes; make them into a paste with an egg; and roll out, dredging with flour. Cut round with a saucer; put some of the seasoned meat upon one half, and fold the other over like a puff; pinch neatly around, and fry a light-brown. This is a good method of warming up meat which has been cooked.

*Beef Collops.*—Any part of beef which is tender will serve to make collops; cut the beef into pieces about three inches long; beat them flat, dredge them with flour; fry them in butter; lay them in a stewpan, and cover them with brown gravy; put in half an eschalot minced fine, a lump of butter, rolled in flour to thicken, and a little pepper and salt; stew without suffering to boil; serve with pickles, or squeeze in half a lemon, according to taste; serve in a tureen, very hot.

### VEGETABLES.

*Spinach.*—Have a pot of boiling water; add salt; and to each gallon of water, a small teaspoonful of carbonate of ammonia; when boiled tender, and carefully dried and chopped fine, put in a saucepan, adding butter to taste, with pepper, salt, a very little sugar, and the juice of a lemon. May be served on toast, thin buttered, and poached eggs over it, that have been dropped in water to which a little vinegar has been added; or serve plain, with hard-boiled eggs sliced or quartered.

*Tomato Sauce.*—Cut up some tomatoes, and put them into a saucepan containing a little water, with some parsley, basil, marjoram, thyme, and laurel-leaf, according to taste; a pod of garlic, a few cloves, some whole pepper, and salt. Let them boil till thoroughly done; then strain off the water, and pass them through a hair sieve. Put a piece of butter in a saucepan; add to it, when melted, a spoonful of flour, and the tomato pulp; mix thoroughly; and when hot, the sauce is ready.

*Asparagus and Eggs.*—Take cold boiled asparagus; cut the tender part up in pieces; place in a baking-dish, buttered; season with a little pepper, salt, and sugar; break fresh eggs over, without beating them; put a few lumps of butter over, and bake in a quick oven until the eggs are cooked.

### DESSERTS.

*To Whip Cream.*—First, let the bowl and the whisk be not only scrupulously clean, but let them be cold. If a whisk has been hanging in the hot atmosphere of a kitchen, it is not fit to whip cream with. The whisk, as well as the bowl, should be rinsed in cold water before they are used. The old-fashioned osier whisk is preferable to a tinned one. Let the operation be carried on in the pantry, or in a room where there is no fire; and when the weather is hot, place the bowl on ice, or in a larger bowl containing cold water. As to the mode of whipping, the whisk should be held lightly in the hand; and we know no better expression to describe the way to work, than that the whisk should be used in a playful manner. Some cooks will put into the cream a small quantity of gelatine, dissolved in milk, or the white of an egg, or a pinch of gum-tragacanth; all of which will, no doubt, help the frothing.

*Gooseberry Cream.*—Boil one quart of gooseberries, very quickly, in as much water as will cover them; stir in about half an ounce of good butter when they are soft; pulp them through a sieve; sweeten the pulp, while it is hot, with sugar; then beat it up, with the yolks of four eggs; serve in a dish, cups, or glasses.

### CAKES.

*Holiday Cakes.*—One pound of flour, half-pound of butter, half-pound of pounded loaf-sugar, three eggs, one teacupful of cream, half-pound of currants, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, essence of lemon or almonds to taste. Work the butter to a cream; dredge in the flour; add the sugar and currants, and mix the ingredients well together. Whisk the eggs, mix them with the cream and flavoring, and stir these to the flour; add the carbonate of soda; beat the paste well for ten minutes; put it into small, buttered patty-pans, and bake the cakes from a quarter to half an hour. Grated lemon-rind may be substituted for the lemon and almond flavoring, which will make the cakes equally nice. The same mixture, baked in a large cake-tin, lined with buttered paper, is equally good. The cake would need baking about an hour and a quarter.

*Gingerbread Nuts.*—Half pound of flour, two ounces of butter, three and a half ounces of moist sugar, quarter-ounce of ginger, half-pound of molasses, quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a few drops of essence of lemon, a little candied lemon-peel if liked. Mix sugar and flour together; rub in the butter; add the spices and carbonate of soda, etc., and make into a stiff dough with the molasses. Having floured your hand, take a piece of the dough, and make it into a long roll, from which cut off pieces the size of a nutmeg. Make them round, and lay them two inches apart on a buttered tin; flatten them a little with your finger; and brush them over with a little milk; bake in a cool oven half an hour.

### PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

*To Preserve Strawberries.*—Take equal weights of sugar and fruit; pound the sugar, and put layers of fruit and sugar alternately on large ashets; squeeze a little juice of lemon on every layer of sugar, in the proportion of one lemon to six pints of strawberries. Let it stand in a cool place for twelve or fourteen hours; then gently put it into your preserving-pan, and on a slow, clear fire, and allow it to come to the boil very slowly. When thoroughly boiling all through, remove to the hob; or hang up the pan, so that the preserve may only simmer, not boil all over; shake, and turn your pan to prevent burning, but by no means stir, so as not to break the fruit. After it has fairly boiled, stir with a wooden spoon gently. Let it simmer till the syrup gets stiff and gluey, then pot like other preserves. Water should never be put in strawberry preserves, as that destroys color and flavor.

*To Preserve Unripe Grapes.*—The grapes should be carefully picked over, and all injured ones should be rejected. To one pound of grapes, add half-pound of sugar; no water but what hangs about them after they have been washed. Put the grapes into a preserving-pan; then a layer of sugar; then a layer of grapes. Boil on a moderate fire, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning; and as the grape-stones

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rise, take them out with a spoon; so that, by the time the fruit is sufficiently boiled, the stones will have all boiled up and been taken out.

*Rhubarb Marmalade.*—Peel five oranges, taking away the white rind and pips; put the pulp into the stewpan with the peel, cut very small; add five pounds of rhubarb, cut small, and four pounds of loaf-sugar; boil the whole two hours, and the fruit half an hour, before adding the sugar. Three lemons, instead of five oranges, will make an agreeable change.

*Preserved Rhubarb.*—Peel and cut up the rhubarb; boil till reduced to a pulp, with very little water; allow one pound of sugar, once ounce of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped, and half a lemon (cut in slices), to every pound of pulp; boil for three-quarters of an hour or an hour; remove the lemon-peel, and put it into pots.

*Stewed Cherries.*—Pick two pounds of cherries; put them into a saucepan, with one pound of moist sugar, and a pint of cold water. Stew them gently for half an hour. Serve in glass dishes.

## FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF YELLOW CAMBRIC. The lower skirt is trimmed with alternate rows of white embroidery, and of the yellow cambric, embroidered with Indian red cotton. The overskirt, which opens shawl-shape in front, has long drapery at the back. The corsage is gathered in front, and has a very small plain piece attached to it, which forms a basque, coming to a point at the back. Straw bonnet, trimmed with yellow and red roses.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF BLUE SILK, WITH GRAY SATIN STRIPES. The petticoat is of plain blue silk, laid in box-plaits. The basque and scarf-draped overdress are of the satin-striped material, trimmed with a rich chenille fringe. The looped drapery at the back is lined with straw-colored silk. Leghorn hat, trimmed with blue satin, and a large bunch of poppies, without leaves.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF PINK BATISTE. The underdress on the front is trimmed with two knife-plaited ruffles of the batiste, above which are wide white embroideries, put on plain. The overdress is in the Princess style, the waist slightly gauged, and the skirt laid in scarf drapery. The sleeves and collar correspond with the waist. Large Tuscan hat, trimmed with white feathers and pink ribbon.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLUE AND DARK-PINK CHANGEABLE SILK. The underskirt is formed of four wide side-plaitings. The overdress is gathered to the waist, and carelessly looped back to form a full tournure. The corsage is long over the hips, and pointed back and front, and gathered in front. Bonnet of open-work Tuscan straw, trimmed with blue and pink feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SLATE-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is trimmed with alternate ruffles of the material, and rows of white muslin embroidery. The overdress opens in front, is trimmed like the skirt, and gathered at the back with wide loops of ribbon, of the color of the dress. The waist is round, with a belt and large pearl buckle. Jabot of lace down the front of the waist. Three-quarter sleeves. Slate-colored straw hat and feathers.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, BACK AND FRONT, OF PINK-STRIPED CAMBRIC, TRIMMED WITH NARROW CREAM LACE. The skirt is trimmed with three kiltings, each edged with the narrow lace. The apron tunic is trimmed to correspond, arranged crosswise, and draped at the back. Bodice with very long basque, edged with plaited lace. The front is gathered. The fichu collar and sleeves are trimmed with lace.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING-DRESS, OF POMPADOUR-FIGURED SATEEN. The ground is mastic or putty-color, and the flowers are of bright natural hues. The skirt is trimmed with three sateen flounces, edged with lace. The bodice opens heart-shaped, and is trimmed with lace. It has a basque matching the flounces, and is worn with a waistband. Coarse straw hat, trimmed with lace and blue silk.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK GRENADINE. The underskirt is of black satin, edged with knife-plaited ruffles, and headed with jet trimmings and puffings. The Princess polonaise is fastened with Japanese enameled buttons, and edged with beaded lace. The back is puffed.

FIG. XI.—SUMMER MANTILLA, OF BLACK SILK. It is gathered in front at the waist, fits closely over the arms, and has long ends in front, and is trimmed with plaited ruffles, some of which stand upright, and with fringe. The plaited collar is put on in a point in the back, and looks somewhat like a hood.

FIG. XII.—PICNIC HAT, OF YELLOW STRAW, trimmed with Spanish lace. Garland of shaded yellow roses around the crown. Strings of Spanish lace, tied in front.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PALE-BLUE NUN'S-VEILING, trimmed with white lace. The skirt has five plaitings, edged with lace. The upper part is laid in loose upright folds. The polonaise bodice with lace jabot, and the skirt is edged with lace. It is draped high at the back with a bow of watered ribbon. Bows of watered ribbon at the throat and on the sleeves, and a narrow watered sash tied at the side.

FIG. XIV.—HAT, OF BLACK CHIP, trimmed with silver-colored gauze, and a steel ornament.

FIG. XV.—PARASOL, OF BLACK SATIN, lined with pink satin, mounted on an ebony stick. Pink and black satin bow on the handle, and a spray of pink roses on the cover.

FIG. XVI.—SUMMER BONNET, OF COARSE WHITE STRAW, trimmed with lace and large daisies. It is lined with black velvet.

*Mantle, of white muslin*, gathered so as to fall close over the arms, and trimmed with embroidery and thick ruchings of muslin. White watered ribbon bow and ends at the back.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing new, either in material or the make of dresses, since our last description of the fashions. As has been the case for many years, each woman now decides her own fashions, only adhering to a few general rules. For instance, all dresses still cling closely at the front and sides. Small tournures or bustles are worn, to throw out the skirt slightly at the back; and no long dresses are worn on the street, or for walking, though many, for more dressy occasions, are worn to just touch the ground. If these rules are followed, the skirt may be much or little trimmed. Paniers may or may not be worn. Sleeves may be tight to the arms, or a little puffed, though the latter fashion is not general. Bodices may be close-fitting or gathered. Overskirts are still fashionable; and, in fact, fancy rules fashion with a gentle, graceful sway.

For cool summer days, the economical fashion of wearing a bodice of one material, with a skirt of another, will be popular. The bodice and skirt should harmonize in color, if they do not correspond.

*Mantles* of lace are expensive, but very beautiful. White muslin mantles, trimmed with embroidered ruffles, or with some of the beautiful laces, are exceedingly pretty and fresh-looking, but must be worn carefully, as they do not look well after being laundried; but in their place way be worn those of white nun's-veiling, albatross cloth, etc., trimmed according to fancy.

*Bonnets* are worn smaller, and hats quite as large as those of last year. Many white straw bonnets, simply trimmed with an Alsatian bow of white satin ribbon, are worn, and are beautiful in their simplicity. Black straws, trimmed with scarlet poppies, buttercups, or white daisies, are in

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favor; but in the matter of bonnets, as well as of dresses and mantles, the individual preference may safely be followed, to be in the fashion.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

As the season advances, the lighter and more delicate materials come into use. There has been an attempt made to revive changeable silk, as a material for entire costumes; but it did not succeed. Now, plaids are blended with it for walking-dresses, in a manner that is exceedingly novel and stylish. The plaid is in large mixed checks of the two colors of the changeable silk, and is employed for the overskirt, corsage, and mantle, while the silk is used for the underskirt, and for the plaitings, sashes, bows, etc., of the costume. In such combinations as gold and olive, or in bronze-brown and green, these toilettes are very tasteful and elegant.

Worth is making up *chené* silks extensively. The newest patterns show large single flowers, such as a rose or a tulip in its natural hues, on a pale-tinted ground. A pale-blue ground, strewn with large pale-pink roses, with shaded brown leaves, is very tasteful and picturesque. Black satin-finished silks, strewn with single red roses, with dashes of gold-yellow amongst their petals, are made up with plain black satin surah, the trimming being a wide black sewing-silk fringe, intermixed with floss-silk balls, that repeat the hues of the flower. Small-patterned white-grounded *chené* silks are a good deal used for summer dinner-dresses. Worth has made the corsage and train of this silk, the latter drawn back and looped in a deep graceful fold at the sides, so as to show side panels of pale-blue corded silk, with a cut-off flounce starting half way up the skirt, and terminating with deep scallops at the hem. The front of the skirt is formed of folds of the corded silk, with a full ruffling of white lace. With the *chené* silks, watered silk panels are occasionally used; but that material is considered heavy for so late in the season, and plain silk or satin-finished surah are preferred instead.

For stout ladies, a very judicious and novel style has just been introduced. It consists of a corsage and overdress on satin-striped *moiré antique*, the corsage pointed in front in a deep rounded point, and forming at the back a coat, with a full plaited skirt reaching to the hem of the underskirt, which is in satin surah. It is laid in deep folds in front, or in folds converging to a point about the height of the knee; but this last is very trying to a stout figure.

Brocaded gauzes and silk grenadines come in very large figures, such as medallions, wreaths of flowers, etc., all in solid colors, black being the favorite color in this material. These figured gauzes are largely made up with plain ones, and Spanish lace and embroidered silk gauze ruffles continue to form the most usual trimming.

A most charming style for making up transparent muslins and flowered organdies has lately been introduced. It consists in making up the fabric over colored silk; not the hue of the groundwork, but that of the principal flower or design. Pale-blue is the tint most frequently employed, particularly when the ground of the organdie is in pale tea-rose color, or a delicate ecru. A dress thus composed, and with a draped skirt looped with pale-blue ribbons, is wonderfully picturesque. The new changeable muslins are made up over silk of the prevailing tint of the muslin; and are trimmed with white lace, put on flat on the plaitings of the underskirt. A pointed yoke of the lace forms a charming addition to the corsage, which may be cut out underneath the lace, so as to leave the yoke transparent. When the dress is trimmed with full ruffles of lace, a Louis XIII. collar of three ruffles of lace is worn with it, fastened with a bow of ribbon at the throat.

White alpaca, of a very fine silky quality, is now shown for watering-place dresses for young ladies. It is trimmed with white satin, or with white Spanish lace, no admixture of color being permitted.

A new and very beautiful trimming for light-colored dresses of Sicilienne, consists in hand-embroidery in white floss silks, representing a wide white blonde or Duchesse lace, on a Sicilienne ground.

Bonnets are now almost universally worn in the capote shapes, though some few pokes and large hats are still seen. The Parisiennes, however, prefer the capote, as it is so pre-eminently becoming. Some of the newest bonnets are in an open-worked gimp, in neutral tints, trimmed with a scarf of the new and very crinkly crape known as diamontine. This crape is a good deal used in the form of quillings, ruchings, and scarfs, on the latest bonnets. Very few white or self-colored straws are seen; the mode running decidedly to black, marine-blue, or dark-garnet straws. The latest style of trimming shows clusters of nuts: such as English walnuts or filberts, with their foliage. I saw a capote, in marine-blue straw, the other day trimmed with a cluster of mushrooms in shaded gray velvet; which formed the oddest trimming that I have met with for some time. Owls' heads are a good deal worn at the side of the crown of broad-brimmed hats of brown straw, the remainder of the trimming being in brown velvet.

Nothing new in the way of gloves or stockings. Everybody wears long self-colored Mousquetaire gloves, of undressed kid; solid-colored open-worked silk stockings; and Charles IX. or Louis XV. shoes.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF IRON-GRAY KERSEYMERE. The trousers are long. The jacket loose, with a rolling collar, and fastened by large wooden buttons.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED FRENCH BUNTING. The bodice is laid in box-plaits from the yoke down, where it is trimmed with two ruffles.

FIG. III.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS, OF PINK ALBATROSS CLOTH. The bottom of the lower skirt is laid in large side-plaits. Above this is a drapery, looped at the back. The bodice is laid in side-plaits, and fits closely to the waist, where it terminates in a small ruffle basque, fastened in front with a bow. Below the waist is another side-plaited ruffle, like the one which forms the bottom of the skirt.


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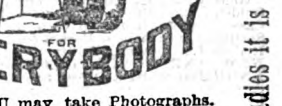


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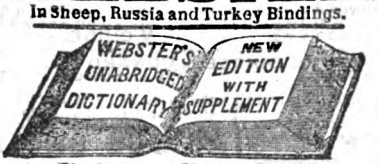


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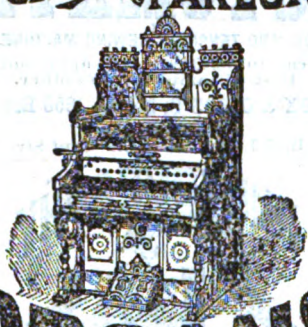

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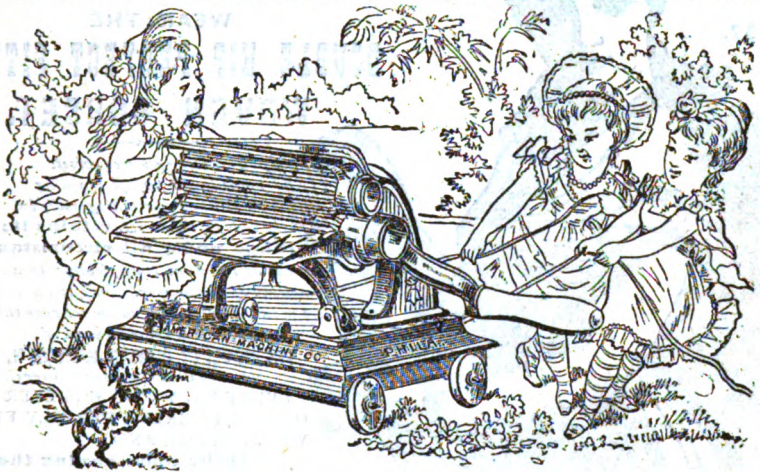


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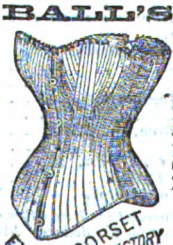

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DESIGN FOR POMEGRANATES: IN KENSINGTON STITCH

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"GAZING AT THIS RING." [*See the Story, "By the Bridge."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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WALKING-DRESS. EVENING-DRESS.

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WALKING-DRESS. HAT. FICHU.

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HOUSE-DRESS. HATS.

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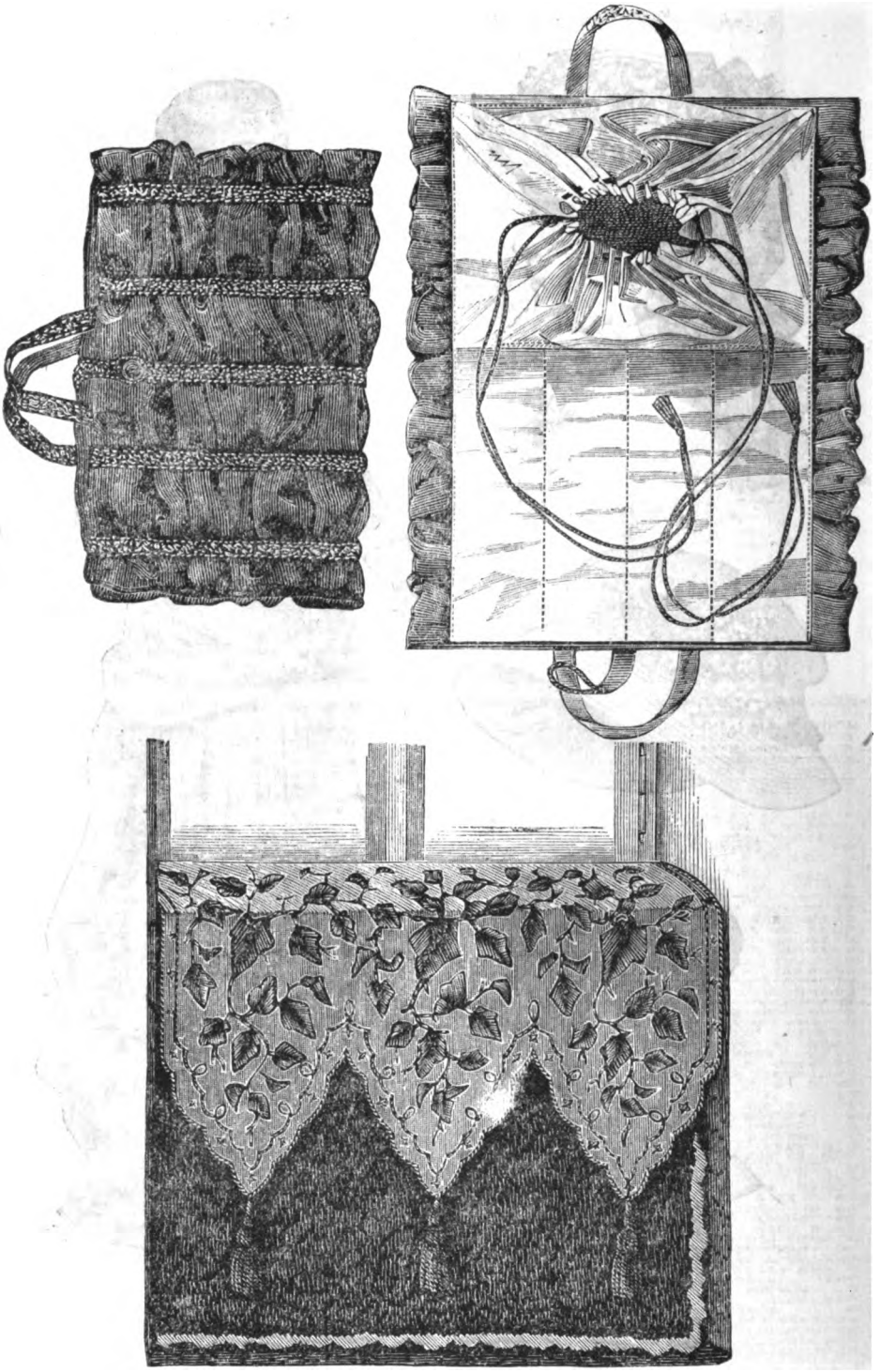

BATHING BAG: OPEN AND SHUT. VALANCE FOR WINDOW

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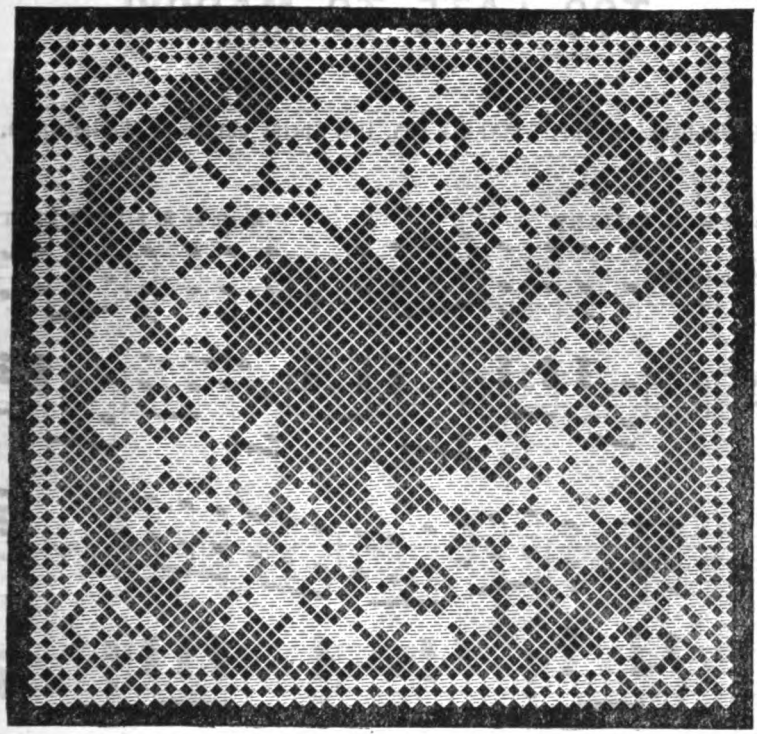

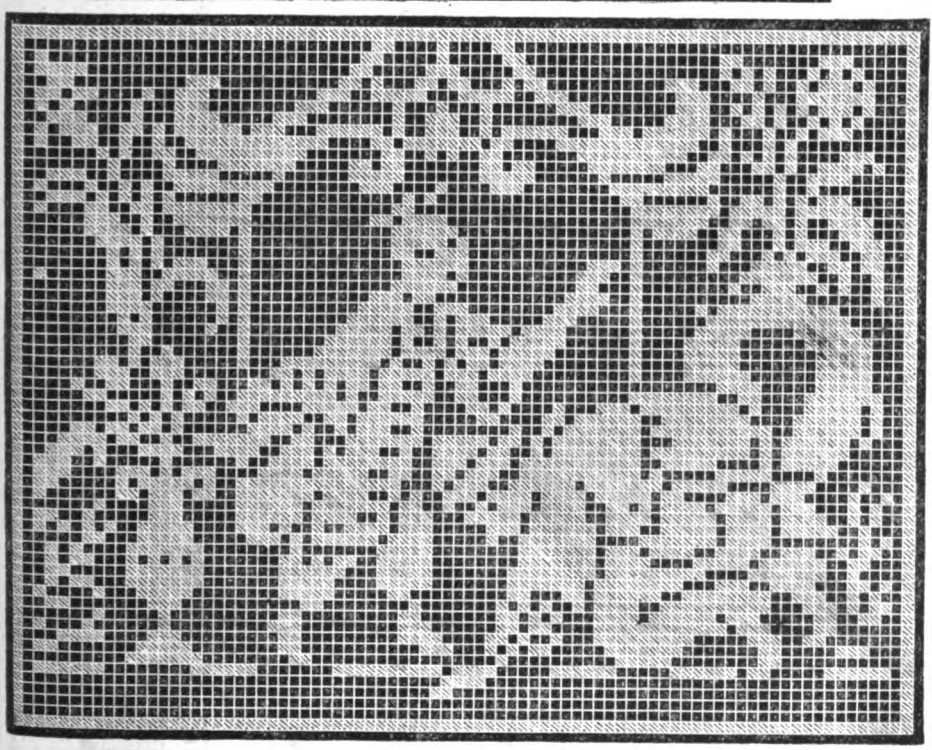

DESIGNS FOR TIDIES: IN JAVA CANVAS, OR CROCHET.

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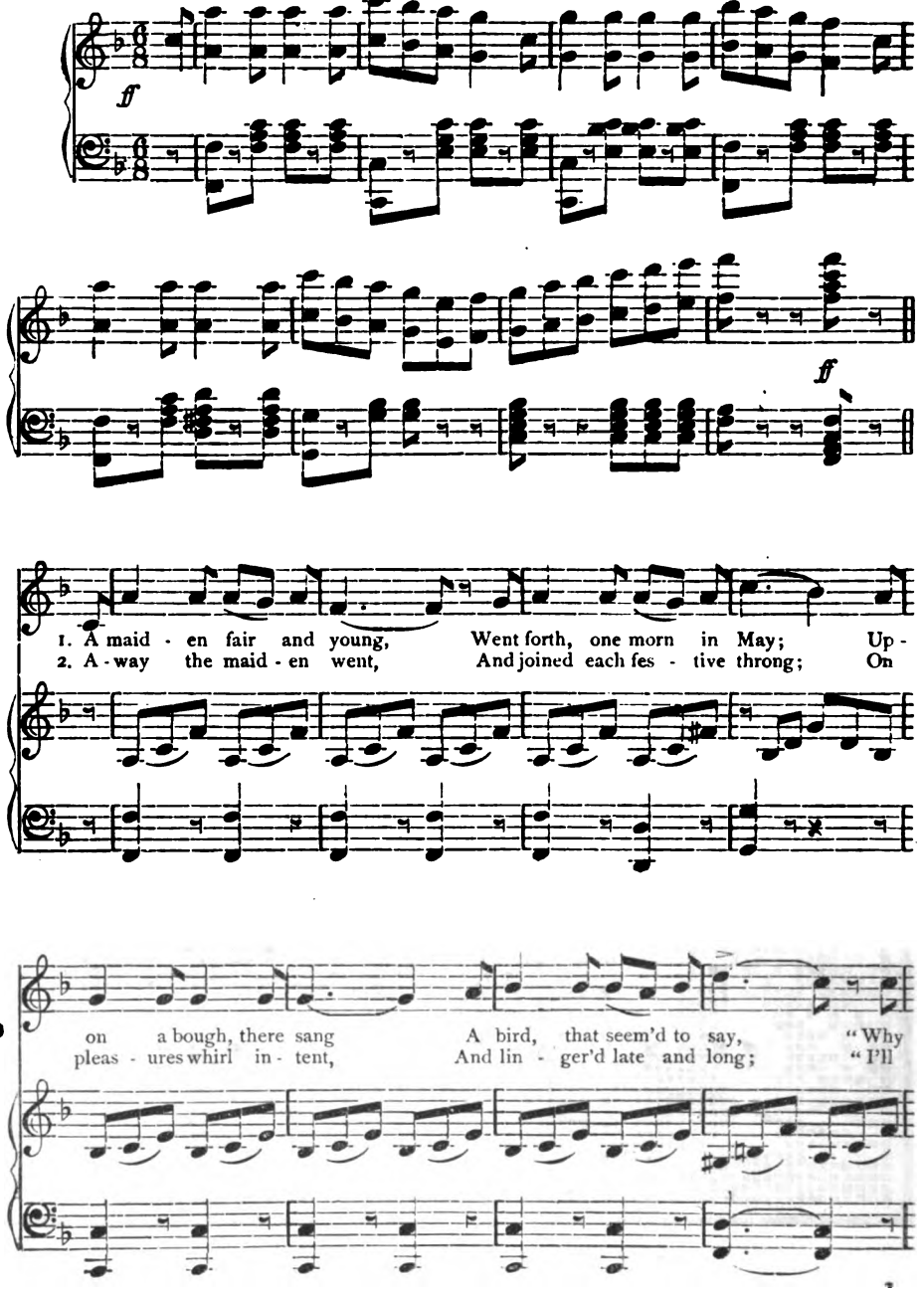
# TOO LATE TO MARRY!

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by W. H. BELLAMY. Music by R. SIDNEY PRATTEN.

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wait? why wait? Soon, soon 'twill be too late." Tra,
wait, I'll wait," Sang she, with joy e - late.

la, la, la! tra, la, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la! Tra,

la, la, la! tra, la, la, la, la! tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

*f* *ff*

*ff*

3. Time flew as on she stray'd
Through Fashion's giddy round;
With many a heart she play'd,
And laughed at ev'ry wound.
"Too late! Too late!
Old Time itself shall wait!"
Tra, la, la, &c.

4. Then came the first grey hair,
And looks and hearts grew cold,
And wrinkles here and there,
Their tale unwelcome told!
Hard fate! Too late!
She sang, disconsolate!
Tra, la, la, &c.

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THE "BARBERINE" HAT.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXII. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1882. No. 1.

## A LONDON DINNER-PARTY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

GEORGE FREDERICK, SEVENTH EARL OF CARLISLE.

THE letters of introduction, that I took out, on my visit to England, in 1850, were many, but there were two that I recall with especial pleasure. One was to the aged poet, Samuel Rogers, and the other was to the then Earl of Carlisle. The latter, as I knew, had already filled several high political offices; and he was appointed, shortly after my visit, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. At Dublin, his kind heart and varied gifts made him universally popular, so that he is spoken of, to this day, as the best loved Viceroy that the century has seen.

Both letters were promptly answered, by each gentleman calling in person. Invitations followed immediately. That from Mr. Rogers was to a breakfast, of which I wrote an account, that was published in this magazine in 1860. That from the Earl was to a dinner.

The latter invitation came so far in advance, that it suggested a banquet of considerable importance. This gave me no little perplexity. I had seen nothing, as yet, of social life in England; and I should have preferred to have waited, before going to one of the "great houses," in order to have time to take a few quiet observations elsewhere. What kind of toilet, to say nothing of other things, would be proper?

I ventured to mention these misgivings to Mr. Rogers, when I breakfasted with him. He smiled at my frank confidence; told me to be entirely natural; managed to embody a charming little compliment in his counsel; and assured me that Lord Carlisle's mother, the countess dowager, was one of the nicest old ladies in the world, and would be sure to make me quite at home. Besides, her daughters would probably be there, he said: charming persons, whom it would be a pleasure to meet.

I was compelled to be satisfied with this assurance. After all, I thought, well-bred people, in general, are essentially the same all over the world, and a toilet proper for the presence of our own Chief Magistrate could not be much out of place anywhere. So, having often dined at the "White House," with different Presidents, I concluded that I need not hesitate what to wear.

The founder of the Carlisle family was Lord William Howard, second son of that Duke of Norfolk, who perished on the scaffold, in the reign of



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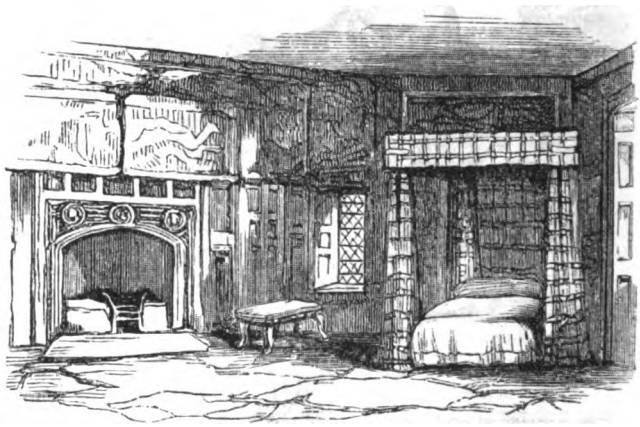
Queen Elizabeth, for having conspired in favor of Mary, Queen of Scots. Lord William married the heiress of the great house of Dacre, and through her became possessed of the Castle of Naworth, in Cumberland, close to the Scottish border. This old feudal fortress may, therefore, be considered the original home of the Carlisles. There Lord William held sway, as Warden of the Western Marches, and grew so famous as knight and warrior, that he is still sung of in ballad, as "Belted Will."

Naworth, by the bye, is one of the most picturesque feudal edifices left in England. It has a curious library, with some of the books of "Belted Will" still kept in it, and a quaint chamber, where the bed in which the old warrior slept is yet shown. It was the grandson of "Belted Will," who was created the first Earl of Carlisle. This was in 1661.

I knew also that the grandfather of my host had been connected with our own history, having been one of the Commissioners—Lord Howe being another—who had been sent out, in 1782, by the British Government, to see if it was possible to make peace with the revolted colonies, without acknowledging their independence. This nobleman, Frederick, the fifth earl, was the son of Isabella, daughter of the fourth Lord Byron, and, through that connection, became the guardian of the celebrated poet, his grand-nephew, George Gordon, sixth Lord Byron. This Earl of Carlisle was a Knight of the Thistle, a Knight of the Garter, and, like his grandson, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.



BED-ROOM OF "BELTED WILL": NAWORTH.

I was thinking about all these things, when the carriage drew up before a large and well-lighted mansion, in Grosvenor Place. Two or three broad steps led up to the door, which was opened as if by magic, as soon as I appeared. I now found myself in a wide, deep hall. A low-voiced servant, advancing and bowing, requested my name, deferentially, as if he had been asking some great favor. Another servant now appeared, who took my wraps, and opened the door of a large ante-room, half way up the hall.

I heard my name called out; again repeated by someone at the door opposite; and before I had crossed this room, the master of the house came forward, with the light step peculiar to a highly-bred Englishman, and, greeting me cordially, drew my hand over his arm, and led me into a spacious, superbly-appointed library, in which were several ladies and gentlemen. Among these ladies were the earl's sisters, of whom Mr. Rogers had spoken. One of them, tall and handsome, dressed in cream-white silk and soft old lace, and with her abundant brown hair crowned by a wreath of blush-roses, advanced to meet me. This was Lady Mary Howard, at that time the only unmarried daughter of the house.

Then came another, fair and gentle, and somewhat older, her sweet face and soft eyes harmonizing with the neutral tints of her dress. She led the way to a sofa, and seated herself among the cushions, by my side. This was Lady Elizabeth Grey, a married sister. Mr. Rogers was right: these two ladies were indeed charming; the one regal in her fair beauty, the other lovely. One must have been a rude republican, indeed, not to have felt, in its fullest extent, the grace of their kindly reception.

Lady Elizabeth dropped into a pleasant conversation, at once. But she had hardly time to inform me that her mother was suffering from a slight indisposition, and would not be able to join us until after dinner, when other friends were expected, before the rest of the dinner-guests began to pour in. After this, introductions followed in such quick succession that I should have been bewildered in an entanglement of titles, but for the gentle lady by my side; who told me, in her low, sweet voice, something of each person announced.

Even in the bright confusion of this gathering, two ladies, among the younger guests, riveted my attention, by their remarkable beauty and the rich simplicity of their toilets. These were the daughters of Lord Carlisle's sister, the Duchess of Sutherland. The eldest was a fair and perfect

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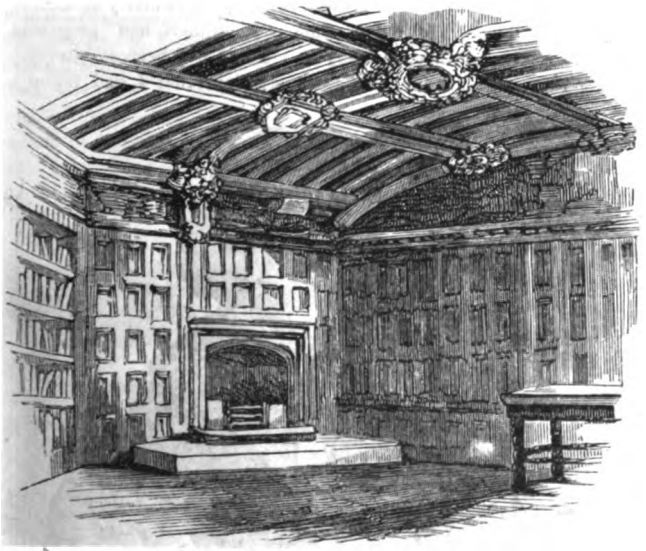
blonde, arrayed in pale rose-tinted silk, with a wreath of apple-blossoms twined in the soft golden hair, coiled low down at the back of the head. She was announced with her husband, the Marquis of Kildare, and is now Duchess of Leinster. The other, Lady Constance Gower, was then in the first bloom of youth, and as yet unmarried; though shortly after, she became Countess, and subsequently Duchess, of Westminster. Her premature death, last year, is still fresh in memory.



LIBRARY OF "BELTED WILL": NAWORTH.

It seemed to me that the guests all came within a few minutes of each other. Then dinner was announced. I had no time to wonder where my place would be, or regret that "the lovely old lady," whom I had hoped to meet, was not there, before our host came forward, presented his arm, and led me from the library, across the suite of rooms through which I had entered, to a spacious dining-room.

Of course, I had no opportunity of knowing how the company arranged itself. But to me, it seemed as if the whole proceeding was much as it would have been in my own country, until we reached the threshold of the dining-room. Then, indeed, the splendor of life in the Old World broke upon me, with a reality that was almost dazzling. The tall buffets, laden down with gold and silver plate, the inheritance of generations, all heaped and flashing together; the long, broad table, resplendent with these precious metals, interspersed with rare glass: diamond, white, ruby-tinted, opaline, and amber-hued—each fashioned for the wine it was to hold—and some of it antique as the plate; all aglow under the light of a chandelier, rich in the clouded glass of Venice before she had discovered how to burn the fire of genius into her crystal, formed an almost perfect picture in itself. But added to this was a line of servants, on each side of the table, ranged along the wall; motionless, like soldiers on drill, clad in coats of silver-gray velvet, with crimson plush small-clothes, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes. This rich livery, toned down by powdered hair and snow-white gloves, flung belts of magnificent coloring adown the room; softened, if not subdued, by a background of soft, dark window-draperies.

Between these gorgeous bands of servants, that stood there motionless and apparently unobservant, we passed up the room; where a man, out of livery, in dark clothes, white necktie, and with a grave face, drew back a couple of chairs; and I found myself in one of them, at the earl's right hand, with a full view of the company.

From the beginning to the end of that dinner, there was less restraint than I almost ever remember at an American table. I was, to the best of my remembrance, the only person there who did not possess a title. But I cannot recollect hearing a title used in conversation once. The gentlemen addressed each other as Carlisle, Kildare, Stewart, and so on, as very intimate friends sometimes use the family name in our own country. Indeed, the word "sir" is oftener repeated by us, than "my lord" is in England. Once or twice, I caught myself addressing our host as "sir;" and laughingly apologized.

"Oh," he said, with a good-natured smile, "that is the highest title we have in England. Our kings are addressed as 'sire,'" you know.

This was a very kind way of putting me at ease. Indeed, his conversation, during the hours in which the courses came and went, was the pleasantest chat imaginable. He had been recently in America, and had met many of my own acquaintances, even friends; and among them was Henry Clay, of whom I had taken leave only a few weeks before, and whose parting gift, a locket containing his portrait and hair, was attached to the chain around my neck.

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Of this wonderful man, he spoke with absolute affection. Calhoun, too, seemed to have won his friendship, to a great degree. Webster's colossal mind had greatly impressed him. "His is among the grandest intellects I have ever known," he said, enthusiastically.

Now and then, in the pauses of this conversation, I was startled by his addressing some of his guests by historical names, that seemed to come out of past centuries. For instance, he turned to the gentleman on my left, and called him Fitzgerald. The name carried my imagination back into the shadows of history. The Fitzgeralds had been a power in England, ever since the days of Edward the Confessor. From that time, their greatness had been constantly on the increase. The Marquess of Kildare was not only the next heir to the dukedom of Leinster, but held, as his courtesy title, one that had been transmitted to him through twenty-nine generations. To me, a world of romance was woven up with all these memories. I forgot the gay present, the brilliant lights, the soft laughter, the hum of voices, and lost myself in the reign of that eighth Henry, who had broken a solemn oath of pardon, "sealed upon the holy sacrament," and executed the tenth Earl of Kildare, one of the brightest and bravest of his race, at Tyburn, with five uncles; thus almost decimating the family.

I remembered, too, that Anne Boleyn had been a Howard, like my host. "She was of your house?" I said, addressing the earl suddenly, as if he could have been aware of my thoughts. I saw a faint look of bewilderment in his face, and added, in explanation: "I was thinking of Anne Boleyn."

"Yes," he answered. "She was connected with the Norfolks. There was another, whom you may not like so much, Catharine Howard."

But I suddenly remembered that the subject was too absorbing for the occasion, and changed it presently, by expressing some interest in a lady who sat lower down the table, dressed in half mourning, with a nun-like head-dress.

"That," said the earl, "is the only living daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Madame de Genlis was her grandmother." I started.

"In no country," I said, "had the misfortunes of that brave man been more deeply lamented than in my own." I told him this, and recalled to him the pretty home scene described by Lord Edward, when he wrote that "Pam was busy embroidering a little cap for the baby," the whole scene coming vividly before me. Was that grave lady, in the semi-gloom of her widow's garments, I said to myself, the child so tenderly spoken of?

By this time, the dinner had progressed through many courses. I had been so interested in the earl's conversation, that I had failed to notice that a fresh napkin had been served with each change of plates; but that none had been taken away. I had mechanically placed each new one in my lap, till the accumulation was now a little burdensome, and I began to wonder where and how my neighbors had disposed of theirs. Leaning slightly back, when I had the opportunity, I saw a whole snow-storm of fine linen, that had been cast, piece by piece, under the table; and so I swept my small avalanche after them, with a laughable sense of relief.

At last, the plate—for the dinner had been, up to this point, served on silver—gave way to a rare old set of Sevres, the most beautiful har-

FREDERICK, FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE

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binger of hot-house fruit you ever saw. I had gathered up the hull of a strawberry with my fingers, and was dipping the fruit in sugar, when a sudden thought took away my breath.

I knew that there came a period, at every English dinner-table, when ladies were accustomed to withdraw, and leave the gentlemen to their wine. In the absence of the countess, what lady, I bethought myself, would be expected to break up the table? Was it possible that this duty might fall on me? I occupied the seat of honor. I began, at the very idea, to feel particularly uncomfortable. How on earth was I to know when to rise? Or what would be expected of me, when I was once on my feet? How could I lead a dozen British

LADY CONSTANCE GOWER,
(AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.)

peeresses, through some unknown region, into a drawing-room which I had never seen?

These thoughts absolutely made me feel faint. As the strawberry melted in my mouth, I almost wished it would choke me. I looked around. How happy they all seemed. No anxiety, like that which had seized upon me, disturbed them. If I could only faint away, and be carried out of the room by some of those dainty fellows in crimson plush and silver gray, what a relief!

At last, the conversation flagged; then stopped entirely: the whole company seemed watching for something. All eyes were turned toward the head of the table.

Was this silent appeal addressed to the young marchioness, on the other side of our host, or was it intended for me?

I waited in breathless suspense, hoping with all my heart that she would arise. She gave no signal, but glanced toward me; smiled; and, with a bend of the head, took up her gloves.

It was some comfort, at least, to know what was expected of me. Rising from my chair, I waited a moment, to make sure that no one would precede me; and then led the way down the room, and into the hall. There, Lady Mary came to my side; and turning toward the grand staircase, we ascended to the drawing-room above.

Everything in this apartment was essentially English: very rich in material, and elegant in form; but too substantial for the generality of our smaller dwellings, where French taste and airiness of style prevail. Though a state room, it was one of the most home-like I had ever seen. No special arrangement for company was evident anywhere. Books and magazines were on the large centre-table, as if cast there from recent use. The rare old vases were full of flowers. Easy-chairs stood about, apparently just as they had been left by the family. Some of the ladies dropped into these chairs. But I joined others, who walked about, admiring the various objects of art scattered about the room, and the pictures hanging against the walls; among which, some fine landscapes by Cuyp, and gems from the old masters, were distinguished by a particular arrangement of light.

Turning from one of these pictures, I saw that an old lady, clad in black satin, with a kerchief of old cardinal point about her neck, and a lace cap, tied with black and white ribbons, had quietly entered the room. Several of the guests arose to meet her; so I knew that it was the earl's mother. Directly, most of the ladies were gathered around her sofa; and when she began asking questions about my country, they joined in, each having some special object of interest to inquire about: our gorgeous autumnal forests, Niagara, and the society of New York and Washington; in all of which the old countess joined, with such interest that I really believe that most of us would have been better pleased if the gentlemen had not come in so early.

After this, Lord Carlisle was speaking of Castle Howard, his estate in Yorkshire, which I had not seen. He regretted that public duties kept



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him from receiving friends there, just then; but in compensation, brought out some fine drawings of the interior decorations, especially of some carvings by Gibbons.

He had just done, when the evening guests began to drop in. Among them were Thackeray, whom I had not met before; and Dickens, with whom I had become well acquainted, during his first visit to the United States; and with them appeared at least a dozen other celebrities.

I was sitting near the countess, when Thackeray came forward to pay his respects. Directly after the introduction, he said, with a cordiality that was pleasantly abrupt:

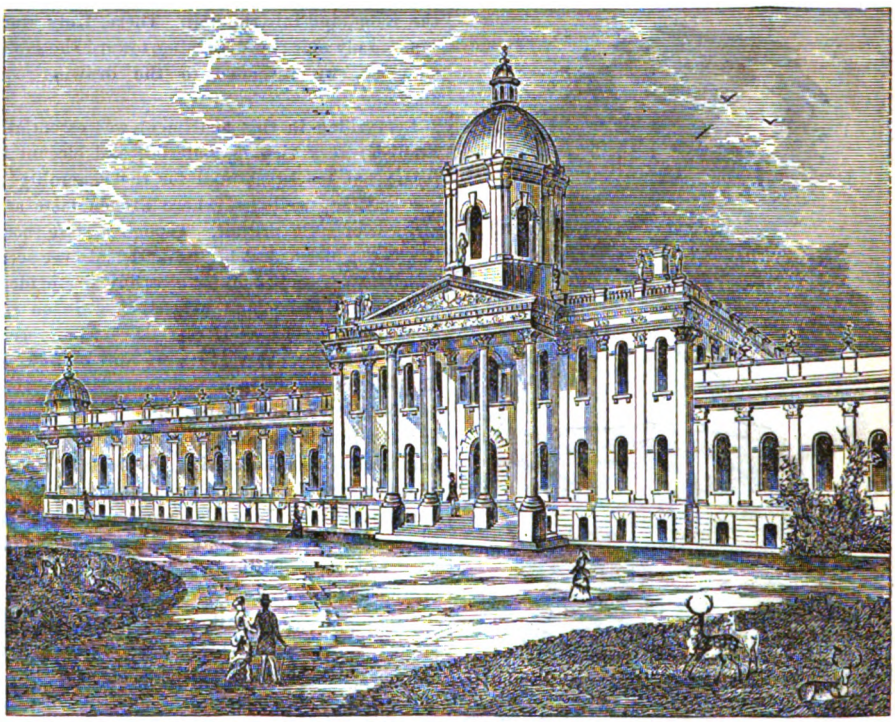
"Oh, madame, I am coming over to your country, very soon."

"That is pleasant news, I answered. "You will find yourself welcomed."

"And that is pleasant news for me. But I am coming over to make money."

"Perhaps we may be able to appreciate the motive," I said, laughing. "But you will find many things worth coming for, beyond that."

"I am not coming to see Niagara," he went on, with the same half humorous frankness, "the Kentucky cave, and all that; but your society at Newport, Saratoga, and Washington. It's your people that I care for. I mean to give them some



CASTLE HOWARD.

lectures worth hearing, about the 'Four Georges.' The lectures are nearly finished," he said, turning toward the countess. "I mean to deliver them first in England; and if I don't make your ladyship cry, I'm a Dutchman."

The old lady laughed, and replied that Mr. Thackeray could always command both her smiles and her tears, as he wished; and that she certainly would go to hear his lectures on the "Four Georges."

Thackeray was far too great a favorite in the room for long conversation with anyone; and soon gave way to a tall and remarkably fine-looking man, whose very presence brought a smile of welcome from the countess, as she received and introduced him.

"My heart always warms to a person from 'The States,'" he said. "You have been so kind to my poor countrymen on the other side."

Then I comprehended that this was the O'Gorman Mahon, a member of Parliament, from the Green Island; whose ancestry ran back to the Irish kings. Then and afterward, I found him as perfect a specimen of the Irish gentleman, or of any gentleman, as could be.

I think that evening was one of the pleasantest

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I ever spent. In the hall, when I rose to go, I found a servant waiting with my wraps, which Lord Carlisle took from him, placed upon my shoulders, and led me to the carriage. Once there, I remembered, with something like amusement, how anxious I had been, before entering the house; and I realized that simplicity of manners—in itself the essence of high breeding—was sure to prevail in a company like that.

Indeed, the dainty old countess, with her kindly manners and pleasant talk, was a far less pretentious personage than many a shop-girl at home. Yet this lady was the daughter of Georgiana, that beautiful Duchess of Devonshire whose wonderful loveliness has been the theme of poets for a century; and whose grace and elegance still live on the canvas of Gainsborough. Georgiana was not the only wife of the duke, however; for after her death, he married her intimate friend, Lady Jane Foster, who was only less lovely than her predecessor. There is a famous picture by Angelica Kauffmann, representing the two, the faces being given in profile; but it hardly does justice to the beauty of either: much of that of Georgiana, especially, having come from the extraordinary brilliancy of her complexion.

Lady Carlisle's father, thus, had been a duke; her brother was a duke; she was the widow of an earl; and she lived to see two of her sons earls, two of her daughters married to dukes, and to be the grandmother of three dukes.

By birth, marriage, and through her living descendants, she was, when I met her, related to one Prince of Rome, and to seven of the most powerful dukes in England: and yet, as I have said, her manners were simplicity itself.

GEORGIANA AND JANE, DUCHESSES OF DEVONSHIRE.

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# A NOMINAL DIFFERENCE.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

MISS FRANCES BROWN had just finished reading the most delightful, but at the same time the most confusing, letter in the world. The following is an extract from it:

"You know I have long been counting on a visit from you; but heretofore there has always been some insurmountable obstacle: either you were so situated that you could not come, or I was not in a position to ask you. *Mais, nous avons changé tout cela!* You will be surprised, no doubt, to learn that we have moved to Yonkers; yet such is the case. We are occupying a charming little house, and are prepared to entertain you to the best of our ability. Everything is auspicious; so pack your trunk, and come at once. I feel sure you will not hesitate when I tell you that I have met with an accident which keeps me a prisoner to the house. Let this account, also, for my long silence. I was thrown out of a carriage, and succeeded in battering my bones pretty well. I broke my left leg, just above the ankle; and three fingers of my right hand. I suppose you noticed that this letter was not embellished with my own elegant chirography. Stella is my amanuensis. Write and let me know when you are coming. Did you receive my brief note of the 16th?

Your friend, CHARLIE."

"I must have missed a letter," Miss Frances observed, as she put the above communication back in its envelope. "I never received the note of the 16th. I wonder who Stella is? Charlie forgot to tell me."

Then, with a feeling of pleasant anticipation, she took the letter out, and read it over a second time. There were some things in it which she did not quite understand. Especially was she surprised at the rather startling discovery that her friend Charlotte, or more familiarly Charlie Mayhew, who had lived in Cambridge all her life, had suddenly emigrated to Yonkers. Then there was the accident, so casually referred to, which was a terrible thing to happen to a young lady of nineteen summers. Miss Frances felt as if she had skipped an important chapter in a book. It seemed to her that, if she had only received Charlie's lost letter, all these allusions would have been explained, and everything be quite clear to her. She meant to take the one she had just received up to Yonkers with her, and ask for an explanation of some of its subject matter; for she had made up her mind, on the instant, that she would go.

Miss Frances was at present in a position quite uncongenial to her tastes. She and five other young ladies, all students in the Academy of Fine Arts, were occupying a French flat, on the fourth floor, in one of our Eastern metropolitan towns. When the girls were all there, it was a very jolly household: full of life and gayety, and even fun. But the holidays were now at hand, and her companions had all gone for a three weeks' vacation. Miss Frances, unfortunately, had no home, except with a crotchety guardian whom she despised; and she had made up her mind to face the dreariness of a solitary Christmas, rather than undergo the torture of Mr. Jordan's hospitalities. It was in the midst of this gloomy prospect that Charlie Mayhew's letter arrived; and without a moment's hesitation, Miss Frances dispatched a breezy little note, saying that she would leave for Yonkers by the six o'clock train, on "the day after to-morrow."

When the train, thus designated, thundered into the Yonkers depot, the mysterious "Stella" was in waiting. She was quite a pretty girl, enveloped in an elegant sealskin dolman; and her bright eyes flashed inquisitively on the face of every passenger who got off the train. Miss Frances had entered the waiting-room, before they met; and then a very unexpected scene was enacted. Both girls fell into each other's arms, with exclamations of surprise and delight.

"Why, Stella, is it you?" Miss Frances inquired, breathlessly. "Why have you never written to me?"

"I lost your address," was the prompt reply. "Oh, I am *so* glad to see you. It quite brings back the dear old days at school. But how did you happen to come here?"

"I came to see Charlie," Miss Frances explained, at which her companion gave a little exclamation, coupled with a prolonged stare.

"To see Charlie?" said Stella, to herself. "Well, I think Charlie might have told me of this. What a mean thing to let me think Frances Brown was a man!"

But of course she said nothing of this to her old schoolmate; and her resentment at Charlie



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was soon swallowed up in genuine pleasure at meeting an old friend, whom she had not seen for three years. As the two girls drove up from the depot, it did not seem that they could talk fast enough. In some fifteen minutes, Stella Bryant's jaunty little phaeton sleigh drew up in front of one of those picturesque houses for which the banks of the Hudson are celebrated. The cottage—it was hardly big enough to be called a mansion—had a low verandah in front, and windows that reached to the floor. The interior was brilliantly lighted, and between the curtains Miss Frances caught a glimpse of what awaited her. She could see that the parlor was a perfect bijou of an apartment: the more cozy, and even beautiful, because apparently in every-day use. A glorious wood fire blazed and roared in a great square chimney. But no one seemed to be in the room, except a young man of about twenty-seven years of age—handsome, but rather pale—who sat before the fire, with a bright afghan spread over his knees.

A moment more, and the two girls had alighted, and were in the hall. Here, a lovely little white-haired lady met them, to whom Stella presented her friend, saying: "Mamma, this is my friend, Frank."

They passed through the parlor door, as she spoke, and the young man in the easy-chair started up at the name, and glanced out; but sank back helplessly, the instant after.

"This is my old school-friend, mamma," continued Stella. "You remember hearing me talk of Frank?"

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," Mrs. Bryant said, cordially. But instead of leading the way into the parlor, she led the way to the foot of the stairs, saying: "Hadn't you better take her up to your room, at once, Stella?"

Stella ran upstairs, gayly, bidding Miss Frances follow her. The latter young lady obeyed, but it was in a dazed way.

"Take off your things, my dear," Stella said, setting the example. "Charlie is downstairs."

Then she added, slyly, when her back was turned toward Miss Frances:

"Charlie never told me a word about you. I think it was very shabby of you not to tell me, when you might have known how pleased I would be."

"Why, what do you mean, Stella?" Miss Frances inquired, wonderingly.

"Oh, very well," her friend replied, in a bantering tone. "I shall pay you back, some day."

"Charlie never told me that you were making your home with them," Miss Frances said, with some resentment.

"*With them?* With whom?"

"Why, with her aunt's family."

"Whose aunt?"

"Why, Charlie's aunt."

"What aunt?"

"How silly you are, Stella! You know very well that I mean Mrs. Shaw."

"I haven't seen Mrs. Shaw for six months," was the solemn response.

"Does Charlie keep house here all by herself?" Miss Frances exclaimed, in astonishment.

"For heaven's sake, Frank! Who are you talking about?"

"Why, Charlie Mayhew, of course."

"Didn't you know Charlie went to California, last month?"

Miss Frances gave one gasp of astonishment, and then sank down, in a helpless little heap, on the floor.

"That can't be," she cried, when she had found her voice again. "I had a letter from her, day before yesterday. It was she who invited me here. I have the letter in my pocket. I'll show it to you."

Miss Frances was growing very much excited, and at that instant there flashed across Stella's brain a suspicion that her friend might be crazy. The next, Miss Frances had thrust a crumpled letter into her hand—a letter signed "your friend, Charlie."

"Why, this is my brother's letter," Stella said, without hesitation. "I wrote it for him, day before yesterday."

"But it is addressed to me," Frances exclaimed, nervously.

"There is some ridiculous mistake here, dear," Stella said, soothingly. "Come downstairs. Perhaps Charlie can explain it."

Charlie Bryant was seated in his easy-chair, when they entered the parlor. He could not stir, without assistance; but he was on the way to convalescence.

"You have been playing one of your odious jokes, Charlie," Stella exclaimed, when she had presented Miss Frances to him.

"I protest," was the rejoinder, with a puzzled look.

"What do you mean by addressing such a letter as this to Miss Brown?" said Stella, and with this imperative question, she thrust the inexplicable letter into his hands.

"Why, how the—I beg pardon, ladies—but the truth is—why, this letter is addressed to an old friend of mine, Frank Brown."

"Where do you live, Frank?" Stella asked, desperately.



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"No. — West Forty-fourth Street," was the reply.

"No. —?" Charlie shouted, in a perfect vortex of mirth. "In a French flat?"

Miss Frances nodded. Charlie went off into another paroxysm of laughter.

"The most natural mistake in the world," he said, when he could control himself. "My friend lives in the same building. You occupy one flat and he another. As both of you have the same name, it is not at all strange that you should have received his letter. Look at the envelope, and you will see it is addressed to *Mr.* Francis Brown."

It was just as he said, and after various explanations and comments, all joined in a general laugh at the singular adventure, and at the odd train of circumstances that had led to the reunion of two warm friends, whom the whirlpool of life had separated.

"I shall go right back to the city to-morrow," Miss Frances said, stoutly, when they arose from the supper-table.

"You will do no such thing," Stella answered, indignantly. "Do you think you are going to cheat me out of a visit which heaven has very plainly intended me to have?"

Miss Frances made some feeble objections; but they were soon overruled.

"I have sent off a telegram to Mr. Brown," said Charlie. "I expect him up, to-morrow or next day. You may be sure I took pains to address it to Mr. Francis Brown, No. — West Forty-fourth Street, *Third Floor*."

Not the next day, but the day after, Mr. Francis Brown, banker and broker, arrived at Yonkers; and then, as the servants put it, there were "great goings-on." Never were holidays more thoroughly enjoyed. The three weeks' vacation, which Miss Frances had allowed herself, lengthened out to six; and Mr. Brown did not leave any sooner. Charlie was able to go about by the middle of February; but, even though he was no longer confined to the house, he was loth to lose Miss Frances' companionship. I question whether he would ever have let her go, had she not promised to come back for good, and share with him a charming little house he was bent on building. Oddly enough, *Mr.* Francis Brown had made a similar compact with Stella; and the four entered into another agreement, which was that in summer they should all live together at Yonkers, and in the winter they should go to New York. "Living together" did not mean in the same house, but within a convenient distance, which allowed them to enjoy each other's society to their heart's content.

"Wasn't it odd?" Stella has said a hundred times, in referring to the mistake, which had ended so happily. "And yet it was only a 'nominal difference,' between your name and Frank's, that led to it all."

"It was one of the things that were foreordained," Frances says, gravely. "It was the inexorable decree of fate—KISMET."

## FREDERICKTON IN MAY TIME.

BY REV. C. G. D. ROBERTS.

THIS morning full of breezes and perfume—
Brimful of promise of midsummer weather—
When bees, and birds, and I are glad together,
Breathes of the full-leaved season, when soft gloom
Checkers thy streets, and thy close elms assume
Round roof and spire the semblance of green billows;
Yet now thy glory is the yellow willows—
The yellow willows full of bees and bloom.

Under their mealy blossoms blackbirds meet,
And robins pipe amid the cedars nigher;
Through the still elms I hear the ferry's beat;
The swallows chirp about the towering spire;
The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet,
Yet not quite satisfied is my desire.

## BIRTH-RIGHT.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

WHAT spirit evil with wan eyes of gloom
Stood by me at my birth, and shadowed me
With heavy mists plucked from some barren sea,
Sluggish, opaque, and sad as early doom?
What spirit wreathed with me the narrow room,
And crowned with thorn the happy mantel-tree—
Each window that looked o'er the summer lea—
And sprinkled gall upon the threshold stone?
Then, leaving, whispered thro' the iron-bound door;
"Dwell evermore in thine ownself alone,
For none shall ever know thee, or atone
To thee for unjust words, and thoughts, and deeds;
Nor dream a heart behind that darkness bleeds—
That even death shall be a friend to thee!"

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# BY THE BRIDGE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

LOTTA MARTYN was the very antithesis of her Cousin Jane. The former had not, I fear, a very well-regulated mind, and what is more, I fear, rather took pride in the fact. But she was pretty, amiable, generous, and very lovable. The cousin, mentally considered, was perfect. She was older than Lotta, and quite the "correct thing," in all she did. Conventionality culminated in her. She was the goddess of propriety personified.

It needs hardly to be said, after this, that Lotta and Cousin Jane did not get along well together. They mutually rasped and irritated each other, without either, perhaps, being much to blame.

One morning, after quite a "battle royal" at the breakfast-table, Cousin Jane rose in her wrath and made for the door. But before she could reach it, Lotta, who chanced to look towards the window, arrested the fugitive, by calling:

"Here comes E. B. B."

"E. B. B.!" echoed Cousin Jane, stopping short. "What do you mean?"

"You begged me not to say elderly, battered beau," said Lotta.

"Mr. Middlemore! You mean Mr. Middlemore is coming."

"Yes," rejoined Lotta, "and so is his wig, and so is his gouty leg, though he tries to walk as if he had left it at home, and brought a spick-and-span new one out for the occasion. I warn you, Cousin Jane, if he attempts to lecture me this morning, I'll pull his wig off and step on it."

"Lotta," groaned Cousin Jane.

"I will," cried Lotta, viciously, stamping her foot, and looking so exasperatingly pretty that any man in the world would have let her stamp on him with pleasure.

She was a tiny creature, with a delicious pink and white complexion, delightfully wicked brown eyes, and a halo of golden curls, which, in spite of her relative, she wore cropped short, and parted on one side, in a fashion as becoming as it was unorthodox. Altogether, she was quite an incarnation of fun, mischief, and loveliness.

The door opened, and old Simons appeared, with the information that Mr. Middlemore presented his apologies for calling at such an unseemly hour, but trusted that Miss Nesbitt would kindly receive him, as he was obliged to go to New York by the eleven o'clock train, and would be absent for several days.

"Dear me! He could have reached the station ever so much quicker, if he had taken the other road, instead of this one," said Lotta.

The gentleman named entered, approached Cousin Jane, and said: "I hope you are well, Miss Nesbitt."

"Oh, how can I be—after—when—"

Leaving her phrases incomplete, the spinster subsided into her pocket-handkerchief, and the nearest arm-chair.

"And how are you, Miss Wickedness?" the visitor continued, turning towards Lotta.

"I'm gloomy," replied Lotta; "hopelessly gloomy; and grand and peculiar also."

"It's very becoming to you," said Mr. Middlemore, gallantly, whereupon Cousin Jane groaned aloud, behind her pocket-handkerchief.

"What have you done to Cousin Jane, Mr. Middlemore, that she begins to sob, at sight of you?" demanded Lotta, mischievously.

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned Cousin Jane, and removed her handkerchief from her eyes. "Lotta has been going on in the most dreadful way, Mr. Middlemore, ever since she came into this room. I am perfectly in despair—perfectly."

"Well, I'll leave you now," said Lotta, "and you can cry and confess on Mr. Middlemore's shoulder."

"Lotta," squeaked Cousin Jane, in an agony of spinster confusion and outraged modesty, though Mr. Middlemore was so old that he had once been her guardian, as he was now her youthful relative's.

"I'm afraid I can't spare you, just yet, my dear Lotta," said he, as the girl was making for the door. "Do me the favor to wait a little."

"Oh, if you have anything special to say," returned Lotta, hesitatingly. Then she flashed a fiery glance at him, and added: "But I warn you, I'm not in a mood to be lectured."

"I don't think I ever lectured you in my life," said he, laughing; "why should I begin now?"

"Ah, well, then," said Lotta, smiling. "I am all attention."

"Well, my dear, I fancy you have an idea what it is that I want to speak about—"

"Oh," broke in Lotta, with a groan, "I do think it's horrid to be obliged to talk over such things. My mind is made up. I shall not go back from my decision. What is more, if Jack Temple



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had any delicacy or sense, he would accept it as final, and leave me in peace, instead of persuading you to come and open the matter again."

"He hasn't," replied Mr. Middlemore. "But I have had a letter from him—"

"Jack has written to you about it?" burst in Lotta. "Well, it would have been rather more polite, if he had written to me."

"My dear, you asked him not to."

"Oh, he has been complaining." Her tone was triumphant.

"Far from it," replied Mr. Middlemore. "I'll just read you his letter."

Lotta had it on the tip of her tongue to refuse to listen; but her curiosity was too strong. Mr. Middlemore took the epistle out of his pocket, adjusted his glasses, and read, slowly:

"My Dear Friend:—Have just received your note. I shall be quite ready to attend to the business on the day you have set. I got Lotta's letter yesterday, and accept her decision as final. No man can force a girl to marry him. No man, but a fool or an ass, can ever want to marry a girl, when she owns that she does not love him. Lotta has at length convinced me. I am only sorry I have bothered her so much, during these last months. I would write and tell her so, but she asked me not to answer her letter. You can assure her that she need not fear my worrying her any further. She is a dear, jolly little body, though made somewhat after the recipe for cream-cakes, in Alice in Wonderland: with a good deal of pepper. However, now that we are to be only cousins, I daresay we shall get on admirably."

"Shall we, indeed?" cried Lotta, scarlet with wrath. "I never heard so impudent a letter, in my life. If he ever sets foot in this house, I leave it—if—"

"Gently, gently. Don't excite yourself, my dear," said her guardian. "I wouldn't have read it, if I had supposed you would be vexed to find how easily Jack takes the matter."

"I don't care how he takes it," said Lotta. "He's a brute."

"Because he won't let you break his heart?" asked Mr. Middlemore, so quietly, that Lotta was silenced. "The rest of the letter—"

"Oh, I thank you. I've heard quite enough," said Lotta, interrupting.

"The rest of the letter," imperturbably continued her guardian, "is merely to say, that he is sure he shall be quite ready to coincide in my views for the division of the property. You understand, of course, that, by your aunt's will, if there is to be no marriage, you inherit thirty thousand dollars, and Jack fifty—"

"Let him have the whole. Say I wish it."

"Thanks, but I should decline being the bearer of that proposal," said Mr. Middlemore. "Master Jack might tumble me downstairs, his temper being what he says yours is—peppery."

Lotta absolutely clenched her little fist. Cousin Jane swayed back and forth in her chair and groaned. But Lotta saw so plainly, by her guardian's face, that he was amused at her anger, that she did her best to repress it.

"Have you anything else to say?" she asked.

"I want to explain to you what property I propose to select for your share, and the way in which I mean to invest it."

"Don't—don't—I shouldn't understand—I don't want to hear."

"You are quite capable of understanding, and I wish you to hear," persisted he. "At eighteen, a young woman should begin to take an interest in her own business affairs."

"Well, I shan't," cried Lotta.

"Just as you please, my dear. But I shall explain, all the same."

Lotta knew this obstinate mood. It always quelled her, and made her ashamed, too, of her violence. She listened in silence, and as Cousin Jane was luckily called out of the room, was ready, when he finished, to express contrition for her naughtiness.

"I'll never be impertinent to you again," she cried. "Oh, you are the dearest, best man in the world."

"And you are a very good little girl, only—peppery," laughed he. "There, there, don't get vexed again. You can be quite content. You are to have your own way. Jane has promised me not to torment you, and you can see that Jack doesn't mean to."

"Oh, he's evidently delighted," cried Lotta. "All his talk about being fond of me was pretence."

"Ah, you think he ought to be unhappy. Isn't that rather unreasonable?"

"I don't care what he is. I detest Jack Temple," vowed Lotta. "I hope he will marry six widows, all with red hair and ten children apiece."

"I've no doubt he will marry," said Mr. Middlemore, laughing. "But I think he will content himself with one wife at a time, and try to find some young girl as pretty as you, and," with emphasis, "less hard-hearted."

When he had taken his departure, Lotta went up to her own room, in an exceedingly subdued mood. Her guardian's words kept echoing in her ears: "You can be quite content—you are to have your own way."

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Somehow, she felt far from content. The independence and triumph of having "her own way" seemed much less enjoyable than she had expected. In fact, there was no triumph in the matter. Jack Temple apparently did not care a straw, or, more mortifying and inexplicable still, regarded his newly-gained freedom with complacency. He had loved her—she was sure of that. Why, a year previous, when she had first openly talked of wanting her liberty, he had been in a state of absolute despair, which, though she tried to think it fretted and annoyed her, had been exciting and agreeable. She was forced to admit that she had tormented him abominably. Cousin Jane had warned her that she would wear out his affection. Could this really be the case? She still told herself she wanted her freedom, and should be happy now she had got it. But to have roused no excitement, to have all opposition suddenly withdrawn, her grand, tragic determination treated as of no importance, even Cousin Jane to refrain from pathos or censure, made such a flat denouement, that she was mortified and disgusted.

Lotta's engagement with her cousin—we say cousin, but the relationship was distant—had been entered into just after her sixteenth birthday. She had then only lately come back from South America, where, for three years, her father had held some diplomatic appointment, and where he and his wife had both died suddenly. She had come back to make her home with Cousin Jane, and an old maid aunt, who was dying slowly of consumption.

Jack Temple was then three-and-twenty, an age when it is easy and natural for a youth to fall in love; and finding Lotta positively bewitching, he proceeded to adore her, with a depth and earnestness which gave a certain dignity to his exaggerated enthusiasm.

Lotta was unable to decide whether she had a real tenderness for Jack, or whether she was only pleased and flattered. But Jack overdid the matter. He made the mistake of being positively abject in his adoration—the greatest blunder a man can commit. In the end, Lotta found herself engaged to Temple, almost before she knew. Miss Martyn died soon after, and in her will left a legacy to each separately; but not in equal proportions: fifty thousand dollars to Jack, and thirty thousand to Lotta, on the conditions we have seen.

When her aunt was dead and buried, and Lotta began to realize what she had done, and what was expected of her, she began to indulge in a feeling of ill-usage and constraint, which grew so rapidly, that, before many months, she told herself she had been forced into the affair, and so the tie became a bond which appeared to her a dreadful slavery.

Cousin Jane made matters worse, by constantly holding up Jack before her eyes, as her rightful counsellor and judge. Jack would not approve of this, she said; Jack would be annoyed to hear she had done that. Jack would be horrified at her wilfulness and caprices. In the end, Lotta came to feel that Jack was an embodiment of eternal negation, standing between her and whatever was pleasant to do.

Lufton, where the two ladies resided, was only three hours distant, by rail, from New York; so Jack was a frequent visitor at the house, and had the habit, during each summer, of passing several weeks in Mr. Middlemore's old-bachelor establishment near by.

The girl teased him dreadfully, and the young man committed the great folly of being always in extremes. Either he was too submissive; or when she fretted him beyond endurance, and rendered him jealous, then he attempted to call her to order; and showed, as she frankly told him, more like a schoolmaster than a lover, and quite unbearable in either capacity.

The first time Lotta had ventured so far as to vow that she wanted to break her engagement, the declaration created an excitement which was very pleasurable; and after that it had become her war-cry, by aid of which she kept Jack and Cousin Jane in a state of wholesome fear. She had continued to utter it, until she herself believed that she was quite in earnest; and had fully expected, after this definite rupture, to enjoy her freedom, and find life assume a brighter aspect.

The weeks went on. Jack left her alone. Cousin Jane, whatever else she might find fault about, never upbraided her with the step she had taken; and Mr. Middlemore appeared to think her conduct quite natural.

"Boy and girl engagements very seldom come to anything," he said, coolly; and then seemed to dismiss the matter from his thoughts.

As the days extended into weeks, our heroine began to see that the want of Jack caused a great void in her life. She had nobody to tease, nobody to rebel against; and what was worse, nobody to rule. Finally, she learned that Jack Temple was coming to pay Mr. Middlemore his annual visit; and so managed to get up a certain sensation of annoyance and ill-usage.

"I think it is very bad taste on his part," she said to Cousin Jane; and the spinster stared at her, and laughed, scornfully.

"He has always been in the habit of spending

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August here," said Cousin Jane. "Pray, in the name of goodness, why shouldn't he now?"

"Oh, very well," cried Lotta. "I can give him fair warning of one thing. If he means to worry me, or hopes to coax me to change my mind—"

"Lotta," interrupted Cousin Jane, "you have always been wilful and capricious. You make me tremble, often, for your future in this world and the next. But at least you have had one merit that girls don't always possess—you've never been a fool. Don't begin now."

"May I ask what calls forth this remarkable and polite exordium?" demanded Lotta, in her most stately fashion.

"You may," retorted Cousin Jane; "and I'll tell you, with pleasure. Jack Temple doesn't want you to change your mind. You have done what I predicted you would: you have worn out his affection. You have sown the wind, and you must reap—"

"That's rushing away from the point," interrupted Lotta, sarcastically. "The maxim is not applicable."

"Well, I'll tell you what is," said Cousin Jane. "If you show that you believe Jack Temple still cares for you, and so avoid him, or fear that he means to persecute you, then you'll be ridiculous, and make yourself a general laughing-stock. You know what is said about girls who always fancy every man in love with them. Nobody has been more severe than you on such folly. So, take care."

Cousin Jane retired, with great majesty, as she concluded; and Lotta actually cried from anger and mortification.

In a few days, Jack Temple reached Mr. Middlemore's house; and of course came over at once to visit his relatives. Lotta thought he had grown much handsomer, that he had improved in every way; but his manner showed indifference. He treated her with the affectionate familiarity a brother might have shown, only he was more polite and attentive than brothers usually are; and Lotta could not manage to get up a disagreement, on any subject; which, somehow, it would have been a great satisfaction for her to have done.

There were plently of young people in the neighborhood, that summer, and more gayeties than in general; and of the whole of them, Jack Temple was quite the head and front. But, though as nice as possible to Lotta, it was mortifyingly evident that her wishes and pleasures were not the motives which influenced him in his efforts to help the weeks pass agreeably. One day, when she had a really bad headache, and could not join a riding-party, so far from putting off the excursion—as he might easily have done, since it was not definitely arranged—he insisted on carrying it out; and they all spent a delightful afternoon. To increase her annoyance, several of the girls came to relate how charming it had been; how more than delightful Jack Temple was; how he had given them, at the lake, the surprise of a supper, with fireworks and dancing in the evening: they had not got home till after midnight, etc., etc. No wonder their condolences were exasperating to Lotta.

Thanks to Mr. Middlemore's wisdom, the engagement between the young couple had been kept a secret; so that, at the time of the rupture, no disagreeable explanations were necessary.

But Lotta had a fresh mortification to undergo.

"We used to think," said Annie Knowles to her, one day, "that Jack Temple was quite your property. But you've lost him, my dear. I'm afraid he must be a bit of a flirt. Anyway, he flung himself, yesterday, at the head of that pretty Southern girl, Miss Leslie, in the most open and outrageous fashion. You'd better be on the lookout, if you care."

The girls teased and jested, and it seemed to Lotta that they believed she had really cared for Jack, and were watching for signs of anger and disappointment at his disaffection. So she plunged into a violent flirtation with a Mr. Akers, a flirtation carried on principally in Jack Temple's presence. But she never succeeded in rousing Jack to any show of emotion, though she did bring disapproving looks and lectures from Cousin Jane. But Mr. Middlemore dealt her the severest blow; for, when the spinster called him in to express his censure, he only shrugged his shoulders, and said to Lotta:

"My dear, you overdo it. You are making everybody think you are trying to tease Jack. Pray, for your own sake, be more careful."

In that moment, Lotta told herself that she was no longer indifferent to Jack Temple; for she hated him, utterly, fiercely: and she would tell him so, on the first opportunity. The occasion offered, that very day. He came to the house, to bring Cousin Jane some new books, and Lotta contrived to twist a perfectly innocent remark into a cause of offense. But she failed to get up a quarrel; for Jack would only be amused; and so she lost her temper.

"You can't help being peppery," was all he said. "You always were. Now if you only had the good luck to be as calm as stately Miss Leslie! What a complexion that creature has! And it's all because she never loses her temper. By Jove, she's a regular Juno!"

"And you are—you are—"

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"Just Jack, and your devoted cousin," said he, as he bowed himself out.

When he was gone, Lotta got a terrible lecture from Cousin Jane, and finally vowed she would go off and spend the rest of the summer with old Mrs. Sanborn, a distant relative, who had been begging for a visit from her.

"I really wish you would, Lotta," said Cousin Jane. "I am tired out—completely tired out."

Lotta packed her things and departed, and a weary time she had of it; for Mrs. Sanborn was taken ill, and the girl had to nurse her, during an entire month. She received several epistles from Cousin Jane, who told Lotta, frankly, that her wilfulness and caprices would at length dull the affection even of those who loved her best.

The winter was spent, as usual, in New York. Jack Temple did his best to make it pleasant for them, but only in a cousinly fashion. He was a good deal occupied, however, and had only occasional evenings to devote to them. Miss Leslie, moreover, was spending the season in town, and she and Jack Temple were very intimate. Lotta received plenty of admiration, but somehow she was sick of flirtations; and, gay as the winter was, she often found herself almost wishing it over and done with. She could not help feeling that she missed Jack. Every day, too, she grew more jealous of Miss Leslie.

One evening, when dressed for a party, she had gazed at herself, with a good deal of satisfaction. But her complacency was short-lived; for just after she entered the ball-room, she met Miss Leslie on Jack Temple's arm; and the latter looked surpassingly beautiful—really, as Jack had said, "like a Juno." To crown her mortification, she overheard Miss Leslie say to Jack:

"Your cousin is such a pretty creature. She always reminds me of one of the figures on a Watteau fan, she is so dainty and so trim. But isn't she rather peppery? It always amuses me to make her put out her claws."

"Oh," thought Lotta, "I wish—I wish I was a tiger, and had you in my claws. She's a great, cold marble statue. I don't believe she can feel. And people say Jack will marry her. It's nothing to me. But I'm sure he will live to regret it. Men are all idiots."

One man proved himself to be so, certainly, only a few weeks later; and that was Mr. Akers. He had always rather presumed, to use Lotta's own expression, on their acquaintance of the summer before, and had followed her about persistently, though even Cousin Jane admitted that Lotta behaved remarkably well, and gave him no encouragement whatever, now. He long wished a chance to pour his confessions into Lotta's ear, but got none; so at length he sought a mediator, and of all people in the world, he chose Jack Temple. Jack interviewed Lotta, and told her of Mr. Aker's despairing state, speaking with the utmost coolness, yet with the best possible diplomatic taste.

"He asked you to come—you?" cried Lotta, surprised into an emphasis on the pronoun; for which, in another instant, she blushed scarlet, and could have bitten her tongue off.

"It was perfectly natural," said Jack. "He and I are quite intimate. He regards me in the light of your brother—as I hope you do."

"I shall regard you as very impertinent, if you come to tease me about Mr. Akers," said Lotta, hotly. Then she stopped, and made a clutch at her dignity; for Jack's eyes began to laugh, though he answered, gravely:

"My dear cousin, don't think me a bore; but such a matter ought to be treated seriously; you mustn't be—"

Then he paused, and after an instant, added:

"You mustn't be hasty."

But Lotta knew that he had come near saying "peppery," and she knew that he knew that she knew it.

In cold, terse phrases, she begged her cousin to inform her rash admirer of the utter vanity of his hopes, and then turned to leave the room.

"Perhaps you ought to think awhile," said Jack, impressively, stopping her. "Akers is clever enough, good-looking enough, a capital fellow, and very, very rich. Perhaps—don't be offended—but perhaps you ought to talk with Cousin Jane, or Middlemore."

"I am not in the least offended. I quite appreciate your common-sense advice and your kindness," said Lotta, with a dignified air and composure, though she felt as if she had a raging furnace inside her, "but I must decline the proposed honor. I beg that I may never hear of the matter again."

"Of course not—if you are quite sure about your own mind," said Jack, stepping aside to let her pass.

"I am quite sure," replied Lotta. "I shall not marry till I can fall in love. I have never yet succeeded in doing that." And she swept out of the room.

This final declaration was a little comfort for awhile to Lotta, as she sat thinking over the conversation, in her own room; but not much. If she had wanted proof that Jack had no lingering affection left for her, she had it now. How, in the old days, she had underrated him, in every way! How completely she had misunderstood his character! He was strong, proud, resolute, and

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oh, so clever; and she had flung away his love—flung it away from childish wilfulness, before she had developed enough to prize its worth.

A couple of hours later, she and Cousin Jane went for a drive. The air was soft and mild, so they got out of the carriage, and walked about, in a shady nook of the Park; and when the spinster was tired, she sat down to rest, and Lotta still walked to and fro in the shady alley.

She heard the sound of horses' feet; glanced up; and saw Jack and Miss Leslie riding by, talking so earnestly they did not notice her.

Lotta was absent so long, that Cousin Jane came in search of her.

"I couldn't think what had become of you," she said. "Why, child, you have stopped a full hour. You've taken cold. You are as white as a ghost, and shaking from head to foot."

"It's only a chill," said Lotta, carelessly; but she felt it was like the chill of death.

She knew the whole truth, at last. Not only had she flung Jack Temple's love away, but he had given it to another; and now that it was too late, she knew she loved him. She knew, too, that she had loved him always.

It was now the beginning of May, and Cousin Jane was already longing for the quiet of her country home. So she experienced unalloyed delight when, a few days subsequent, Lotta declared that she should be glad to go back. The announcement of their immediate departure was so sudden, that Jack Temple could not even dine with them on the last evening, as Cousin Jane had invited him to do. He was extremely sorry, he said, but the Leslies gave a grand dinner, that very night, and he was engaged to it.

So Cousin Jane and Lotta journeyed home, and Lotta sat down with her sore heart, in the quiet, to look present and future in the face. She meant that no human being should suspect her secret, and showed a courage and resolution few girls of her age would have displayed.

Early in July, she learned that a great trial was in store for her. Jack Temple was coming up, much earlier than usual; in fact, would arrive in a few days; and Miss Leslie was to return for the summer.

"Run away?" cried Lotta, in response to a very natural cowardly impulse that rose in her soul. "No, I won't. I've been a fool, but I'll not be a coward."

It was late in the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Middlemore had told Lotta he expected Jack. Our heroine had gone out for a walk, and had turned into a beautiful wood, at the end of which was a seat, by the side of the little river that skirted the grounds.

The river, in fact, was but a narrow brook, that a healthy man could almost leap over. Just above where Lotta sat, it was crossed by a bridge, that led to the road on which stood their house.

Lotta had a ring, which Jack had once given her, and which, recently, had become doubly dear to her. She wore it, to-day. She was sitting, lost in reverie, listening unconsciously to the soft flow of the waters, and gazing at this ring, as she turned it idly, now and then, when all of a sudden she heard the sound of hoofs, and looking up, and across the brook, she saw Jack riding along. The road, in fact, at this point, ran quite close to the water. He had come by an earlier train than he had at first intended, and was now on his way, she knew, to Cousin Jane and herself. He did not apparently see her, and her first impulse was to let him pass. She wanted time to prepare for the meeting. He had dropped the reins over his left arm, to leave his hands free to light a refractory cigar. Suddenly, a bird whirred up, directly in front of his horse's head. The animal was frightened; shied, and reared; and Jack was flung upon a boulder, and lay insensible.

With a cry of horror, and a "Oh, Jack," that had a world of love in its very tone, Lotta started up; gazed around, for one instant, dazed; and then, recovering herself, darted forward to the bridge. In almost less time than we have taken to describe it, she had crossed it, and was beside him, supporting his head, her hands stained with the blood oozing from a cut he had received on the back of his head. His eyes were closed. The face was rigid and white.

"Jack!" moaned Lotta. "Oh, my darling, my love, are you dead?"

For an instant, she was near fainting. But she roused herself. She kissed the pale forehead, laid his head down on the grass, and sprang up, remembering that the gardener's cottage was just beyond the turn of the road, and that she might be able to find assistance there. But just then a farmer's wagon, with a couple of men seated in it, appeared; and presently they were lifting Jack in on the straw, and Lotta was holding his head again. It was all like some awful dream. But as one of the men caught Jack's horse, and galloped off in search of a doctor, he called:

"He's not dead, Miss Martyn. I could feel his heart beat."

Had he said it, or did she only fancy it? Anyway, she dared not ask; and the wagon jolted on down the road, and crossed the little bridge; and after what seemed an endless while, but was really less than ten minutes, reached the house.

The next thing Lotta remembered—it might have been hours, it might have been years after—

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Mr. Middlemore was telling her that the fall had produced concussion of the brain. There would be a night of stupor, then Jack would rouse up; and then would come the crisis. Perhaps he would die—the chances were that he would; but he was so young and strong.

How she lived through the succeeding three days was a marvel to Lotta. To those about her, she was in turn a marvel, such was her quiet resolution and helpfulness. But at the end, Jack could speak and recognize them all; and the doctor promised, if no fever set in, that another eight-and-forty hours would see him out of danger.

The eight-and-forty hours passed. It chanced that Lotta was sitting alone by Jack's bed when he awoke from a long, peaceful sleep.

"It's you, Lotta?" he whispered.

"Yes, Jack; but don't try to talk. You must take this."

He swallowed the potion, obediently enough; kept fast hold of her hand; and murmured, dreamily, with a smile on his lips:

"I heard what you said, Lotta, when I fell. It seemed as if you spoke from a great way off; but I heard; then I don't remember any more."

"It's no matter," she answered, simply. She meant that his having heard her betray herself did not matter. In her overstrained, excited frame, it seemed to her as if she ought to accept this humiliation as a punishment for all her wickedness in the past.

"But it does matter," he said, slowly. "I want to get well. I will, if you'll say it again."

"Oh, Jack! Oh, Jack!"

"Yes, those were the words, but in a different tone. Did you mean it?"

"Do you want—do you care to know?" Then recollecting the harm any agitation might cause, she left her sentence unfinished. But she bent over his pillow; kissed him; and added, softly and solemnly, "I love you, Jack. I love you."

So he lay quiet and holding her hand, till he fell asleep again; and still Lotta could not tell whether she was awake or dreaming. Indeed, from that hour, life became so happy that it was all rather like a dream, for a long while; and when Jack could sit up and receive visitors, Miss Leslie was permitted to be the first to congratulate him.

"I told Mr. Temple how it would end, you naughty girl," said she. "I felt certain, from that first time you put out your claws at poor me. Though I was not so poor, either; for I had a lover of my own, and had no need to take up with yours, when you cast him off."

"She only mislaid him," Mr. Middlemore observed. "I knew she would realize her mistake, if only he could behave sensibly, and he has—eh, Lotta?"

"Pretty well—for a man," assented Lotta, with a laughing maliciousness, which showed she was rapidly recovering her spirits.

Nevertheless, in her after years, whenever she became too wilful, she got back again to good behavior the moment she thought of that day AT THE BRIDGE.

# IN MEMORIAM: H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE great sea sent a message to the mountains,
Clad in eternal snow,
And to the palms beside the southern fountains,
Where the magnolias grow.
"Behold," it said, "a song dies out in silence,
A soul has taken flight
To find the summer of the Happy Islands—
The poet died last night."

Dead! Can it be the song we loved is ended,
And we no more shall hear
The strain in whose sweet music often blended
The cadence of a tear?
The pen has fallen from the weary fingers,
Low lies the dear white head;
But evermore his song's sweet echo lingers—
The poet is *not* dead!

He cheered us when he sang his songs of labor,
The hymns of honest toil,
And made us strong to help a falt'ring neighbor
In life's heat and turmoil.
And when he smote the bondsmen's galling fetter
With words intense and strong,
We knew how great his heart, and loved him better
Because he hated wrong.

He sang to help the heart in aspiration,
And made it brave to dare;
All men, in every land and any station,
To him as brothers were.
He claimed them by the ties of hope and sorrow,
That makes the whole world kin;
To that great heart that dreads no coming morrow,
May endless peace come in!

Rest, white-haired singer, by the peaceful river
That you have loved so long.
Our love shall be a stream that will deliver
Your legacy of song
To those who could not listen to its singing.
Sleep well, with work all done,
And dream of those to thy grave's Mecca bringing
Their tributes, one by one.

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# THE SONATA DEL DIAVOLO.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

## CHAPTER I.

"We will find him in the summer-house, I trow," said Pietro Tartini to his wife, a comely and gentle-looking dame, as drawing her arm through his own, he led her from the shaded verandah of their dwelling down a few steps through a flowery garden, and onward through smooth alleys, bordered by gay parterres, toward the little building he had named.

It was a rustic temple, simple and unpretending in appearance; but its rough walls were so thickly clothed with climbing vines, that it seemed rather some green and lovely bower of fairy-land. As the two approached it, strains of delicious music floated through the living drapery that curtained the open window; but as the wonderful harmony greeted his ears, an ominous cloud darkened Pietro's brow, and he muttered, in growling accents:

"A curse upon that eternal violin! I would that the vile thing of wire and catgut were at the bottom of yonder ocean, since not all the schools of Padua will make the boy delight in learning till it is fairly wrested from his grasp."

"But then he touches it with such rare skill, husband," said the gentle Pauline, "and from his cradle he has loved it so fondly, that it would be cruelty to deprive him of it. List, now, to those wild, yet tender, tones. Go they not to thy heart, breathing as they do a melody so plaintive and so fond?"

As she spoke, strains that might have softened a sterner heart than that of old Pietro, fraught as they were with impassioned grief and tenderness, flowed out upon the evening air; and the strains continued unbroken till they reached the summer-house, and ascended the short flight of steps leading to the apartment in which the young violinist sat alone. It was a small octagon, very simple, yet filled with such objects as a poet and musician would love to gather about him. Flowers, from without and within, loaded the air with their fragrance; casts, from exquisite originals, occupied vacant spaces, and a few choice pictures lent life and coloring to the walls.

The evening breeze came in with refreshing coolness, through the vine-clad windows, beyond which could be seen the Adriatic. Innumerable sails studded its surface, glorified by rainbow tints caught from the sunset splendor; and ever and anon, the song of the passing voyager came wafted to the ear, blending its untutored melody with the thrilling tones which the touch of the rapt musician drew from his instrument. For rapt indeed he seemed—spell-bound by the magic of his art, deaf to the step of those who were approaching. He sat, his head thrown back, the unclosed collar of his coat revealing his white throat, fair and beautiful as that of a young maiden, the light breeze with loving fingers gently stirring the rich brown curls that clustered around his brow, and his deep-blue eyes lifted with melancholy yet passionate enthusiasm to the gorgeous sky.

As they softly stood upon the threshold of the little chamber, the elder Tartini for a moment remained silent, struggling to subdue the softened feelings which the plaintive music had awakened within him; but Pauline stepped excitedly across the room, and laying her hand lightly upon her son's shoulder, said, with tender reproach:

"Thou wilt leave us to-morrow, my child, and is it not right that thy last hours should be given to thy parents, whom thou wilt so soon leave desolate?"

The youth looked vaguely toward her, as though unable immediately to recall his soul from the world of harmony in which it had been reveling; but at the sight of his mother's tender face, and her loving eyes bent tearfully upon him, he cast aside his violin, and rising, pressed her fondly in his arms, saying, as he pressed a warm kiss upon her cheek:

"Dearest mother, my last hours, as also my last thoughts, shall be with thee and my father; but when I saw you busy together, I stole hither, to bid a sad farewell to all the dear objects which here surround me: to this earthly Paradise, amid whose blessed influences my soul hath daily expanded into a fuller and a nobler life. But to-morrow I commence my exile, and—"

"Aye, to-morrow," interposed the mother, sadly, "to-morrow, I shall not see thee, and desolate will be the home, no longer gladdened by thy presence."

She bent her face on Guiseppe's shoulder, as she spoke, and he felt it wet with her tears. Pietro made an impatient movement.

"Thou art a good wife, Pauline, but a foolish mother," he said, "or thou wouldst say to thy son,



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'thou art no longer a sapling, drawing strength and nourishment from the parent root; but a sturdy tree, whose trunk must now be my support, and beneath whose green branches my age must seek a protecting shade.' This wouldst thou say to him. Nay, more; for thou shouldst bid him cast away all childish thoughts, and go forth in his manhood, to gird on the armor of knowledge and science, which shall endue him with might and power when he enters the great arena of life, and cause his name to be enrolled among the lights and benefactors of mankind."

"Many times, dear husband, have I uttered these very thoughts to our son, as he himself will tell thee; but fond as is my mother heart, there is a pride mingled with its fondness, which yearns to see him attain that excellence which may be his, if he gives earnest heed to the guidance and instruction of those to whom we are about to entrust him. But now the parting hour draws near, and I would fain hallow it by words of only tenderness and love."

"It shall be as thou sayest, good wife, since thou art not oft in the wrong," said Pietro, touched by her emotion; "and so, my son, the one word more of counsel that I have for thee, shall be given to thy private ear, and till the moon dips her crescent in the Adriatic we will sit together at this open window, and enjoy the cool sea-breeze, as it whispers lovingly to these flowers."

"Ah, my father, thou art ever kind; so kind," said the youth, "that it grieves me not to yield more readily to thy wishes, and turn willingly to the study of jurisprudence. But in very truth it hath no charm for me. For thy sake only, I consent to become its pupil, and lest I fail to attain that eminence in the science where thy love would place me, I must, even on this farewell eve, confess to thee, that one divine strain of Corelli's, or one thrilling touch of Veracini's, arouse in me a rapture unknown to the subtlest casuists of the schools; and be not angry if I confess, that to become the pupil, perchance the competitor, of those wonderful masters, is an object more tempting to my ambition, than to sit crowned with oracular honors, highest among the robed jurists of the land."

Guiseppe's fine face was lit with a glow of enthusiasm as he made this bold avowal, and it had scarcely passed his lips, when a nightingale, as if in approval of his words, broke forth, right beneath the window, in a strain of soul-stirring melody, which thrilled the sensitive spirit of the young musician with delight. "Seraphic bird," he said, "thou dost understand and respond to the emotion which I vainly strive to express. But I will speak to thee in thy own divine language, which asks not the aid of words," and taking up his violin he taught the flying bow to touch with exquisite delicacy and skill the yielding strings, producing with wonderful variations the very strain with which the lovely warbler, from her flowery covert, had just ravished the air. At the entrancing sounds, the nightingale for an instant suspended her song, only to break forth again, when Guiseppe ceased, into tenderer and more ecstatic melody. It was indeed a regular duet, to which Pauline, who loved music almost as passionately as did her son, listened with delight. But Pietro's face expressed more annoyance than pleasure, and though he struggled for complacency, he could not avoid a somewhat testy tone, as he said:

"At another time, Guiseppe, thy folly might chafe me; but for thy mother's sake, I will not suffer any cloud to darken these last hours spent with thee. I find comfort in the assurance that the nobler studies in which thou art about to engage, will so elevate thy mind that thou wilt learn to regard the songs and sonatas which now enrapture thee, as recreation only for thy idle hours, and unworthy to become the pursuit of a life which was bestowed for higher and nobler purposes."

"There can be none more glorious, my father," said the youth, ardently, "than the God-given power to speak through the harmonious combination of delicious sounds, to the soul of man. Are we not taught that music is the language of heaven? Nay, hath not the Almighty hand so hung the spheres, that their very motions produce celestial melody? By the divine power of music, all that is godlike in humanity may be awakened, and the soul linked, as by a golden chain, to the purity and harmony of heaven."

"Thou art yet but a boy, Guiseppe, and so filled with a boy's untrained enthusiasm," said his father, with a serious smile. "But I will wait patiently for the change which one year, I warrant me, will produce in thee. Then when thou shalt sit with thy mother and me beside this pleasant window, if thou dost not lavish more of this youthful ardor upon the wisdom of ancient pandects and modern digests, than upon Veracini and his concertos, I will own myself a false soothsayer, and leave thee free to twang thy fiddle-bow for aye."

"A bargain, my father," exclaimed the boy, excitedly. "Mother, thou art a witness to it, and at the appointed time I shall claim this promise. Meantime, I have agreed to become a pupil of the schools, where I will earnestly strive to bend my mind to those abstruse studies which I am almost certain, nevertheless to find barren and uncongenial."

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"Thou art a good boy, Guiseppe, and hast my thanks for thy willing consent to my wishes," said Pietro. "It is thy good only that I seek. It will profit thee to go forth awhile from the paternal roof. It will teach thee self-reliance, and lend manliness to thy mind and manners."

"If worldly wisdom is desirable, my father, doubtless I may then obtain it," said the youth. "But as for enjoyment, I find all that I desire in my own happy home, and with my violin."

"Ah, but," answered Pietro, "when thou shalt have drunk from the fountains of classic lore, and listened to the eloquence of minds that bask in the sunlight of knowledge, thou wilt awaken to a new, even to a diviner life, and recognize within thyself the wonderful capacities which now lie dormant in the sleep of ignorance."

Guiseppe made no immediate reply, but sat as though absorbed by some pleasant thought; for a smile played upon his lips, and his fingers ran mechanically over the strings of his violin, yet without producing any sound. Then, after the brief silence, he lifted his smiling eyes to his father, and said:

"Dost thou remember the day when I went with thee to Venice, and in the church of St. Giovanno we heard that wonderful master, who, by his divine music, lifted the listening soul upward, even to the opening gates of Paradise, holding in adoring silence the vast multitude that thronged the spacious courts of the temple? Then it was—when that marvelous solo of Veracini's ravished my ear—that a new and nobler life dawned upon me. Pure thoughts and noble aspirations awoke in my soul, which, if thy son be ever able to attain, even then my father may be satisfied with his success."

"I will not now, my son, inquire into the nature of those aspirations, trusting that they point to a lofty goal. It is enough that thou hast promised, with earnest endeavor, to pursue the course I have chosen for thee."

"So let it rest, my father; and in the meantime I promise thee that this precious instrument shall be the companion only of my leisure."

"I appreciate thy ready obedience, my son; and if it lead not to the fulfilment of my wish, I promise that its failure to do so shall not, by one iota, lessen the love I bear thee. But while we have been prating here, thy mother has spread her board with ripe grapes and figs—pomegranates, too, with bursting rinds, and honey from her own hives, whiter and more luscious than ever bees of Hybla made. Let us gather around the feast, which she blesses with her eyes of love."

Guiseppe made answer by a grateful smile; and then the three sat down at the tempting board, on which Pauline had heaped the richest products of her garden, reserved especially to enrich this last meal with her son.

It was a pleasant repast, pleasant though sad; for farewells between these fond parents and that only son were to be taken on the coming morn; and this thought, which would intrude, cast a shadow over the father's face, while a tear moistened the eyes of the mother, as they rested lovingly on the face of her darling.

Guiseppe, too, felt his heart grow heavy, as he met the tender glances of those beloved parents, and felt that he was leaving them, perhaps forever—leaving every dear and familiar object connected with them, and with those scenes of beauty around his home. When the little supper drew to a close, and his mother bade him give them a parting sonata before they retired, his heart leaped lightly; and rising with alacrity, he bent for a moment over the violin, to hide the moisture that dimmed his sight; and then seizing the bow, he broke forth into a strain of melody that exceeded in brilliancy every former product of his skill.

So exquisitely clear and rich were the tones he elicited, so full of passionate tenderness, so varied, and so eloquent, that the very soul of Pauline, and even that of the sterner Pietro, hung entranced upon the melody. In this thrilling and impassioned burst of genius, the ardent youth had given most eloquent expression to emotions which defied the common utterance of words. It was the sudden inspiration of genius; and his flushed cheek, his kindling eye, his rapt enthusiasm, declared that he alone, who was capable of creating such celestial harmony, could fully appreciate and enjoy it.

When at length the seraphic strain ceased, a brief pause ensued; and then Pietro pointed in silence to the moon, whose slender crescent just appeared above the heaving billows; and loth to show how much he had been moved by the music, he turned away, with a silent gesture, and left the summer-house.

But the tender mother threw her arms around her son, and kissed him with tears. It was the last time for many months that she should hear again his violin, or sit with him in this their favorite retreat; and sorrow at the thought subdued her fortitude. Guiseppe tenderly soothed and embraced her; and speaking with cheerfulness of his return, he led her gently down the steps, and pausing a moment at every loved spot in the garden, they wended their way back to the house, whither his father had preceded them.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE following morning saw Guiseppe at an early hour on his way to Padua, filled with what sorrowful thoughts and heart-breaking regrets it would be impossible to say.

But after a safe journey he reached the far-famed city, and was duly installed as a student in its renowned university. For a time, the novelty of everything that surrounded him, and the duties of the course upon which he had entered, dissipated the chagrin arising from his reluctance to pursue a dry and uncongenial study. But in compliance with his promise to his father, he struggled resolutely to overcome this reluctance, and turned bravely from the art he loved, refusing, even during the hours allotted to recreation, to touch his violin. Since he left his home at Pirano, he had never yet withdrawn the instrument from the case in which, under close lock and key, it still remained.

Thus, many hours, not claimed by study, began to hang heavily upon his hands, which might have been pleasantly beguiled by his favorite instrument; but not trusting himself, he continued to submit to this severe discipline, and sought to find, in other channels, a resource for the ennui which he felt creeping over him. He had made as yet but few acquaintances among his fellow-students, yet he was not without some agreeable resources; for to a mind constituted like his, painting and sculpture, as well as poetry and music, presented attractions of no ordinary kind. And, as it is well known, luxurious and refined Padua possessed, in her rare collections, exquisite *chef d'œuvres* of art, which became the objects of his untiring study and delight—statuary from the chisels of the world's great masters, and paintings from the studios of those whose magic pencils stamped the lifeless canvas with the hues of their own immortal genius.

Amid such surroundings, the imprisoned nature of Guiseppe found food for its deep longings; his imagination grew refined; his conceptions quickened; his aspirations became loftier; his intellect ripened and expanded, and the love of the perfect and the beautiful grew to an intense desire.

In harmony with these developments, his inborn love of music increased; and soon, wherever its sound was heard, whether in the gloom of the cathedral, or beneath the dome of the theatre, there he might be seen, a rapt and silent listener. Daily his resolve to bend his mind to study grew weaker; the genius of harmony had again touched his spirit with her potent wand, till by degrees his violin forsook its case, and responded ravishingly to his enamored touch. His surpassing skill, rarely as he manifested it in the presence of others, soon attracted his fellow-students, and a single tone from his instrument was the signal for crowds to gather and listen to his marvelous performance.

Nor was his fame confined within the walls of the university; it went abroad, awaking in numerous circles interest and curiosity. Many noble amateurs honored him with invitations to their *soirees musicale;* but he shunned the publicity of such a debut, and turned resolutely from many a stately palace, the portals of which were held open by patrician hands, inviting him to enter. Once only, at a small fête given by a noble lady, whose son was his friend and fellow-student, Guiseppe was won to lend his aid to the musical entertainment, when he carried off the palm from every other performer. Such an eclat followed him in consequence of that night's brilliant success, that he was shortly afterwards solicited, through a courteous letter from the Bishop of Padua, a rich and haughty prelate, to bestow upon his niece, Donna Ianthe, instruction in the divine art of which he was the master. But tempting as was the proposition, he promptly but respectfully declined it, urged by a sense of duty to his parents to reject an offer which would necessarily interfere with the severer duties of the school.

Yet, day by day, as the master passion gained supremacy, his repugnance to the barren field of jurisprudence deepened, and though he still gave the alloted hours to study, he no longer scrupled to employ every moment given for recreation to the enjoyment of his violin. It soon became almost his only companion, and certainly his one delight. Day after day, he wandered off with it to solitary places, that undisturbed he might drink in the very spirit of the harmony his hand created.

One quiet nook there was on the banks of the Brenta, which he made his favorite haunt; not only because of its sequestered loveliness, but that it seemed to him quite isolated—shut out, as it were, from the world abroad. Spreading trees and interlacing vines enclosed a small area of turf, so smooth and bright that one could have imagined it a chosen spot for the revels of Oberon and his elfin court. The songs of a thousand birds filled the enclosed space with serial music, blending deliciously with the whispering waves, that sparkled through the leafy screen as they glided swiftly by.

In this lovely temple of nature, the genius of Guiseppe found new inspiration, and tasted a rapture not less intoxicating than that which he had often experienced in the little garden-house which overlooked the queenly Adriatic, in his native Pirano.

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Hither, one bright morning, when a holiday gave him freedom from study, he came, bringing with him his beloved instrument. His soul, as finely strung as the cords of his own violin, felt jarred by the rude contact of daily life among those with whom he had little or no sympathy; and longing for solitude, he sought this favorite haunt, and with the sweet and dreamy music that he loved floating through his soul, he cast himself upon the turf, and delicately drawing the bow across the strings, awoke such music as made the very birds suspend their songs to listen. Hour after hour he lay there, in blissful enjoyment of the solitude, his eyes upraised to the cloudless azure of the heavens, as if seeking inspiration from its silent beauty, while the thousand delicious melodies of nature surrounding him soothed his restless spirit; and yielding to the quiet influences of the hour, the young enthusiast forgot even his treasured instrument, while sleep sealed his eyelids, and he wandered off at will through the strange and shifting scenery of dream-land.

But even there he was pursued by the haunting thought that filled his life, and he fancied himself striving to execute the role which had transported him with rapture, when long ago he had heard it executed by Veracini in the Church of Giovanno at Venice. It appeared as beautiful and fresh to him as it did when he first listened to it, and as the last note died away, it seemed in his dream that the devil suddenly appeared before him, and saluting him with reverence, offered to serve him for a year, on condition that within that time he would impart to him the secret of his skill on the violin. Guiseppe readily yielded to this proposal, and the compact was signed and sealed; but previous to giving this new and strange pupil his first lesson, the youth inquired if he could play at all on the violin, to which Satan modestly replied, "that probably he might be able to pick out a tune, as he had often made the attempt," then brandishing the bow for a moment over the cords, he commenced playing with a bold and rapid stroke, instantly executing a splendid sonata, so strange and wildly beautiful, that, as Guiseppe said afterward, he had never heard nor imagined anything so exquisite.

He listened in breathless amazement, till the unearthly music ceased; and then, in violent emotion, he awoke. Trembling in every limb, his heart beating tumultuously, and perspiration standing in large drops upon his brow, he looked eagerly around, to discover the demon of his dream—if dream it really could have been—whose strange impression was stamped with the vividness of truth upon his mind.

But all was calm and still around him. The birds had ceased their songs, and sat screening themselves from the noontide heat beneath the leaves; and over all brooded a silence broken only by the low murmur of the waves as they rippled on their course. No trace of cloven hoof or demon eye met his inquiring gaze; but the wonderful music of the divine sonata still rang in his ears, and seizing the violin, he drew the bow across its cords, striving to repeat the ravishing strain.

Some approach to it he thought he made; but never satisfied himself, till, almost despairing of success, he had half a mind to dash his instrument to pieces. Yet still he persevered; but never, as he thought, reached the perfection of the original. Still, he could not deny to himself that even his imperfect recollection had enabled him to achieve a performance more striking and splendid than any his genius had ever before produced; and in remembrance of the strange and mysterious manner through which it had been communicated to him, he called it "The Sonata del Diavolo,"* which name it ever after retained.

Quite insensible to the lapse of time, Guiseppe lingered beyond his usual hour in this favorite retreat, forgetful that the thrilling tones which again and again he drew from his instrument, so unlike the quieter melodies which in this spot he usually indulged in, might reach the ear of some distant loiterer, and draw intruders to his retreat. Suddenly, in the reiterated execution of a difficult bar, he was startled by a sonorous "Bravo!" and the next moment, a handsome boy, in the dress of a page, swept back the screen of drooping branches, and stood gazing at him with a look in which curiosity and admiration were curiously blended. Guiseppe, indignant and surprised at this intrusion, threw a look of haughty inquiry toward the lad, who retreated before the glance.

## CHAPTER III.

Directly, however, the youth stopped, and still grasping the uplifted branch, said, in an apologetic tone:

"I pray you to pardon me, signor. It was your marvelous music that drew me here. We have heard it often before, but never knew from whence it came, for it seemed as if it were in

* Mozart, in speaking of this singular production, says: "Time, and the wonderful flight of modern performers, have deprived this sonata of anything diabolical which it once possessed; but it has great fire and originality, and contains difficulties of no common magnitude, even at the present day."

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the air; but this morning it has rung out so clearly that I had only to follow the sound along yonder path to find it here."

"I never dreamed that I was within ear-shot of anyone, in this sequestered spot, nor was it my wish to be discovered and intruded upon," said Guiseppe, coldly.

"If you desired privacy, signor," said the page, pertly, "you did ill to choose this spot for your orchestra, since it is on the private domain of his reverence, the Lord Bishop of Padua, whose livery I, his unworthy servant, have the honor to wear."

"If, in saying this, you speak the truth, sir page, I make my apologies for coming here," said Guiseppe, in a tone of chagrin. "But is there any spot within the environs of Padua where one may be free to enjoy an hour's solitude undisturbed? By the mass," he continued, testily, "there is more quiet to be found in the busy little seaport of Pirano than exists within a league of this old city. But I will away, and if your master chafes at my intrusion, say to him that it was a sin of ignorance."

"Nay, signor, you are over hasty," said the page, as, letting the green branch drop from his hand, he stepped forward into the little area where Guiseppe was standing. "Your pardon, signor," he said, humbly. "I did not presume to blame your presence here. I only wished to excuse my own intrusion upon your privacy. You are ignorant, perhaps, that the Lord Bishop is a patron of the divine art, and many of his household are skilled performers on various instruments; so that, being one of the craft, you will, I am bound to say, be welcome to sit wherever you list on the domain of his reverence, for it is his pleasure to render honor to all of your calling, especially to those who give proof of excellence such as you, signor, manifest."

"He has taste, then, and discernment in the noble art of music, this lordly bishop whom you serve, and so I yield him due respect," said Guiseppe. "But though your master grant me the free use of this lovely temple, I may not worship in it, but strive to draw in the subtle learning of the schools, which, in comparison with this small instrument, I must own that I detest."

"I do not marvel at your love for the divine art, signor; for never have I heard such celestial harmony as that evoked by your cunning touch, which drew me here to listen."

"Aye; but give me not the praise for those wonderful strains: they are due to the Satanic tempter, who haunts this spot. Nay, never look so incredulous, boy; for I swear to you that, while sleeping in this shady spot, he came to me, and taught me that wonderful sonata which brought you here to listen."

"You are surely mad, signor," said the boy, glancing around him with a look of terror, that made Guiseppe smile. "But," he added, "it matters not whether the Prince of Darkness or an angel of light taught you that divine melody, I wear a relic of the true cross," and he kissed devoutly the consecrated morsel of wood which he drew from his bosom, "and guarded by it, I defy both Satan and his legions to harm me, while I listen to the marvelous strain."

"Since you have a soul so capable of enjoying it, and you desire to hear it, you shall. So, if the shades of twilight do not make a coward of you, meet me here to-morrow at sunset, and I will play it for you. Farewell, sir page; clouds are gathering yonder, and I must hasten back to the city before the shower falls."

"I will show you a short and pleasant way back, which you may traverse at your pleasure," said the page. "It will take you through fragrant shrubberies and shaded groves to the suburbs of Padua."

Guiseppe accepted the offer with thanks, and leaving their retreat they soon struck into a narrow foot-path, which, gradually becoming broader as it wound through cultivated grounds whose graceful undulations were beautifully diversified by wood and stream, terminated at a fairy lake, from whose wooded bank the eye caught a glimpse of the bishop's lordly palace, its marble walls and glistening colonnades gleaming through the luxuriant foliage in which it was embosomed.

From this small sheet of crystal water, paths diverged in various directions, and pointing to one of them, the page bade Guiseppe follow it, till he reached a ruined tower, that stood alone on the skirt of a chestnut grove; and from thence he would descry the city, lying a short distance beyond. Guiseppe promised to observe the directions, and with renewed thanks, bade farewell to his new friend, who at the sudden sound of a hunting-horn turned hastily away, and bounding over a myrtle hedge, disappeared from sight. Guiseppe looked after him a moment, and then proceeded to follow the designated path, whose pleasant windings, checkered with light and shade, revealed to him at every step glimpses of airy landscapes afar. Before he was aware how far he had gone, the ruined tower, gray and moss-grown, appeared suddenly before him; and at no great distance, the old city, its towers touched with the golden hues of sunset.

In no haste to reach it on this lovely evening, Guiseppe seated himself upon one of the crumbling pillars that lay strewed around, the better

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to enjoy a view of the ancient tower, that amid ruins still retained its original completeness of form, though covered with moss and lichens, and clothed to its very summit with mantling vines. Around its base, there still remained broken arches and decaying pillars, beautiful even in ruin, and indicating, by the wide surface over which they were scattered, the size and importance of the monastery of which they once formed a part. A dilapidated wall defined the limits of the former court-yard, in the centre of which a fountain threw up its glittering jet.

It seemed a sweet spot, looking forth from a grove of ancient chestnuts, that nearly encircled it. Guiseppe's artistic eye dwelt long with delight on the rare loveliness of the scene which lay before him: on verdant hill and dale, and misty mount, following the course of the sparkling Brenta, as it wound onward through a Paradise of beauty. It was to him a painful thought that his home, for an uncertain period, must lie in the midst of those crowded thoroughfares, yet the thought was softened by the conviction that he would, daily, for some hours, steal away and be alone with nature. Thus musing, he leaned against the pedestal of an old sun-dial, which, though half buried in the rank luxuriance of the place, still told upon its disk the hours, when suddenly he was roused by seeing a shadow darken, for a moment, one of the narrow windows, set here and there in the rough masonry of the old monastery walls, and then pass swiftly away.

Can that lonely chamber contain an inhabitant, was the thought that rose within him, and his fancy pictured the worn form and venerable features of the anchorite who might perchance abide there; when lo! he beheld a white hand part the ivy that screened the window, and then a face like one of Guielo's angels looked momentarily forth, and as quickly disappeared; the vines fell heavily back; but a young voice burst forth in song. The next moment, as the songstress descended the winding stairs, he heard her silver voice caroling some stanzas of an old ballad that told the history of the tower. The melody itself, so rich and sweet, would have held the music-loving youth a spell-bound listener, even had not a strong desire to behold the invisible singer filled him with an impatient longing.

The old sun-dial, against which he still leaned, stood at only a short distance from the postern through which she must pass on her way out, and from it a well-trodden foot-path diverged, crossing the old garden toward the palace. Fixed as a statue, Guiseppe stood, his eyes bent on the low-arched doorway, whence ere long two ladies appeared emerging through it, and lightly following the path which wound close beside the dial, would have passed on without perceiving him, had not the sudden flight of a beautiful butterfly from the top of the dial attracted their attention. A sudden start betrayed their surprise at the discovery of a stranger, and with a half-suppressed exclamation, the younger was hurrying on, when the elder, a magnificent but haughty-looking beauty, addressed to her a few whispered words, which, though reluctantly, had the effect of detaining her. Then turning to Guiseppe, who stood with bare head before this sudden advent of female loveliness, the elder of the two, assuming an offended air, said, imperiously:

"Are you aware, young sir, that you incur a heavy penalty, by trespassing on this forbidden ground?" And then, in a lighter tone, which she strove to make serious, she added: "By my faith, were the old monks who once trod these walks still in their cells, thou wouldst not escape without a night's vigil in Father Hugo's haunted tower, and the gift, to boot, of a silver chalice for the altar."

"Since such you deem to be my deserts, fair lady," said Guiseppe, gaining courage from the badinage which she strove to hide under assumed severity, "and the reverend fathers are not here to read my doom, I submit humbly to any decree which in your wisdom you may see fit to award, for my offense in ignorantly intruding upon these sacred precincts; for which high crime and misdemeanor may the saints assail me."

"Since, then, you are repentant," said the lady, striving to suppress a smile that gleamed in her dark eyes, "I will, for this time, give you absolution, requiring only as an expiation of your offense a few touches on that marvelous instrument, whose tones we have sometimes heard, distant and faint, uncertain from what 'fount divine' they gushed."

"I shall obey you, to the best of my poor ability, lady," said Guiseppe, bowing with graceful modesty; "though this is but a sorry instrument, except in the hands of a master, and such I do not yet claim to be."

"You are young to fill so high a position; but time and patience ripen all good endeavors," said the lady, graciously.

"Aye, lady, and my aspirations point to the moment when I shall stand beside Corelli, second only to him in skill," said Guiseppe, with a flush of enthusiasm.

"That moment may not be far distant," she answered, smiling. "I have heard Corelli; but his strains, exquisite as they are, want the soul

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of passionate sweetness that filled the wonderful melody, which, though heard afar off, ravished our ears this evening."

A bright glow of pride and pleasure flushed the handsome face of the young musician, as these words fell from the lips of the beautiful speaker; but he answered, quietly, "Thanks, lady, though your praise so far exceeds my humble deserts, that I cannot but reap a salutary lesson from the satire which lurks beneath the words."

"Not unless you wilfully pervert their true meaning," she said, with pretty pettishness; "for I intended no satire, neither can you so understand me, since I have warrant for my sincerity not only in your ravishing music to-day, but also in what you played the night of the Marchesa del Monti's fête, when you bore away the palm of victory from all performers."

"You then were present on that night, lady?" asked Guiseppe, with pleased surprise. "Pardon me, if I failed to recognize, in the galaxy of beauty which was there my inspiration, one peerless star above the rest." And the young man bent low, as in homage before her. Yet his eye strayed from the haughty and commanding features to the face of her young companion, who still stood apart, partially hidden by the tall oleander against which she leaned, her lovely face gleaming through the foliage, a perfect type of angelic innocence and beauty.

His stray glances were not unnoticed by the elder lady; and though not undisturbed by them—for she was a consummate mistress of herself—she said, while a smile curved her ripe lips, till it resembled the very bow of Cupid, ready for the flight of his most fatal arrow, "Is it in the schools of Padua, young signor, that you have learned to con your cunning flatteries? If so, you prove yourself already an apt proficient in the art."

"Too apt, lady," he said, emboldened by her manner, "to be outdone by one of the tender sex in fair speech; for when gentle hands lavish gems, he would be uncourteous who would render back worthless gauds."

"You will prove, before long, a learned casuist," she answered, laughing; "but all this time, you forget the penance I enjoined you. So play me, please, one of your thrilling sonatas. Come nearer and listen, Ianthe; for you too have raved about this music."

"Yes; as you do, I thought it divine," said the girl, as she drew near them; and the low reed-like sweetness of her voice lingered in Guiseppe's ear like a cadence of seraphic music, while his eye rested admiringly upon her exquisite and, as no other term can express it, her flower-like beauty, which evidently annoyed the elder lady, covetous always of admiration, and loth that another should divide with her even the passing homage of the graceful student.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## RED CLOVER.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

PLUCK me this homely flower,
That with mild fragrance loads the common air
That all do breathe alike, and let me wear
Its blossom for the hour.
No hot-house beauty this,
Whose perfume reaches but the favored few,
With lips that ne'er received the heaven's dew,
Or felt the wind's wild kiss.
But strong for wind or shower, from out the sod
It blooms abundant in the fields of God,
All rich with memories, its odorous breath
Is freighted sweet with life, and rank with death.
Oh, bind within my hair this purple clover flower!
My childhood I would wear, this dreamy summer hour.

## THE MASTERLY RETREAT.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A CHIEFTAIN famous in the art of war,
Who led his heroes bravely to the fight,
Has left on record words that gleam afar:
"The only vict'ry over love is flight."

With Mars we may contend, and win the prize—
And boast, exulting, our superior might;
But Cupid such ascendancy denies:
"The only vict'ry over love is flight."

Though face to face we meet the rebel foe,
And pride and valor scorn the coward's fright,
Hearts battle thus unwisely, when they know
"The only vict'ry over love is flight."



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# "WHITE SIMPLICITY."

BY AGNES JAMES.

SHELTON PARK, the stately mansion of Sir Peter and Lady Shelton, is full of guests. The latest arrived is Sir Walter Wynne, a handsome young fellow, with a fine estate, who follows his aunt, the widow of his uncle, from whom he had inherited his title and estate: a lady to whom he is very much attached, and who has been at Shelton Park for a fortnight already.

These two find themselves alone in the drawing-room, just before dinner.

"Who are here, Aunt Bess?" the young fellow is asking.

"Well, first of all, General and Mrs. Fanshawe, and that very pretty flame of yours, their daughter, Mistress Blanche."

"*Is* she a flame of mine?" Sir Walter asks, laughing.

"I thought so. Very well, then that very handsome, haughty Miss Harrington, who has a pretty little fortune, and I think is making a conquest of Captain Barton, who is here with his sister. Then that very idle young scamp, Lord Ellerby—"

"Ah—Ellerby! They say Ellerby has run into debt heavily, and means to marry an heiress. Is it Miss Harrington who attracts him?"

"No, my dear. You do not know, it seems, that we have a millionaire amongst us. Yes, a cousin of Lady Shelton's, the orphan daughter of Captain Wardom, but niece, by the mother's side, of a rich old iron manufacturer of Coalshire, who died six months ago, and made this girl, Jean Wardom, his adopted daughter and heiress."

"Ah, what is she like?"

"Well, a nice little girl, I should say; quite too good for Ellerby."

"Nevertheless, Ellerby is a great 'catch.' Vast entailed estates, you know. Anyone else?"

"Only the Spencers. Sweet little girls they are; and Mrs. Spencer is a kindly soul, if she is silly. And half a dozen others."

Lady Wynne stops; for the door opens, and there glides in such a vision of loveliness: an exquisitely beautiful girl, fair, stately, graceful as a lily on its stem. She looks like a lily, in her soft flowing drapery of glistening white silk.

"Oh, Sir Walter! What a pleasant surprise!" she says, in sweet, soft, languid tones, as she stops in pretty astonishment; and the young man hurries to meet her.

"But I have had all the pleasures of anticipation!" he replies, gallantly, as Miss Fanshawe's little snow-flake of a hand is laid, for an instant, with affected shyness, in his.

The room is full of people directly; and the buzz of conversation grows louder.

Presently, Sir Walter sees a pretty, slender little figure, in deep mourning, entering the room, and slipping quietly into a seat. Lord Ellerby makes his way to her speedily, and begins to talk to her with an air of absorbed devotion; but Sir Walter is near enough to see that she answers him quietly, coolly, and almost in monosyllables.

"Come and be introduced to Jean Wardom, Sir Walter," says bluff, good-natured Sir Peter, and in a moment Sir Walter finds himself bowing to Miss Wardom, who smiles, and looks up at him out of the very loveliest pair of dark-gray, black-fringed, honest-looking, innocent eyes he has ever beheld. She has dark hair, too, that waves deliciously, and a clear complexion, that is usually pale, but has now a soft rose-blush that comes and goes constantly.

"You have been at Shelton Hall often before, I suppose, Miss Wardom," says Sir Walter.

"No, never. I never even saw Lady Shelton, before I came here, a week ago," is the reply, in a voice as clear and soft and frank as the eyes.

"And all these people were strangers to you. Well, you have a fine opportunity to study character now, and find us all out," Sir Walter says, jestingly.

"Why, I knew something about you all, before I saw you," Miss Wardom says, smiling.

"About all of us? About me, too? Why, what have you heard?" exclaims Lord Ellerby, so eagerly that Miss Wardom laughs.

"Better not press that question, Ellerby," Sir Walter says, with a laugh in his hazel eyes.

"Lady Shelton told me something about each one of her expected guests," Miss Wardom resumes. "It was very kind of her. She did not want me to feel that I was among strangers."

"Lady Shelton! Oh, my character is safe in *her* hands," Lord Ellerby declares, with a gay laugh.

"I trust she made honorable mention of me?" Sir Walter half questions.

Miss Wardom shakes her head smilingly, as she answers:



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"Of course I shall not betray her. But after all, I do not mind very much what one person tells me about another." A mischievous gleam laughs out of her eyes. "Each one has his own impression about every one he knows. Lady Shelton gave me her impressions—mine may be very different."

"Frightful thought," cries Sir Walter, gayly. But here the conversation is interrupted by the butler announcing dinner, and Sir Walter goes in with Miss Fanshawe. But all through the meal he is thinking of Jean Wardom's eyes. "How they seem to look into your very soul," he says to himself. "I would not like to have to face her, with a lie on my lips."

It is the dull interval after dinner, when the ladies are alone in the drawing-room. Miss Harrington is reading a novel; for she always does whatever pleases herself most; and the rest of the ladies are keeping up a languid, intermittent conversation.

"Are you fond of Coalshire, Miss Wardom?" asks Mrs. Barton, a good-natured, rather gushing matron.

"I was very happy there," Jean Wardom answers, smiling. "I have lived there nearly all my life."

"Oh, then, you must have hunted a great deal. It is such an awfully jolly hunting country. Don't you *adore* riding?" exclaims Miss Barton, a dashing, handsome girl, who is "very popular with gentlemen," and whom gossip says will even smoke with them.

"I have never hunted in my life. A sober jog on my uncle's old horse has been the extent of my riding."

Miss Barton opens her eyes wide with amazement. "Live in Coalshire, and not hunt? Why, I thought everybody—but you are afraid, perhaps?"

"I do not think I should be afraid," Jean says, quietly.

"Then why—" begins Miss Barton. But Lady Shelton deftly interrupts.

"You shall hunt, this winter, Jean. Sir Peter will take pleasure in teaching you to ride," she says.

"I suppose you often met the Duchess of Rosedale, Miss Wardom," says Mrs. Fanshawe, in her most condescending tones.

"I often *saw* her. Indeed, I spoke to her once," (and she breaks into a merry little laugh, but checks herself and goes on again;) "but I do not know her at all."

"Miss Wardom's uncle was *such* an invalid, and she of course could not leave him. She has been quite a recluse, poor dear child," Lady Shelton says, pityingly.

"Yes, I have gone out very little, and I doubt whether the duchess would ever have known of my existence, if I had not once had the ill-luck to tread on the train of her dress, at a flower-show."

"You didn't do that?" ejaculates Mrs. Spencer, rousing herself from her usual state of sleepy indifference, to turn and look at Miss Wardom with awe-struck eyes.

"What *did* the duchess say?" ask May and Ella Spencer, breathlessly.

"Oh, she said, 'Bless my soul, child, look where you are going,'" Jean answers.

"And you—what did you say?" pursues Ella.

"I stepped off the train, and said I was sorry. Poor lady! She must have thought us a dreadful rabble; for while I was begging her pardon, someone else hooked a parasol into her hair, and I had to untangle it." Jean stops to laugh at the recollection, as she says this.

"And then, were you introduced to her?" asks Miss Fanshawe, with interest.

"No. I did not know any of her party. I did overhear her say to our rector's wife, afterwards, 'Who is that young woman talking to your daughter?' And Mrs. Castleman told her it was 'Jeanie Wardom.' So I suppose her grace sometimes remembered my existence, when she arrayed herself in her brown satin dress. I am afraid I tore it out of the gathers. I was very sorry, for she seemed a nice, jolly little woman."

Jean says this with perfect serenity, and leans back in her chair, still smiling a little at the remembrance of her encounter with the duchess. Lady Shelton looks a little annoyed, and rather abruptly asks Ella Spencer to open the piano and play something.

A brilliant duet from Ella and May has the effect of bringing the younger gentlemen immediately from the dining-room. Lord Ellerby slips adroitly into a seat beside Miss Wardom. Captain Barton devotes himself to his capricious and haughty idol, Miss Harrington. Other people stray about, or stand around the piano. Suddenly, there is a hush, for Blanche Fanshawe is singing the "Jewel Song" in Faust. Blanche's singing! It is like the jet of a fountain, throwing its sparkling waters high into the sunlight, and falling again in a cascade of diamonds. Liquid, brilliant, clear, and flexible as water, is Blanche's voice. Long before the song is over, Jean Wardom has stolen across the room, and stands by the piano, listening, fascinated, with deepening color and sparkling eyes.

"Oh," she sighs, softly, when it is over, "I

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never, never heard any singing half so lovely." Sir Walter is standing near her. He does not say a word; but Blanche sees that his eyes are fixed upon Miss Wardom's face, with evident, undisguised admiration. She rises abruptly from the piano, and no entreaties prevail upon her to sing again.

"Thanks. I am not in voice, to-night," she says, coldly, to Sir Walter. "But I am sure Miss Wardom will sing for you."

"Do you sing, Miss Wardom?" asks Sir Walter, eagerly.

Jean blushes her pretty wild-rose blush as she answers, unwillingly, "I used to sing a little, at home. But it was only songs and ballads. No one could care for them after Miss Fanshawe's lovely singing.".

"Oh, but we do care. We all love old songs. I adore ballads," Blanche protests, eagerly. She plainly sees that Miss Wardom's attempt to sing will cover her with ridicule, and she is determined she shall sing. She entreats, and makes other people entreat, until Jean yields; and going to the piano, softly touches a chord or two, and begins to sing.

It is indeed an old-fashioned song she has chosen: the song about "My Nannie, O!" that nobody sings in these days. She sings it simply, clearly, in a sweet, sympathetic voice that touches the heart.

The men, at least, like it. They draw around the piano, and listen eagerly. If her voice trembles a little at first, it is full and steady long before she reaches the last verse:

"My Nannie's simple, fair, and young,
Nae artful wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonny, O!
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O!"

"My child, that is charming," exclaims old Lady Wynne, her bright, dark eyes looking suspiciously dewy. "No, no, you shall not stop. Sing again for us."

There is a chorus of entreaties for more. The gentlemen are so enthusiastic in their admiration of the song and the singer, that Blanche could almost bite out her tongue in her vexation. She had brought it on herself. She had meant to make "the girl" ridiculous, and she has given her a triumph.

The days go by. Jean Wardom has been two weeks at Shelton Hall. She is very happy. Lady Shelton and Sir Peter pet her; Lady Wynne unbends to her more than to anyone else; and the gentlemen unanimously admire her. If some of the ladies dislike, scorn, or envy her, she does not seem to be aware of it; but goes on her way, bright and sunny, and sweet as the summer weather itself.

"Who are going to walk, this lovely morning?" Jean asks, as she stands by the drawing-room window, and looks out on the emerald lawn, and the cool shadows of the park beyond it.

"You and I are," answers Lord Ellerby, so very promptly that everyone laughs. Everyone but Jean, who colors a little, and parts her lips, as if to speak, but closes them again. She is undeniably vexed at this cool appropriation of her, and it is not the first time, either. At least Sir Walter thinks this of her.

"I beg your pardon, Ellerby," he says, coolly. "Hate to disappoint you, but Miss Wardom is going to ride with me. Are you not, Miss Wardon?"

"Oh, I should like it *very* much," Jean replies, eagerly, giving him a quick, grateful glance.

"Do I understand that you have a previous engagement with Sir Walter, Miss Wardom?" Lord Ellerby says, with wrath and indignation in his tone.

"Miss Wardom can surely do as she pleases, Ellerby," Sir Walter says, carelessly.

"*Was* it a previous engagement, Miss Wardom? Otherwise, Wynne had no right—"

Lord Ellerby is speaking hotly; but Jean stops him, with a little smile and gesture.

"I had no engagement with either," she says, very gently, "but I prefer to ride." And then she quietly leaves the room.

Sir Walter looks out of the window, and whistles softly to conceal a smile, while Lord Ellerby frowns darkly, and flings himself down in a chair beside Miss Fanshawe.

"Oh, I am so much obliged to you for taking me to ride, this morning," Jean exclaims, as she and Sir Walter go.

"The obligation is entirely on my side, Miss Wardom," laughs Sir Walter.

"Yes, I know," Jean answers, laughing in turn. "But if you knew how much I did not want to walk with Lord Ellerby. And I really saw no way out of it, till you so nobly came to the rescue."

"Then it is Ellerby I am indebted to, after all; you only ride with me, to escape a worse fate," Sir Walter suggests, mischievously.

Jean laughs, and flashes a demure little glance at him; but she does not speak. He leans forward to see her face; for a sudden doubt comes over him, at this, like a dash of cold water. Perhaps she *is* only riding with him, to escape a worse fate. The decided discomfort which this

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idea occasions him, opens his eyes to the knowledge that he cares very much to ride with her; to talk with her; and that he would like this summer day, and this ride with Jean Wardom, to go on and on, indefinitely.

"You don't answer me," he exclaims, rather vehemently. "You are too honest to disclaim, and you cannot say you would have cared if—"

But he never gets any further; for Jean lifts her lovely eyes to his face, in utter undisguised astonishment, and interrupts him.

"Why, of course I wanted to come, anyway," she says. "You and I have always been friends. You are always good to me. Why shouldn't I like to ride with you?"

"Why, indeed," he replies, gayly. "I was talking nonsense. But tell me why you disliked so much the prospect of a walk with Ellerby."

Jean looks away, and colors a little, but will not answer.

"Don't you like him? Ladies generally adore Ellerby, and I am sure he tries hard to make you like him," Sir Walter continues, watching her keenly as he says it.

"No. I neither like, nor respect him; and I wish he would not try to make me like him; for I never shall," Jean answers, at last, with emphasis.

"Poor Ellerby! That is hard lines for him," Sir Walter says, generously.

"Not at all. He is not a person to be in earnest about anything, except that, like some people I have read about in the Bible, he 'does evil with both hands, earnestly.'"

Certainly, Jean herself is earnest, in the quiet contempt with which she says this. Then, giving her horse a touch with the whip, she goes off in a canter.

Through quiet country lanes they ride; by the side of peaceful streams, shaded by drooping willows; then slowly homeward, through shady wood roads, where the summer sun scarcely penetrates. It is an enchanted ride, that Sir Walter never forgets.

"Are you tired? I hope not," Sir Walter says, as he assists her to dismount. "Remember, we are to have a great many such rides. I will bring over my 'Belle,' as I said, and then I hope you will ride with me every day?" He half whispers this audacious request; but his eyes seek hers, boldly.

"Oh, I don't know! Perhaps, if—if Lady Shelton will let me," Jean replies, with a pretty blush, and then she runs away upstairs, the happiest girl in the world.

Sir Walter strolls into the drawing-room, which is full of ladies, and Mrs. Fanshawe asks, with a half sneer: "I hope you found Miss Wardom able to ride, without holding on by the pommel?"

"She doesn't lack confidence in other things," interposes Miss Fanshawe, with a sneer she does not attempt to hide.

"What do you mean?" says Sir Walter, bluntly.

"Oh, it is her manner," says Blanche, innocently. "It is not fast, you know, but—well, she speaks her mind with such terrible plainness, sometimes."

"Has she much mind to speak of? She strikes me as a silly little thing," Miss Harrington remarks, carelessly.

"She lacks culture, poor dear child," Mrs. Barton chimes in.

"Shockingly under-bred," Mrs. Fanshawe utters, with a portentous shake of the head. "No girl should be allowed to—"

"To speak the truth?" breaks out Sir Walter, with a rather dangerous look.

Mrs. Fanshawe glares at him, and does not answer.

"Don't you think her—a kind-hearted, obliging sort of girl, though?" ventures Ella Spencer, in a timid voice.

Mrs. Fanshawe looks at her, and shakes her head again.

"Ah, indeed!" she says, coldly. "Isn't it rather a pity, my dear, that you should copy such very defiant and objectionable manners as hers?"

Sir Walter feels that he can endure no more, and so walks off into the library. Lady Wynne is writing there.

"What is the matter, Wat?" she asks, looking up as he enters.

"Those women!" he exclaims, vehemently. "Why can't they let Miss Wardom alone? She has done nothing to them."

"Oh yes she has," Lady Wynne replies, tranquilly. "She dares to be pretty and pleasing; and she shames them, too, by her truth and honesty. Do you know what she makes me think of? She always brings to my mind that line of Keats': 'Oh, what a power has white simplicity!'"

Two more weeks of glorious summer weather drift by. Jean has half a dozen delicious rides, on Sir Walter's pretty bay, "Belle," which he has had brought over from his place, twenty miles away, as he had promised.

Can she ever forget that last ride of all, when they draw rein on the summit of the highest hill in the county, and watch the sun going down in splendor behind the western hills? Jean leans

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forward to rest her cheek on her hand, and they are both silent.

"In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather."

She quotes this in an absent tone, scarcely above her breath.

"What are you thinking of?" Sir Walter asks, bending to see her face. "There is no 'lost land,' surely, in your memory?"

She rouses herself, and looks up with a smile. "No—I was only saying it over, because it is so pretty: 'the crimson evening weather.' Did you imagine," with an arch look, "that 'I was thinking of my first love,' like Owen Meredith?"

"I—rather hoped you might be—and that your thoughts had not very far to go, either," he says, daringly, bending his dark eyes on her.

Jean turns and looks at him, laughing.

"I won't pretend not to understand you," she cries, gayly. "I can only admire your sublime assurance."

"Do you think I am jesting?" he exclaims, pressing nearer to her, and laying his hand on hers. "Don't you know I would rather have a place in your thoughts, than have anything else this world can give me?"

"Why, you have a place there—a very high one, too," she replies, blushing and smiling, yet drawing her hand gently away from him.

"Ah, but—I cannot be content without the first—the dearest place there," he says, quickly and passionately.

Jean shakes her head, smilingly. "Isn't it a little too soon to expect me to give you that?" she says, and then she adds, quickly: "See, the sun has gone down! We will be late for dinner, if we do not hurry." And with a word and a touch to Belle, she is off.

Sir Walter acknowledges to himself that it is "too soon" to dare hope that she loves him, and he determines to be patient. He will not speak again yet. But is there no "love-making" without words? His eyes, his voice, his manner, say so plainly "I love you," that Jean hears it, feels it, during all that long, delicious ride home in the twilight, and during all the evening that follows. She does not talk much to him; for Lord Ellerby manages to get his "innings" now, and makes love to her himself in a way that leaves her very angry and indignant; but now and then she meets a glance of those earnest dark eyes of Sir Walter's, that sets her heart beating, and there is a moment at "good-night" time, when her hand rests in his, and he whispers, softly: "Will to-morrow be too soon?" She runs away, without answering, except by down-dropped eyelids and the sweetest blush.

To-morrow! To-morrow! Well, it comes; a balmy, perfect summer day. Jean appears at breakfast in a soft, flowing white dress, and looks ravishingly pretty. There is a handful of dewy roses on her plate. She does not need to ask who put them there; but glances across the table at Sir Walter, nods in answer to his bow and smile, and proceeds to fasten the flowers at her throat. One great, velvety crimson rose she tucks prettily away amidst her dark hair.

"What time shall we ride, to-day, Miss Wardom?" asks Sir Walter, after breakfast.

"Not till after luncheon, I think," she answers. "I have promised to show Mrs. Spencer a new knitting-stitch, this morning."

"Then I will ride over to Langford, with Sir Peter, now. You will be ready?" He goes away reluctantly, and Jean watches him riding down the avenue, and turning to look back and wave a farewell to her.

Then she gives her whole mind to Mrs. Spencer and the new stitch.

Meanwhile, May, who is an enthusiastic little soul, sits and watches her, admiringly.

"What is the matter with you to-day, Jeanie?" she asks, presently. "You look—so pretty—I could just eat you."

"Oh, you goose," Jean laughs. "If you were not sitting there idle, you wouldn't talk such nonsense. 'Idleness is the parent of mischief.'"

"Well, but—oh, I do think you ought to be the happiest girl in the world. You have everything: beauty, and riches, and—"

"Do you call five hundred a year 'riches?'" Jean asks, carelessly. "It is quite enough for me, but it is not generally considered riches."

"Five hundred a year? Why, I thought—we heard—"

May stops, in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Heard what?" Jean asks, putting down the knitting, and looking at her inquiringly.

"Why, that you had millions," May gasps.

"How did you hear that? Who could have told you such a falsehood?" Jean asks this with quick, sudden surprise. No one answers. There is a dead silence in the room. She sees everyone looking at her, with surprised glances.

"May, tell me, is it only your nonsense, or did anyone really think—Lady Shelton, what does she mean?"

She turns, with a sudden appealing look, to her hostess. But the latter looks as blankly amazed as anyone else; and when she speaks, it is in an utterly bewildered tone.

"My dear, I thought—" she says. "Good heavens, you don't mean to say that—that your uncle didn't leave you his money?"

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"He left me five hundred pounds a year. He thought that was enough for a woman. The rest of his fortune he left to his nephews."

Jean speaks very steadily and clearly. The words are fatally distinct. Everybody hears them. Mrs. Fanshawe and her daughter exchange swift glances of triumph; and Miss Harrington puts up her eye-glass deliberately, and stares curiously at Jean.

There is nothing for Lady Shelton to do but to burst into tears, and waddle out of the room; which she does promptly. Jean looks around the silent circle, and says, with quiet dignity:

"I am very sorry there has been such a mistaken impression about me. I do not know how it happened."

"Never mind, my love," says kindly Mrs. Spencer, taking Jean's hand. "I am sure we all love you as much as if you had millions.

"I am sure *you* do," whispers Jean, with a grateful look, and then follows Lady Shelton.

Lady Shelton is bitterly mortified and distressed. She is not a reasonable woman; so poor Jean finds herself treated as a culprit, and scolded, because of Lady Shelton's mistake.

"You did not tell me he had not left you his money, when I asked you to come here," she sobs, fretfully.

"You did not ask me about it, Lady Shelton. You wrote to me, kindly; and I was grateful. I thought you were kind to me because you had been fond of my father," Jean says, with quivering lips.

"Oh, so I was. But then, couldn't you see that if I had known you were poor, I would never have wanted to take you out of your proper sphere—"

"I might have seen it, but I did not, somehow," Jean replies, too bewildered to be angry.

"And since you have been here—all this time—when Lord Ellerby and Sir Walter Wynne have paid you such devoted attention—dear me, child, ask yourself: Would such men care to devote themselves to an insignificant little chit, with—with a m-miserable f-five hundred a year?" sobs Lady Shelton, quite overcome with wretchedness and chagrin.

Jean rises up, very pale and very proud.

"You are quite right. I have been blind and foolish," she says, in a cold, restrained tone. "I am quite 'out of my proper sphere' here. I thank you and Sir Peter for your kindness to me, and I am going away, now."

Lady Shelton begins a weak expostulation; but before she concludes, Jean is gone.

Downstairs, there is much flutter and excitement about this astonishing discovery.

"I always felt there was something wrong about that girl," Mrs. Fanshawe exclaims, exultingly, as the door closes after Jean.

"It was all Lady Shelton's folly," says Miss Harrington. "Really, the little thing behaves very nicely about it."

"Her head has been quite turned, I fear. Dear me, what a pity," vaguely laments Mrs. Barton.

They all have a great deal to say about it: all except Lady Wynne, who preserves silence.

An hour later, there comes a quick tap on Jean Wardom's door; and when her little maid opens it, there stands Lady Wynne.

"May I come in?" she says. Before Jean can answer, she is in.

"I hear you are going away, child. I am very sorry for it." And she takes Jean's hand in both hers, and clasps it firmly.

Jean has been crying, but she is very pale and calm now. "You are very kind, Lady Wynne," she says, in a quiet, controlled sort of way.

"I was commissioned to bring you a note, my dear, and to take an answer," the old lady continues. "I will sit down, and wait for it. I hope you will not refuse any request you find there."

With trembling fingers, and a sudden scarlet spot on each cheek, Jean opens the note, and reads as follows:

"Is it possible you are going away? Pray, come down to the library. I *must* speak to you.

Yours sincerely, WALTER WYNNE."

She turns away from those bright old eyes that are watching her, and goes to her desk, to write an answer. The cold little fingers that hold the pen are very steady and resolute.

"Yes," she writes, "I am going away. I ought never to have been here. I cannot come down. I am busy packing. I must say 'good-bye,' now. Very sincerely, your friend,

JEAN WARDOM."

Lady Wynne rises to take the note; takes Jean's hand with it, again, in her warm, firm clasp; looks kindly in the girl's face a moment; and then stoops and kisses her. After that she walks out, without a word.

Jean's eyes fill with sudden tears; but she goes back steadily to her packing; and that finished, dresses herself for her journey. Half an hour later, comes a note from Lady Wynne herself.

"Who can talk, with a maid in the room?" it says. "Come down to my little parlor, child, for awhile, to bid me good-bye. Don't refuse to gratify an old woman, who loves you. Your friend,

ELIZABETH WYNNE."

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Lady Wynne's room is cool, and shady, and perfumed with roses, that climb around the casement. Jean has spent many a pleasant hour there; but she goes down unwillingly enough now. She hesitates; half turns back; but at last she enters, looking very pale in her black dress. She is closing the door behind her, but in an instant turns to open it again; for instead of "an old woman" in a steel-gray silk dress, there starts forward to meet her a young man, with an eager, handsome face, and imploring dark eyes.

She puts out her hand, blindly, towards the door. But he is there before her.

"Jean, you are so cruel! You would not come to me, until Aunt Bess cheated you into it." He looks at her reproachfully, standing with his back against the door.

"Let me go! Oh, I must not talk to you," she says, her breath coming quickly, and her cheeks turning from snow to flame.

"I will let you go, when you have listened to me," he replies. Then he leaves the door, to take both her trembling little hands, and hold them fast, and look down, with passionate love, into her eyes.

"Oh, Jean, my darling," he cries. "You do love me, don't you? How can you help it, when I love you so much—better than my life?"

She cannot help it. She does not speak; but he sees it in the depths of her lovely, truthful eyes. Yet she keeps him back, when he is going to take her in his arms.

"No, no!" she cries. "You have been deceived, all this time—and I did not know it. You thought I was very rich—"

"You are mistaken," he says, gravely and earnestly. "I have known, for two weeks, that the man who married you would get nothing but the priceless treasure of your dear, dear self, and your love. Jeanie—am I to have that?"

She makes no resistance, now, to the strong arms that clasp her so closely, or the warm kisses that are pressed upon her lips. She is too happy to speak.

"Jeanie, I shall not believe in my own good fortune—I shall think I am dreaming, if you do not say you love me." He whispers this with tender reproach.

Then she raises her head, and looks at him, with those wonderful dark-gray eyes, that had looked his heart away the first time he saw them.

"Ah, I do, indeed, love you," she murmurs, softly.

She does not once think, now, to tell him that it is "too soon" to love him. She only knows that, half an hour ago, she was utterly, hopelessly wretched, because she thought she was never to see him again, and now his arms are around her, and he loves her with all his heart.

"But how did you know I hadn't any money?" she bethinks herself to ask, an hour or so after this.

"The Duchess of Rosedale told Aunt Bess. 'Lady Shelton only imagined the money,' she wrote. 'You had no millions; but you had the sweetest face, and the prettiest manners, she ever saw.' I wasn't prepared to contradict her," Sir Walter says, laughing.

"But did you never think that—that perhaps I knew people thought I was rich?" Jean inquires, earnestly.

"Never, my darling! Could I look in those dear eyes, and believe you so false?" he asks, with indignant tenderness.

"Young people," remarks Lady Wynne's voice, at the door, "I suppose you do not know that the luncheon-bell rang long ago, and that if you have come to any conclusion, (oh, I see you have,) perhaps it might be as well to relieve Lady Shelton's mind. She is still shedding floods of tears, I believe. But first—kiss me, child."

And with tears in her bright eyes, she takes Jean in her arms and kisses her tenderly.

"You don't mind his loving me, then?" Jean whispers, anxiously.

The old lady laughs, and kisses her again, as she answers:

"I am very glad, my dear little WHITE SIMPLICITY."

# HEART SIGHS.

BY ANNA ROYLSTON.

THERE is a sigh, whose voice is never heard—
A sigh which never moan, nor cry, nor word,
Could tell its anguish. 'Tis that hopeless sigh
Which steals the brightness from the brightest eye,
And leaves the cheek, once colored like the rose,
As pale as winter's snow. Unheard, it throws
A shadow o'er the brow. The weary heart
Must bear the pain that never will depart.
Say, do you doubt that there is such a pain,
And such a sigh? Oh, no, for it is vain!
'Tis felt when woman's joy and peace is flown,
And she is left to bear her grief alone.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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## CHAPTER XV.

CALEB STEWART was not a man to cast all the seed he possessed at one throw, or without first examining the soil he wished to plant. During his talk with young Gray Hawk, that evening, when he seemed mostly interested in the game that had occupied many of the Cherokees, he had been reading the young chief's heart, and recording the weak points of his character, as they betrayed themselves occasionally, in spite of the stoicism which he shared with all his race.

Two facts had established themselves in his mind. Gray Hawk was ambitious, and held himself next to Washaning in power with the various tribes of their nation. Again, the young chief, redeemed from the savagery of his birth by superior education and some experience of civilized life, loved Washanee with all the force of his wild nature, softened, somewhat, but in no way diminished, by a rare degree of culture, that had lifted them both far above the level of their people. This love, and the ambition to succeed the old chief in his power, had entwined in his thoughts and thriven with his growth so completely that they became to him like destiny itself. It had never entered his mind that this was not the fixed design of Washaning, when that astute chief had insisted on securing to him all the advantages of his own knowledge; while by counsel, and more than a fatherly interest, he had initiated his young mind into those broad ideas of statesmanship that had led the Cherokees so much in advance of all the other Indian tribes in their progress toward civilization.

Stewart read this belief, and saw in it a great lever of strength for his own purposes. All his chief's faith in the man he had been taught efforts hitherto had failed to shake the young to look up to as a superior being; who received his wisdom from the Great Spirit, and used it grandly. Taking counsel of his own venomous jealousy, he took keen pleasure in shifting his point of attack, with dexterous cunning, against the heart of this young savage.

Full of this object, he sought the Cherokee lodging-house, one morning, and proposed that young Gray Hawk should take a ramble with him in the woods, that were then thick with primeval trees and dense almost as forests, around Washington, and so remained until the civil war swept them away forever. "They would take their guns," he said, "for birds were numerous among the trees; while rabbits and squirrels, if nothing better, might be scared up from the bushes."

In his own lodge at home, Gray Hawk might have scorned such helpless game as this; but the savage principle was strong in him yet, and he accepted the proposal eagerly as he would once have gone upon the war-path; for the very thought of anything resembling a forest was inspiration to him, after spending day after day in that close room.

There was, however, some distance to walk before woods of sufficient expanse could be found to allure the young chief into hopes of game; but the road they took was bright and beautiful with all the soft flush of spring, advancing to rich leafiness and blossom. The turf they trod was green as emeralds, and soft as velvet. They leaped brooks that threaded the grass like unstrung diamonds—gleaming here, in shadow there—but murmuring, rushing, and sending back sweet sounds, like fairy children at hide-and-seek in the bushes.

Gray Hawk felt the influence of a scene like this, without knowing it. The very breath of the woods was like wine to him. He trampled down a host of wild flowers, feeling the subtle intoxication of their perfume as had never done in the luxuriant depths of his own Southern forests, when they were crowded with bloom. The scent of the earth seemed new to him, and wonderfully inspiring.

The trees were quivering with sunshine in their tops: swathed in flickering shadows, from the roots half way up. Both in sunshine and shadow, birds were flitting in and out of the half-grown leaves, that trembled to the rush of their wings, and seemed to whisper back their love-songs over nest-building.

Gray Hawk watched the birds, with pleasant disdain, refusing to lift his gun; not from pity, but because of their littleness. Stewart would



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have leveled his at a pair of robins, chirping over some crossed sticks which were to form the foundation of their love-cradle; but the chief pushed the gun aside, saying:

"Too small. Too small."

"If you scorn these," answered Stewart, "there will be little hope of any sport for us about here."

"We will talk, if there is nothing to kill."

The young chief seated himself on a fallen log, as he said this; and rested his gun against it, half burying the stock in moss.

Stewart wanted nothing better than this. Planting his gun against a white birch, fluffed all over with faint, purplish leaf-buds, he sat down by the Indian, softly rubbing his palms together.

"Well, what shall we talk about—the beauty of these woods? They do not compare with yours."

"The shadows are cool. The sun is bright," said the Indian, looking around. "But this is yours. That down yonder is ours."

"At this season, your woods are white with magnolia blossoms. I remember a tree that stands forever green close by the lodge where Washanee lives with her grandfather."

Gray Hawk did not speak. Some subtle sense of delicacy kept him silent, when the Indian girl was mentioned. Somehow, he did not like to hear her name on a white man's lips; so he watched that pair of robins, twittering overhead, with seeming interest.

"And the Cherokee roses. I remember how their waxen white flowers broke in masses through the green leaves of a vine that spread itself over Washaning's lodge. He always pruned and trained it with his own hands."

"She—his wife, I mean—brought it a tiny root from our old hunting-grounds across the big river, where it grew wild over the graves of our fathers—white men tell me that it covers them yet, and will not be driven away by hoe or plough."

Gray Hawk spoke sadly, and the gloom of midnight came into his eyes.

"That is why Washaning takes such care of the plant by his lodge?" said Stewart, in a low voice, that seemed subdued by sympathy.

"For that reason, and another more dear to him still: Washaning's pale-faced wife was known among our people as the 'Cherokee Rose,' after she settled among them. They liked the name, and gave it to her; but whether it first belonged to the rose or to her, I do not know; but a love of both grew in their hearts together. That is the reason Washaning loves the vine she planted before his lodge."

"I understand it, now," said Stewart, with an appearance of deeper interest; "but the old chief never speaks of his wife. I sometimes wonder at it."

"Indians hold their dead too sacred for common talk; but Washaning sometimes holds one of those white roses in his hand, and searches it sadly, as if he felt her breath stirring among its leaves. Washanee told me this, and she says that it seems as if the old man has buried his heart in the bosom of that white flower."

"If the name was given to her grandmother, why was it not also hers?" said Stewart.

"Because she inherits her name and everything else from Washaning. The Cherokee rose is sweet for a white woman; but Washanee is an Indian: in her name there is power."

"But how can she, being a woman, wield the power her grandfather holds?"

Gray Hawk drew his fine figure up, proudly.

"Washanee's power will lie in the chief who will take her to his lodge. In that, she will be like your white ladies, who rule through their husbands."

"But what if she should marry one of our white chiefs?"

Gray Hawk started. The thought went through his brain like an arrow; a faint ashen tinge came to his face, and he sat there regarding the audacious speaker so fiercely that Stewart shrank away from him.

"You talk hot treason," he said, with a fierce quiver of the voice. "Our people would burn the man alive who dared to think of it."

"I doubt if the old chief you worship so is not thinking of it now."

"Now—now?" cried Gray Hawk, starting to his feet.

"There is much white blood in Washanee's veins. It is that which makes her so beautiful; more beautiful than any of the women you see in our streets or houses."

"Beautiful? Yes, but she is not the Cherokee rose, as her mother was."

"But, being her grandchild, almost white."

Gray Hawk grasped his gun by the barrel, and ground its butt into the earth with a fierce twist of the hand.

"Washanee is an Indian. She will be the wife of an Indian, strong and brave enough to sweep all the white men on earth from his path, if they dispute his right to her."

"But if she does not love the Indian?"

Gray Hawk laughed, with a slow, savage grinding of the teeth.

"Love—love! Can that be given to the white race by a woman who has the blood of many chiefs in her veins?"

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"And of one beautiful white woman," said Stewart.

Gray Hawk felt the answer go through his heart like an arrow; but faithful to the pride of his class, he made a brave effort to conceal the shock that thrilled its pain through every nerve of his body.

Stewart knew perfectly what was passing in the young chief's heart, by the strain of his hand on the gun-barrel, and the effort that he made to steel his nerves against detection; but he appeared unconscious of it all, and only answered:

"Love is a feeling which few of the white race escape; but I fancy it is generally left to the women, with you. Perhaps, after all, it is a thing of education."

"Education!" repeated the Indian, lifting his eyes to the branches where birds were flitting in and out, musical with happiness. "Who teaches them to strive and sing and nestle together in the leaves, each according to its own fashion? Who but the Great Spirit above us all? The wild Indian and the learned white man must go to Him for that. White men, with their dainty ways and soft voices, may give us wisdom in many things; but they cannot teach us how to love; for, that we have our own thoughts and terms of expression."

"Indeed," said Stewart, with an incredulous smile on his lips.

"When our hearts are stormy with wild passion, or filled with the content of love answered by love, we make it understood in our own wild tongue, and heart speaks to heart, as the birds talk up yonder. We need no white teachers for that."

"But this wild love—does it last," questioned Stewart, impressed by the young chief's earnestness, and resolving to profit by it.

"Last?" repeated Gray Hawk, pressing one clenched hand on his breast, and breathing sharply. "If any white man doubts that, let him come between the love of a Cherokee brave and the woman he has chosen for himself."

Stewart smiled. He liked this spirit in the Indian. He was about to draw the conversation more closely around Washanee, when a singular object of disturbance came rushing through the undergrowth, winding in and out between the tree-bolls, and causing a wild commotion among the ground-birds and thrushes that nestled in the grass and bushes. It appeared to be a riderless horse, saddled and with jingling stirrups, rushing at a swift pace through the woods.

As the animal came nearer, a flutter of red could be seen below the saddle-girth; and directly a mass of gorgeous color rose to a level with the horse's back; a hand was seen grasping his mane, and a human face, grinning with delight, looked down upon them from the saddle, where Wisse had enthroned herself, after a fierce struggle to ride under the steed, like a Comanche.

"Hi, hi," she sang out, in an ecstacy of glee, "wanted ter make yer tink de Comanchers wuz a-comin' right down on yer; but dem iron stir'ps jingled 'gin dis chile's head, so as I had ter climb up here 'gin."

Stewart lost all presence of mind, in his astonishment at this sudden appearance; for the creature had brought her horse up with a jerk, so close to where he was standing, that the animal's hot breath flew across his face, and he was in danger of being trampled down. Gray Hawk seized the creature by the bit, from which foam was dripping, and pushed him back upon his haunches, at which Wisse turned a half somersault on her saddle, and called out:

"Skeered? Golly, how he am skeered. Tho't dis chile wuz a Comancher sure. Oh, hi, hi, dat am fun!"

"Where did you come from, and what are you doing here?" questioned Gray Hawk, shaking the girl down to her saddle, with some show of anger.

"Tho't I wuz a Comancher, hi, hi," persisted Wisse, bending her bronze face down upon him, with mischief in every feature. "'Fraid ob Comanchers; so am young missus; I'se gwine to skeer her an' de white chief, jes' like you is."

"Where is your mistress?" said Stewart, recognizing the horse, and wondering at his presence there.

"Done gone 'long der road, wid white chief."

Stewart understood the position of things in a moment.

"Who is this strange creature," he said, turning to Gray Hawk.

"She is the slave that Washaning has bought to wait upon his granddaughter," answered the chief, greatly puzzled to account for Wisse's appearance there.

"Then her mistress must be somewhere near."

"Down dar," said Wisse, pointing toward the road she had left in order to take a wild run through the woods. "She's down dar, wid white chief, sure."

Gray Hawk's hand dropped from its hold on the bit, and Wisse, seizing her opportunity, jerked up the bridle with both hands, and dashed into the woods, sending back shrieks of laughter as she fled.

"What did she say?" questioned the young chief, with strange fire in his eyes. "Washanee here?"

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"Down in the road yonder, I think. It is out of sight, but we can soon overtake her."

Gray Hawk lifted his gun, and prepared to move on. Stewart saw that his face was clouded, and his eyes shone under the shadow of his bent brows. His own face was scarcely less disturbed. The same bitter jealousy, that was beginning to stir in the young Indian's heart, had been gnawing at his own for days, and just then, on the verge of pitting rival against rival, a sense of venomous hate possessed him against both.

The two walked side by side through the woods, half a mile or more, in dead silence. Then they came in sight of the highway, winding through their shadows, and there, lingering by a tiny brook that wrinkled down one side of it, stood Washanee and Huestice Young.

That moment, the Senator had uttered words that would have thrilled the soul of any other girl, loving the man as Washanee did, with infinite delight; but she stood before him, pale, shrinking—as it would seem, heavily laden with the weight of her own bliss. She had made one effort to lift her eyes to his face; but they had drooped, as if held down by some subtle feeling of shame, and through the thick lashes came a gleam like deep water through rushes.

"Will you not speak to me?" pleaded Young, with anxiety; for having once committed himself, he was not a man for half-way measures.

"Will you not say that there is no offense in the love I offer you?"

He spoke tenderly; and his voice, musical always, was like heaven to her. Still, she could not lift her eyes, or fully comprehend the possibility of what he said. With all her pride, this Indian girl was made humble by the passion of love that possessed her.

"Will you speak again?" she said, after awhile, and he saw that she was trembling from head to foot. "Slowly and clearly; I—I do not understand the ways of your people. I may not hear their words aright always."

"But you can understand that I love you—dearly love you?"

The girl held out both hands, as if to prevent him saying more.

"And then?" she questioned, under her breath, like a creature struggling with some great fear.

"Why, then," he answered, passionately—for the girl was so exquisitely beautiful, in the humility of her doubts, that he yielded wholly to the wonderful fascination of her presence. "Why, then, I can only repeat the same thing in other words. Our language is too poor for such love as I offer you."

"You offer me love? I do not understand how such offers are made, with white people."

"Again and again I offer it."

"But I am Indian-born and bred."

Young drew a deep breath. For a moment his heart recoiled; but she was so beautiful, so bewildering in her hesitation, that he scorned himself for the moment he had given to doubt.

"Some of the bravest men that ever lived have been so born and bred," he answered, striving to convince himself, as he persuaded her.

Washanee was in so far an Indian, that she held bravery as the one virtue that excelled all others; and knowing that a long line of savage monarchs had been her ancestors, took the estimation of their worth to herself.

For the first time during the young man's pleading, Washanee lifted her eyes to his face; and the light within them was like sunshine suddenly let in upon the depths of shadowed waters.

"And my grandmother was white—all white," she said, with a smile.

"Who shall say that you are not, or that the best man living is more than a mate for you?"

Young thought this, in his passionate admiration; but only answered her by reaching out his hands, as if to draw her closer to him. Still, the girl held back, though her hands trembled to lock themselves with his. Wild, passionate, untaught in worldly usages as she was, this young creature received his advances timidly; for at heart she was modest as the violets they trod upon. Doubt, fear, and great self-distrust, held her irresolute. No evil thought of him entered her mind; that was impossble to the grandchild of Washaning; but she did not comprehend. Was this confession of love a marriage? Was it in this way the white chiefs took their brides to the grand lodges they dwelt in? She had a vague remembrance that in the old chief's account of his marriage, something more had been done, and that he had deemed it indecorous to be alone with the girl he had won, before some form, that she did not understand, had taken place. Was she doing wrong to stand there, on the verge of the woods, trembling, shrinking, yet so intensely happy, while he spake to her in that pleading voice, and held out his hands with such passionate entreaty? With Washanee, this doubt was enough to check the wild fascination that was drawing her toward him, as birds are charmed into the jaws of a serpent.

"Girl, girl, are you afraid of me? Or is it that I am giving you unwelcome love?" cried Young, impatient with her hesitation. "I have said that I love you, but get no word of reply."

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"Is the wish of a heart marriage, among white folks? Does love hold people together forever and ever, as my grandfather, Washaning, lived with his wife?"

The sweet seriousness, the tremulous doubt in this question struck the young man's sense of honor, that had been in abeyance till then; and for a moment, his face became more than grave—anxious. His hands fell downward; he half turned, as if to seek a moment's reflection. In those few minutes, he had, in one mad whirl of passion, risked his honor: it might be, the entire happiness of his life. Was he mocking this girl with a false love, or was he ready to shake the very foundations of a great ambition for her sake?

These were grave questions to crowd into a single minute; but this man could neither outrage his own sensitive honor, or wound the delicacy that seemed intuitive in this wild girl, by deliberate calculation now. All this might be ruin to his life; but even to save that, he could not act a part unworthy of his manhood. Washanee had watched him turn away, and while the heart in her bosom fluttered and seemed to die, drew herself up more erectly, and grew proud, as she felt the sweet hopes of a moment perishing.

Young saw this, when he found courage to look upon her; and smiling, held out his hands again.

The girl turned away her face. The treason of his doubt had stung her pride into swift action. She even made a movement as if to leave him.

"Stay, Washanee, stay. I can answer you now. Even as your grandfather loved his wife, I will love you, forever and ever."

The sensitive pride of Washanee had been cruelly stung. The very earnestness of his words assured her of the doubt that had gone before. With her head proudly averted, she moved a step forward, facing the opposite woods; then halted, with a faint cry; turned a white, scared face upon him; and flinging up both arms, threw herself upon his bosom.

With that fair creature's arm clinging about his neck, and her heart leaping against his own, like some frightened animal escaped, Young could neither observe nor think coolly. He only knew that she was trembling all over, and that more than once she lifted her head from his bosom, and searched the opposite woods with frightened eyes, even when he was striving to quiet her with caresses.

By and by, she withdrew her gaze from that one direction; felt his arms around her, his breath upon her white face, and made a wild effort to free herself from his clasp. Failing in that, she dropped her head upon his bosom, and burst into a great passion of crying.

Surprised and not altogether pleased by this inexplicable outburst, Young sought to learn its cause, and at the same time soothe her agitation; but all his questions were answered by sobs, and he could only comprehend that in some way she had been wounded to the heart: perhaps by himself; and having lost all self-control, had become child-like in her abandonment of all pride.

The young man did not know then, or ever, that the poor girl had been terror-stricken, in the very height of her proud resolve to leave him, by the appearance of two men, just within the verge of the woods: two men, engaged in a fierce struggle for supremacy of some kind. One glance had sufficed to distinguish them as Caleb Stewart and the Indian chief Gray Hawk, wrestling fiercely for the possession of a gun. With the first frightened glance, she saw it wrenched from the white man's hold, and leveled with deadly aim at Huestice Young. Swift as lightning, she saw the only means of saving him. She would shield his life with her own. Gray Hawk should fire that shot through her bosom, before it reached her lover.

Huestice Young never knew why it was that his eloquent pleading, apparently so near rejection, was cut short by that wild leap which threw Washanee upon his bosom. It may be that a shade of disappointment checked the thrill of pleasure with which he received this swift impulse of tenderness. How could he know that all her limbs were quivering with dread, and her wild young heart beating itself half to death in the clasp of his arms, while she expected death to both the next instant? Well the brave girl knew that no more deadly marksman than Gray Hawk could be found in the Cherokee nation, and that his anger was terrible as his aim was certain. In her great fear, she seemed to answer Young's passionate appeal with a sudden overthrow of maidenly pride; and in his heart, she suffered a loss of esteem, while saving his very life.

It was well for Huestice Young that the girl was brave as her forefathers; for another moment, and a bullet from that gun would have pierced the heart her form alone could protect.

During Stewart's walk through the woods, by direct falsehood and crafty insinuations, he had aroused a force of jealous wrath in the young chief which was fast kindling into dangerous ferocity. Though he listened in silence, and his bronze countenance never changed, that vicious man was surely doing his work. The smouldering fire he had kindled in that savage bosom

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flamed into fury when they came in sight of Young, talking so earnestly, while Washanee listened to him with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes. Then Stewart looked into the face of that semi-savage, and understood with what fire he had been playing, and cowered back, trembling.

The young man's face was contracted, and a murderous light shone from under the heavy knitting of his brows; his upper lip was just lifted from the white teeth, giving him the look of a wild beast about to spring upon its prey. With the swift movement of a tiger-cat, he lifted his rifle and leveled it.

Rendered desperate by the storm he had raised, Stewart sprang upon the chief, and strove to seize the rifle; but Gray Hawk shook him off, and again leveled the weapon; but as his eye ran along the barrel, he saw only the white face of Washanee, turned over her shoulder, and looking, as it were, into the very mouth of death. This one woman on all the earth that he loved stood between him and his vengeance.

Slowly the rifle dropped downward, vibrating for a moment after it touched the earth; for the hand that grasped it shook, perhaps for the first time since it had handled firearms. Then, without a word, Gray Hawk strode into the woods. Stewart followed him, afraid of the savage passions he had inspired. Still, the Indian strode on in silence. They had reached the very heart of the woods, when he turned, as if annoyed by another presence.

"Go your own way," he said. "Even white men like you should be ashamed to follow cowards."

"No one will ever think of you as a coward," said Stewart, greatly relieved that the young man had spoken at all.

"But I could not kill her. My hand shook."

"Because you were too brave to kill a woman."

"Does the hand of a brave man tremble upon his rifle? Had that been steady, I could have shot him over her shoulder."

"And been hung for it, with an army of white men looking on. Will you Indians never learn that revenge is best eaten cold?" said Stewart, with diabolical coolness.

Gray Hawk turned fiercely upon him. His glance was lurid. Again the upper lip was lifted from his teeth.

"But I am an Indian—all an Indian. There is no white in my blood. Revenge—we like it hot, hot as fire."

"No, no; that is a savage way of devouring it. Education should have taught you better. With us it is the only thing worth waiting for."

"But this man—this white brave. The rifle was in my hand. Why is he alive now?"

"Because a woman loves him. One of your own women, too; the loveliest of them all," answered Stewart, taking malicious pleasure in tormenting this other rival, whom he hated for the very courage that made him so ungovernable.

"Washanee?" said Gray Hawk. "I could not kill her. She was clinging to him, but I could not kill her."

"Why should you? She is not to blame; but the old man, who brought her here, that her beauty might drive us mad. He is wise, subtle as a fox, and never meant that Washanee should marry among her own people. It is for this he has bought up land, and saved gold."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Gray Hawk, fiercely, as if a stinging idea had been forced upon him.

"You were foolish enough to think that all his gatherings would come back to the nation. That he would give Washanee and all his wealth to some young brave, who would fill his place when he dies."

Gray Hawk made no reply, but walked on, tearing his way through the brushwood. All at once he stopped, and faced around upon his tempter.

"Is it Washaning you would have me shoot?" he questioned, with savage bluntness. "The old man?"

"Shoot? Oh, no! At least, not here. They hang men, even Indian chiefs, who shoot one another within sight of the marble Capitol out yonder."

"I could not shoot the old man. It would be like killing her," said Gray Hawk, whose wrath was merging into an agony of jealous pain. "I have lived in his lodge, eaten of his venison, and followed him on the war-path."

"Kill him! No—that, as I tell you, would give you, bound hand and foot, to our laws; and they would hang you like a dog."

"But I am a chief—such can be shot or burned. We, too, have laws."

"By which traitors who fail in their duty to the nation—even the highest of your chiefs—can be made to disappear. That might happen even to Washaning."

Gray Hawk stood for awhile, searching Stewart's face with his fierce eyes; then he walked on without another word.

## CHAPTER XVI.

When Washanee entered her lodgings that afternoon, she found the old chief at home and alone: very weary and rather cast down, as it seemed to her. He had been reading, but pushed

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the book from him, as she came in, and with his elbows resting on the table, seemed to be waiting to hear what she had to say.

At first, the girl hesitated to disturb him, though her heart and brain were full of wild happiness. She loved, and was beloved; not after the fashion of her tribe, but as the poets, who had given her their thoughts, had loved through all the ages. This was enough to inspire all the romance and poetry of her own rare nature, and, for the time, her happiness was supreme. True, she had been fearfully terrified, and led into an act from which all that was sensitive in her sweet womanhood shrank with a feeling of shame; but the girl knew that the seeming audacity of her love had sprung from the best part of her nature, and inwardly gloried in the power of affection that could throw itself between danger and death. Young would never know of the impulse that had thrown her almost unsought upon his bosom. Loyalty to her own race would never permit of that. No one should know how near the man who had been as a beloved brother to her had approached the act of a murderer. It might grieve her grandfather to know of it, and he never should. Young might think her forward and unmaidenly—what then? She knew better, and need not blush before him, though perhaps there might never come a time when she could help that.

Washanee was well accustomed to fierce passions and dangerous encounters among her people, and terrible as the peril had been that morning, could not realize it as the women of more civilized nations would have done. Brave herself, she was almost fearless after any danger was passed; and even threatened death, by her own playmate and nearest friend, had no power to destroy the great happiness that cast its rosy cloud all around her.

Wisse had not yet come in; but her mistress thought nothing of that. The erratic slave might be in the woods, or wandering in the streets; she was sure to reach home in due time, without more harm than a torn dress, or perhaps the loss of her moccasins in the mud of some swamp. Young's horse had been found on the wayside, quietly cropping the grass from the bed of a brook—green, at the bottom, with water-cresses—and treading on his loose bridle now and then.

Had Wisse cast the horse loose, or had he shaken her from the saddle, to which she was little used? Had she been mounted bareback, there would have been no question in the matter; for a wild prairie horse could not have thrown the creature off.

So Washanee had no care about Wisse, and was glad to find herself quite alone with the old man, sitting there by the table, weary, and more than usually thoughtful. Still she hesitated. This new happiness—this precious revelation of a passion that had made the poetry of her childhood, was too precious for careless speech. If she could only have given it to her grandfather as a sacrament, it would have seemed easier.

But after all, the sweet burden of her secret could never be perfect without sympathy. Sometime she must tell the old man; why not now, when all the feelings of her heart seemed new born, like the spring flowers.

"Grandfather," she said, drawing a rug of soft fawn-colored fur to his feet, and kneeling down upon it, as she had done in early childhood, "Grandfather, do not take the hand from before your face, while I tell you something."

The old man was weary, and did not care to move the slender hand from the eyes it shaded. The pure sweetness of his grandchild's voice was enough for him.

"Grandfather, were you very, very happy, when the white lady first let you know that she loved you?"

"Very happy," said the old man, sadly, and with tears in his voice, though there were none in his eyes. "Very happy; it turned the earth into heaven."

"So it is with me, grandfather. So it is with me."

The old man dropped the hand from his eyes, and looked down upon her, wonderingly.

"With you, Washanee?"

"Everything is like heaven to me this morning, grandfather."

"Washanee!"

"Do not look so strangely at me, grandfather."

"But what is the meaning of this, child? What new cause of rejoicing has come over you, that your mouth is quivering with smiles, and your eyes so full of light?"

"Grandfather, I, too, am loved."

"Loved?" repeated the old man, with a faint effort to deceive himself. "There never was a time when you were not loved beyond anything that heaven has ever sent to me or my people."

"Oh, it is not that," cried Washanee, shaking her head, with a movement that almost amounted to impatience. "He loves me—*he*."

"I have known that long, if you speak of the young chief, Gray Hawk," said the old man, catching at the last straw of self-deception.

"Gray Hawk!" exclaimed the girl, thinking of the scene in the woods, and shuddering. "I hate him—oh, how I do hate him!"

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"Hate Gray Hawk? That would be sad news to our people, Washanee; for one day he will be their chief. It is so arranged in the council-lodge. Our laws do not permit women to rule alone; but you will be the queen of his lodge, and next him in power."

"Queen of his lodge? That is, to be his wife? No, no, a thousand times no. I never will be that."

Washanee started to her feet, panting like a trapped eagle.

"A thousand council-fires may burn themselves to ashes, before I can be that," she repeated, stamping her foot on the mat, till the beaded fringe on her moccasin rattled like tiny bells. "Grandfather, you have not been thinking of anything so—so impossible?"

"Why should it be impossible, my child? Since you were first laid in the cradle, this has been the wish of our people."

"But they never told me of it."

"Such things are settled in the council-lodge, and are not for the ears of our women," said Washaning, gravely. "It is not well to make them blush before their time."

"And Gray Hawk knows this?"

"He knows that our people wish it."

"And you, grandfather—you?"

"I only wish for your happiness, my child. Yours, and that of my people."

The old man's voice faltered here. He lifted his hand to his eyes, and she saw that it was trembling.

Instantly, the girl sank on her knees again, and with loving violence drew the hand down from his eyes, to which slow and painful tears were creeping.

"I am old," he said, with a faint smile, "and something you have said troubles me. Perhaps I am mistaken, after all. It is only that Gray Hawk has offended you: he is rash, fiercely impetuous at times; but brave beyond the most daring warrior, and wise in all the learning you love so much. Our people will have a grand chief when I am gone from them, and you a right loyal husband."

Washanee hesitated. There was something touching in the old man's distress, that softened her resentment against Gray Hawk, while the great joy that had overwhelmed it for a time was dying out in sympathy. The long, wistful look that Washaning turned upon her was too pathetic for entire resistance. Still, she could not force herself to deceive him.

"Forgive me, grandfather," she said. "Forgive me."

"What have I to forgive, Washanee?"

"So much. I did not know how much, till now; but all the love my grandmother gave to you is in my heart for the young chief up yonder, in the great white lodge."

"But, Washanee, that was but a childish liking. This man was kind to you, and gentle, as the people about us all seem to be. You have heard him speak, for he is eloquent, and his voice charmed you; but that is not love."

A flood of exultant tenderness came into Washanee's face, bringing the glow of many roses with it. The lids drooped over her eyes; but the sparkle, as of stars on water, broke through their lashes. The expression of that face made the old man faint before she spoke.

"Grandfather, you have told me what love is like, and I know that it is here, deep, deep down in my heart, where it has been lying all the time, like honey in the flowers we used to tear in pieces, while we studied the secret of their sweetness."

"But it is for one of our own people. Tell me that it is for one of our own people, and I will be content. I can hardly tell you this: but my blood—the Indian blood in your veins—forbids a man of the white race to love you entirely as a daughter of the Cherokees must be loved and honored."

"No, no, grandfather; you are wrong there. He loves me; this grand white chief, with all his power and honors, loves me. Only this morning he told me so."

The girl pressed both hands upon her heart, as she said this, and leaned forward, like a queen waiting to be crowned. The wild grace of her attitude was full of triumph. She evidently expected an outburst of surprise, perhaps approbation; but Washaning regarded her enthusiasm in dumb silence, speaking never a word.

"Grandfather, speak to me. Do not look so sternly over my shoulders, as if I were not close to you."

The old man did speak, at last; but it was in a severe, hard voice, that seemed to be that of another person.

"This man told you that he loved you. When and where?"

"This morning, in the woods away yonder, where birds are singing, and the trees are in blossom."

"How did you find a place like this?"

"I had a great longing, there in my room, for the sight of trees and the sound of waters. The little birds under my window had made me homesick for the forest; so Wisse and I went out in search of them. We had seen the distance dark with woods, and knew that by walking in one way we should find them. So we went on and on, by

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fields, and among scattered trees, till they grew thicker and thicker, and the sky was shut out by the green of young leaves. Birds were singing, as if glad to have us back again; and I think we might have gone on till now, everything was so pleasant; but all at once we came to a great brook, that ran across the road, and cut the woods in two. That made us turn back, but someone on horseback was riding through it; and when he came near, we knew that it was the white chief, Young."

The old man drew a deep breath. He began to see that the meeting of these two persons had been an accident.

"The white chief got down from his horse and walked back with us, till Wisse would get on its back, and rode off among the trees; and so we two went on together. He could not leave me alone; and while we were walking, he—grand-father, it was then that he told me that he loved me dearly, just as you told her that night in the meadow, with nothing but the moonlight to look on."

The old man sighed, heavily.

"And it was then, grandfather, that everything around us seemed to change and grow wonderful with new beauty, as the meadows turned to heaven while you were crossing them, with the fair white girl, who loved you dearly as he loves me, in spite of your Indian blood."

"But who pined and perished in her sweet youth, like a transplanted flower," said the old man, sorrowfully.

"But she loved you always?" questioned Washanee, listening for his answer as if her life depended on it.

"Fondly, entirely, to the last."

"As loyal whites can love us Indians when they follow their own hearts," cried the girl, with a thrill of triumph in her voice.

Washaning could not force himself to express, even in an indirect form of questioning, the doubts that lay heavily on his heart; but she saw the trouble in his eyes, and unconsciously answered it.

"As my grandfather loved his wife, he will love me."

A swift flash of light in the old man's eyes bore prompt evidence of the relief he felt.

"Did Huestice Young say that, Washanee?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"And you?"

"There was too much joy in my heart for much talking. It seemed as if the birds and the whispering winds answered for me," replied the girl, evasively, for she remembered the tragic interruption of her love scene by Gray Hawk, and guarded his secret with loyal heroism.



During some minutes, a dead silence prevailed in that room. The old man's keenest doubts had been to some extent removed; but underneath them lay many causes of anxiety that no human being could understand but himself. That which he had dreaded for years, but would not force himself to guard against, had happened in the most natural way, as if destiny itself must forever be wheeled upon her course by an accident. This one morning had, for aught he knew, changed the destiny of a whole nation, and rendered futile the efforts of a lifetime.

While he sat lost in deep dejection, feeling the need of energy, but held down by a weight of years, the girl sat at his feet, regarding the changes of his countenance with wistful anxiety. In the depths of her being, the greatest happiness that God gives to humanity lay like a nested bird, giving out a soft flutter of joy now and then; but spite of this, a cloud had gathered about her, and she could not look upon that old man, in his silent trouble, without feeling that this love was in some way doing him a great wrong. Had he pledged his honor to the councils of his own nation, or to the young chief Gray Hawk, and must that be wrecked in order that her happiness might be completed?

These and many other vague thoughts swayed the girl's mind, filling it with shapeless anxieties. Then the fierce wrath of Gray Hawk, which had already led him to the verge of a murderous assault: how might that be appeased? Underlying all this lay the sweet consciousness that she was beloved. All the rest was uncertain and doubtful, confusing her thoughts somewhat, as clouds swept over the bright waters of a lake without disturbing their depths.

But the old man remained silent: so wrapped in gloom that he seemed unconscious of her presence; and when, awed by this, she arose softly, and stole out of the room, he was not conscious of the movement.

In the corner of her own chamber, Washanee found her sable hand-maiden cowering on her bearskin couch, in a state of pitiful dilapidation. Her garments were torn in many places. One moccasin was wet, and stained with mud, that reached half way up the legging. This covered the only foot visible, for the other was tucked under her, with furtive craft, that its naked and scratched condition might escape notice; for its covering had been left deep in the mud of some swamp through which she had tramped in her desperate efforts to reach home after that exhibition of Comanche riding.

Washanee looked on the forlorn creature with surprise.

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After awhile, the old man became conscious that he was alone; and lifting himself wearily from the chair, began to pace the room up and down, with a step that fell like lead upon the floor. Once or twice he halted in his walk, and seemed to argue desperately with his own thoughts.

"That promise—oh, that promise! All this evil finds its root there. Had I but found strength to resist her appeal—had I been true to my people, rather than pitiful to her, this fever of the heart never would have seized upon the child. My love, my wife, never asked so much. She knew how great the cost would be; but her child had no such experience. She could not tell how fatally the curse of mixed blood might work itself out in the destiny of the babe that lay upon her bosom, when she wrung the promise from me; but I knew—had I not felt it in every nerve of my body, in every thought of my mind? Even if my wife had asked this thing, I should have refused it. Still, our daughter was so like her, as she lay there in her first motherhood—that cruel motherhood, that has well-nigh drawn the heart of her child away from her own people—God forgive me, God forgive me, it is the white blood in her veins that draws her forever and ever toward our enemies. The people who would have loaded me with knowledge as a charity, but when they had moulded my nature almost in harmony with their own, spurned me from them, as if I had been a strange dog who had dared to lie down on their hearth-stones.

"Is it the white man's learning that has lured Washanee into this fatal passion for this one man of a people who forever have and forever will trample us under foot? With that, I strove to fill her heart with love of the grand features of our own free life. I have tried to mingle the culture, the self-sacrifice, and tender thoughtfulness of her grandmother, with the energy and wild force of my own people, that she might be a blessing to them, when I am called to my fathers.

"It was for this, the brightest and best of our young men were taught to soften their wild sports and fierce war spirits with the study of books, that they might learn that thought may be more powerful than the arrow or the bullet. God help me—have I failed, utterly failed, in both?"

Washaning flung up both hands, as these thoughts crowded on him, and wrung them in passionate despair.

"In performing that one promise, wrung from my weakness when Washanee's mother was dying, have I brought down misery to her, and ruin on my people? Spirit of my fathers, forgive me, forgive me, if I have!"

After this one outburst of passionate distress, the old man sank into his chair, and burying his face in the folds of his cloak, sat there motionless as a statue. The stoicism of his race had fallen upon him, and whatever he might suffer of pain hereafter, no human being would ever be permitted to see it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## REST AND PEACE.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE.

The red-buds blossom on the hill,
The hill you loved so dear;
The mountain pink is starring still
The greensward far and near.
The spicy pines, the fragrant earth,
The sunshine and the dew,
All things, exult in fuller birth—
But not, alas! for you.

The gleaming river, far below,
Winds on in endless sheen.
Past distant orchards white with snow,
By willows fringed with green.

The very sky, that bends above,
Puts on its tend'rest blue.
All things awake to life and love—
But not, alas! to you.

You sleep afar. Yet on your breast
The earliest roses fall;
And glad birds sing you to your rest;
And God, He knoweth all!
And to you, dear, while breath survives,
Two lonely hearts are true—
Theirs are the tears, the broken lives,
The Rest and Peace for you.

## IN THE GARDEN.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

This was my sin, I confess,
I kissed her out there in the garden.
She wore an Indian dress—
This was my sin, I confess.

If I had loved her the less,
I would not now sue for her pardon.
This was my sin, I confess:
I kissed her out there in the garden.

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# HER UNCONSCIOUS REVENGE.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

She came out of a purplish sort of a house: one with a quaint, overhanging roof. It had evidently been built by a person of some taste; imitating, to a certain extent, old-fashioned models; but was modern in its conveniences.

She had an olive sort of complexion; brownish-black hair; just a hint of scarlet on her cheek and lips; and most noticeable of all, gray eyes, under fine straight eyebrows. She was not beautiful, exactly: she was more like a sketch dashed off in an hour by an artist; eager and full of enthusiasm; grand of conception; but in which there would be left room for imagination. She was some such a portrait as you find in old dark galleries, in a frame that is oak, and dark and curious. When she walked, it was rapidly and firmly: there was a suppressed energy about even her most nonchalant movements, that, if you were a critic, you would have noticed, with a lively interest; it was exhilarating, as is a quick wind blowing over the prairies.

Vandyke Randolph was a critic, and he noticed this.

She wore, this day, a short, soft white cashmere: there were puffs and tiny tucks in it; and on one smooth white wrist was a wide amethyst bracelet. Randolph felt, vaguely, how perfectly simple it all was; and yet he liked it. She stood in front of the house, calmly unconscious of any scrutiny; there was a little eagerness in the wide purplish eyes; while a saucy breeze that came up ruffled the fringe of hair upon her forehead, and put a sort of a spirit into the whole scene.

Randolph instinctively likened her to a thistle-blossom: she suited a strange artistic mood he happened to be in; he felt as if, with her, one would ever be looking for the frame.

After awhile, she went into the house: it made him slightly savage, as if she had no right to spoil the delightful effect: his artist blood grew rebellious; but as he did not see exactly how to help it, he too concluded to go into the house—the one opposite—where he happened to be stopping.

That night, his dreams were affected by a delicate womanish figure—the girl of the purplish house.

He heard a good deal of her. She was nineteen, and had been for two years a wife. Her father had died; Clay Evans had been his partner, and the one with all the money in the firm. He had thought it his duty, doubtless, to marry her; and she, for a home, to accept him. Love—well, there were many years between nineteen and forty; mutual respect was the most to be expected of such a union, under such circumstances.

"So the Prince Charming has not come yet, it is evident," Vandyke Randolph muttered, under his breath; and felt, he could hardly have told why, relieved. Not that he was a wicked man: he was at most a selfish one. Dorothy—Mrs. Evans—was a pleasant study, and he meant to study her. If she drooped a little under the treatment, so that she lost not the charm of her odd, lovely face, the simple grace of her ways, what mattered it? He had rightly measured her: she would reveal nothing; would even sternly quell the questions of her own heart; and so the play promised to be interesting.

Later, he saw the husband: a plain, brown man; "rightly named Clay," Randolph thought, sardonically; he seemed to care little for anything save business, least of all for his wife. His wife? Thinking of her, Randolph somehow got on to marble, and the Psyche.

She interested him as women did not usually: he hardly defined the reason himself. Her beauty was not so great, her accomplishments few.

She played the piano indifferently, the harp well. She read no foreign tongue, save German. "I liked that," she said, as if apologizing for the preference, "even before I understood it. It is all rhythm." Her husband, who spoke Spanish very well—it was useful in his business in New Mexico and Southern Colorado—would teach her that language, some day, when he was not so busy as now.

"I should [illegible] be too busy," thought Randolph.

She painted, too, a little, in water-colors; for she was not ambitious: no flowers, as most ladies he knew did. Landscapes, sometimes; and these were always bold little bits: he would have liked to sketch them himself. Animals she was more fond of; and she had some heads, even; one was well executed, indeed: a boy's, under a bent gray hat. In all she did, there was



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much that was faulty; but she was always original.

He felt a slight pity when she confessed, though not in the penitent tone that he would have liked, that she found no sympathy for Emerson; but his opinion became more respectful, when she talked eagerly and well, when the topics came to Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, and Jean Paul.

Thackeray she did not like, nor even Dickens; but she spoke lovingly of Victor Hugo, whom, modestly she knew only by translations; of Dante and Alfieri: she held her own so well, she had such daring opinions, and an actual brilliancy of language, that he listened, was amused, or interested, as the conversation warranted; and was all the while clearly conscious that the talk was agreeably helped out by purple-gray eyes, under straight dark brows.

He had come to Colorado to make sketches; he had planned a large quantity of work; somehow, he was satisfied that he did not accomplish as much as he had intended: he knew the reason quite well; but was unwilling to exactly admit, even to himself, that it was pleasanter to guide Dorothy Evans' slim white hands in some difficulty of drawing, to watch her as she assorted colors, and made odd, expressive speeches while she painted; or, when tired, to drop art, and talk of books: and the pleasure was scarcely marred by the presence of Clay Evans—often duenna-like near, but obligingly pre-occupied with cigar and bundles of accounts.

He grew to fancying, too, that when he returned to New York, he should paint one quite large picture, and call it Thistle-blossom. He was quite sure it would be a success; it was to be of Dorothy Evans, as he first saw her. Hers was an uncommon style, and would "take" immensely; but he wanted to be very careful about the treatment. And so, and so—but as he did not finish the sentence out for himself, we cannot presume to do so. He told Mrs. Evans something of this, one day; she smiled, and looked appreciative.

In this fashion, the days drifted by—became weeks; the cynic, too, was passing away from Vandyke Randolph: there was about him an eager, feverish air, suited to lovers in their first youth. For he came to acknowledge to himself that he loved Dorothy Evans; the purple-gray eyes had been too powerful for his soul. I do not know but that, in one way, even this mistaken love made him more worthy—brought him out of self; and if, when the bitter-sweet knowledge had come to him with the first overwhelming force, he had straightway gone away, had plunged into hard work; had sought the company of fellow-artists; of good old women, it might have purified him, by the very existence of love—such love as Petrarch's was.

But he was too selfish for such a course; it was pleasanter to stray on; to feed the flame not only in his own heart, but, he doubted not, in hers. For he was not only vain, but cruel.

One day in the early autumn, he met her coming into the gate. Her dress was a creamy sort of stuff, and it was trimmed in a singular way, with a band of dark-brown silk: a little narrower, and it would have been too narrow; a little wider, too wide. About her throat and wrists were coiled loosely some brown wooden beads. A singular dress, but it suited her. She stood away from the house, out amid the high, dry grass; and let the soft autumn sky hedge her in.

He had got beyond thinking that she consulted nature now: nature seemed to wait upon her.

She held out a book, in its brown paper cover, with a pretty, graceful gesture. "See, I have bought Froude, as you recommended."

As *he* had recommended! His breath came thick and fast; but he got through some commonplace remarks somehow.

He looked matters right in the face, that night. He told himself that he was willing to give up for her even his promising artistic career; would flee with her to some other country—Italy, perhaps. For once in his life, the man was fairly aroused, fairly eager. With the fever still high in his heart, he walked out into the cool night air: his steps half unconsciously took their way towards Dorothy Evans' home.

He passed noiselessly through the gate, and stopped by a clump of hollyhocks, with their great silken blossoms. Years afterward, he saw some such flowers again; and turned away from them, faint and giddy.

The window-shutter had become loosened; had swung back, and the curtains were drawn. He saw a sight that chilled him to the heart. She was all in rose and garnet, he took that in; every fold of her dress, every feature of her face grown so dear to him. Her arms were around a quiet, brown man; her lips were pressed passionately to bearded ones—her husband, Clay Evans.

Randolph saw it all. He had been to her merely a pleasant, perhaps helpful, acquaintance: this man was her king among men. The pretty mists that vanity had spread before his eyes cleared away; and so, unconsciously, she had her revenge for the wrongful love with which he had dared to love her.

And he stepped back into the darkness.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a dinner or house-dress, of foulard or louisine silk; but any of the pretty printed sateens would make a lovely costume after this model. The skirt has a deep kilt-plaiting, three-quarters of a yard deep; this is mounted on a foundation of silesia. The tunic forms a long point in front, and the back is in long loops and sash ends. One side of the pointed tablier is trimmed with a wide Russia lace or guipure embroidery. Either are put on plain, and turn up on the edge of the tunic. The basque is cut in a point in front, and coat-tail at the back.

No. 1.

No. 2.

The waist and sleeves are trimmed to match the skirt. Twenty yards of foulard or any other summer silk, or sixteen yards of sateen, four yards of lace or embroidery, will be required.



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No. 2—Is a pretty costume of embroidered muslin, or dotted or figured Swiss. The skirt has a deep kilt-plaiting, and the tunic is very

No. 3.

long and full, so as to admit of being looped quite high on the right side; the left side is allowed to droop, and the back is arranged in irregular puffs. The bodice is cut in a long pointed basque, which has a wide turned-down collar, and a pointed plastroon continued all the way down the front of the basque. Small close cuffs are made to correspond. Fourteen to sixteen yards of yard-wide material will be required.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume, for a young lady. The material is one of the pretty pin-striped zephyr ginghams, with a border. The skirt is

No. 4.

made short all around, and two and a half yards wide. (All skirts are a trifle wider than they have been.) The border of the material is used

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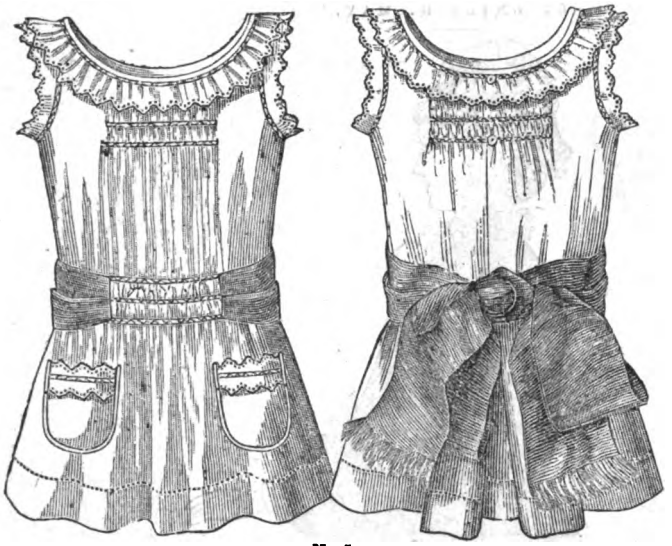

No. 5.

for the ruffles. Our model has three ruffles all around the skirt; the fourth one covers the front and side gores, and the fifth is very scant, and is continued to the waist, and also covers the front and side gores. The polonaise is cut on the bodice, so that the stripes may meet in a point towards the waist line. It is a simple polonaise, hemmed on the edge, and looped quite high at the sides to display the skirt. Coat sleeves with a corresponding ruffle, headed by a tiny gathered cuff. Turndown collar. This model would also be suitable for one of the embroidered robes of nun's-veiling or batiste, using the embroidery for the ruffles of the skirt. Of gingham or percale, fifteen yards will be required.

No. 4—Is quite a new design for a walking-costume, for a young miss. It is made of nun's-veiling. The skirt has, first, a deep kilted flounce, which is mounted on a foundation lining of crinoline; over this is a falling puff, which is a continuation of the kilt-plaiting: the kilting and puff are all in one piece. First, make the kilting, and as deep as it may be required, then arrange it upon the foundation; then the puff arranges itself almost: gather it and fasten it in its proper place, about four inches above the edge of the jacket; finish the upper part of the skirt with a plain yoke to meet the upper edge of the puff. A plaited Norfolk jacket, belted at the waist, completes this stylish costume. For the seaside, this model, in flannel or fine checked woolen goods, would be both useful and elegant.

No. 5—Is a low-necked frock, of pale-blue or pink gingham, trimmed with white embroidery. It is to be worn over a high-necked, long-sleeved underwaist, or a high-necked yoke and sleeves of white nainsook may be fitted into this frock, and made a part of the dress. These low-necked colored frocks over the white underwaists are new and very fashionable. The sash for a wash dress should be of the material of the dress, and sewn on, as seen in the illustration.

No. 6—Is a plaited blouse-costume, of marine-blue linen or sateen, for a little boy of four or five years. The waist is long, and plaited back and front; and it has a gathered or plaited skirt about nine inches deep. The sailor collar, the front of the waist, and the cuffs, are trimmed

No. 6.

with Hamburg edging and narrow white braid. Four or five rows of the braid edge the skirt.

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# SUMMER MANTLE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of a new style Summer Mantle. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT containing the half of the pattern, full size. It consists of two pieces:

No. I.—THE HALF OF THE FRONT.

No. II.—THE HALF OF THE BACK.

The sleeve, which is a portion of the back, is to be slightly full on the shoulders. The mantle is gathered both at the back and neck, the lines at the waist showing where the gatherings are to be placed. The notches and letters show how the pieces are to be joined.

This pattern can be made in satin, cashmere, or camel's-hair. Or it would look well in the same material as the dress worn with it. Trim with French or Spanish lace, and loops of watered ribbon. This is, perhaps, the prettiest, simple wrap that has been out for several seasons.



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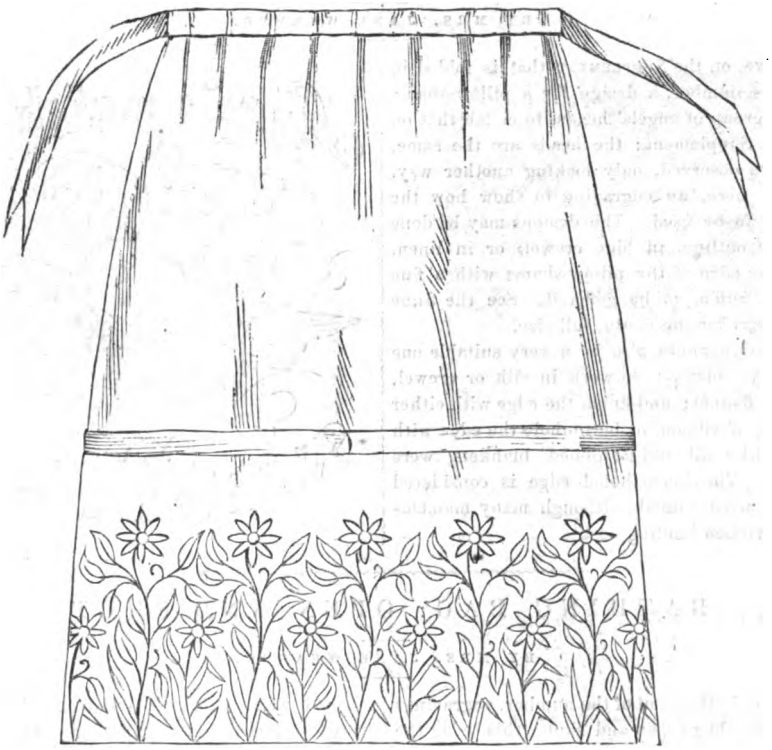
# EMBROIDERED APRON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, an illustration of one of the embroidered aprons now so fashionable; and on the SUPPLEMENT folded in with this number, the pattern for the embroidery, full size. The materials required for this apron are one yard of white bunting, and two and a half yards of inch-wide ribbon.

Turn up one end of the yard of material, and make an inch-wide hem, and hem-stitch it in: then turn up on the right side to the depth of nine or twelve inches, and to this transfer the pattern which we give on the Supplement. Work in Kensington-stitch, working the daisies and buds solid, and outlining the leaves and stems. Use two shades of green for the stems and leaves: the olive shades are the prettiest; white for the daisies, with yellow centres, and tip the points of the daisies with pink. Make another inch-wide hem for the top of the apron. Run the ribbon, either pink or blue, in both the hems, leaving the waist hem with long enough ends to tie. The turned-up piece, which is embroidered, forms the pocket of the apron: a convenient receptacle for all the working materials.

# VALANCE FOR WINDOW: APPLIQUÉ.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a valance for a window, to be done in appliqué. The ivy leaves are cut out of dark-green velvet, and appliquéd on light-green cloth or felt, with the stems done in Kensington-stitch with green crewel. The border of the design is put on with green braid, and a thick woolen cord edges the vandykes. The valance can be hung over a cloth curtain, or over a piece of dark-colored plush. Tassels finish the points of the valance.



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## DESIGN FOR PILLOW-SHAM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT that is folded in with this number, a design for a pillow-sham: another group of angels' heads, to match that on the June Supplement; the heads are the same, it will be observed, only looking another way. We add, here, an engraving to show how the motto is to be used. The designs may be done either in outline, in blue crewel, or in linen. Finish the edge of the pillow-shams with a fine nainsook ruffle, to be goffered. See the June SUPPLEMENT for the motto, full size.

The design would also be a very suitable one for a baby's blanket, to work in silk or crewel, on white flannel; and finish the edge with either a binding of ribbon, or buttonhole the edge with crewel, like all old-fashioned blankets were finished. The buttonholed edge is considered the most artistic finish, although many mammas like the ribbon binding best.

## BATHING BAG: OPEN AND SHUT

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, engravings of a bathing bag (open and shut), this being the season for sea-bathing to set in, and it being necessary, when bathing, to carry the appliances for the toilet to and from the beach bath-houses. Our illustration gives a bag for this purpose, made of blue flannel, lined with white flannel, stitched with blue, and trimmed with pliable straw bordering lined with blue. But the bag could also be made of coarse crash, and worked with crewels. It may be made any size convenient to carry, according to the necessity of the costume being included. The handles are of the same material as the bag.

## FOLDING CAMP-STOOL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The foundation is dark navy-blue plush or cloth, on which the design is worked: either a scroll pattern in cross-stich, or a spray of flowers in Kensington-stitch in crewels. If the design is one for cross-stitch, canvas must be tacked upon the foundation, and the design worked on the canvas. The threads of the canvas are pulled away when the work is finished. A spray of flowers in Kensington-stitch, we prefer; and crash or linen Java canvas may be substituted for the plush, if the stool be intended for much use.



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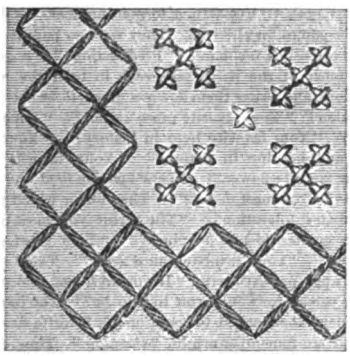
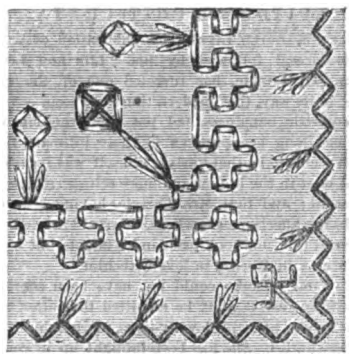
## BORDER AND CORNER: RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These two borders, with corners, can be done in point russe and point de croix, with either crewels, silk, or ingrained cottons, of one or several colors. This style of embroidery, quick of execution and effective, is very fashionable for tea-cloths, toilet-cloths, etc., etc.

## POMEGRANATE DESIGN: KENSINGTON-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in colors, we give a beautiful pattern, designed expressly for this magazine, of "Pomegranates." This design may be used for the end of a scarf, table-cover, or for a tidy, or for the centre of a sofa-pillow. Or the branch alone would fill in the corners of a square table-cover. The design was made expressly for this magazine.

Work on mummy-cloth, crash, or felt, and use English crewels in preference to the American ones. The work is all done in Kensington-stitch, descriptions of which we have repeatedly given.

## CASE FOR SMALL POCKET-COMB.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The usual size is about four inches long and one inch wide, made with two covered pieces of firm cardboard, with a narrow ribbon around the two edges and bottom to give room for the comb. The front is slightly scooped out at the top. The covering may be of thin kid or velvet, and the embroidery done in filoselle, in the shades of the leaves and flowers of the design selected. Both sides of the case must be lined before joining them with the ribbon. This makes a very nice little gift for a gentleman's moustache comb, and would be very appropriate to give.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

CARLYLE'S MARRIED LIFE.—The publication of Carlyle's "Reminiscences," followed by his "Life and Letters," edited by Mr. Froude, has revealed one of the saddest tragedies, in its way, that modern times has seen.

That domestic happiness had not been the lot of the Carlyles had long been known to their intimate friends. The truth seems to be that Carlyle himself was incapable of loving, at least in the higher and more self-sacrificing sense of that word; and that Mrs. Carlyle, having been disappointed in her affections elsewhere, married Carlyle because she esteemed him, and took pride in his talents, but without, as she herself said, "being in love with him."

A more fatal mistake could not have been committed. To be entirely just, it must be admitted that after having married Carlyle, his wife loyally—yes, more than loyally—fulfilled her duties. She had been brought up in comparative affluence, was an only child, had good talents, had a fine education, and was a favorite in society. This petted and accomplished girl he took to a lonely farmhouse, miles from a village even, where domestic "help" could hardly be procured, and there she was compelled to cook, bake, and scrub, as if she had been a common peasant's wife. She had, meantime, no society, and a husband who took all her sacrifices as of course, and hardly gave her even his own company. Afterwards, in London, the same kind of life was led, only a little less lonely and martry-like on the part of the poor wife. "My dear," Mrs. Carlyle once said to a friend, "never marry a literary man." And on another occasion, her words were, "I married for ambition, and I have been wretched."

Carlyle's excuse to himself for all this was that he was poor. But he need not have been poor, if he had been willing to work, like other men, at whatever "his hand found to do." But he persuaded himself that he had a mission, and thence would do no work which was not, in his opinion, in that direction. Everything else he considered derogatory. All this would have been very well if he had remained unmarried. So long as he made nobody else suffer, he had perhaps a right to do as he pleased. But the problem was changed when he took a wife. His first duty, after that, was to her. Not, indeed, to keep her in luxury, or gratify merely foolish whims, but to afford her proper sustenance, to cheer her by his sympathy, and not to call on her to do impossibilities. He laid a burden on her greater than she could bear. Yet she never complained. But her strength was overtasked, and her health and spirits gave way. For years she was an invalid. Not until after her death did her husband wake up to the consciousness of what he had done. Then, with bitter remorse and unavailing regrets, he looked back upon his forty years of selfishness.

The story, sad as it was, will be, we trust, a lesson. There have been other homes besides that of Thomas Carlyle's in which the wife has been a victim; and there are thousands of such homes, alas! still to be found all over England and America. Every year, almost, countless women go to their graves martyrs to the selfishness of husbands.

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LEADS THEM ALL.—The Norristown (Pa.) Herald says: "Peterson easily leads all the other magazines in the quality of its fiction, freshness of its fashions, and beauty of its engravings."

CHILDREN'S GAMES.—In a former number, we described various games for children. They were so popular that we have been asked for more. "Predilections" is a good one. A member of the party asks each in turn the following questions, and writes them down as given, to be subsequently read aloud: "Your favorite prose author?" "Your favorite poet?" "Your favorite hero in history?" "Your favorite hero and heroine in fiction?" "Your favorite name?" "Your favorite flower?" "Your favorite food and drink?" "The vice you most detest?" "The one for which you have the greatest toleration?" "The virtue you most admire?" "Your greatest idea of happiness?" "Your greatest idea of misery?" "Your favorite amusement?" These questions are always prefaced with, "If you were not yourself, what living personage would you like to be?" The late Charles Kingsley, when asked to mention his favorite amusement, gave, if we remember aright, "sleeping." Thus, any point may be strained in answering the above questions; and the more original the answers, and the further they stray from the beaten track of commonplaces, the greater the amusement afforded. This game is always considered a very interesting one, and is joined in by all with great zest, and offers scope for the display of a certain amount of knowledge and keenness of perception.

In some family circles a burlesque game is much enjoyed; but then it is, strictly speaking, in the family circle, and not outside it. A game of this character is that known as "Fanning." One of the company commences by saying: "My uncle has sent me a fan from China," and each one in turn says that he has received a fan from some part of the world, and fans himself with his right hand. This is followed by the leader asserting that he has received another fan from another relative in some other part of the world, and commencing fanning himself with both hands. This is continued by all present, until the leader receives a third fan, when he nods with his head and fans with his hands, and the whole company in time follow his lead, and the effect is consequently most absurd and laughable. The fun consists in keeping up the fanning as long as possible.

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YOUR ADDRESS SHOULD ALWAYS be on your visiting-card. How else can people know where you live, or if you have not moved? You have no right to suppose that you are such a very great personage that everybody must be aware of your residence, as they are that of the President, or a Queen of England. If Julia, who asks this question, has been told otherwise, she has been misinformed. Nor should visiting-cards ever be sent by post. Such a breach of good manners is quite unpardonable. To send a card by mail, when you owe a personal call, is little short of an insult. Yes, gentlemen should have Mr. prefixed to their name on their cards. Thus the card should be Mr. John Smith, and not simply John Smith. We are always willing to answer such questions.

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THE COLORED PATTERN, in this number, was designed expressly for "Peterson," by one of the students of "The Art-Needlework" society. For originality, grace, and beauty, it cannot be surpassed.

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IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe for "Peterson." Now, too, is a capital time, if you wish to begin with July.



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A New Volume Begins with this number, affording a particularly excellent opportunity to subscribe, if you do not wish back numbers. *We still continue to offer a choice of three costly premiums for getting up clubs.* The first is the beautiful steel-engraving, entitled, "Hush! Don't Wake Them," of the size of 20 inches by 16.

*Or, in place of it*, we will give, for a premium, either a Photograph Album, or our Quarto Illustrated Album, which was so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1882. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive, when desired. *Be particular, when remitting, to say whether you wish to begin with the January number, or that for July.* Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for.

A London Dinner-Party.—Most of our subscribers will remember an illustrated article, that appeared in this magazine for January 1881, on "London In The Season." As a supplement, so to speak, to that article, Mrs. Stephens furnishes, this month, a description of a dinner at the Earl of Carlisle's, at which she was present. As the Carlisles belong to what D'Israeli was accustomed to call "the higher nobility," a comparatively small class in numbers, and excessively exclusive, the article will be found, we think, of more than ordinary interest. It shows, that with the utmost splendor and luxury, a gracious and simple manner may exist. The Carlisles belong to one of the great historical houses of England, tracing their blood back, through the Howards and Dacres, to the Fitz-Alans, Mowbrays, and other Norman families that were cotemporary with the Plantagenets, and even with the Conqueror. They have generally, moreover, belonged to the more cultivated and progressive of their caste, acting as if they held rank and fortune, not for their own selfish pleasure, but as a trust involving great and serious duties. The seventh earl, better known in this country as Lord Morpeth, which was his title when here, was a fine type of a nobleman of this kind; and it was at that gentleman's table that Mrs. Stephens dined.

The Game Of Lawn-Tennis has almost entirely superseded that of croquet. Yet, in the opinion of many, it is too violent and debilitating for the hot summer climate of the United States. In England, whence it came, the heat is not so great; and it can be played without exhaustion, or even fatigue. This is one of the instances in which, we think, fashion is wrong. For a summer recreation, in America, croquet is much more appropriate. Besides, it is not, in our opinion, a particularly pretty sight to see gentlemen in woolen shirts and no coats, such as tennis is played in. Nor can the attire of ladies, at this game, be made half as charming as in croquet.

As This Is The Season of the year when a good many evening entertainments are given, especially in the country, we devote our colored fashion-plate, this month, entirely to evening-dresses. One of them is a very superb affair, suitable for the most elegant ball: the others are appropriate for less elaborate occasions; but all are stylish and beautiful and new. No other magazine, remember, gives plates like these; engraved on steel, printed from the plate, and colored by hand: no other can afford the expense.

We Receive So Many requests for patterns, etc., that it is impossible to comply with all; but we give as many as we can, selecting those which seem to be most in demand.

Address All Letters, in Future, intended for this periodical, whether for the business department or for the editorial one, to Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Remember, *all letters* are to be addressed to Peterson's Magazine.

A Butterfly Chase.—This is another of those first-class steel engravings, which are to be found only in "Peterson." It is after a recent picture by that popular artist, Heywood Hardy. Compare it with the lithographed affairs, falsely called steel engravings, found in other magazines.

Our Musical Subscribers, especially, will be interested in the "Sonata del Diavolo," the novelet began in the present number, for it turns on an incident well known in history. Apart from this, the story, as a story, will be found unusually interesting. It is by a new contributor.

This Is Our Mid-Summer Number, and we take advantage of it to introduce a slight change in our cover. The alteration makes the cover more typical; and improves it, we think, in other respects, also.

Additions May Be Made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club. It is *never too late* to make additions, as back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be supplied.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Thomas Carlyle. By James Anthony Froude. 2 vols., 4to. Harper & Brothers.*—This is a history of the first forty years of the life of Carlyle, the author of "The French Revolution," "Cromwell," etc., etc. The book will revive the controversy which was aroused by the appearance, last year, of the "Reminiscences." Mr. Froude seizes the occasion, in these volumes, to justify his course by quoting the opinion of Carlyle, when, in reviewing "Lockhart's Scott," the latter took ground against what he called "whitewashing" memoirs. The great satirist was even aggressively in favor of telling the "truth, and the whole truth," though of course "nothing but the truth." To have suppressed the "Reminiscences" would have been, it seems to us, treason to Carlyle, who wrote them. Having printed them, it was but right to follow them up with this biography, made up principally of Carlyle's own letters. In fact, the publication was necessary to vindicate Mr. Froude himself. The result certainly is a clearer understanding of Carlyle than we would have had otherwise. We see him now in his irritability, selfishness, and want of breeding, as well as in his genius and literary honesty. We have the picture of a real man, and not a mere make-believe. All who love sincerity and truth must be glad that Mr. Froude had the courage to do what he has done.

*The Queen Of The Kitchen. By Miss Tyson. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—There are more than a thousand receipts in this volume, all of them originating in Southern kitchens, by which we mean those of Maryland and Virginia, where cooking has long been "a fine art." Among the multitude of recent cook-books, this seems to us to be the very best.

*Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York. By Abram C. Dayton. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: George W. Harlan.*—This is a work of more than usual interest, being a series of sketches of New York City life forty years ago. The book is written with spirit. The author, now deceased, was evidently to the manor born.

*The Homestretch. By A. M. Collins. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: George W. Harlan.*—This is an anonymous novel, and apparently by a novice. It has much that is good in it, sufficient indeed to justify perseverance on the part of the author, who in time may become a successful competitor for public favor.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS FOR FIFTY CENTS.—Many requests have been made to us that we should sell copies of our premium engravings. We therefore offer *to subscribers to this magazine, or to any of their friends*, either of the following for fifty cents:

| | |
|---|---|
| THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, | (27 in. by 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S ADIEU TO HIS GENERALS, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN ON TRIAL, | (27 " " 20) |
| BUNYAN IN JAIL, | (27 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE, | (27 " " 20) |
| WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE, | (24 " " 20) |
| CHRISTMAS MORNING, | (24 " " 20) |
| GRAN'FATHER TELLS OF YORKTOWN, | (24 " " 20) |
| THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, | (24 " " 16) |
| "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN," | (24 " " 16) |
| WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, | (24 " " 16) |
| BESSIE'S BIRTH-DAY, | (24 " " 16) |
| CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM, | (24 " " 16) |
| NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE, | (24 " " 16) |
| THE ANGELS OF CHRISTMAS, | (20 " " 16) |
| THE PARABLE OF THE LILIES, | (20 " " 16) |
| "HUSH! DON'T WAKE THEM," | (20 " " 16) |

Always say, when remitting, which plate is desired. Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE for nervousness, indigestion, etc. Send to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., for pamphlet. Mailed free.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. VII.—EYEBRIGHT—EUPHRASIA OFFICINALIS.

This is a small annual plant, common to Europe and some parts of the United States. Leaves ovate, opposite; corolla, light-blue, upper lip galeate, concave, apex two-lobed; lobes, broad and spreading; lower lip trifid, spreading; flowers in spikes; calyx, four-cleft lobes nearly equal. In allopathic practice, eyebright was formerly used in dysentery and several other complaints; but its chief reputation has been in disorders of the eyes. While Professor Wood says, "the probability is that the plant is nearly inert," the homœopaths give it the first place in fluent coryza, coryza of measles, etc. The eyes are the special seat of the influence of euphrasia, according to the literature of the latter school.

The archangel, in Milton, when he would clear the visual nerve of our first parents, first

"Purged with *euphrasy* and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see."

Given in drop doses of the "mother tincture," or a few drops of the first decimal dilution, it is (say the homœopaths) the great remedy in acute conjunctivitis, strumous ophthalmia, specks on the cornea, etc., sustained, however, by minute doses of sulphur internally, as a constitutional medicine. Yet, in the writer's experience, it wants sustaining with some still more efficient remedy. He fears that many *post hoc* results are take for *propter hoc* cures or effects. Mothers, nurses, and even doctors, are too prone to attribute all results occurring after the administration of a medicine to the effects of said agent upon the system. Hence arises one fruitful source of false experience as well as the publication of false facts, as Professor Dunglison called them.

FERNS. (1) *Sweet Fern.*—Comptonia asplenifolia.

A slender, indigenous, humble shrub, much branched, with narrow, fern-like foliage; leaves mostly pinnatafid, subsessile. This shrub is found about two feet high, growing in sandy or stony thickets, slaty woodlands, on hill-sides, often with the huckleberry bush. It possesses a resinous odor, especially when rubbed. It is tonic and astringent, and was used by mothers in ye olden time as a remedy for diarrhœa especially, and some other complaints. It is used freely in decoction internally, and externally it was much used as a wash for poisoning by the common poison vine.

(2). FEMALE FERN—*Lady Fern—Asplenium Felix fœmina, vel polypodium* F. F. Fronds one to two feet, pinnæ lanceolate, acuminate; segments of the *pinnulæ*, minute, sharply two-toothed. Found in moist woods. Supposed to possess similar vermifuge properties to that of the *male fern*, Aspidium Felix Mas. Fern one to three feet, stipe very chaffy; pinnæ triangular, lanceolate: sori near the mid-vein. About 1775, Madame Nouffer, widow of a surgeon in Switzerland, obtained great celebrity by curing tape-worm by a secret remedy. It was purchased by the king of France and made public. It may be given in powder; but the *oil*, which is an ethereal extract, is better, as it is more reliable, in doses of twenty to thirty drops night and morning, following each dose in one hour by one and a half ounces of castor oil. Mothers, however, in these cases should consult their family physician, and be guided by their better judgment.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.

### No. 161.—DIAMOND AND SQUARE.

*Diamond.*—1. A letter. 2. A chart. 3. Impetuous. 4 By. 5. A letter.

*Square.*—1. A chart. 2. Time. 3. By.

GEREER.

### No. 162.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is a 5, 6, 7 who manages a 1, 2, 3, 4.

HARRY.

### No. 163.—PROGRESSIVE WORD-SQUARE.

1. A liquid globule. 2. A large cord. 3. Candid. 4. Shut up.

PHIMAULIÉ.

### No. 164.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead contempt, and leave maize.
2. Behead a vessel, and leave a grain.
3. Behead lively, and leave a market.
4. Behead to mingle, and leave to grant.

BUNTHORNE.

*Answers Next Month.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

No. 158.

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          N
        C O D
      B A S E R
    C A R O L E D
  B U C O L I C A L
P A R A L O G I C A L
  R E L I G H T E D
    D A N I T E S
      B A C E R
        S A D
          L
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No. 159.

1. Cinque-foil.
2. Larkspur.
3. Wintergreen.
4. Snow-ball.
5. Water-lily.
6. Golden-rod.

No. 160.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | A | B | A | L | A |
| P | O | N | E | N | T |
| M | O | R | E | E | N |
| M | O | R | R | O | W |
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| M | A | R | R | O | W |

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Your Bedrooms, Etc.—As girls grow up, their dresses increase in size and number, and great are the lamentations over the smallness and insufficiency of the drawers, etc., in consequence. This want of accommodation can be easily supplied by home-work. One capital institution is the box ottoman, which, according to size, will hold dresses at full length, or serve as a receptacle for hats and bonnets. This is a particularly easily manufactured comfort, and almost any box will do for a foundation. Boxes of all shapes and sizes are used for this purpose by officers' wives, intent on getting the largest amount of accommodation with the smallest cost and least addition to their impedimenta.

Any packing-case will do, if tolerably stout. First purchase a pair of hinges for the lid, and four castors; when these are duly screwed on, line your box neatly with pink or gray glazed lining, fastening it securely by tacks or glue to the bottom and outside of the box. Next make a cushion to fit the top, and fasten this also securely at the four corners. This cushion may be made like a pillow or a mattress, as you please. You now cut a strip of the material, cretonne, sheeting, or whatever stuff you intend as a covering, the depth of your box, and long enough to go around it, allowing for fullness. Hem the lower edge neatly, and gather the top into a band the exact size of the box; this band is then nailed on, or, if you are using a trunk instead of a packing-case, is tied or buttoned. Then cut a piece sufficiently large to cover the cushion and lid, and to this stitch a frill either kilted, gathered, or box-plaited, as you choose, and fasten the whole with fancy nails to the lid in such a way that the kilting falls over and hides the band of the box valance. Add a cord or ribbon loop to the middle of the lid to lift it by, and your ottoman is complete. If your room is sufficiently large, it is very nice to have two of these ottomans, one long enough for dress skirts, and a smaller one, which will slip under the dressing-table, and hold your hats, etc., serving, when needed, as a seat for the dressing-table.

A second convenience is a wardrobe. To buy this is expensive, but a perfectly efficient substitute is easily contrived. If there be a recess in your room, have two boards made to fit it exactly in length; but one about one and one-half inches narrower than the other. These two planks may be painted, or varnished, or left in their natural condition, as you please. Fasten the broadest of them securely, about six feet from the ground, and the narrower one from nine inches to twelve inches lower. Immediately below this hangs one of the expanding American portable wardrobes, as they are called, and which may be procured at almost any furniture or fancy shop for a few pence. This is your wardrobe, which has but one objection: dust. To obviate this, make a curtain, which should match your furniture, curtains, etc. Cut the material for this at least six inches longer than the actual length, and allow it sufficiently wide to hang in good full folds. Hem it top and bottom, and, if you like, fasten tiny bags of shot in the bottom hem, to make it hang down fairly. Run a caser through the top hem, draw your curtain to the exact width, and nail the casing tape firmly at each end to the top of the upper shelf, about two inches from the edge. If this looks too bare, you may nail your caser to the edge of the top shelf, and fasten a strip of material, either vandyked or gathered, about two inches from the edge of the shelf, and sufficiently deep to fall over the top of the curtain, and hang down from four inches to six inches. It depends on the width of your recess whether you have one or two curtains. If you open your curtain in the middle, it is best to substitute rings, and a thin rod fastened to the upper shelf, under the valance, for the caser, as the former "run" more easily than the latter. If properly and carefully made, this wardrobe is perfectly dust-proof. When there is no recess, a corner of the room may be utilized in exactly the same way; only, instead of straight boards, you have triangular pieces, the size you choose, and fasten the rows of dress hooks each side of the angle formed by the wall. The shelf above the dresses serves to hold shoes, boots, etc., and such like, which are all the better for being protected from the dust.

Wall pockets of different sizes, from the useful one that holds slippers, house-shoes, clothes-brushes, etc., to the dainty little vide poche, that just holds your watch, scent-bottle, etc., are great additions to a room. A portable bonnet-box is another little comfort, that, when not in use, can be packed into a very small compass. It is easily made with four sticks, two squares of millboard, and a little cretonne and lining. Cut two squares each of cretonne and lining; join a square of cretonne and one of lining neatly on three sides, hemming the edges of both on the fourth side, into which you slip one of the squares of millboard; to this square sew a strip of cretonne, also lined, long enough to go around it, and join the ends, to form the sides of the box. Into each corner sew a caser, and slip a stick down each. Next fasten a lined square, similar to the foundation, to one side of the box, to form a lid; add ribbon strings to fasten it down, slip the other piece of millboard into this, and you have a neat little case that effectually protects your bonnet when not required, and which, by taking out the millboard and sticks, can in a moment be reduced to a tiny flat parcel.

It adds much to the finish of your room, if all the little et-ceteras harmonize—from the quilt, night-dress case, etc., to the curtains and furniture; and this can be quite easily arranged. You need not do it all at once, but keep your general idea in view, and work each addition to your room with an eye to this harmony. Where economy, both of material and use, has to be studied, the prettiest, freshest, and most durable stuff is scarlet Turkey twill, with plain white dimity, or, better still, fine creamy sheeting, as all these wash well to the very last. If expense be not so much an object, there is oatmeal cloth, of any shade you please, or delicate cretonnes and chintzes; only remember to choose their colors to suit your own, and avoid heavy draperies, such as damask, silk, or woolen, velvet, etc., which are handsome, doubtless, but, used as bedroom draperies, must contract, after a time, a close, heavy smell, and harbor dust, etc., far more than the lighter materials. Doubtless the daintiest drapery for "my lady's chamber" is the old-fashioned, lace-trimmed, pink-lined muslin, but it also is the costliest; as, to look anyway tidy, it must be quite fresh and crisp—not an easy task in a town, at all events.

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS.

*Veal Cutlets and Peas.*—Take a small neck of veal, divide it into cutlets with a bone to each, trim them all neatly in the

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same manner as mutton cutlets. Take a piece of rather lean bacon, cut it in slices one-eighth of an inch thick, and trim each slice to the size of the cutlets; sprinkle the veal cutlets with pepper and salt, and fry them on both sides in butter till well done. Fry the bacon separately. Have some parsley, and a very small quantity of thyme, finely minced together. Arrange the cutlets and bacon alternately in a circle on a dish, sprinkle them freely with the minced parsley and thyme, and in the middle place the peas, cooked as follows: Put them, with a small bundle of mint, in plenty of water, salted to taste, and let them boil as fast as possible, keeping the saucepan uncovered; when done, remove the mint, strain off the water, and give the peas a toss or two in a saucepan with a piece of butter.

*Mint Sauce.*—Chop as finely as possible a quantity of mint leaves, previously washed. Add to them sufficient white wine vinegar and water in equal parts to float them, and a small quantity of powdered sugar. Let the sauce stand for an hour before serving.

*Roast Leg of Lamb.*—Let the fire be moderate, and roast the joint slowly, basting it frequently till done, when it should be sprinkled with salt, and the gravy freed from all fat before serving. Serve with mint sauce.

VEGETABLES.

*Duchesse Potatoes.*—Mash one quart of hot boiled potatoes through a fine colander with the potato-masher; mix with them one ounce of butter, one small teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of white pepper, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and the yolks of two raw eggs; pour the potato out on a plate, and then form it with a knife into small cakes two inches long and one wide; lay them on a buttered tin, brush them over the top with an egg beaten up with a teaspoonful of cold water, and color them golden-brown in a moderate oven.

*Asparagus Rolls.*—Boil the asparagus as usual in boiling salted water; when tender, cut up the tops and all that is eatable, and warm over in milk, butter rubbed in flour, yolks of raw eggs beaten, a grate of nutmeg, and a small pinch of mace—quantities regulated by the amount of asparagus; have some rolls with the crumb scooped out, having taken off the top crust, fill the cavity with the boiling asparagus, and place the top crust on at once; it must be managed quickly, so as to send to the table very hot.

*Baked Tomatoes.*—Put into a baking-dish some tomatoes, nicely skinned; put upon each a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, and bread-crumbs. Let them bake slowly for one hour.

DESSERTS.

*Whipped Cream.*—Sweeten a half pint of cream with some loaf-sugar which has been well rubbed on the outside of a lemon, and then pounded. Put it into a perfectly clean cold bowl, and add to it the beaten-up white of an egg. Take a perfectly clean cold whisk, and whip the cream to a stiff froth, in a very cool place, or over ice. As the froth rises, lay it on a hair sieve, in a cool place, to drain. It will be found very nice, served in jelly or custard glasses, to be eaten with fruit tarts.

*Devonshire Cream.*—The milk—yesterday's—is put into polished shallow tin pans, over a low clear fire, quite free from smoke, and remains there, gradually heating, but never being allowed to boil, or to get any way near boiling, for about twelve hours, till the cream is ready to take off. It then lies in a kind of thick ring on the top of the fluid, where it must remain untouched until the next day, when it will be skimmed off and put into jars, ready for sale.

"*Snowballs.*"—Soak some rice in milk till tender and ready for cooking, strain it, put in the centre of it some pared and cored apples with flavoring, (such as a clove, a piece of lemon-peel, and cinnamon). Tie them in a cloth, boil them one and a quarter hours. Serve with melted butter and sugar.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC.

*Preserved Oranges.*—Take any number of oranges, and rather more than their weight in white sugar. Slightly grate the oranges, and score them around and around with a knife, but don't cut very deep; then put them into cold water for three days, changing the water two or three times a day. Afterwards tie them up in a cloth, and boil them till they are soft enough for the head of a pin to penetrate. While they are boiling, put your sugar on the fire, with rather more than half a pint of water to each pound. Let it boil for a minute or two, and then strain through muslin. Put the oranges into the syrup till it jellies, and is of a nice yellow color. Try the syrup by putting some to cool; it must not be too stiff. The syrup need not cover the oranges, but they must be turned, so that each part gets thoroughly done.

*A Delicious Dish of Pears.*—Ingredients: Six large baking pears, half-pound of sugar, quarter of a pint of wine, eight whole cloves, half a lemon, half-ounce of gelatine. Peel the pears, and cut them in quarters. Put them in a shallow dish, with sugar, cloves, and water enough to cover them. Stew in the oven till tender, but not broken. Take the pears from the liquor, and put them into a dish for the table. To half a pint of the liquor add the gelatine, juice, and grated rind of lemon, and wine. Let these ingredients boil quickly for five minutes, strain the liquid warm over the pears, and set them in a cool place. When cool, serve on a glass dish. A few drops of cochineal may be added to the jelly to improve its color.

*Green Grapes Preserved.*—Pick them carefully, and reject any that are injured; wash them, and to every pound of grapes allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put the grapes into a preserving-pan, then a layer of sugar, then a layer of grapes. Boil on a moderate fire, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning; and as the grape-stones rise, take them out with a spoon, so that by the time the fruit is sufficiently boiled—about one hour—the stones will all have been taken out.

*Peas (to Bottle).*—Put large and fully-formed peas into bottles; cork very tightly with very good corks. Put them into a saucepan, with cold water to reach the necks of the bottles; and with some hay between them to keep them from knocking, cover the saucepan, and boil up the water; keep it boiling for three hours, adding more water as it evaporates. Take out the bottles when cold, cover the corks with bottle-wax, and keep them in a cool place.

TOILET.

*To Lessen the Appearance of Freckles.*—Wash in fresh buttermilk every morning, and rinse the face in tepid water; then use a soft towel. Freckles may also be removed partially by applying to the face a solution of nitre and water. Another good wash for freckles is made by dissolving three grains of borax in five drachms each of rose-water and orange-flower water. There are many remedies for freckles, but there is none that will banish them entirely, and the above-named aids to their disappearance must be persevered with. It will be labor lost to apply them "now and then."

*The Leaves of Geraniums* are excellent for cuts where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the same kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied to the part, and the wound will be cicatrized in a short time.

## FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. 1.—EVENING-DRESS, OF RUBY-COLORED SURAH SILK. The skirt is puffed in front, with a narrow knife-plaiting

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beneath each puff, and is trimmed with two wide lace flounces. The train is laid in plaits at the back, and is untrimmed. The corsage is low in the neck, is gathered into a long point in front, is also pointed at the back, and has a berthé of white lace, ornamented with white roses. The panier is also trimmed with white lace.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE GRENADINE. The unlooped train is edged with Spanish lace. The apron overskirt is of white grenadine. The under part of the skirt is of net, embroidered in gay colors with silk. The cuirass waist is pointed back and front. A pearl fringe edges the berthé, which is embroidered in colored silks. Long trails of glycina and fox-glove ornament the dress.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION OR EVENING-DRESS. The skirt is made of striped brocade silk, trimmed with a puffing and plaiting of rich brown gauze over brown silk. The puffing and plaiting are separated by a row of lace. The corsage, which is cut square back and front, and high on the shoulders, is long and pointed; and like the paniers, is of the brown gauze over brown silk. This dress just touches the ground, and the drapery at the back is of the brown gauze. Trail of roses on the left shoulder.

FIG. IV.—RECEPTION OR EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE MUSLIN. The underdress is of white silk. The deep kilted muslin flounce is edged with fine white émbroidery. Four embroidered ruffles are placed above the kilted one. The panier and the puffed drapery at the back are of white spotted net. The corsage rather high, cut V-shape in front, and deep, especially at the back. Blue and white flowers trim the dress.

FIG. V.—DINNER OR EVENING-DRESS, OF MAUVE CRÉPE DE CHINÉ. The skirt is round, and trimmed with many rows of imitation white lace. The apron front is much gathered, and ties in large loop and ends at the back. It is trimmed with the white lace. From beneath the apron front fall long ends, which are gathered near the bottom, and tied to form kind of tassels, and ornamented with flowers. The close-fitting corsage is open in front, and trimmed with white lace. Short white-lace sleeves.

FIGS. VI. AND VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, FRONT AND BACK, OF PONGEE. The skirt is of brown silk, and is striped with the almond-colored pongee. At the bottom of the brown silk skirt is a very narrow knife-plaiting of brown silk. The pongee stripes form loops at the bottom. The bodice and paniers are of the plain pongee. The latter are gathered to the point in front, and terminate at the back in a draped tunic. Vest of the pongee, striped with brown, and collar of brown silk.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND STRIPED BATISTE. The skirt is of the plain batiste, trimmed with plaited flounces. The polonaise is of the striped batiste, as are the three draperies, which are caught in the front with bows of wide ribbon. The back is in the Princess style, and draped in a cascade of puffs. The turned-down collar is of the plain batiste. Three-quarter sleeves, with long Swedish-leather gloves. Bonnet of white straw, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. IX.—EVENING-DRESS, OF VIOLET-COLORED SURAH, trimmed with imitation Mechlin lace. The round skirt has three kiltings, headed in front with one deep kilting falling over a row of lace. Above this are two round apron draperies, in upright folds, and edged with lace. The bodice opens heart-shape in front, and is trimmed with a lace fichu, edged with lace, and falling to the waist. The sleeves are trimmed with lace.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHOCOLATE-COLORED STRIPED SATEEN. The plaited petticoat has two plaited flounces of the same material, set on lengthwise; the lower one is bordered with a chocolate and white sateen of coin design. The overskirt is gathered in the centre and at the sides; it falls at the back in narrow loops. Cuirass bodice, trimmed with the coin-design sateen. Brown straw bonnet, trimmed with a wreath of wild roses.

FIG. XI.—STRAW BONNET, trimmed with a wreath of blackberries and leaves.

FIG. XII.—FICHU, OF WHITE CRÉPE, trimmed with imitation Alençon lace and a red rose.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is trimmed with three kiltings, each edged with embroidery. The Princess bodice is draped panier fashion in front, and terminates in a full tunic and sash at the back. The collarette is formed of plaitings of the embroidery. This style would look very well in cotton or linen dresses, woven with borderings along the selvages.

FIG. XIV.—STRAW HAT, trimmed with white lisse, over which is laid wreaths of honeysuckle. At the back is a large bunch of ribbon, in loops.

FIG. XV.—STRAW BONNET, lined with brown, and having a crown of brown silk. The trimming is a bunch of daisies with grasses.

FIG. XVI.—ROUND HAT, OF BLACK STRAW. The turned-up brim is bound with black velvet, and the hat is trimmed with a soft, loose band of very dark-red surah silk, caught with black velvet.

FIG. XVII.—THE BARBERINE BONNET, OF TUSCAN STRAW. The face is lined with brown velvet, and a band of the brown velvet passes around the crown. Trimming of sulphur-colored satin ribbon, and sulphur-colored feathers, shading toward a brown.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Cotton dresses are so beautiful in design and color that they are made up as fancifully, in many cases, as the foulards and more expensive goods. White dresses are unusually popular, and are made so elaborately, in many instances, that silks would be less expensive: we now speak of nainsooks, cambrics, etc. Of course, white foulards, pongees, nun's-veilings, etc., pay better for elaborate making.

There is absolutely nothing new to record in the way of fashions. We give a large number of illustrations, and our Paris letter says all that is to be known on the other side of the water.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Among the prettiest things out are the flower bonnets that are now so much in vogue. Unlike the wreath bonnets, that were worn some years ago, this pretty variety of floral headgear has almost invariably a capote shape this season. Bonnets made of roses are extremely fashionable for full-dress occasions; they are either of dark crimson roses, or of the pale blush ones. These last, sometimes, are set off by a cluster of small curled ostrich feathers of precisely the same hue as the flowers. Very tasteful bonnets are made of cherry-blossoms, with a cluster of cherries at the side. Violets, in the darkest shade of purple, are set off with a knot of pale-yellow daffodils. A very novel idea was to make the bonnet of bachelors' buttons, with a cluster at one side of daisies, poppies, and wheat-ears. This grouping of field-flowers is a good deal seen now, particularly on coarse straws of a marine-blue color. Bonnets composed of shaded, velvet ivy-leaves are shown, and others made of clover leaves with a fringe of dandelion buds and half-opened buttercups falling over the brim.

Flowers are, in fact, extensively worn now in all sorts of ways, many elegant little adjuncts for the toilette being formed of them. For instance, collar-necklaces of artificial flowers are shown, to be worn with square-cut dresses. Some of the prettiest are of small rosebuds, set between



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two rows of very small leaves, a larger half-opened rosebud being suspended in front, in the guise of a medallion. Daisies, edged with a slight fringe of grass, make a pretty necklace, and so do forget-me-nots. Shaded violets are employed for half-mourning toilettes; they go well either with black or white dresses, but look best with the former. Enormously large single roses, without foliage, are employed to loop the draperies of tulle or gauze ball-dresses, pale-pink or dark-red being used on white toilettes, and vivid crimson or gold-yellow on black ones. When the material is dotted with small white or black jet beads, the effect is especially charming. Fringes, formed of very large pendant rosebuds, are employed to edge the draperies on silk or satin dresses. One very handsome ball-dress, in black tulle and jet, that I was shown the other day, had a pyramidal-shaped mass of variegated roses extending down one side of the train from the waist to the hem.

Wash-dresses are now made up in a variety of very effective styles. Some of the new designs are excessively odd, as witness a trimming composed of a band of white cambric printed with a series of Kate Greenaway's little heroes and heroines, in their original coloring. This was used on a costume of marine-blue linen, made with a washerwoman's overskirt, a band of dark-blue velvet being set above this novel trimming on the overskirt. It also formed the collar and cuffs of the corsage, which was made with shirrings in front and at the back. A very effective dress in percale is made by covering a short skirt with plaited flounces, in alternate breadths of pale-blue and pale-pink, so that the skirt presents a series of broad perpendicular stripes of the two colors. With this is worn a Watteau corsage and paniers, in very pale-blue percale, printed with tiny clusters of roses. The plainer percales show pin-stripes and pin-checks of black, or dark-blue, on a white ground, and are made up with gathered flounces edged with narrow white lace. White muslin is coming largely into vogue again for summer toilettes. A very pretty summer evening-dress for a young girl is composed of a short skirt of pale-pink or blue silk, covered from waist to hem with narrow gathered flounces of transparent white muslin edged with lace, and worn with a surah square-cut corsage of the same color as the silk of the skirt.

Morning-dresses are worn of all sorts of materials, from heavy brocade to cashmere. Some very dressy ones are made of satin-finished surah, the shape being a Princesse cut, laid in large square plaits at the back and at either side of the front, from the throat to the hem. Over this is draped a very broad surah scarf, confined on one shoulder, forming a deep curve half way down the skirt, and caught up on the opposite side at the waist, where it falls in two long ends. This style is very effective with the Princesse dress in one color, and with the scarf drapery in another that contrasts and yet harmonizes. Thus, a dress in plum-colored surah has the scarf in pale rose-pink. In pure white, without any admixture of color, these morning-dresses are especially elegant. For actual use are shown cashmere matinees, with half-long or short skirts to correspond. These are very elaborately made, and are trimmed with lace, or silk embroidery, blended with bows and ends and ruchings of satin ribbon, or else with Spanish lace and full puffings of surah. Sometimes the matinee has a deep vest of watered silk, the skirt having revers of watered silk at the sides. Morning-dresses of rich brocade are cut Princesse, and fit the figure closely, in some instance, being trimmed down either side of the front with full curved ruffles of Valenciennes lace and knots of satin ribbon. These, however, are wrappers only in name, being rather morning reception toilettes.

Very much ingenuity and grace is displayed in the looping and draping of cashmere or nun's-veiling toilettes. A long curved drapery, in one instance, covered the whole of the skirt in front, starting from the waist at one side, and being met at the other by a pointed drapery, the back being covered with graceful loopings. There is also a good deal of taste and ingenuity shown in varying the fashions and trimmings of short skirts without overskirts. I have seen one style, with broad perpendicular puffs of black surah alternating with flat stripes, of equal width, formed of rows of fine jet passementerie set very closely together.

Worth is making up *chiné* silks, with immensely large flowers on cream or pale-gray backgrounds; these are combined with dark slate-blue, or pale porcelain-blue satins, and are trimmed with very wide silk embroidery. He also employed, with these silks, a new style of satin, plaided with lines of corded silk of the same tint as the satin. Heavy silk ganzes, with their patterns embroidered in jet, are made up for summer, dinner, or evening-dresses, over underskirts of taffeta, trimmed with full pinked ruches of taffeta, alternated with ruches of lace, the overdress being trimmed with full flounces of black lace, that fall over these ruches. The brocaded patterns, on these ganzes, that have the pattern embroidered over in jet, are various, comprising large round and oval spots, scattered rosebuds, stars, and arrows.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BLACK VELVETEEN. The skirt is kilt-plaited. The waist is long and loose, and has a large sailor collar. The whole is trimmed with white guipure lace. Black straw hat, trimmed with velvet and a white feather. This suit would look very well if made of dark-blue serge or cotton.

FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS, OF GRAY SATEEN, trimmed with a broad gray bordering of sateen. The skirt has two double flounces, plaited in groups, and edged with the gray border. Above these flounces falls a short overskirt, also trimmed with the bordering. The Princess waist, with its pointed fronts trimmed with the bordering, falls in loose drapery at the back. The body is rather loose at the waist, and has a narrow belt of the gray trimming. This latter also edges the collar. Gray straw hat, faced with blue velvet, and trimmed with a light-gray feather.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF COTTON, LINEN, OR LIGHT WOOLEN MATERIAL. The neck, which is half high, has two gatherings, and a simulated high chemisette is worn beneath. The long waist is gathered. The skirt is cut in festoons, and falls over a colored kilting.


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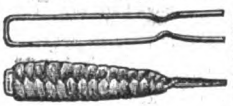

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These 4 *Caskets* contain the Four following sets: 1st.—1 *set* of 6 Extra Heavy Plated *Table Knives.* 2nd.—1 *set* of 6 Extra Heavy Silver-Plated *Table Forks.* 3rd.—1 *set* of 6 Extra Heavy Silver-Plated Table Spoons. 4th.—1 *dozen* Extra Heavy Silver-Plated *Tea Spoons.* The whole of the above all put up by us in caskets and warranted equal to anything that can be produced in America. Look at the price! ☞ *Only* $3.25 to our Agents only. ☜ What we offer for $3.25 are usually sold from $8 to $12 of American production, hence we DEFY COMPETITION. Our Knives are ONE SOLID piece of metal of latest design, WARRANTED to be the best shear steel, finely finished, heavily plated with Nickel and over all heavily plated with pure *Coin Silver.* Our Forks, Table Spoons, and Tea Spoons are beautifully engraved and plated heavily with pure Coin Silver and finished very finely. **Our** goods for *durability, quality,* and *fine finish* **cannot be excelled.** hence we ask all, why do you use cheap and unwholesome looking Table Cutlery when you can procure such elegant goods of us, at such reasonable prices. People wonder how it is we can produce such fine goods at such low prices; to this we say to all, that it is universally known that there is no place where Cutlery can be produced so cheap, for its quality, as in Great Britain; therefore our patrons receive all the benefits and low prices derived from Foreign manufacture, by purchasing direct of us. We also want Agents to introduce our goods, and to such we offer unparalleled inducements. Agents who are working for us are making **$5** to **$20** per day. As an inducement to all those who will engage in the sale of our goods, we will refund or discount the price of the First Casket Ordered from the amount when such person has ordered or sold for us goods to the amount of $16.25. Thereby Agents will readily see that we actually *give an outfit* FREE *to Agents* to commence business, and by this method none can but meet with success. The success attending our ENORMOUS sales, East, West, North, and South, everywhere, has never been equaled in the history of trade. We WARRANT our goods. We have CONFIDENCE in them. As our business extends throughout the U. S. and Canada, and to parts almost inaccessible, there may be those who doubt our responsibility or the quality of our goods. For their benefit, we respectfully refer all to those who come in contract with us daily in the discharge of our business, the Agents of the several Express Companies, such as AMERICAN, ADAMS, WELLS, FARGO & CO., UNITED STATES & CANADA, DESPATCH, ERIE and NEW ENGLAND, and the Post Office authorities of Boston, &c. If after you order goods and you do not get a reply as soon as you think you ought, don't get uneasy, but write to us and we will give the matter immediate attention. In writing to us always be careful to write your full name, Post Office Address, County and State, plainly, and nearest Express Office.

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OFFICE OF BRITISH CUTLERY ASSOCIATION.

**NOT GOOD AFTER OCTOBER 31, 1882.**

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*Only One Casket of Samples sent at reduced price on each Certificate.*

*TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:*

This is to certify that on receipt of this Certificate, together with ONE DOLLAR AND TEN CENTS, or One Dollar and Ten Cents worth of Postage Stamps, to help pay for postage, packing, registering, &c., we hereby agree to forward to any address in the U. S. or Canada, prepaid, free of charge, and guarantee its safe destination in good order, an Agent's full outfit, a Royal British Casket of Samples of Fine Extra Heavy Silver Plated Table Cutlery, &c.

**BRITISH CUTLERY ASSOCIATION.**

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**Kind Reader:** We take pleasure in giving full particulars of our goods and sincerely hope you may be benefited thereby. As we desire to have our goods introduced in your locality at once, directly from us, or through our Agent, please send us *One Dollar & Ten Cents* and Certificate attached to this Advertisement, a little more than the actual cost of postage, packing, registering, &c., with the hope that you will either accept an Agency, or procure us a good reliable Agent to introduce our goods. Therefore, we hope that none of our friends will seek to take advantage of us by procuring our goods upon this Certificate offer without returning us the favor by assisting us to make sales. If you send for Casket of *samples*, we *Guarantee* that an Agency at our hands will *pay* you *better* and be more *satisfactory* than any business in which you can engage, as our goods are staple and sell at every house. If you cannot act as our agent, please try and secure us a reliable Agent in your vicinity.

Remember, we make this offer in order to have our goods introduced, and for PROFIT we depend entirely on future sales. This *method* is a first-class way for an Agent to commence a profitable business.

If you cannot act as agent or secure us an agent, you can help us to make sales in your locality by having one of our Caskets of *samples* and showing it to your neighbors and friends and telling them the *prices.* Now don't imagine or class our Reliable House with the hundred of swindlers that swarm the country to-day. If after you send and get a Casket of samples of Cutlery and you do not find everything as we represent, do not hesitate but return the goods and we will refund you your money.

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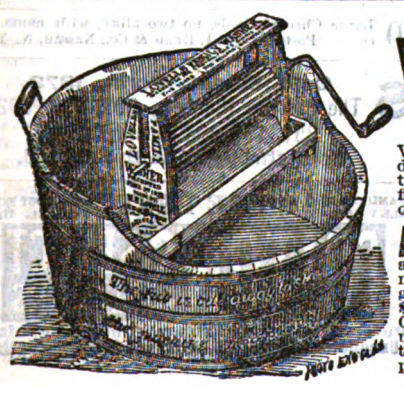

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**AGENTS WANTED** in every county. We can show proof that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only **$5.** Sample to those desiring an agency **$2.** Also the Celebrated **KEYSTONE WRINGERS** at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send us your address on a postal card for further particulars. **LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.**

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SYMPTOMS are Moisture, intense itching, increased by scratching, most at night. Other parts are sometimes affected. Swayne's Ointment sure cure. Also for Tetter, Blotches, all Skin Diseases. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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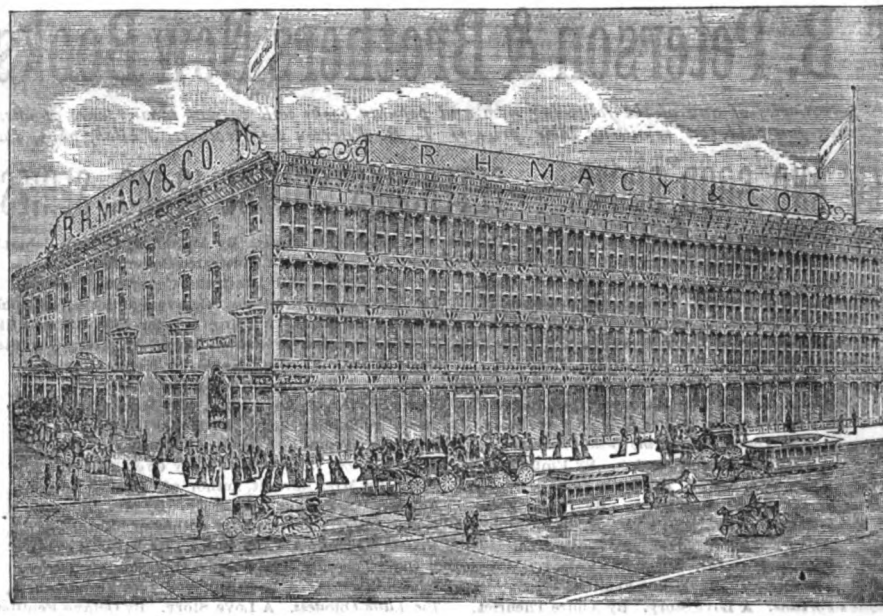


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## Grand Central Fancy and Dry Goods Establishment.

Our Establishment now has a frontage of 207 feet on Sixth Avenue, 125 feet on 14th Street, and 125 feet on 18th Street.

The above cut represents the Exterior as it will appear when all our alterations are completed, and which are being pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The First and Second floors, together with one-half of the Basements, are used as Salesrooms; the Third and Fourth floors are devoted to reserve stock and for manufacturing purposes, the latter being a very important feature of our business. All our manufactured Goods come directly from the work rooms to the counters, where they are sold at prices which are but a very moderate advance over our cost of manufacture, thus saving to our customers all commissions and Jobber's profits. Our facilities in this respect are superior to those of any other dry goods firm in this country.

Our store floor covers an area of 129,375 square feet, and the whole establishment is most admirably lighted, and perfectly ventilated.

The Ventilating apparatus is undoubtedly the most perfect now in use, and is the only one in operation in the United States. By a system of valves operated by compressed air forced through them by an immense air-pump, 1,200,000 cubic feet of air is changed every hour, the pure air being forced in and the foul air drawn out of the buildings, thus making the sanitary condition of our store absolutely perfect.

The policy of this house has always been, and is, to purchase for **Cash.** We are, therefore, enabled to purchase at home and abroad directly from the manufacturers at the lowest market rates, saving all trade discounts, which are invariably given to our customer.

**Particular attention is given to all Orders by Mail,** and our patrons can rely upon getting goods promptly at the exact prices at which they are sold over our counters.

**Our Spring and Summer Catalogue for 1882** is now ready, and will be mailed free upon application.

**R. H. MACY & CO.**

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SEE THE STORY

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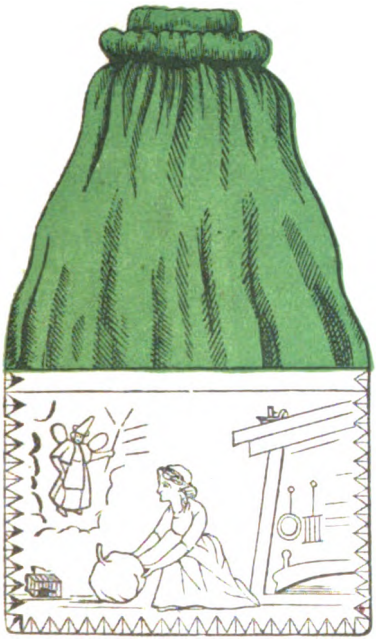
# Peterson's Magazine—August, 1882



TENNIS POCKET.

KNITTING POCKET.

CARRIAGE PURSE.

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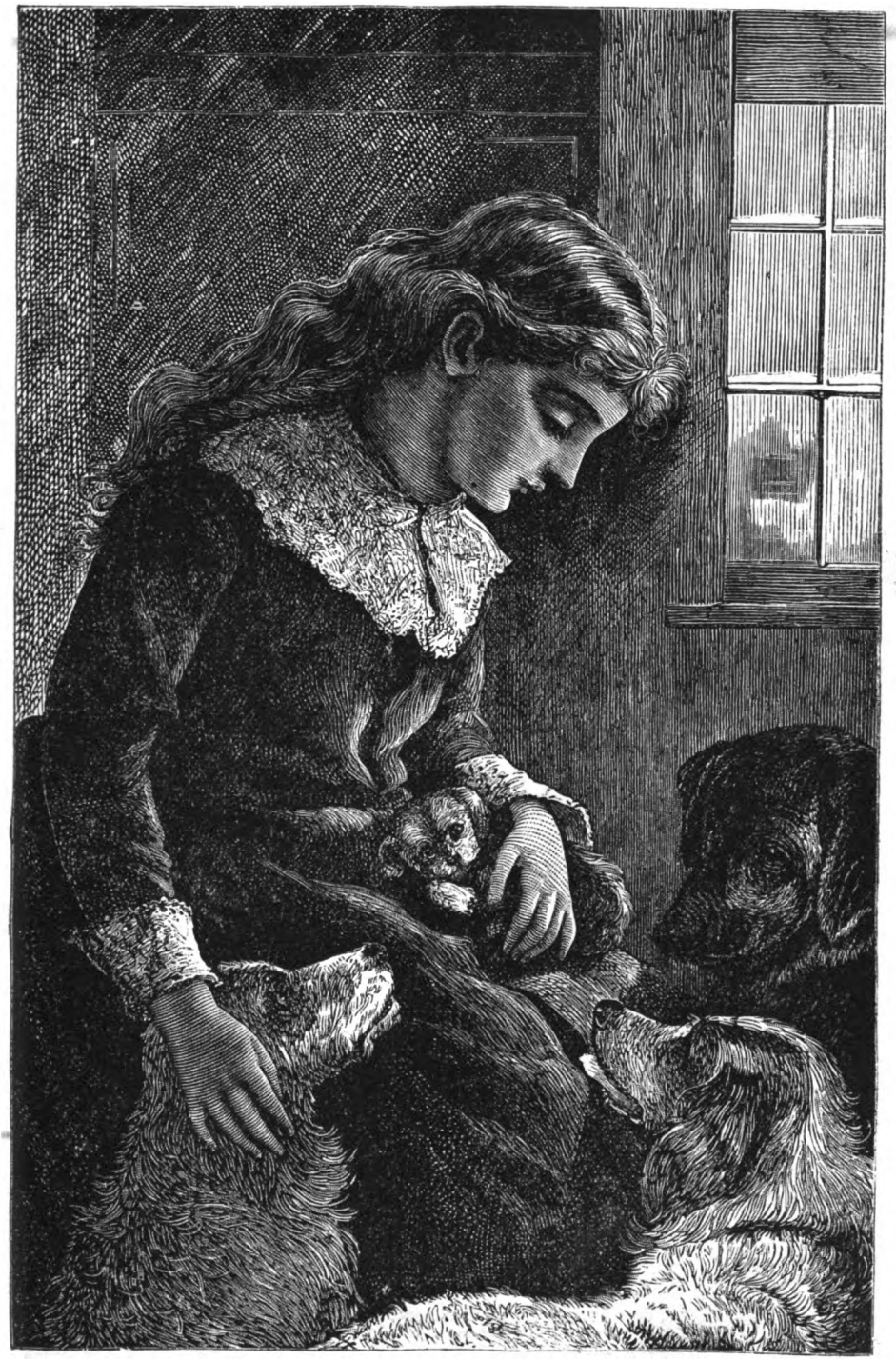

FAMILY CARES.

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HOUSE OR OUT-DOOR COSTUME: FRONT AND BACK. FANCY STRAW HAT.

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WALKING DRESSES. WALKING DRESS HAT.

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DOLMAN. FICHU. BREAKFAST JACKET. PARASOL.

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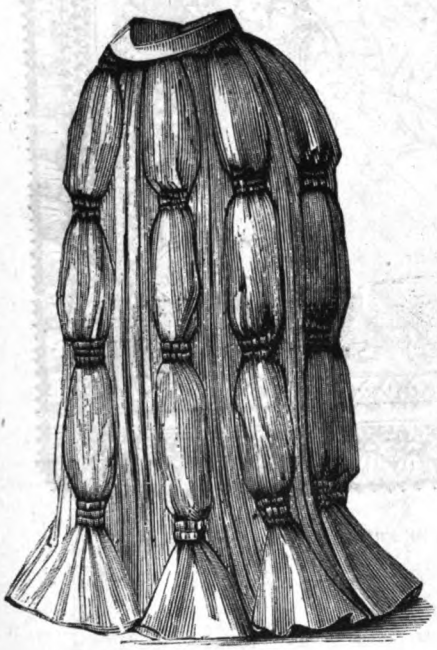

BASQUE. NEW STYLE OF SKIRT. BACK OF BREAKFAST JACKET. PARASOL.

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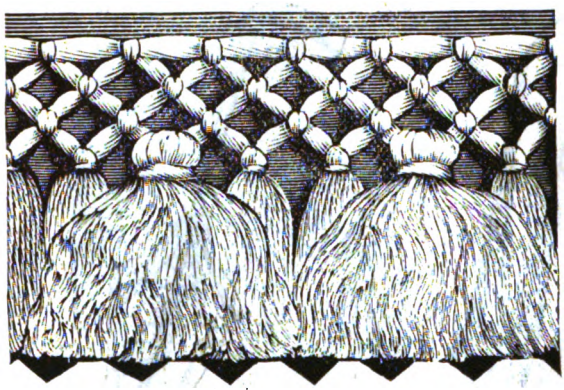

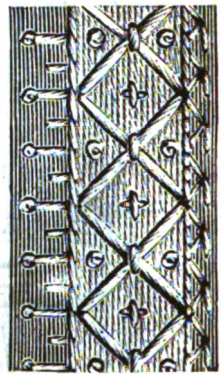

SMALL TABLE-CLOTH, WITH DETAIL OF FRINGE AND NARROW BORDER.

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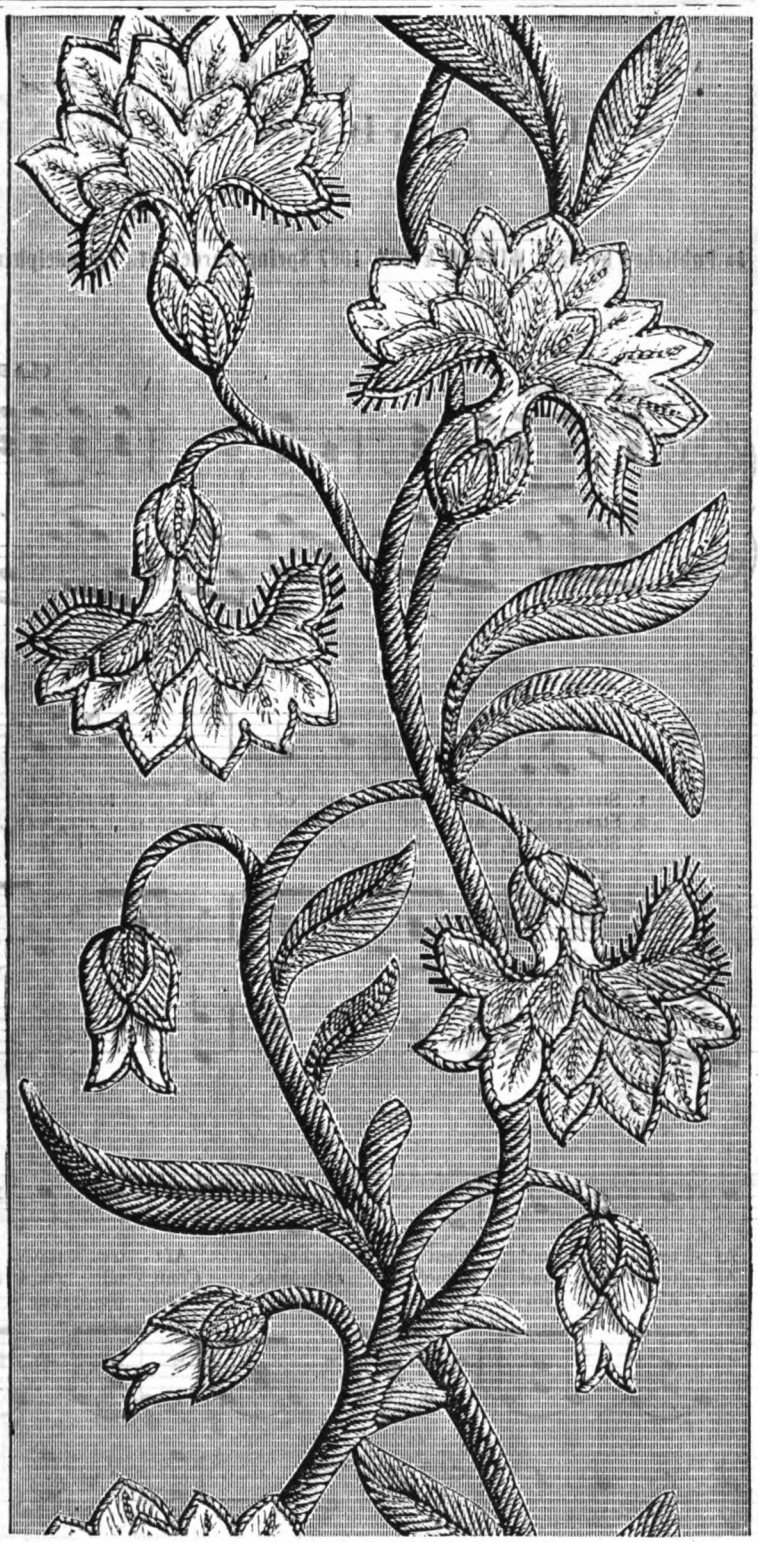

EMBROIDERED BAND FOR SMALL TABLE-CLOTH.

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# STRANGERS YET.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

CLARIBEL.

*Andante Moderato.*

*mf*

*Ad lib* *Tempo primo.*

1. Strangers yet, af - ter years of life to-geth-er,
2. Strangers yet, af - ter child-hood's win - ning ways,
3. Strangers yet, will it ev - er more be thus

*p*

Af - ter fair and storm - y weather, Af - ter trav - el
Af - ter care and blame and praise, Coun - sel ask'd and
Spir - it's still im - per - vi - ous; Shall we nev - er

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in far lands, Af - ter touch of wed - ded hands
wis - dom given, Af - ter mu - tual prayer's to heaven
fair - ly stand Soul to soul, as hand to hand?

Why thus joined, why ev - er met? If they must be
Child and pa - rent scarce re - gret, When they part are
Are the bonds e - ter - nal set To re - tain us

stran - gers yet, stran - gers yet,

*Tranquillo.*

strangers yet.

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NEW STYLE BATHING-DRESSES.

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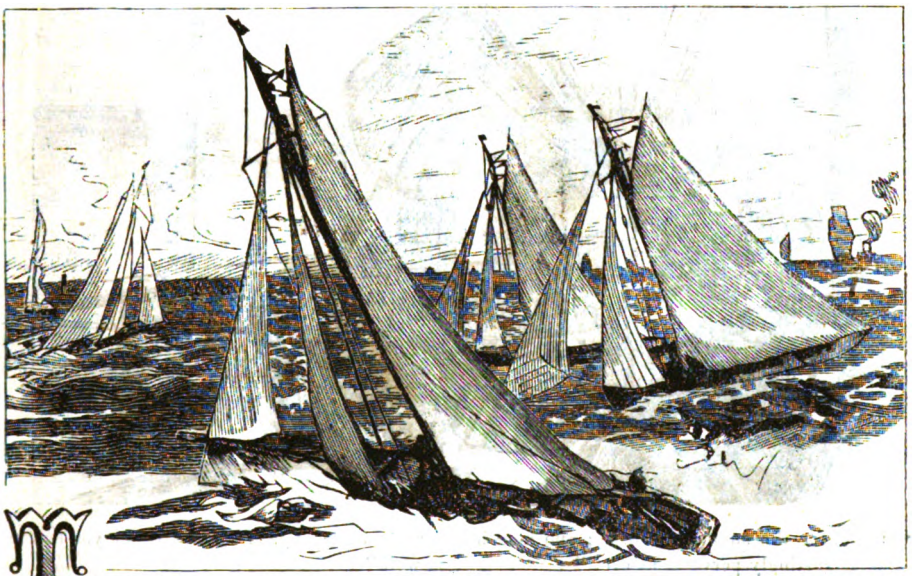
# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1882. No. 2.

## A ROMANCE OF A CUNARDER.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.



THE great Cunarder had left her dock, hardly an hour before, and already she was off Sandy Hook, with a fresh breeze blowing from the westward. Most of the passengers had gone below, in order to arrange their cabins for the voyage; but a few still lingered on deck; and among these was Blanche Mortimer.

What detained Blanche was a yacht-race, which was going on, in full view, before her. Half a dozen of the fleet were forging ahead, in almost as many positions: this one with the breeze on its quarter; others with it well aft; a third just gone about; another shaking in the wind. Far off, a great square-rigged Indiaman was standing in shore. The sparkle of the water in the sunshine, the swift motion of the yachts, the bracing and exhilarating breeze, flushed the cheek of the fair girl, and kindled her eye into even more than its wonted brilliancy.

"I'm not surprised Clyde Aylmer is so fond of yachting," she said, to herself. "Think of the excitement of the struggle, and the hope of possible victory. I wonder which boat is his. It was entered for this race, I know."

Now, was it not rather odd, that, even to herself, Blanche admitted that she took any interest in Clyde? For though he had been assiduous in his attentions to her, all the winter, she would have nothing to say to him, except as a mere acquaintance. Yet he was handsome, well-born, rich, accomplished, unexceptionable in every way. But all girls, it is said, are perverse; and Blanche was no exception to the rule. Perhaps, if Clyde had been less earnest, she would have been more yielding. As it was, she said: "Were he a brother, I should adore him; but for a lover, never." For Blanche had certain romantic notions; and expected in a lover a Paladin, and not a prosaic, nineteenth century gentleman, no matter how eligible.



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"Oh! do look," said Blanche's companion: her little six-year-old sister. "Why, dare is Mr. Kide. I t'ou't you said he was in one of dem little ships."

Blanche started, in surprise, but immediately rallied. What woman is long embarrassed?

"You make me think you have a double," she said, as Clyde came up. "I supposed you were in the race: I knew your yacht was entered for it; and presto! here you are."

"Like a Jack out of a jumping-box. Yes, I am to be a fellow-voyager with you. At the last moment, I withdrew my yacht; and chose, instead, to go to Europe. I suppose,"—gaily—"a man may, sometimes, change his mind. Ladies do it, every day."

"Some do," replied Blanche. "But others,"—meaningly—"never; and I am one of the latter. Come, Gracie, we must go down and look after mamma." And with a civil bow to Clyde, she disappeared.

"Cold, cruel, heartless as ever," was our hero's remark, as he watched her go below. "What a bore," was Blanche's soliloquy: "I thought I

was safe, for the summer, at least; and here he is, as disgustingly perverse as ever."

The next morning found the steamer on the edge of the Gulf Stream, with a stiff breeze; blowing "half a gale," as the captain called it. The decks presented a curious spectacle. They were not thronged, as they had been the evening before, when, after the four o'clock dinner, everybody had been out enjoying the fresh, salt air. A few gentlemen, indeed, who were hardened voyagers, were promenading. Even two or three ladies were to be seen; but they were half sitting, half lying; and more than one had a woe-begone aspect, impossible to describe, yet infinitely suggestive. But nine-tenths of the passengers were in their berths. Blanche, however, was up; and was promenading the deck with Grace. She wore a tailor-made dress, of navy-blue habit-cloth, that fitted to a charm her exquisite figure; and made Clyde, who had been watching for her appearance, more madly in love than ever.

"Ah! good-morning, Mr. Aylmer," she said, coolly, as he hurried up.

"Good-morning. I am glad to see you looking so well."

"Oh, I am always well at sea. Of course, you, as an old yachtsman, are so, too. Both pa and ma, I regret to say, are under the weather."

"So sorry. But, take care;" for, at that moment, a tremendous wave struck the steamer, and Blanche was nearly thrown from her feet. "Pray, take my arm."

"No, thank you," replied Blanche. "I can do well enough. I suppose that is what you nautical men call a header. But, Gracie, I'm afraid mamma will think this too dangerous for you. Let us go down to her. Good-day, Mr. Aylmer."

And so, day after day, it went on. Whenever Clyde appeared, Blanche found an excuse, after a civil word or two, to go below. Now it was that she must "see how mamma was getting on;" now that "Gracie must have her lunch;" now one thing, now another. And her little sister was always with her. "Of set purpose," said Clyde, savagely, "I've no doubt."

One day, however, Blanche appeared on deck

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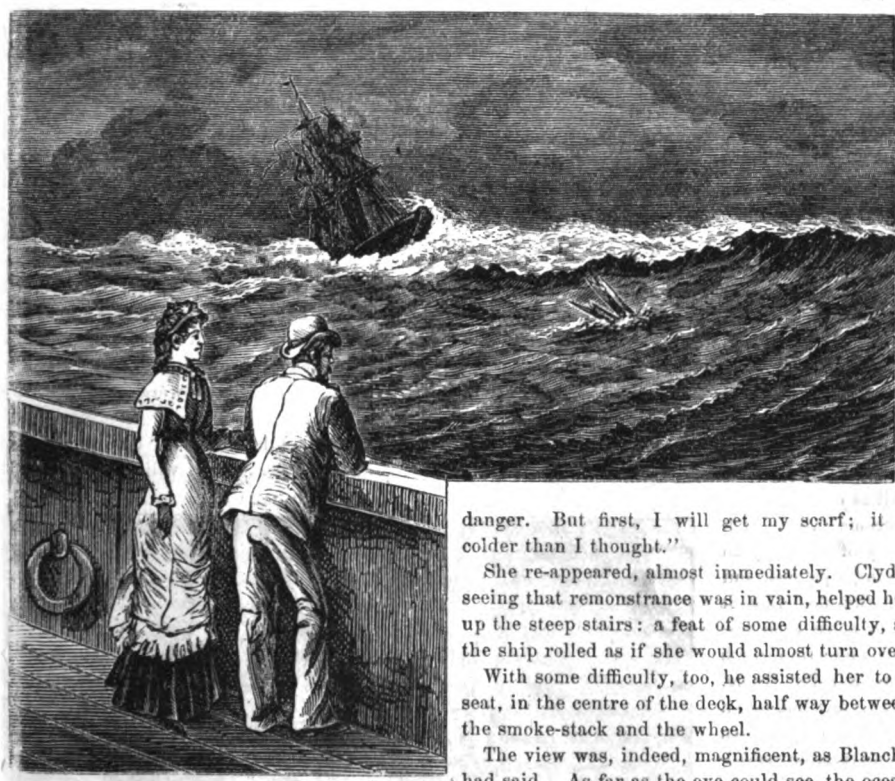

without Gracie. It was a wild morning, blowing almost a gale: not a day to risk bringing a child on deck. Even Blanche had been urged to stay in the cabin. But she felt that she must breathe the fresh air, if only for a few minutes, even though she should meet Clyde alone.

She met him, almost immediately. At the first flutter of her dress, he was at her side. She could not go in, at once: that would have been too rude; so they stood together, chatting, and looking out over the stormy prospect. A ship, with reefed canvas, was ploughing through the seas, about a mile distant. In the foreground was a bit of wreck, tossing on the swell.

"What a grand sight," cried Blanche. "But it must be even grander up on the hurricane-deck, for that commands a view of the whole horizon."

"But it is dangerous on a day like this, and with the ship rolling as she does. I would not go up, if I were you."

Now Blanche had not thought of going up; but at this, with the perversity of her sex, determined to do it.

"You men always think," she said, "that you have a monopoly of courage. I shall go up, of course: all the more, because there is a spice of danger. But first, I will get my scarf; it is colder than I thought."

She re-appeared, almost immediately. Clyde, seeing that remonstrance was in vain, helped her up the steep stairs: a feat of some difficulty, as the ship rolled as if she would almost turn over.

With some difficulty, too, he assisted her to a seat, in the centre of the deck, half way between the smoke-stack and the wheel.

The view was, indeed, magnificent, as Blanche had said. As far as the eye could see, the ocean was white with foam. The enormous waves rose and fell against the sky line, living mountains of water.

"Superb," cried Blanche.

"Yes," answered Clyde. "And we are going like a race-horse. See how fast we are dropping the ship, off yonder."

There was a pause. Then Blanche said, glancing archly up at him, "How about the danger, Mr. Aylmer? Why will you insist that we women are all cowards?"

"I never did."

"Never did? What, not downstairs? Well, I'm sure you looked it. Looked as if you despised us."

The effrontery of this accusation took away Clyde's breath, for a moment. Then he pulled himself together, and said:

"Despise you? There are some—" his voice fairly trembled, he was so earnest—"there are some women," he repeated, with emphasis, "that so far from despising, I could worship—"

"Oh, what a heathen," interrupted Blanche, with a saucy air, determined to prevent serious talk. "Worship—"

But she did not finish the sentence, for at that moment, a sudden gust, fiercer than any before,

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whirled the scarf off her shoulders, and sent it flying toward the side of the ship.

"My scarf, my scarf," she cried. "Catch it, do, before it is too late."

Clyde did not stop to think of risks. He rushed after the fast vanishing wrap; came up to it just as it was disappearing over the side; clutched at it; and had actually caught it, when the steamer, at that instant, gave a sudden and tremendous lurch, which jerked him off his feet. He stumbled, staggered, and was precipitated headforemost over the netting, and into the angry sea below.

Blanche, as she saw him disappear, sprang from her seat with a wild shriek, and would have rushed to the side and been herself perhaps a second victim, if a sailor, who happened to be near, had not darted forward and arrested her. All at once, she had become aware not only of her folly in going upstairs, but of the fact that it was more than sisterly affection which she felt for Clyde. The scales had fallen from her eyes. In the terrible revulsion, she fell back, in a dead faint; and in that condition was carried down to her mother.

Meantime, the look-outs had seen the catastrophe.

"Man overboard," shouted one. "Man overboard," echoed another. And so the terrible cry went around the ship.

"Where away?" shouted the officer of the deck.

"On the lee-quarter."

"Cut away the life-buoys. Stand by, ready to lower," he cried, "the lee-quarter boat."

The only chance that Clyde had was to swim to one of the buoys, and hold on until a boat could be sent to pick him up. The steamer, meantime, had to be put about, so as not to leave him too far astern.

The mighty ship, obedient to her helm, swung around; the quarter-boat rattled from the davits; and the crew leaped in. Such enormous masses as a first-class Cunarder cannot, however, be manœuvred in the compass of a mill-pond; so that she had made a circuit of nearly a mile before she headed in the right direction. Then the boat was suffered to touch the water, where it rose and fell like an angler's cork; the men let fall their oars; and the tiny little craft went shooting away, propelled by a dozen powerful rowers.

By this time, the decks were alive with passengers.

"Can you see him?" cried one. "Where is he?" said another. "Oh, will he ever be able

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to live through it," cried a third, a woman's voice this time.

"I saw him, just now, on the crest of a wave, sir," said a look-out, to the officer of the deck.

The latter was holding on by the stays, scanning the horizon.

"Whereaway?" he answered.

"Hereaway, well astern." And he pointed to the place.

Every eye was turned instantly in that direction. Sure enough, far off, a black speck was visible, now appearing, now disappearing, as it rose and sank on the tumultuous seas.

"I see him," cried an excitable passenger. "He has got a life-preserver."

"How gallantly the boat breasts the waves," said another. "Ah, it is swamped. No, it reappears. But that next wave will drown them all. No, it rides safely. Hurrah!"

The excitement was uncontrollable. The spectators, regardless of the surges that broke over the sides continually, held on as best they could. Every eye was fixed, breathlessly, on the boat.

"It has nearly reached him. No, they are swept past. Great heavens, he has gone under. Ah, there he is again. How bravely he fights the seas." These and other exclamations were heard every moment.

At last, a gigantic wave rose up against the horizon; the swimmer disappeared behind it; the boat followed. Minute after minute passed, yet neither came in sight again. At last a cheer, distant and faint, but unmistakable, succeeded, at the end of an interminable interval.

"They have him, they have him," broke from a dozen voices. "Yes, there they come, rising on that wave. Hurrah! hurrah!"

In that wild hurrah, everyone joined, even the officer. For there, sure enough, a mile or more away, the boat was seen heading for the steamer, with Clyde conspicuous, even at that distance, standing up and waving a scarf.

Blanche and Clyde did not meet till evening. When they did, it was in the twilight, in the ladies' smaller cabin, where, for a few moments, they were alone. Blanche was no longer the jesting, half supercilious belle: she was humble, and as deprecating as a girl of sixteen.

"What can I say?" she murmured, as she looked up into his face. "My folly nearly cost you your life."

"Say nothing," was his reply; and he took her hand, and raised it reverently to his lips. "Say nothing, if it is only gratitude you feel."

"But, but—" stammered Blanche, her face dyed in blushes, "if it is not, if I—"

He did not wait for her to finish the sentence; but as she hesitated, embarrassed, clasped her in his arms. Then, seeing she did not resist, he drew her to him, with a long, passionate kiss.

"Ah! I find I have loved you all winter," murmured Blanche, at last, after a world of protestations and questions on the part of Clyde. And she hid her face on his shoulder. "I fancied I cared for you only as a brother, but it was more."

And so, happily for all parties, ended this ROMANCE OF A CUNARDER.

# TO FLOWERS SENT ME BY A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

Oh, bunch of April flowers, that grew
In far-off Dorset's sun and dew:
When my own skies were dark with rain,
You came to me across the main.
You came, and brought before my eyes
The blue and gold of English skies;
I blessed the hand across the sea,
That gathered you to send to me.

Oh, hyacinth, in solitude
For me you opened in the wood;
And violet, and primrose bright,
'Twas all for me you sought the light.
And you, my blue forget-me-not,
By me will never be forgot;
Nor yet the hand across the sea,
That gathered you, sweet flower, for me.

I would that I might walk where first
Your green buds from the dark earth burst;
And with my English friend, might hear
The skylark sing his anthem clear.
Ah, little blossoms, I behold
Your dainty tints of blue and gold;
And yet, alas! I cannot see
The hand that gathered you for me.

Full many a wave foams up between
My purple hills, his fields of green;
Yet o'er them safely to and fro,
The stately steamers come and go.
So it may be, that here beside
My native Hudson's silver tide,
I, on some happy day, will see
The friend who gathered you for me.



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# "MEES" HELEN.

BY SIDNEY TREVOR.

"Oh! what is this? I thought you was in bed. I am ashamed of you, I am."

The speaker was a smartly-dressed *bonne*. The scene was a private dining-room, at a Pyrenean hotel. The meal had long been over, as was seen by the deserted look of the table; and the apartment was entirely deserted, except for the presence of a wilful-looking little girl of six or seven years old, seated on a chair, in quite a deshabille. Apparently, indeed, she had jumped out of bed, as some sudden thought had struck her; and had made her way to the dining-room, regardless of *les convenances*. Evidently, too, it was the prospect of unlimited fruit and cake which had tempted her. She was now, to judge by her attitude, quite satisfied with her work. She had turned away from the table, with a sigh, surfeited, just as the nurse entered.

"Oh, is that you, Teresa?" she said, coolly. "I knew there would be nobody here, as yet; and that you, with the rest, would be guzzling downstairs; so I thought I might as well have a good time myself."

"What will Sir Arthur say when he hears of it? He'll think you're a pretty *mees*," contemptuously, "won't he?"

"Who cares for what Sir Arthur thinks? He's only a year or two older than myself, and a boy; and boys never know as much as girls."

There were two families at the hotel, having this private dining-room in common; the parents of our young rebel being one, and Sir Arthur and his establishment being the other. Sir Arthur was an orphan, and immensely rich; or would be when he came of age, for he was now only a child, scarcely nine years old. He had already conceived, however, a passionate attachment—or thought he had—for his little playmate: this wilful, pretty, irresistible "Mees."

The next day, Teresa, at the children's dinner, ventured to reprove her charge for wishing to have more than her share of grapes, and whispered that she would tell Sir Arthur of the escapade of the night before, if "Mees" Helen did not mind.

"Tell, if you dare," retorted mademoiselle. "Go back there to your flirting with Monsieur Duclos, at the door, and leave us alone. This doesn't concern you."

"Don't it? Why, it's only half an hour since you made little monsieur here weep with your caprices," retorted the nurse.

"Impossible," pronounced the tiny coquette, reaching a plump little arm about Sir Arthur's neck, and drawing his handsome dark face close to her small blonde one. "Thou lovest thy dear little Nenane, don't you, my husband, dear?"

The boy's soft black eyes sparkled, at this unexpected and unusual tenderness; but before he could speak, there appeared at a window, which opened on the terrace, a tall, Spanish-looking gentleman, who put his elbows on the sill, and leisurely regarded the group within.

"Ah, ha," he said. "My little wife is already making me infidelities. One, two, and this makes three! I will go drown myself."

"For the love of heaven, Teresa, take me down. My beloved husband, don't do it;" and the small, plump legs, now hidden in white boots, made an attempt to reach the floor, and scamper to the open window, where she was gathered in the new husband's arms. "Don't do it," she cried. "The water is very damp, and thou wilt take cold."

While the servants were respectfully giggling at Miss Helen's reasoning, her deserted swain, Sir Arthur, looked tearfully in her direction.

"It is always like that, and I don't believe she loves me one bit," little Sir Arthur asserted, despairingly. He addressed Helen's father, who had just entered.

"She's not worth loving," said the latter, caressing the handsome dark head of the boy. "Don't you care for her at all."

"But you see, I can't help it; and then she teases, and calls me cry-baby, when I weep."

"You must never let them see you weep, my boy," answered the gentleman, absently, his eyes following the child, as she crossed the terrace with her friend, chattering incessantly.

"But she shall be my wife, shall she not?" persisted the boy, leaning his head against his friend's arm. "When I am a man, and come back a soldier, in splendid uniform, she will love me better than De Samaniega, for all his—moustache."

"Who knows, my boy? It's most likely."

"And you will keep her for me?" urged the boy, in a trembling voice.

"Surely, you dear little beggar," he was answered; "but she won't deserve you."



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A great outcry on the terrace made all, people and servants, scamper to the front of the house, where a sort of circus, or caravan, was passing.

First came a mountain pony, ridden by a large, serious-looking ape, in very worn clothing, his expression as solemn as if the care of the motley caravan devolved upon his mind. A boy was riding also, but with his face to the horse's tail; and every few minutes, boy and ape turned solemn "summersets" on their horses.

Then there was an ass, laden with a huge package of blankets; and on either side of the patient beast, in a sort of pocket arranged among the rugs, there peeped out the small head of a black-eyed, wide-awake baby, in a white cotton night-cap. A weary-looking woman, with traces of gypsy beauty, walked after the donkey, and stimulated a number of rosy, ragged cubs to keep up with the caravan, of which the attraction was yet to come.

A big gray bear, whose chain was fast to the wrist of a sturdy man, followed, grumbling discontentedly; but when he fell behind, near a square cart drawn by another donkey, several monkeys in disheveled military costume would rush out of a basket therein, and with shrill chatter, pull out handfuls of Bruin's gray, woolly coat, and jabber with delight.

Then there followed a second bear, this time a small black one; and the rear of the procession was brought up by a square sort of cabin, on wheels, which was drawn by a gaunt, gray horse.

The house-door was closed, and an infinitesimal curtain drawn before the tiny window. Both men and women were of the true gypsy type; and had, amid all their dirt and rags, a certain picturesque appearance. Their bright eyes and clear brown skins, with the erect carriage of people who sleep hardily and live in the open air, gave them even a sort of beauty.

As the caravan stopped under the terrace, a boy began to fiddle, and the two bears to dance on their hind-feet. How the children on the terrace laughed and screamed, in an ecstasy of fear and delight, at the solemn saraband executed by Bruin! Then the ape took a pistol; and after having bowed profoundly, shut his small eyes tightly, and fired it off, in the direction of the first cart, the monkeys tumbling on their backs and kicking as if in the last agonies, as the shot went off.

Little Helen, at this apparently fatal result, began to cry in earnest, at which the gypsy children below chuckled and grinned. But the man soon whistled the monkeys into life and health again, and Helen was quieted. The woman then left the children, and taking a guitar out of the monkeys' cart, began to sing a strange Catalan ditty, with strongly marked time, and many quavers at the end of each line. As soon as they heard the music, the monkeys climbed down out of the cart, accompanied by three poodle dogs, and all formed a ring about the woman, sitting on their tails, with their faces lifted toward the singer, apparently in deep and critical enjoyment of the melody. When the air was finished, the monkeys clapped their hands, and the dogs barked loudly, by way of applause, which delighted our little friends in the terrace excessively.

The next day, the children encountered the caravan again upon the Oloron road; and the woman was smartly tapping one of the gypsy boys for some domestic misdemeanor.

"Oh, let me go, Bates. I *will* go," cried out Sir Arthur, to his attendant, his long hair flying back from his excited face as he ran up to the gypsy. "If you please, don't," he said. "He will not do it again. Stay, I will give you this, if you will stop," offering her a five-franc piece.

She comprehended but little of Sir Arthur's Parisian French; but the piece of money explained itself; and she released the boy. Then the servants came up, and pushed on with the children for their walk; and gypsies and monkeys were soon forgotten.

That night was the yearly *fête* of the village. Colored lanterns were on the terrace, and dancing in the great salon; while for the peasants, there was climbing a greased pole, donkey races, in which the slowest beast gained the prize, a race for peasant women with full water-jugs on their heads, and other coarser pleasures. Arthur's mamma proposed putting Helen and him in masquerade dress, and great was the enthusiasm of the villagers, when a small cavalier of Charles I, in garnet and gold, mounted the high-placed platform,—erected for the distinguished guests from the hotel—squiring a tiny soubrette of Louis XIII, in blue, scarlet, and white, with priceless jewels.

When bedtime came, the children were tired out. But Helen's parents, and Arthur's mamma, were dancing in the great salon till long past midnight. Madame's maid sat in the room next little Helen's, and dozed over her "Figaro;" while the volatile Teresa, who had been allowed to go to the open-air ball in the town, was making Monsieur Duclos, Samaniega's man-servant, to tear his hair with jealousy.

Suddenly, as the ladies and gentlemen came out from a supper, at which they had been served by the master of the hotel himself, "because," as he explained, "all the servants were at the ball," a sort of low murmur was heard in the direction of the wing of the house

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where the children slept, followed by a loud shriek, as if of fright or rage.

"Pardon, *Mesdames et Messieurs*. This is unheard of, and atrocious," said the outraged hotel-keeper. "I go to inform myself of the reason."

The murmur of voices continued unabated, however. "What can it be?" said one.

"An hysterical maid, who has danced too much—"

"Or too little."

Just then, the landlord appeared at the door, waving his arms to Helen's father, wildly, and beckoning him.

Captain Seymour hastened forward.

"In heaven's name, what is it?" he asked.

"*Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" wailed the man, "and madame, your wife, who is here to recover her lost health."

"Tell me, instantly, what is wrong," commanded Seymour, controlling his voice with great effort.

"The little beauty. The marvel of children," moaned the man, wringing his hands.

"And she is—?"

"Stolen—oh, blessed Virgin!"

For a few moments, the father was stunned. But he thought of his wife and her frail health, and this gave him strength. No time was to be lost.

"Where is Teresa?" he asked, quickly. "When was the child missed?" And he rushed away, followed by the landlord.

The tiny, pink-lined, lace-hung bed still held the imprint of Helen's little form. A blue shoe, and its silken stocking, lay on the carpet; but the rest of the child's clothes had disappeared with her. It was doubtless by that open window, over the balcony-rail, that she had been carried away, and so by the terrace, everybody being at the *fête* in the village. But the woman in whose care she had been left—where had she been? Her story was that she had been dozing, "thinking no ill," she said. The explosion of the village fireworks had roused her. She looked up, and found "the dear angel gone—gone." She had shrieked, and hence the alarm.

Captain Seymour sought his wife. "My dear Helen," he said, "do not be too much alarmed. It is true the child has been stolen, probably for ransom, by the gypsies. But I shall go, at once, in pursuit, and I hope," kissing her death-like lips, "that to-morrow, at dawn, you may have her again in your arms."

Oh, the long, bright, cruel night, in which the moon shone on the mother's enforced calm, and witnessed the father's and husband's fierce activity. Telegrams were sent to Paris for the most skilled assistance, to Pau for local help, to every possible and impossible authority and influence far or near; and then Captain Seymour mounted, and was gone to lead the search.

It would be idle to detail the many and various hopes which lived and faded in that poor mother's breast, as the day dawned and the night again came down, leaving her longing arms and hungry heart empty. Gypsy tent and carts were overtaken and searched, without avail. Every van and tilted cart, which the yearly *fête* had summoned to the town, was overhauled, before being permitted to depart, and still no news of the tender baby. The hotel was still and desolate, without the patter of those small feet; and poor little Sir Arthur was really ill with grief.

The search went on, for a week and more. Mrs. Seymour's calm and courage were things to marvel at; but the doctors shook their wise heads, as they saw her grow more shadowy and pale. And then, at last, all was done, and nothing was left but to face the cruel fact that the child could not be found. Only ten days were past, and Captain Seymour's face looked ten years older.

His wife would not give up hope, or cease to stimulate every possible or impossible research; but all began to see that she would never live to recover her lost baby, if the waiting must last much longer.

One day, Sir Arthur crept to Mrs. Seymour's side, and nestling close to her aching heart, held and sometimes kissed her poor hands, as both silently awaited the captain's return from Peyrehorade, where some fancied clue had taken him.

"And they searched the monkeys' hut?" said Arty, anxiously striving to distract the poor mother's strained attention. "And the donkey's wagon—do you know?"

"Yes, dear boy," she answered, absently.

"And the house on wheels, where we saw the woman and the new baby, too?"

"I can't remember, but I fancy nothing escaped," she murmured.

Arthur's pale face seemed suddenly instinct with a new idea. He began a phrase, and looked down over the terrace, as if he saw someone; and then checked the words on his tongue. He mused a moment, his breath coming quickly, and then he stole an arm around Mrs. Seymour's slender waist, and said:

"Kiss me, dear, and say 'God bless Arty.'" Mrs. Seymour did as he asked, and repeated the caress most fondly, adding, tenderly:

"Dear little man!"

"Don't forget that she's to be my little wife," urged the boy.

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"God grant it," breathed the mother, fervently.

When Captain Seymour came in, the boy left them together. He asked to go to his bed, at an unusually early hour. Sleeping alone, in a small room within his mother's, he often rose early and passed out, without waking her; so she was not surprised to find his room empty, at the late hour of her rising, next day.

A note, which came up on her chocolate-tray, escaped her attention for still another half-hour; but was, at last, discovered. It ran thus:

"DEAREST MAMSY:

Don't think I am stolen, like baby Helen. I am only gone to a place where I think I may find some news of her, and I will come back at night, if you don't hunt for me; if you do, I may get some hurt. Good-bye till to-night.

Your little ARTY.

P. S.—Don't tell anyone, mamsy dear, especially Helen's papa and mamma."

After leaving the Seymours, earlier in that day, the child's movements had been rather mysterious. He went out by the servants' entrance, below the terrace, and along by a back lane, to the high-road leading to Sauveterre. Lounging along the same road, was a ragged-looking urchin, with his face tied up in a dirty handkerchief. To this unsuitable companion, Sir Arthur ran hastily, as soon as no one was in sight, and put in his hand a piece of money, saying:

"Oh, is it really thee? And hast thou any news of her?"

"Of whom should I have news?" growled the dirty boy, in an unfamiliar patois.

"But you are come for that—you are come to make me happy—to dry my tears, and tell me how to find her," insisted little Arthur, hotly, smoothing the big boy's dirty hand and rough sleeve, with a pleading caress, and gazing beseechingly up into his face, with eyes full of tear-drops, which he was too proud to let fall. "Here," he continued, pouring a store of small coins into the dirty hand, "and you shall have more, much more, and you will tell me—*me*, little Arty, where to find baby Helen?"

The dirty boy looked in Arty's pleading face, and tried not to relent; but did not succeed.

"They will kill me, you know, unless I can get off to my grandfather in Paris," he said. "But you are a brave *garçon*, and tried to keep her from lashing me. I'll tell you, if they do kill me. You mind and look out sharp, though, or they'll send *La Mignonne* over the Pyrenees, and you'll never see her again. If they get wind of it, they'll be afraid of the police, you know."

The sudden fear of his own possible imprudence made Arthur pale with dismay, but gave him coolness for reflection.

"You help me to get her back, and I will give you my ten pounds that Uncle Regy gave me, and my watch besides. Ten pounds is two hundred and fifty francs," he added, shrewdly, "and will help you to Paris, and more."

So the two plotted together, and Arty vowed not to betray the gypsy boy. Finally, they separated for a few hours; but at nine in the evening, Sir Arthur, being supposed to be sleeping soundly, slipped out, and joined his new friend. The ten-pound note was in his hand, as well as the watch; and both boys trudged away into the night.

They walked on and on, until it seemed to tired little Arthur that the morning must be near. As the gray of dawn began at last to appear, they approached one of the many ravines which led to the deep valley overlooked from the terrace of Sauveterre. Here the scrubby oaks and scattered pines began to give way to loftier trees.

They crept through a hole in the hedge; pushed on across a field or so of high ferns; and at last plunged into a gully that led to the valley below, in which was a ruined tower.

Poor little Arthur's tired feet were quickened, when they beheld, in the ruined courtyard, the square cart, with its small door and window, which he remembered to have seen at the end of the caravan on the day before little Helen's disappearance.

"Back, back! Don't let her see you, or she'll cry out," whispered the gypsy boy.

Arty looked, and saw a little brown-faced child, with short black curls, paddling, with white feet, in the rivulet which ran below. Something in this child made Arty's breath come quick, and his heart beat; but she was as dark as a child could be, and in that not at all like Helen.

"Lozonga's still very ill, and can't leave the van, so I have to beg for her, you know," explained the boy, pointing toward the cart. "The others are gone to Oloron, to the fair, and you can take *La Mignonne* away now—it is your only chance—if you'll promise no noise shall come of it;" and he pointed to the brown fairy who paddled in the rivulet.

"That isn't Helen. That child is brown," gasped Sir Arthur, dismayed and disappointed.

"Walnuts," said the boy, briefly, shrugging his shoulders. "That's what cheated the police. We put her asleep, when they came; and they looked for blonde hair and white skin. Of course, we'd dyed all that, the first thing."

Arthur hardly waited for more than the first

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words. He flew toward the child, who, when she saw him coming, recognized him at once; held out her arms, and wept for joy.

He kissed and fondled her.

"Quick, quick," urged the gypsy boy. "If you are going at all, be off, before Lozonga knows." The words lent wings to the poor children, the watch and the ten-pound note having first changed hands, according to the bargain.

For the first mile or two, the small brown maid could not be sweet enough to her brave little cavalier; then her ladyship began to feel sure of her escape, and a welcome reception at home. She asked after all, and learned their grief at her loss. Besides, the tiny legs began to tire, and her patience to wax short.

"Thou hast brought nothing to eat, my husband?" she said.

They sat resting themselves, as she spoke, on a green hedge, out of sight of the road.

"What would you, my wife? I only thought of rescuing you; and I came so far, walking all the night through, you know."

"Poor boy." And she put her tiny browned hand on his head, caressingly. "But that horrible Lozonga gave me brown bread, thou knowest. Even brown bread is good, when one is so hungry. I wonder if Monsieur de Samaniega, my other husband," she said, coquettishly, "wouldn't find me something to eat, if he were here?"

Little Arthur, though his head throbbed, arose from the grass, and moved off toward the road, at these words, to look for a cottage where he might ask for food. But the terrible fatigue of the last few hours, added to the heat of the morning sun, was too much for him; and quite overcome, he staggered and fell, fainting.

Helen, at this, began to cry in earnest, and kiss his white cheeks, saying she was no longer hungry. Suddenly, a horseman, at full speed, came dashing up; he threw himself from his saddle; he gathered both children into his arms. It was Captain Seymour, who had at last got a clue to Arty's movements, and fortunately arrived at this crisis; for half an hour afterwards, it would have been too late, the gypsies having discovered Helen's flight meantime.

Helen's mother, in her quiet room, had been kept from all knowledge of Arthur's escapade, lest hope again awakened and again disappointed should destroy the small remains of her strength. No sooner had the fugitives reached the hotel than Arty burst away, however, and rushed to her room.

"I have found her! Here she is," the gallant little fellow screamed, as he led Mrs. Seymour to the door. "Come, Helen." And with that, utterly exhausted, he fainted dead away.

When Sir Arthur had recovered, and was safe in Lady Hesketh's arms, and time was found in which to rejoice over Helen, that small person had become severely dignified.

"No one has time to be glad that I have come back," she said. "It seems that I am quite in the way. Where is Monsieur de Samaniega?" And she turned a dimpled shoulder to her mother's caress, with an air of supreme indifference.

At a four o'clock dinner on the terrace, where all the world was assembled to rejoice together, Miss Helen specially distinguished herself by her amiability; being charmed, as she announced, "to be, for once in her life, sufficiently brown to wear rose-color."

She was ravishingly condescending, moreover, to all adorers; but when Monsieur de Samaniega, presuming upon ancient intimacy, ventured to address her as "madame, my wife," she responded, with quick tears in her big blue eyes:

"Oh, no, monsieur; you stopped tranquilly at home while I was lost. This," with a close clasp of her brown arms about happy Arthur's neck, "this is my little husband, forever and ever."

# FOR THY SAKE.

BY LAURA H. CARPENTER.

THOUGH for thy sake I bear regretful sorrow,
Though for thy sake undying pain I feel,
For thy sweet sake a patient trust I borrow,
And for thy sake my wounded soul I heal.

How heavily my thoughts weigh on me in the morning,
When first I wake from deep and dreamless rest!
How constantly they 'mind me of the fair adorning
Of sweetest dreams, that once had thrilled my breast.
But when the sunshine sends its golden blessing
Across the eastern fields, with dew-light spread,
I banish as I can the desolation, pressing
Its numbing hands on weary heart and head;
And smile as thou wouldst wish to see me smiling—
Glad, and at peace to see the sun once more.
My books, my flowers, my busy friends beguiling
My heart, to half forget that happiness is o'er.

And though I feel that I am daily losing
Some tender peace for which a heart may break,
I gain in strength, all good and beauty choosing
To help me grow more worthy—for thy sake.

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# THE SONATA DEL DIAVOLO.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.

## CHAPTER IV.

He had taken his violin from its case, and was just commencing a slight prelude, when Fabian, the page, was seen crossing the old garden toward them, bearing a message from the bishop, the purport of which was, that strangers of distinction had arrived at the palace, causing him to request the immediate presence of the two ladies, to whom he desired to introduce them. Then, turning to Guiseppe, whom he greeted with a gesture of respect, he said: "His reverence also commanded me, signor, to seek you out, and ask you to come to the palace to-morrow evening, when you will meet many rare musicians, among whom, as he was pleased to say, the student of Padua would not rank the lowest."

"I am much beholden to his reverence for his rare courtesy," said Guiseppe, secretly marveling at it; "yet I am at a loss to understand on what he grounds this goodly opinion of my skill, as it has never been tested in his presence."

"Your pardon, signor, but it has," returned the page; "once at the villa of a noble lady, near Padua, and again this morning, when he heard your violin, and questioned me whence the sound proceeded; so I told him of our recontre, and he recognized at once the student minstrel he had before met, from my description."

"I owe your master hearty thanks for his kindness and good-will, but—"

"Nay," hastily interposed the marchesa, the elder of the two ladies, "we can admit no 'buts,' signor, in the way of your obedience to the lord bishop. Is it not so, Ianthe?" she continued, addressing the young girl.

"Truly so, dear aunt, and so you counsel wisely," she answered; and as she spoke, her low sweet voice sounded in Guiseppe's music-loving ear like the magical tone of the wind-harp, when the light breeze gently touches its strings. "Perhaps, the signor will let nothing bar his way, when we tell him that Veracini will be among the performers at the concert."

"Veracini?" echoed Guiseppe, with enthusiasm. "Francesco Veracini?" he reiterated; for the name fell like a touch of magic upon him, and transported him in a moment to the church in Venice, where he had once listened, amid the throng that crowded the immense building, to hear the thrilling music of that great performer. "I have not strength to withstand the temptation, though duty bids me turn a deaf ear to it."

"And pray, signor, may I ask what duty you will violate by accepting the hospitality of the Bishop of Padua?" inquired the marchesa.

"None, fair lady, by that simple act; but it is that they who by nature have a right to command my obedience look with disapproval on my intense love of music; and therefore I should shun all places where that passion may find food for its cravings."

"It seems to me that you judge yourself too harshly," said the marchesa; "but ignorant as I am of your position, I can express no opinion concerning your course of duty. But I beseech you, let not penitence for real or fancied delinquencies stand in the way of your appearance at the bishop's, to-morrow evening. Remember, before you renounce the *beau science*, I must hear once again the chords of that wonderful instrument respond to your touch."

"I shall obey you, madame, even though in opposition to my sober judgment," he said.

During this brief dialogue, Ianthe had remained a silent, but not an uninterested listener, nor unnoticed by Guiseppe, whose glances, to the chagrin of the elder lady, often strayed toward her; and once, when alluding to the filial duty he owed his parents, her eye met his, with a look of such sweet approval that, in all his after life, it never faded from his memory; and at the moment, strengthened his purpose to make the sacrifice they required. The marchesa saw the look thus interchanged between them, and in no pleasant mood she motioned to depart; and her hitherto brilliant smile became very like a sneer, when she observed the student pick from the ground a small bouquet of violets, which Ianthe had dropped, and place it in his bosom. But she did not see him raise the fragrant flowers to his lips, as he walked slowly away; nor even suspect the sweet tumult of emotion, which the sight of that "mere child," as she termed her, had raised in his young heart.

It was late when he reached his room, but the brilliant twilight illuminated it; and first press-



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ing his lips to the tender petals of the violets, he filled a small vase with water, and carefully immersed their stalks; then drawing them toward him, sat down to inhale their perfume, while recalling the glance and smile of the lovely girl through whose touch they had become to him precious and holy as sanctified relics are to devotees. She seemed to him, as, gazing on the violets he vividly recalled her, pure and spiritual as one of his own exquisite harmonies; or "like some rare creature of the elements," soon to dissolve into her native and transparent air. Then her voice—how low and ravishingly sweet it was; and her every movement a revelation of harmony and grace. She, then—this angelic creature—was the niece of the Bishop of Padua, whom he had been solicited to instruct in the science of music, when, with eyes blind to the future, he had declined the task. Vainly, now, he cursed his folly, and longed for power to recall his decision. So he lived over, in his solitude, the scene of the evening.

He thought, too, of the marchesa, full of fascination, but of a kind which a subtle instinct warned him to be wary. He did not know it, but he felt it to be so, that she had singled him out for her prey. She had met him at the Del Monti palace; and there was a charm in his intellectual face, in his graceful person and noble carriage, and above all, in the manifestation of his divine art, that fascinated and roused within her the deepest interest. Solicitous to obtain a further knowledge of him, which personal intercourse only could bestow, she had incited the bishop to solicit his services as instructor in music to Ianthe; and when baffled in this purpose by his refusal, her intriguing spirit busied itself in divining some plan by which a nearer intercourse should be established between them. The chance meeting with him near the old turret favored her wish, as, through her persuasion, he had consented to accept the bishop's invitation, which had been given through her artful prompting.

Donna Viola, or the marchesa, as was her title, was the youthful widow of the Marchese del Rossi, a nobleman of immense wealth, but more than twice the age of his blooming bride, who had married him that her passion for splendor might be gratified by the more than Oriental magnificence with which he promised to surround her. But she soon wearied of the heartless pageantry: her jeweled robes covered an aching heart, her glittering coronet a weary brow. Four years passed away, when she was released from her captivity by the death of her lord. The title and estates passed to a distant relative: and with only a small bequest added to her private fortune, she was about to retire to an estate she possessed in Milan.

But the young Ianthe, the cherished niece of the bishop, had recently returned from the convent where she had been educated, to be the joy and delight of his home; and the opportunity of winning his sister, just then freed from her bondage, to be the companion and matronly protector of his orphan child, was a hope which he immediately sought to realize by urging her to make a permanent home at the palace. Weary of the vain pomp and éclat which had failed to satisfy her, she readily yielded to his wishes; but, nevertheless, her unsatisfied life seemed to her empty; and she longed, with morbid craving, for some devoted heart on which to lavish the whole wealth of her affection.

She was sincerely attached to the bishop, her brother; but regarded and treated the young Ianthe as a mere child. Still, after her own fashion, she loved the girl; but was capricious in manifesting her affection; ridiculing, often, her artlessness as too childish, and condemning her generous and unselfish acts, and the perfect sincerity of her character, which offered so striking a contrast to her own deep and designing nature.

It was past midnight before Guiseppe retired to rest; and then the singular events, that had stirred the even tenor of his life, shaped themselves into dreams, so bright that he would gladly have regarded them as omens of a happy future. But the occupations of the day put to flight these pleasant auguries; and almost a dread of the coming evening, with its requirements, creeping over him, he had recourse to his violin, practicing his choicest pieces: chiefly the Sonata Diavolo, which he had learned in perfection, and justly considered his *chef d'œuvre*.

## CHAPTER V.

The hour for his visit to the palace at length arrived. He was strangely excited by the certainty of again meeting the lovely Ianthe, and still more perhaps by the thought of listening again to the unequaled music of the accomplished Veracini, and of being called upon, perhaps, to exhibit his poor skill to the critical judgment of the great master. Arrived at the palace, he faltered, however, and would have drawn back, if he could.

It was, however, too late to retreat; and summoning his courage, though still with a faltering heart, he followed a page into the spacious vestibule, and on through a suite of stately apartments, to the entrance of a brilliantly-lighted salon. He heard his name announced, and entering he beheld gay faces, and heard low

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strains of music mingled with the hum of voices, and the sweet sounds of women's laughter. For an instant—it seemed to him an age—he stood bewildered. Then the bishop advanced with cordial greeting, and thanks for his ready compliance with his wishes. After this, he presented him to the marchesa, and to Donna Ianthe, as a guest for whom he desired their especial regards.

The welcoming smiles with which they received him, and the kind and courteous bearing of the noble host, reassured the young debutant, and enabled him to return the greetings of the distinguished amateurs to whom the bishop presented him, with the modest self-possession that characterized his usual manner.

There were few ladies present, nor was the company large; but it was composed of those before whom Guiseppe felt it would require no small amount of courage to display his skill. But Veracini spoke to him with kind encouragement, and with flattering words told him that the fame of his attainments had reached his ears, and rendered him most desirous to hear his performance. Then, pointing to a concerto, that lay open on the music-stand, he requested him to attempt it in company with himself.

Guiseppe bowed assent, though inwardly shrinking from the ordeal. His hand trembled, as taking up his violin, he drew his bow across the strings; but it acquired vigor and firmness, as the sounds awoke beneath his touch, and his timidity vanished. He forgot the presence of others, and felt himself alone in the world of harmony which surrounded him. The beautiful concerto came to an end, and deafening plaudits resounded through the rooms: such a union of skill producing the most entrancing result; and astonished, overpowered by his success, the young musician drew back, to hide the emotion which betrayed itself on his ingenuous face.

The last sound of applause had scarcely died away, when he was called for again, and this time he was to play alone. The trial was a hard one; but the encouraging smile and outspoken words of the great master banished his timidity; and toying a moment with his instrument, he executed with confident and consummate skill the inspired music of his dream—the wonderful "Sonata del Diavolo."

Its strange wild melody riveted the attention of the audience, and the young man's kindling eyes and glowing cheeks, as with the skill of a master he handled his bow, declared the original and unique piece to be the inspiration of his own genius, rather than the superhuman teaching of "demon dark, or angel from above," to which source he had attributed it. When, at last, the musician paused, not a sound, for a moment, followed the hush of that rich and marvelous melody. But then came loud plaudits, and from Veracini himself, who during the performance had stood leaning forward, an absorbed listener, still and immovable, as though entranced by the wonderful, and, as he termed it, divine music.

It was a moment of proud triumph to the young musician; he had become the hero of the night; he was surrounded by admirers, and every lip uttered words of praise and congratulation; but the glance of sweet approval, which he caught from Ianthe's speaking eye, was more precious to him than even the hearty "Well done!" uttered by the veteran Veracini.

She stood beside the marchesa, whose love of pomp still showed itself in the richness of her attire, and the splendor of the jewels that blazed upon her person, forming a contrast to her young companion, who, scarcely past her childhood, still loved its simplicity, nor coveted more gorgeous gems than the Orient pearls which gleamed among the shining braids of her dark hair.

Guiseppe stole through the bevy of admirers that surrounded him, and wearied by the excitement of the evening, retreated to the deep embrasure of a window that looked out upon the fragrant garden. The fresh night air bathed his hot brow with its icy coolness, and he leaned forth to inhale it, and to gaze, for a moment, on the heavens, where hosts of stars shone out with almost dazzling lustre through the transparent atmosphere.

Suddenly, this stolen moment of quiet enjoyment was interrupted by the light touch of a hand upon his arm, and the whisper of a low voice, which said:

"And will you now, even in this moment of triumph, when Veracini himself bows down in homage to your genius—say, will you now forswear and forsake your art?"

Turning quickly, he saw the marchesa standing beside him.

"It is hard, madame," he said, "in this moment of unexpected triumph, to answer your question as I should; hard, when success beckons me onward, to remain true to the resolve of yesterday."

"And why should you, signor? If it be fame and distinction which your parents covet for you, may they not be won as nobly by the lyre as by the pen?"

"They do not think so."

"But you should choose, and shape your own destiny," she said, imperatively.

"I would, but I may not," he said. "I am bound by filial duty to forswear the divine art I

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love, and after this night of triumph I have vowed to do so."

"But I absolve you signor from that rash vow," said the bishop, who unperceived had approached, with Donna Ianthe leaning on his arm. "You are endowed with rare talent as a musician, young man. Do not, like the unfaithful steward, bury it in a napkin."

"I would never do it, my lord," answered Guiseppe, "though untold difficulties barred my way to success, but for the imperative call of duty, to which I have given a sorrowful assent."

"I pray you, then, young man, to revoke it," said the bishop; "and if any aid of mine can assist you in following out the path plainly allotted you by Providence, it is heartily yours. I honor your filial obedience, but no parent has a right to accept such a sacrifice, and no son is bound to ignore the inspiration breathed into him by his Maker, at the call of ignorance and prejudice. Nor shall it be so; and if your parents insist on coercing you, I will speak reason to them myself, and convince them that they are committing the unpardonable sin, in forcing you to renounce the pursuit of the God-given and divine art of music."

The good bishop spoke with unwonted warmth, so deeply interested was he in the career of the young student, whose wonderful skill, as exhibited on this evening, had filled him with wonder and delight—himself a skilled musician and a passionate lover of the science. Guiseppe was deeply touched by this interest displayed in his behalf; and with words that came from his heart, but which seemed to him cold, he expressed his thanks. Then his reverence, graciously accepting them, again resumed: "For the present, signor, I will not ask you to let the study of your art supersede your daily pursuit of knowledge in the schools. Perhaps you may reconcile the two; at all events, for the present, let each have their allotted portion of your time; and accordingly, I wish to appoint you to a post which will demand your highest talent, to the improvement of which the hours not allotted to severer study must all be devoted."

Guiseppe's interest and curiosity were much excited by these words; but before he could ask an explanation, the bishop proceeded to say: "I wish you to accept the place of conductor of the orchestra, in the Church of St. Antonio. It is running into vagaries under the guidance of Corelli, and I wish to entrust its direction entirely to you."

Guiseppe listened in speechless astonishment to this unexpected, and as it seemed to him, amazing proposition; but the bishop went on: "The duties of the post will not interfere with your scholastic studies, which I do not ask you to neglect; for the hours devoted to each will not interfere. Besides, your position in the orchestra will give you opportunities to keep alive and cultivate your musical skill; and will also yield a remuneration by no means contemptible; and which, as I know something of the expenses of a student's life, will not come amiss to to you."

"Your kindness, my lord bishop, so greatly exceeds my deserts, that I cannot find words in which to frame my thanks," said Guiseppe.

"I want no thanks, young man; for in thus serving you, I serve myself, which I mean to do still further, by renewing a proposal to you which you have once rejected, but which I flatter myself you may now consider with more indulgence."

"Your reverence has only to name it."

"It regards my niece here, Donna Ianthe. She can already twang the strings of her guitar with tolerable skill; and though you have once declined to consider her your pupil, I think, if you can spare time from other duties to impart to her a few lessons in your art, you will find her an apt pupil, and one that will do no discredit to your teaching."

Guiseppe's heart beat tumultuously at these words; but conquering his emotion, he answered, modestly: "If my poor services can be any aid to the Lady Ianthe, I shall feel honored in having been requested to bestow them."

"We understand each other, then," said the bishop; "and to-morrow, if it please you, my pet will be ready to receive her first lesson. How say you, darling, shall it be so? For the whole arrangement, you know, depends upon your own wish and convenience."

"It shall be as you say, if it suits Signor Tartini's convenience to come," she said, looking up, with a sunny smile, that made her beauty irresistible. "But please do not tell him I am an apt pupil. Aunt Viola always says, you know, that I shall never be a St. Cecilia."

"Perhaps not, sweet. There are few who even aspire so high, and fewer who reach the saint's perfection. But if I remember right, you were to try the 'Gondolier's Dream' on your guitar, to-night, with Signor Veracini; so your new instructor will have an opportunity to judge somewhat of your musical capacity, by the way in which you acquit yourself."

"Oh, uncle, dear, cannot I be excused from playing to-night?" she pleaded. "Signor Tartini will have an opportunity to judge of my capacity to-morrow; and I should fail to do any justice to myself, were I to play before this audience."

"But you know, my child, the piece was

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composed for you by Veracini, on condition that you would play it to his accompaniment, this evening. If you would reach perfection, you must accustom yourself to play in the presence of competent judges, and court rather than shrink from their criticisms; and sure I am it will be lenient: for considering your youth and inexperience, you are even now, in my perhaps partial opinion, no contemptible musician."

"But everyone will not judge me so favorably," she urged, "and so if for this time I might be excused—"

Guiseppe, hearing this, marveled how anyone could resist so sweet a pleader; but the bishop was inexorable. "You must not ask it," he replied. "See, yonder comes Fabian with your guitar, and all are waiting in expectation," and ruthlessly he led her across the salon to where the great composer awaited her. Guiseppe followed with the marchesa, stationing himself where he could best hear and observe the graceful novice.

## CHAPTER VI.

With a trembling hand, Ianthe took her instrument from the page. A few whispered words from Veracini reassured her, as she lightly touched its cords; but her courage grew with the thrilling melody; and soon forgetful of her surroundings, she drew from the responsive strings a gush of sound most rare and exquisite, with which her pure and bird-like voice blended in sweetest harmony. It was a brief piece, but very beautiful, and executed even to the satisfaction of its composer; and when the last note died on the instrument, and the liquid tones of the young voice melted into silence, a sudden hush fell upon the company: but only for a moment; for then, as with one breath, burst forth the rapturous applause. Trembling and blushing to find herself the object of such plaudits, the shrinking girl glided from the apartment.

It seemed to Guiseppe, as if, with her disappearance, a sudden gloom had fallen upon the brilliant salon, and as he stood with his unconscious gaze fixed upon the door through which the lovely songstress had passed, he became suddenly conscious that the marchesa was closely observing him. Instinctively, he shrank from her look. He could not tell himself why, nor define the consciousness that led him to shun her scrutiny. But the dread of it was there, and he could not shake it off. Yet he replied courteously to her remarks, and acceded, though with a restraint which he could not control, to the praise she lavished on Donna Ianthe's successful debut, conscious all the while that she was reading him more plainly than he could understand himself.

And so, when the bishop reminded him that they must have one solo upon his violin before the evening closed, he was not loth to obey, though he had not expected to be called upon again. But when, with the first sound of his instrument, he saw the beautiful Ianthe re-enter the salon, and glide dream-like past him, the bow trembled in his hand, and he found it no easy thing to recover his self-possession. With the last long-drawn note of the solo, her place was again vacant, the evening was closing, the guests departing, and as among them he left the lighted hall of the palace, and returned to his lonely chamber, he secretly recoiled from the position into which he almost felt that he had suffered himself to be entrapped.

A lamp was burning on the table in his study, when he entered, and beside it lay a letter, in whose superscription he instantly recognized the familiar hand of his mother. He seized it eagerly, but hesitated for a moment to open it: then, breaking the seal, he read as follows:

"I am alone this evening, my darling son, and yet not alone in spirit, for you are with me; your smile is beaming on me; your eyes, with the old love-light in them, look into mine, and the very tones of your voice seem borne to me on the whispering breeze. My heart embraces you, though my arms cannot, and it is full of tender thoughts of you, of joy at your progress, and with hope that all we desire for you may be fulfilled.

"I said I was alone—alone in the dear summer-chamber; but your father sits without, under the shade of the orange tree, which showed its first green shoot above the earth on the very day when your dear eyes first opened to the light. Yesterday, we were gladdened by fair reports of you from a learned councillor of Padua, who spoke much in praise of your modest deportment, and of your diligence in study; and so we rejoice in the thought that you are feeding on rich fruit from the tree of knowledge, and that when the sun of our lives shall be near its setting, yours will be in its meridian brightness, shedding abroad the glorious beams of science and knowledge.

"How me manage to live on without you I cannot tell, missing you as we do daily. Yet all around us remains the same. Your favorite flowers still charm us with their bloom; the golden laburnum sheds its blossoms on the lake, where the tame swan sits waiting for your hand to feed him; the ring-doves still coo lovingly in the old lime, and duly the little blind girl comes with her freshly-gathered bouquet, and her art-

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less inquiry of when you will return. Ah, when indeed, dear boy? To give the old charm, by your presence, to these familiar objects, and beguile the evening as of old with your music. I have heard none to compare with it, since you left us, and though we cannot approve your undue devotion to your instrument, we do not ask you wholly to forget its use; but rather desire that in your hours of relaxation from study you should perfect yourself in its use, that it may not only be to you a pleasant resort from graver pursuits, but also prove a source of enjoyment to others.

"And now, my dear son, having written you a long letter, I must bid you farewell, begging you always to remember that you have the hopes and the happiness of your parents in your keeping, and that you will hold the trust sacred, and in so doing best secure your own ultimate happiness and prosperity. Let me hear from you speedily. That you continue well and happy, and that the good God may bless you, my son, and send his holy angels to watch and guard you, is the daily prayer of your affectionate mother,

PAULINE TARTINI."

The letter, wet with Guiseppe's tears, fell from his hand as he finished its perusal, and with his face bowed upon his folded arms, he bent down upon the table, his heart melted by his mother's tender words, and wounded by the consciousness that he had never deserved them less than at this moment. Smitten with remorse, he started suddenly from his seat, and traversing the room with rapid and agitated step, his agony broke forth in impassioned words: "She lauds me for my filial obedience, and for my perseverance in study; and I *will* merit her loving commendation. Yes, though it cost the sacrifice of my dearest hopes, I will—I will strive to fulfil hers. The silent hours of the night I will devote to study, and so redeem the moments given to the one science the love of which was inborn with my birth. Yes, even now, will I shut out the bright and beautiful images that throng my mind, and for their sakes, who love me so well, strive to find interest and harmony in these volumes, whose pages I so reluctantly unfold."

And as these half-unspoken thoughts agitated his mind, he gathered his volumes of casuistry and jurisprudence together, and strove to fix his mind upon their contents, brooding persistently over them till the very light of dawn stole in, eclipsing by its brightness the dim flame of his nearly expiring lamp. Sleep had not visited his eyes; but the feverish excitement of his mind forbade him to feel the need of it. He was satisfied with the resolution he had formed of diligently prosecuting his legal studies; and resolved to persevere as he had that night commenced. But though for those few hours of serious study he had dismissed all softer thoughts, with the first moment of relaxation the scenes and events of the preceding evening recurred to him, in all their varied and enchanting brilliancy.

He heard again the murmur of applause which greeted the execution of his sonata, and saw the lovely smile and tender eyes of Ianthe beaming upon him, in sympathy and approval. "And to-day," he thought, "I am to see her again."

The certainty of this coming interview haunted him like some sweet dream, till the hour named for his first lesson to his charming pupil arrived; and then, half shrinking from the responsibility which he had consented to accept, yet elated by the prospect of being admitted to her presence—not only now, but day after day, as her guide and teacher in his own beloved art—he rallied his courage, and went to fulfil his engagement. Fabian was waiting in the corridor to conduct him to the music-room, where the ladies were ready to receive him; Donna Ianthe sitting on a cushion, at the feet of the marchesa, reading aloud from the poems of Tasso. The silver tones of her voice fell like some aerial strain of music on the ear of Guiseppe, as he entered; and both reader and listener were so absorbed by their subject, that they failed to perceive the young musician's entrance, till his name was announced by Fabian.

Then both rose up to welcome him, and he returned their cordial salutation with a graceful simplicity which was natural to him; and though now not wholly free from a slight embarrassment, it only added grace to his manner.

Lest he should seem to place himself on the footing of a guest, he referred immediately to the object of his visit, and proceeded to give his first lesson. The bishop, who soon appeared, was charmed with the new tutor, and delighted with Ianthe's quickness.

## CHAPTER VII.

So passed a succession of weeks, during which Guiseppe was constant in his instructions to Donna Ianthe, whose rapid progress fully satisfied her uncle. He also filled, with honor to himself, and perfect satisfaction to all interested, the post to which the bishop had appointed him in the orchestra of St. Antonio; and yet, with these engrossing duties, he remained faithful to his self-imposed promise of devoting many hours of each night to his collegiate studies, in which he made such rapid progress that he quite out-

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stripped his compeers, and bid fair to win the highest prize in the University.

But it also, alas happened that, as the days went, on, and the lessons grew longer and more intricate, both the youthful teacher and also the fair pupil became initiated in the mysteries of a subtler science than that in which he had proposed to instruct her. The knowledge of it came upon them suddenly, and before they had any suspicion of their danger. For a time, he knew only that never had teacher so docile and apt a scholar; who never wearied him, but made his task of instruction a constant and growing pleasure.

And she—what happiness, she thought, to be taught by one so patient and forbearing: overlooking her dullness, and lengthening out his lessons beyond all precedent—how could she help listening to his instructions, and practicing them hour after hour, without weariness or complaint? And so, with self-deceptive reasoning, she thought to hide even from herself her tender secret. But the similar experience of his own heart taught the passionate student to read aright the new emotions which were stirring in hers.

He felt it wrong to rejoice in the discovery he had made, but it filled him with a rapturous joy he found it difficult to conceal. He grew more silent and abstracted, but there was reverence and devotion in every look and word he addressed to her. As he saw her cheek glow with blushes at his approach, and her soft eye droop beneath his glance, he could scarcely command himself; and often hid beneath silence and reserve the thoughts and feelings he dared not express. But Ianthe's less guarded manner sometimes tempted him beyond prudence to confess all, and sue for forgiveness.

She, however, was not haunted by doubts or fears: she lived and rejoiced in the present, and felt it bliss enough to listen to his gifted speech, to meet his beaming smile, and to interpret tenderly his speaking glance. All pure thoughts and delicious harmonies were associated with him; and she grew to love her guitar with almost childish tenacity, and to anticipate the usual lessons with impatience and delight.

The bishop, in the meantime, was delighted with his niece's progress. He had never known her to be so much interested before, and being himself no mean amateur, he cherished the hope of her becoming so fair a proficient in the science, that she might bear a part in the social concerts he gave monthly to a select circle of friends. He flattered Guiseppe by his warm commendations, invited him frequently to his table, and lavished upon him favors that might have turned a head not filled as his was, with the one absorbing thought of youthful love.

Guiseppe had not resolution to decline the courtesies which brought him into such familiar intercourse with Ianthe, though at the same time he dreaded the jealous observation of the marchesa, who had distinguished him by many marks of favor, too pointed to be misunderstood, and who had been heard to declare, that having once married for worldly advantages, she had learned to despise them; and that, in future, wherever she bestowed her hand, her heart should accompany it, and that it should be given from pure affection, uninfluenced by any consideration of fortune or birth.

This declaration had been made in his hearing, and he would not have regarded it, had it not been followed by many trifling demonstrations of a warm interest in and admiration for himself, and by a jealous scrutiny of his intercourse with Ianthe, which, when possible, she always found means to interrupt. This state of things soon began seriously to affect his health; his cheek grew pale, and his eye languid; even music seemed to have lost its charm for him, and the midnight hours he had so long given to study were spent in rapidly passing up and down his chamber, or in troubled musings on his sleepless pillow.

This change in him was too marked not to be observed by everyone, and when urged to consult a physician, he did so, though aware that no physical ailment affected him; but he was told by the wise Esculapius, that if he valued his life, to quit Padua, and try the effect of his native air, which alone, if anything could, might restore him. He felt indeed that his only safety was in flight; that his love for the beautiful and high-born Ianthe was presumptuous; for though the unconscious tenderness and devotion of her manner had carried with it the sweet conviction that his love had found a response in her heart, he felt it would be treachery to avail himself of this discovery. That, however she might receive his confession, should he dare to make it, the proud bishop, when the knowledge of it reached his ears, would spurn him with disdain.

So he determined to fly. Yet day after day he lingered on, feeding his secret passion with the sweetness of her presence, even though he knew it was destroying him. He grew sad and silent. His voice had a melancholy cadence, that more than once brought tears to Ianthe's eyes, that did not escape the observation of her lover, who silently blessed her for her precious sympathy, not daring to hope that they sprang from a love as deep and hopeless as his own.

The marchesa had watched this daring passion growing each day stronger, between the master

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and his pupil, with the utmost mortification and chagrin. Her interest in him had grown into admiration, and it vexed her that anyone beside herself, accustomed to charm and conquer, should engross him. So she resolved to nip in the bud the growing *penchant* which she detected between the young master and Donna Ianthe. "Such a mere child," she said to herself, "who cannot yet know her own mind—and he to be caught by her simplicity. What would my brother, with his high notions, say of this baby flirtation?"

At last, one dark morning, Guiseppe rose late, and equipped himself for his departure. It was the day for the lesson at the palace—the last he could ever give Ianthe. Should he yield to the temptation, look on her once more, and then depart forever from her sight, and it might be from her remembrance? And like Adam of old, and other Adams of his race, he yielded, perforce, having found himself at the steps of the palace before he had decided. He ascended them; and familiar now with the intricacies of the interior, he threaded the various passages without guidance, to the music-room.

The tones of a guitar, touched to low and delicate harmony, greeted him as he entered the half-open door; and Ianthe, immediately laying aside the instrument, arose and came forward to meet him. She was alone, and had evidently been weeping; her sweet eyes, still moist with emotion, reminding him of dewy violets, as she raised them, with a look of glad welcome, to his face. He took her extended hand, and as he feared, pressed it too warmly; for the lovely blush deepened on her cheek, and her eyes drooped beneath his ardent glance as she softly withdrew it, and sinking on a seat, said: "I thought you were not coming—it is so late; and I have been so lonely. My aunt was summoned to visit a sick nun: her former teacher at the convent of Santa Maria, and I don't know when she will return, for—"

She stopped, suddenly, for she caught his look; and as if reading too truly its sad and tender meaning, she bent silently over the music-lesson that lay open before her. It was a simple sonata, which Guiseppe himself had composed: tender and pathetic. Ianthe was never weary of practicing it: it seemed the expression of feelings she scarcely dared own to herself; and as for Guiseppe, he had poured his whole soul into it. As she now lightly touched the strings, the sweet pathetic tones she elicited were more expressive than human speech could have been, of despairing love, and the speechless agony of parted lovers. She could not finish the strain; but bent forward, her hand still resting motionless upon the guitar,

> "Like magic's silver sceptre, hovering
> To waken music from the untouch'd string."

Guiseppe stooped towards her; and as the tears fell fast and bright, he reverently kissed the small white hand, upon which one precious drop had fallen. Lower drooped her fair head, at this first daring act of love; but no word escaped her lips.

"Sweetest, forgive me," he whispered. "Forgive me for having dared to love you—that I dare to tell you so, at this parting moment. Yes, it must be so: before another day, I shall—I must—be gone from you forever."

She lifted her tearful face to his, with a look of blank astonishment and terror; and it seemed as though her lips refused to frame the words she uttered half inaudibly: "You will not. No, it must not be."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# JUST SEVENTY-TWO.

BY FRANK H. SCATTERGOOD.

Just seventy-two! Then trim thy light,
And get thy jewels all reset;
'Tis past meridian, but still bright,
And lacks some hours to sunset yet.
At seventy-two,
Be strong and true;
Scour off thy rust, and shine anew.

'Tis yet high day. Thy sword resume,
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom—
A riper, more transcendent youth?
A wedge of gold
Is never old;
Streams broader grow, as downward rolled.

At seventy-two, life is begun;
At seventy-three, begin once more;
Fly swifter as you near the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-four.
At ninety-five,
Shouldst thou arrive,
Still wait on God, and work, and thrive.

Keep thy locks wet with morning dew,
And freely let thy graces flow;
For life well spent is ever new,
And years anointed younger grow.
So, work away;
Be young for aye:
From sunset into breaking day.

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# HER POOR JEM.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was a bitter hour for Barbara Wortley, when her brother Jem came to tell her that he was engaged to marry Milly Kent. From the moment that he had set eyes on the giddy, pretty, gay-winged butterfly, she had seen that it was inevitable. She had seen, too, that Milly's mother meant to move heaven and earth to compass the match. Oh, that mother—what could be expected of a girl brought up under her guidance? Barbara had known her thoroughly, when they were both young; known her for false and heartless, vicious and evil-tongued: graceful and smooth as her manners were.

Afterwards, as Mrs. Kent, she had gone to live in New Orleans; and since then, Barbara had only seen her a few times, till she came back, this winter, to New York.

She was now a widow, and had brought with her this eighteen-year-old daughter, who was very like what Barbara remembered the mother to have been at the same age, only of a more delicate, refined type, but with less strength of body and mind. In fact, the girl was a human butterfly, to be pitied, perhaps, rather than condemned; for her soul was as incapable of receiving any fixed impression as a wreath of foam. The girl, to change the simile, was like Undine; only with no capability of having a soul awakened within her.

But Barbara had not thought the crisis so near. It was only eight weeks since she had dawned on Jem's sight, standing at the piano, and singing in that wonderful voice, so full of sweetness and passion that it would have been difficult for a man much older than Jem to believe she was no more able to feel the emotions it expressed, than was the instrument which accompanied her. But Miss Barbara knew.

She knew, too, what a man such as Jem would become; and how he must suffer, sooner or later, tied for life to a woman like that. She had seen it in the case of her own father and step-mother, the latter a creature very much of Milly's type. But when Jem came in, and had told her of his engagement, she laid all this aside.

"Oh, my dear Jem, my dear Jem," she said, with sisterly affection.

"I've taken you by surprise," cried Jem, with a happy laugh. "But you're glad, Barbara, you're glad? Was there ever such a lovely, fascinating creature? I am the luckiest fellow alive. It was only last night I spoke. I don't know how I managed to keep silent so long. And I thought you meant to lie abed all day: it seems to me as if I had been waiting an age to tell you."

Poor Barbara could only kiss and embrace him, and try for broken phrases.

But Jem saw nothing of this. He went on, eagerly: "And, oh! Barbara, dear, you will go and see her, this very morning. Her mother seemed afraid you would not be pleased. Such an idea! She's the dearest little woman in the world: as natural and unspoiled almost as Milly. She says she was so fond of you, as a girl. You were older, and she looked up to you, and—"

Miss Barbara interrupted the tirade, by giving him another kiss. Then she sat down, weak and trembling. But she smiled at him, nevertheless; and Jem was too happy to notice how pale she had grown.

"Did you expect this, Bab, dear?" he said, directly.

She could only shake her head. Probably, if she had given a sign of assent, he would have been astounded and provoked; but when she answered with that mute negative, he exclaimed, almost irritably:

"Then you have been as blind as a bat."

"I mean not yet, not so soon," shivered Miss Barbara.

"Soon?" echoed Jem, scornfully. But just then, the cook appeared for orders; and Jem flew off, only to return in ten minutes, more excited than ever.

It was a morning of terrible confusion to Miss Barbara. She was called here, dragged there; then she found herself in Mrs. Kent's parlor, and Jem was pushing Milly into her arms, and Milly was returning her kiss, and saying:

"You must pet me immensely, Miss Barbara; else I shall think you are jealous. Yes, it's a lovely ring, Jem; but it ought to be a sapphire, for luck."

"It shall be," said Jem; "but put this on."

"But we're not engaged, till I get the other; and I think I've changed my mind."

And away ran Milly, laughing, into another room, and Jem followed; and presently, Miss Barbara heard the girl's voice, caroling like a nightingale, singing her favorite "Jewel Song,"



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from Faust, no doubt accompanying it by proper dramatic action and "stage business," as she was fond of doing among her intimates. And through the harmonious strains, Miss Barbara heard the mother's voice, too; and saw her sitting there, serene and triumphant, able to comprehend the sister's emotions as no one else had done; and delighted to sting her old enemy, with smiling lips and honeyed tongue.

Though there was less than a lustre's difference in their ages, Miss Barbara looked good ten years the widow's senior. For Miss Barbara had gray hair, and wore a sober garb, and was tall, thin, and somewhat gaunt; while the relict wore a blue morning-dress and bright ribbons, and was tiny and graceful, with just that degree of plumpness which a woman of forty needs, to keep her dimples in a becoming state of preservation.

"It is a heart-break to me—a perfect heart-break," Lizzie Kent was saying. "I tell Jem that I think I'm an angel, not to detest him outright. But I believe he is as near worthy of my treasure as any man could be. And oh, Barbara, take care, take care. Don't you do as so many old maids have done, in similar cases: make them unhappy. You would not mean to, I know; but Jem is like a son to you; and it is so natural for a woman to hate the girl who comes between her and her boy; and she sees everything the poor creature does, in a false light, and never discovers it is her own wicked jealousy that causes her to."

Miss Barbara did not condescend to self-defense, or what would have pleased the widow still better, any show of irritation. The little wasp tried and tried, but could not rouse her victim into a retort. Miss Barbara was pale, and quiet, and stunned; and her kind, gentle words to Milly had been all she had to say about the matter; so she kept getting away therefrom, and her tormentor going back to it, in a fashion that to any spectator would have been at once painful and amusing.

And, at last, Miss Barbara was at home again. That visit seemed the longest hour she had ever spent. Jem helped her out of the carriage; stopped in the hall for a few more parting words, of course upon the one subject the world held for him just at present; then hurried off to attend to important business: the purchase of the sapphire ring.

And Miss Barbara was alone with her fears and her aching heart, and was utterly helpless. Had Jem spoken to her, given her a chance to speak, before he proposed to Milly, she would have told him her mind; revealed what she knew of the mother; but it was too late now; any expression of her certainties concerning the widow, of her dread and doubts in regard to Milly, would only serve to pain and irritate Jem, and perhaps alienate him from her forever.

"Maybe, after all, Lizzie Kent was right," she said, dolefully. "Maybe I am jealous and selfish; and that makes me unjust and hard. No, it isn't true; it's only that I know what a terrible mistake his love is. Jem will grow and develop mentally, and that girl will stand still. Before he is thirty, he will find himself utterly alone. Either he will learn that he mistook romance for affection, or else he will have to suffer the tortures of purgatory every day and hour. They will not have a sentiment in common, not a hope or wish, where they won't jar against each other. I don't think the child is bad-hearted, like her mother: there isn't stamina and force enough in her for that. The mother hurts people from deliberate intention: the daughter will do it from sheer inability to understand that they can feel."

The days went on. Sometimes they dragged, like leaden weights, at poor Miss Barbara's soul. Sometimes they flew, like swift-winged, evil creatures, that had a fiendish delight in her misery, and in the awful destiny to which they were hurrying her boy forward.

But in the meanwhile, Jem and Milly were happy, and as thoughtless as two birds; and Mrs. Kent was so permeated by the sunshine, that, even to Miss Barbara, she employed her softest voice, and beamed contentment on all the world.

Milly was always sweet and amiable. But outside of their mutual love for music, Miss Barbara knew they would find it difficult to discover tastes or thoughts in common. So, when they chanced to be alone, and they had discussed Jem a little, but never very frankly or easily on either side, she used to take refuge in the one subject of which Milly never tired.

"Your voice has been cultivated, as if you were intended for a professional singer," she said, one day, as the girl arose from the piano.

"Didn't you know that I was to be one?" asked Milly, quietly. "Poor mamma doesn't even like me to speak of it. You see, meeting Jem has put an end to all that. She always hated the idea."

"And you? Had you visions of triumphs, that are hard to relinquish?"

"Oh, I'm a lazy creature, you know," returned Milly, with a careless laugh. "I belong to the butterfly species, to whom work is uncongenial."

Miss Barbara quite started. But, in an

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instant, she reflected that Milly's thrust was of course unintentional, though she felt herself change color somewhat, under the child's eyes. Those Undine eyes, whose inexplicable, vague look sometimes irritated, sometimes saddened, the spinster almost beyond bearing.

But these halcyon days did not last long. Men found Milly wonderfully attractive, and though one could never say that she flirted, she always, in spite of being engaged, received attentions, as something too natural not to be accepted. In particular, there was an Englishman, with oceans of money and a prospective title, who caused Jem a great deal of jealousy, and at least dazzled Mrs. Kent's sight, till she said, without hesitation, to Barbara, that she began to feel Milly might have done far better with her future, than she had. And poor Miss Barbara was forced to endure the remark—for Jem's sake. She even exercised self-control enough not to repeat it to him, lest he should be disturbed thereby; for, whatever happened, she meant that no trouble should come to the pair, through any fault or indiscretion of hers. So she held her peace, too, when she saw Milly do things of which she disapproved, as she did when Jem showed that he was jealous or restless.

"Butterflies were born to be admired," thought the spinster, bitterly, "and if a man will go further, and give his heart as well, he must suffer the consequences, that's all."

Spring came, and one day brought disastrous news from Colorado, and from the silver mine which was the source of Jem's wealth. The man who had been directing affairs there for almost twenty years, owning a certain share indeed, which had been left to him by old Mr. Wortley, as a reward for his fidelity: this man, a pattern of industry, honesty, and every other virtue, up to the present time, had levanted suddenly for some unknown clime. But he carried off a fortune, and left behind debts innumerable, which, through his artful management, the property was responsible for. In fact, he had been a systematic cheat and robber, during nearly twice a decade, and Jem had now to suffer for it.

Jem was obliged to start, without delay, for the scene of misfortune. Before he departed, Mrs. Kent told him, in very plain, unvarnished language, that his duty was clear: he ought to release Milly from her engagement; it was cruel, wicked, to hold her bound; she was too young and unreflecting to ask it, and he should think for her.

Jem rushed at once in search of Milly. In his despair, he talked in so mad a way that it fairly sounded as if he were expressing a desire to give her up. But the girl only gazed fixedly at him, with those vague, mysterious eyes, and said, placidly:

"We will consider our engagement conditional, then. That is what you mean. Of course, if you find you haven't any money left, we can't be married yet. But we are young enough to wait."

"And you wouldn't go with me, if I have to live there—if—"

"No, I would not," interrupted Milly, laughing. "Why, it would be the means of driving poor mamma into a lunatic asylum; and if it didn't drive you, too, it would make you wish you were in one; and that would be worse."

"Great heavens, Milly," he cried, "you might as well say you don't love me."

"Time must prove that," returned Milly. Then, even while he was holding her two hands, and pouring out his flood of excited arguments and protestations, her eyes wandered from his face, and she sat gazing straight before her, with that abstracted look which had so often made Miss Barbara long to shake her; and which now hurt poor Jem so cruelly, as if there were some impenetrable distance between their souls which even his great love could not traverse.

"Milly, Milly, what are you thinking of?" he exclaimed.

She only smiled at him, as he knelt at her feet. But directly, she answered:

"I am thinking about the future, I suppose. I fancy it will depend on you, Jem. Come, don't talk any more, now. I'm going to exorcise you, as David did Saul."

So she sang to him, with her eyes looking into his; and he was young enough and unthinking enough to be glad to put off the troubles and the dark thoughts even for an hour, and to agree with her when she said, softly:

"Because we must suffer to-morrow, is no reason why we should make ourselves miserable to-day. There wouldn't be half so much trouble in the world, if people only wouldn't fret in advance."

The next days passed like a dreadful dream to Jem. Then he was speeding away across the continent; and when news came from him, Miss Barbara learned that by putting all he had into the business, except a moderate income, which would serve for her needs, he was certain of being able to arrange the debts, to continue the working of the mine on a diminished scale, and in the course of time to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

"The course of time," exclaimed Mrs. Kent, in tearful wrath. "Well, we shall have the Judgment Day, in the course of time, too. A pretty thing to look forward to."



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"Yes, for some of us," retorted Miss Barbara.

Then the widow descended upon both her and Milly, in very indiscriminating rage; and the spinster felt that, in one respect, she had never done the girl justice. For Milly was patient and tender to her mother, even during that scene.

Jem was gone a number of weeks; and before he returned, Mrs. Kent and Miss Barbara were of accord upon one subject: both said the engagement ought to be relinquished. There was something mysterious going on in the widow's household; but what, Barbara did not know. Some compact had evidently been formed between the mother and daughter, which appeared to have established peace between them; and each in her way seemed triumphant, a little as if she considered a victory had been gained over the other.

Several times, too, Miss Barbara encountered at the house an individual who was presented to her under some unpronounceable Polish name. An odious creature she found him, though his manners were singularly smooth and suave. But one thing was evident: the widow stood in fear of the creature, and Milly was on terms of intimacy with him, which filled the spinster with dismay.

The stranger had disappeared, before Jem got back; and when Miss Barbara asked some pointblank question in regard to his whereabouts, Mrs. Kent frowned darkly at her, and said, curtly:

"It's good of you to be interested enough to ask. You weren't very civil to him. He's gone to Europe, if you are anxious to know."

"I'm not anxious," said Barbara.

"He's Aladdin, grown elderly, and wearing modern clothes," laughed Milly, who was in high spirits.

"You're a little idiot," cried her mother, stamping her foot; and then it leaked out that the rich Englishman had been in town again, and had asked Milly to marry him, and that she had refused, which was reason sufficient for the widow's being in her blackest, most diabolical mood.

So Jem came back to the home which was to be home no more, perhaps, for many years. Came with a wild hope that Milly and her mother would listen to his pleadings, and go with him and Barbara out to their place of exile by the Pacific shores. To stay behind never entered the spinster's head. But she felt that she could realize what purgatory was, when she contemplated the idea of sharing her tent not only with Milly, but with Milly's progenitress.

However, she found her momentary despair quite wasted; for Mrs. Kent informed them that in ten days she and her daughter were to sail for England. Even Barbara was against the poor fellow, when he raged and raved. But she spoke more kindly than the widow. She rendered her opinion very evident, however; saying that for him to think of marriage at present was intensely selfish. "Don't," she said, "drag Milly down to poverty."

"Will you make me a solemn promise to do one thing? Promise, before I tell you what it is," Milly asked him.

He gave his pledge; but he did not know to what, until after he had bidden her farewell on the deck of the outward-bound steamer.

"You have not told me what you wanted," he said. "I suppose you mean to write it."

"I have written it," she answered, slipping a letter into the breast-pocket of his coat. "You promised. I know you will keep your word, Jem."

So they stood there, white and silent, holding each other's hands, regardless of the bystanders; and meanwhile, down in her state-room, to which Mrs. Kent had invited Miss Barbara, the former was saying, curtly:

"There is no woman alive whom I hate as I do you, Barbara Wortley; and it's a pleasure to have the opportunity of telling you so: it consoles me for a great deal. Good-bye."

As she finished, she walked away, and hid herself among the passengers, in one of the salons; and Miss Barbara mounted to the deck, remarking to herself, mentally, as she went:

"That woman is almost as mad as she is wicked. Well, I've my consolation, too. We shall never see either mother or daughter again. It is worth losing our money to have gained that. But poor Jem!"

She might well call him her poor Jem. For when he opened Milly's letter, he felt that he had not a hope left in this world. She told him that she had promised, for four entire years, never to see him, never even to write him a line; and she warned him that only by uttering this solemn vow had she been able to save her mother and herself from as dire trouble as ever fell upon two human beings. Then she revealed what the promise was that he had made. It was never to marry, without sending her word to a London address she gave, two months in advance; but never, unless he had that motive, to send her so much as a line—not one.

And when Miss Barbara heard the terms of this epistle, she said to herself:

"I don't know whether the girl is as wicked as

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her mother, but she is still madder, that's certain."

So the brother and sister took their way out to their new home, and as Miss Barbara was a woman who never had had any intimate friends, so closely had she centred her life on Jem, since his childhood, and as Jem wished in his misery to break loose entirely from the old life, they could not have lived more completely without news of former acquaintances if they had spent the ensuing year on a desert island.

Jem toiled faithfully and hard, through difficulties, discouragements, everything that could have broken the spirit of an ordinary man. But he never flagged. At the end of the twelvemonth, a foreign newspaper he lighted on by accident informed him that Milly Kent had gone on the stage, had made a successful debut at Milan, and was singing to crowded houses in Paris. But her season of operatic triumphs, the newspaper added, was likely to be brief, as rumor declared that before spring she would change her mimic diadem for the coronet of a Russian princess.

Within a week, a fresh blow struck Jem Wortley, dashing his last hope for the future into chaos. There had been violent rains, and a mountain stream, swollen to a furious river, had deluged the mines; and even when it subsided from the hills outside, the waters lay a deep, black lake in the heart of the beds of silver ore; and thousands of dollars would be needed to put them again in working order.

Ruin, shipwreck, desolation, on every side. Many a sufferer would have yielded, would have cursed fate, and let himself drift passively to destruction. But Jem never despaired. He obtained a situation as clerk, in some neighboring works, and he and Barbara lived on. No trouble could touch the devoted woman very sorely, so long as she had Jem beside her, and knew that whatever came, Jem would still acquit himself like a man.

Meantime, Jem slaved from morning till night, and then was glad to crawl to bed and sleep. The pair were cheerful enough, patient enough; but such a life makes human beings grow quiet and silent; and when they talked, it was always of the events of their daily existence: the past was a dead letter, and the future only an impenetrable mist.

Another year went by. When it was half gone, there came, one day, a foreign journal for Miss Barbara. She read a paragraph, which had been marked carefully, to attract her notice. Milly Kent was really to be married, and almost immediately. She sat holding the paper in her hand, gazing blankly at the page. She knew that the widow had sent it. She was wondering how she should tell Jem, her poor Jem, who had not uttered Milly's name for months, though she comprehended that he was no nearer cured of his infatuation than on the day when he bade the heartless creature farewell.

She heard a deep breath, close behind her chair; turned, and saw Jem's white face staring down at the sheet. He had entered unheard, and read the paragraph.

"Jem," she groaned, springing up in terror, and flinging her arms about his neck. "Oh, Jem."

He unwound her arms very gently, and placed her in her chair again, saying only:

"Remember the legend you read me, of the martyr, who heard the voice from heaven call, as he went to meet the lions: 'Polycarp, acquit thyself like a man.' I told you I should never forget, Barbara. Trust me, I never shall."

Then he went quickly out of the room, and left the sister to her tears and her prayers.

When the twelvemonth ended, there appeared, in the neighborhood, an Englishman from Australia, familiar with mining operations: a most intelligent, genial person in every way. This Mr. Fortescue took a great liking to Jem Wortley, and in spite of coldness and tacit rebuffs, insisted on forming acquaintance; and his appreciation of "her boy" speedily won Miss Barbara's heart.

One Sunday, he visited the house, and very tersely and clearly made Jem a proposition. He had concluded an inspection of the flooded mine; had counted the cost; and was ready to bear the expense to put the concern in working order; and he offered a partnership to Wortley.

Jem, himself, was not very hopeful. But, of course, such a chance was not to be thrown away. Eighteen months later showed how correct Fortescue had been in his judgment; for San Miguel was in operation again, and the Australian prepared with money at every emergency, if not in vast sums, at least always enough for them to labor steadily on.

Fortune held out bright assurances, and when nearly five years had elapsed since the date of Jem's troubles, the coy goddess came herself in full triumph. A new vein was discovered, finer and more productive than the old; and Jem Wortley was a wealthy man again.

He showed no inclination to return East. Barbara, too, felt indifferent. She had her boy. She wanted nothing besides.

There was business of importance to attend to in Denver City, however, and though all such

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had hitherto been considered within Mr. Fortescue's province, on this occasion he desired Jem to accompany him, and persuaded Miss Barbara to be of the party.

It was nearly evening when they reached their journey's end; and before they had been half an hour in the hotel, Jem learned that Milly Kent was there, and would appear for the first time at the opera-house that night.

Mr. Fortescue brought the news and the tickets for a box. He had never heard the brother or sister mention the singer's name, and apparently their agitation at his announcement did not strike him.

So, sitting in the crowded theatre, looking across the sea of heads and the brilliant lights, Jem Wortley gazed again on the face of the woman he loved: wondering, in a confused, insane fashion, what this meeting meant; afraid to ask, even, if anybody knew whether she were married.

Milly was very little changed. She looked taller and more lovely than ever, in her long, trailing white robes. But it was Milly still. And the melodious voice, that had gained so wonderfully in sweetness and volume, sent Jem straight up into heaven, and kept him there.

They went back to the hotel. Jem would have broken away, to go he knew not whither. But Mr. Fortescue detained him, saying:

"You must stop. I have invited a friend to supper, and promised that you would be here."

"You must stay," Miss Barbara added. So Jem let himself be led into Mr. Fortescue's private parlor; and there that gentleman turned suddenly to him, and said:

"I told you I had a sleeping partner, who furnished me the money for our needs. That is the person you are to meet."

And then there came a knock at the door, and Milly Kent entered, still wearing her white robes. She walked straight up to Jem, holding out her hand, and saying:

"I have kept it for you, all these years. Will you have it still?"

There was a dark story hidden under those years of silence and patient fortitude. But no one save Jem ever learned the whole; and when Milly had whispered it, with her head lying on his breast, they put even its memory aside forever.

The Polé, whose intimacy in Mrs. Kent's house had caused Miss Barbara such unpleasant suspicions, was an operatic agent; a man of means, who had paid for Milly's musical studies in New Orleans. To relieve herself from difficulties, Mrs. Kent rewarded his kindness by forging his name, just before her departure. He traced the artfully managed plot to her door, at length; and came North, at the time of Jem Wortley's misfortunes.

On one condition only, he agreed to keep silence. That condition was: Milly should enter into an engagement to go upon the stage, and for five years give herself completely up to her art. He loved her as if she had been his own daughter; could not endure the idea that a voice like hers should be lost to the world; and regarded Mrs. Kent's crime and Jem Wortley's ruin as special interferences on the part of the gods who watch over the interests of music in this sublunary sphere, to prevent such a calamity.

The girl's success had soared far beyond even his expectations, winning a golden harvest for them both; and much of Milly's share had been employed in secretly aiding her lover.

"And I thought you had no soul," sobbed Miss Barbara, when that portion of the truth was made clear. "It was only that *my* soul was so poor and so narrow, that it could gain no comprehension of yours. Oh, Milly, Milly!"

# THE WATER IS DASHING.

BY KATE AULD.

The water is dashing!
All nature is gay;
Our hearts, light and buoyant,
Oh, hasten away!
Come where the gay billows
Are foaming and white,
And dancing and glittering
In the setting sun's light.

The tints of the sunset
Are fading away;
Oh, see the soft shadows
Of lingering day.
Our swift, bonny skiff
Is buoyant and light:
Then come, to return again,
Late in the night.

How dearly, how fondly
The water I love!
How I love, by thy side,
O'er the billows to rove—
For you know that you whispered
Your love unto me,
As we sailed in the moonlight
Far over the sea.

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# MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

BY MRS. E. W. DEMERITT.

THE long and rigorous New England winter was at an end. The turf in the orchard was almost hidden beneath the snowy petals which each passing breeze shook from the blossoming branches, while the light of the setting sun brought out all the delicate tints of the foliage which crowned the large elms down by the old-fashioned farmhouse. In this orchard sat a young man, evidently waiting for someone. Nor did he have to wait long; for a young girl came up the road, directly, and stood breathless at his side.

"I am quite exhausted," she said. "Never were children so tiresome and unruly. I hurried, all the way."

She had taken off her hat, and the pretty head, with its rippling golden hair, was turned eagerly toward him.

"Rose," began he, gravely, "can you bear a sudden shock—a surprise? But I won't keep you in suspense. Here is a document which changes you from a poor country school-teacher to a rich heiress." And he held out a letter.

She looked at him in amazement. "What an utter absurdity," she cried.

"Not at all. But read for yourself." He placed the letter in her hands.

She turned over the pages two or three times, and then read carefully from beginning to end.

"Mother *had* an only brother," she said, "with whom she lived from childhood. When he went into business in the West Indies, she refused to go; and told him, for the first time, of her intention of marrying father. He was very angry, and left without a word of farewell. We have written repeatedly, but never received a reply, and had every reason to believe him dead. Can this be he?"

"Of course it is. Judge Leland has a letter with all the particulars. Why do you look so incredulous?"

"Do you know how much it is? Is it ten thousand dollars?"

"More."

"Fifteen—twenty? Oh, Ralph, what a rich woman I shall be."

"Twice that, Rose," replied he, smiling.

"Forty thousand dollars?"

"Twice that, too."

"Eighty thousand? What can I ever do with it all?"

"I might as well tell you at once. Rose, you are far richer than Judge Leland. He tells me that you will have a quarter of a million."

The young girl clapped her hands joyously, and gave utterance to a little scream of delight.

"Now, Rose," continued Ralph, "I must leave you. I have some work to do in the city, and have agreed to go down by the evening train. Good-bye."

Rose watched until he had passed out of sight, and then walked slowly down to the house, still holding the letter in her hand. As her head brushed against the low overhanging branches, a shower of pink and white petals fluttered down to the grass beneath.

It was a few days later. The work at the busy farmhouse was at an end till to-morrow. In the long dining-room, before the fire which blazed upon the hearth, sat two women. One was rocking slowly in a high-backed chair, while the other occupied a low stool opposite. The old clock in the corner ticked so loudly, that it almost drowned the voice of the gray-haired man who sat by the table bending over an open Bible.

"Charge them that be rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

There was a peculiar significance and impressiveness in the old man's voice, as he read these words. Suddenly, he closed the Bible, and stretching out his arms, he rose, and said:

"Come, Rosy, for the good-night kiss. There will not be many more."

In an instant, the girl's head was pillowed on his breast, and between her sobs came the words:

"I'll never, never go away, Uncle Hiram, if you and Aunt Esther feel so badly about it."

"No, no, Rosy," and the wrinkled hand stroked the golden hair gently. "We are not going to be selfish, are we, Esther?"

"No, Hiram. The young life should not be overshadowed by the old ones. Rosy will come back to be the comfort of our old age. Get me a light, child. I don't think we had better wait any longer for Ralph. Come, Hiram."

The young girl followed the aged couple to the hall, and then after waiting until the door closed after them, returned to her place by the fire. In



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a few moments, the sound of wheels was heard, there was a step on the porch, and Ralph Loring entered with a portfolio under his arm.

"How cheery the fire looks. It was so chilly riding, that one would have said it was November, rather than March. And you, Rose, are well?"

"You will not care for those," he continued, as Rose took up the portfolio. "They are merely sketches, to be worked up some day into pictures."

"I'll buy all your pictures now," exclaimed Rose, laughing. "How many commissions shall I give you? Of course I shall want my picture painted in a great many different ways."

Ralph smiled. "That reminds me, Rose. I have not yet offered my congratulations on your good fortune."

She turned toward him, quickly.

"I thought you would have been glad; but from my very heart, I believe you are all sorry. I should think from your actions, that some deadly peril, some unseen danger, lurked in my good fortune. What is it, Ralph? I do not exactly understand."

She did not wait for an answer, but continued:

"I have always thought it would be such a glorious thing to be rich, to scatter blessings wherever one goes. How can people help being better and nobler for it? Why, I feel as if I could lift the world with my wealth."

"Ah, Rose, the world is so large."

"Yes, Ralph, but I can surely make one little corner of it all happiness. I have enough for that."

"There is the responsibility, too, Rose."

"But I don't feel at all weighed down by it, as everyone seems to think I should. On the contrary, I accept it joyfully. I rejoice in it. Then there is something else, which I am weak enough to enjoy immensely. Everyone is so polite and attentive. I'm a person of immense importance now. Then again, there are the sweet children. I had their love and kisses when I was poor, and how happy I have made them all by my little gifts. Better than all, Ralph, I can help you now. Have you heard of our plans?"

"I simply heard, as I stopped a few moments to get my letters, that you were to accompany the Lelands on their European trip."

Rose started to her feet, and stood before him, her hands clasped, and her eyes sparkling.

"And you, Ralph, are to have the dearest wish of your heart gratified. You are to go with us: to have every advantage which the Old World can give you. Why, what is the matter? You do not look at all pleased."

"Go, as a recipient of your bounty? Never!"

The young girl looked at him in utter amazement, as he continued:

"As much as I hunger for the art treasures of the Old World, I would rather starve without them, than enjoy them in that way."

"In what way?" she asked, rather coldly.

"Did you for a moment imagine, Rose, that I would go abroad to continue my studies at your expense?"

She did not answer, and Ralph added:

"Is it possible that Judge Leland approved of such a plan?"

"Ralph, you do not understand. I am to give you a certain amount; it is to be your own, to do with as you please."

"Worse and worse. How dared you, Rose, think so meanly of me? What right had Judge Leland to hold such a contemptuous opinion of me? I would die, rather than advance one step in my profession at your expense."

The tears stood in Rose's eyes, but she kept silent.

"You have it in your power, dear Rose, to lift me—to be to me an inspiration; but not in that way—never in that way."

Her voice trembled, as she asked, timidly:

"From all this wealth of mine, from my abundance, do you refuse to accept one little crumb? Oh, my playmate, my brother, is there any reason why you should not share my good fortune as you have my poverty? Had you been the one to inherit these riches, and I the poor one, this is not the way in which I should have treated you. You will let me do this for you?"

She laid her hand imploringly upon his arm; but he shook it off impatiently, and the sternness of his face and voice frightened her.

"As you love me, Rose, never a word of this again. In my poverty I yet retain my self-respect. For God's sake, don't rob me of that. There is but one way to success—by self-denial and untiring labor. I should not value it, if it were gained by any other means. If I am ever to study abroad, I must work my way there, as better men have done before me. If there is to be peace between us, never allude to this subject again."

She held out her hand, and clasping it with both of his, he said, sadly:

"Good-night, Rose."

"Good-night, Ralph."

The young girl went to her room, with a vague sense of pain and unrest. As she laid her head upon her pillow, she murmured:

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"Can it be that they are right, after all? Do riches bring care and sorrow, instead of pleasure? I was a thousand times happier, before. What has changed Ralph so? Never before has he been unkind or stern. If wealth is to make this difference, oh! give me back my friend, and let the riches go."

And as the young man walked rapidly homeward in the moonlight, these were the thoughts that flitted through his mind:

"In a few weeks I should have spoken, and she would have given the answer I so long to hear; but this accursed wealth has come between us, and set a seal upon my lips. How can I, poor, obscure, ask for the hand of an heiress? The world would put but one construction on such an act. If I had only told her before! Yet, after all, it may be as well. I have no right to bind her now, to link her fate with mine. Let her go into the world unshackled. If she returns free, then there will be time enough for me to speak."

At the age of six years, Rose Newton had been brought an orphan to her Uncle Hiram's home. Across the street lived the Widow Loring, with her only child: a boy a few years older than the little Rose. The lives of the two children coming thus in contact at an early age, kept on in parallel grooves for many years. Not far from the Widow Loring's was an old homestead, occupied during the summer by Judge Leland, a wealthy city lawyer. It did not take long for the judge and his wife to become greatly interested in the two children; and from year to year, this interest grew deeper and warmer. The boy had early given unmistakable evidence of rare artistic genius; and for the past two years, the judge had given him all the advantages which New York could afford. But the summer always found the young man at his old home, filling his portfolio with sketches of the picturesque scenery to be found in the quiet little mountain village. Rose's unexpected good-fortune found her teaching the only school in the neighborhood. Very naturally, she chose the judge as her guardian; and after due consultation with Uncle Hiram and Aunt Esther, she decided to accompany the Lelands on their European trip. The party was to consist of the judge and his wife, Rose, and a niece and nephew of the Lelands. Ralph had been included in the list, until his peremptory refusal had made his accompanying them out of the question.

May, with its alternate sunshine and rain, its tender foliage and delicate blossoms, had passed; and June, with its luxuriant growth, and long, cloudless days, had possession of the earth. The meadows were dotted with buttercups and daisies; and from the porch and windows of the old farmhouse hung the dark-red roses. Upon the porch stood Rose, and at the foot of the steps stood Ralph Loring. They had taken a last walk down by the brook, had talked over the old times, and exchanged promises of friendship and faithful correspondence. After the last good-bye had been spoken, he had turned at her call. She was reaching up for a rose; and the young man, with his artistic sense of beauty, was taking in every detail of the exquisite scene before him. The graceful poise of the pretty, girlish figure; the delicate wrist, with the sleeve falling back and showing the lovely contour of the rounded arm; the dainty head, with its rippling masses of hair, whose golden tints were brought out by the sunlight: all these lingered long in Ralph's memory.

"My parting gift, since you will take no other," she exclaimed. "What is it?" she added, as he stepped suddenly forward, his hands outstretched, and a strange yearning in his face. "What do you want?"

"I want another rose," he murmured.

The intensity of his gaze brought the color to her cheek.

She motioned toward the vine. "Get it, then."

He shook his head, and answered, sadly:

"It is beyond my reach."

He turned quickly, and passed through the gate out into the road.

Letters came often to Ralph and the other home friends. Rose, in her frank, artless way, described the sights they were seeing, and the hosts of pleasant people they were meeting. She had a fresh, naive way of writing all this, that made the letters seem like bits of real conversation with her. She laughed over her blunders, and her utter ignorance of the ways of the world.

"Will anything ever spoil her?" thought Ralph.

At the end of six months came a letter from the judge, in which he said:

"I wish, Ralph, you were with us. You do not know what you have missed by your obstinacy. We are having a surfeit of delights. My wife, Maria, and I, take it slowly, and leave about half the sights unseen. Fred and Rose are well mated. They rush right through, and see everything. By the way, I should not be surprised if—well, you can imagine. Fred's a fine fellow, if he is my nephew; and Rose could not make a better choice."

A week or two after this, Ralph's mother died; and he wrote to Rose:

"Dear mother died last month. It seems,

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now, as if the last tie were broken; and I want to get away from the old scenes. I have sold the little place, and have enough to take me to California. I may find success there. Do not write until I send my address."

This was all they heard from him. All efforts to find where he was were unavailing, their letters meeting with no response. The judge complained bitterly of his young friend's neglect; Mrs. Leland was grieved at his ingratitude; and Rose grew daily thinner and paler, until her anxiety culminated in a severe illness. On her recovery, the doctor ordered her to Italy for the winter. Once, at a brilliant reception in Florence, Rose suddenly withdrew her hand from the judge's arm, and darted into another room. In a moment she returned, pale and sad, with this explanation:

"I thought I caught a glimpse of a figure, strangely like—you know whom I mean—Ralph; but I could find no one."

Four years passed, and the Lelands were staying for a few weeks in Paris, previous to sailing for America. All the art journals were filled with the most enthusiastic praises of a picture which had just been accepted at the Salon, and all Paris was discussing the merits of this new genius. The artist was a young American, who had been studying in the atelier of one of the famous French figure painters; and strange to say, he had refused the most flattering offers for his picture.

"Here's a chance for you, Rose," said the judge, looking up from his paper. "You are a patron of the arts now. Can't you secure this gem? Come, ladies, put on your hats. It won't do to go off to America without at least seeing this famous work. For my part, I'm so tired of looking at meek Madonnas, and cadaverous St. Johns, and sad Josephs, that it will be a positive relief to see something that belongs to our own times."

After a short walk, they entered the spacious exhibition rooms, and at one end of the hall found a large crowd gathered around a picture, which seemed to be the chief attraction. The canvas was called "The Two Rosebuds," and represented the porch of an old-fashioned New England farmhouse. Over the roof, wreathing the pillars, and hanging in long festoons, clambered a rose vine, with its thousand deep blood-red buds nestling among the glossy foliage. A young girl, in simple muslin dress, stood reaching for a half-opened bud, and the exquisite purity of the flesh tints, and skillful management of the sunlight falling on the golden hair and upturned face, gave evidence of a master hand.

A sudden exclamation startled the lookers-on, and a young girl richly dressed forced her way among them, and stood before the picture, with hands clasped, and tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Thank God!" she sobbed. "We have found him at last."

"Those irrepressible Americans!" drawled one of two Englishmen, putting up his eye-glass, and staring at Rose, complacently.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed a little Frenchman, "*comme elle est belle!*"

"I can give you the artist's address," said a young man, evidently an American, in answer to Judge Leland's eager inquiries. "Mr. Loring is ill now. He has been working too hard lately. My brother, a young physician, who came over on the same ship with him, is now taking care of him. I shall be glad to show you the way. Shall I call a cab?"

In a few moments the carriage turned into a narrow street, and stopped before a door. Its occupants silently clambered up the four long flights of stairs, the strange young man going before.

"Is he very ill?" asked Rose, of the grave young physician who stood by the open door.

He bowed, and handed her a chair.

"I shall stay," she said, drawing off her gloves.

"It would not be prudent," he answered. "It is typhoid—there is danger."

She pointed toward the adjoining room. "I shall stay," she reiterated. "Do you not understand? He is everything to me. If he dies, I do not wish to live. If I lose my life by taking care of his, I shall be content. If we both live—" She buried her face in her hands and murmured:

"Oh, my Father in Heaven, grant it."

The judge protested; the doctor remonstrated; but she simply repeated:

"I shall stay. You can send me my maid; she is an Englishwoman and an excellent nurse. She will be glad to come."

Rose looked about the studio. Busts, casts of arms and hands, bits of dusty armor, quaint old carved cabinets and chairs, palettes, brushes, and meerschaum pipes, were lying around in utter confusion. In one corner stood an easel, covered with a green cloth. She walked quickly toward it, and lifted the covering, and her own face looked at her from the canvas. How well she remembered that dress. She had worn it for the first time at a reception in Florence: a black gauze, embroidered with white marguerites, with golden centres. She held a bunch of deep-red roses in her hand, so fully opened that a few of the leaves had fallen on the floor at her feet, making a brilliant bit of color against the dark background of her dress. The

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face was older than the one in "The Two Rosebuds," and the figure had gained in height and fullness. As Rose glanced at a piece of paper carelessly pinned to the easel, she read the title of the picture: "Full-Blown Roses."

The days passed wearily enough. The sick man in his delirium tossed uneasily upon his bed, his cheeks crimson, his lips parched with fever. Once or twice Rose thought there was a gleam of recognition as she stood by him, but it was only for a second.

"Give me roses, red roses," he cried, in his frenzy. "Roses are for all—the poor as well as the rich."

Then again he fancied he was on the old farm, with "his little Rose," and in the most piteous accents he would beg her "not to leave him." At last the crisis came, and the two women sat waiting in the studio, pale and silent. How slowly the hours passed! Was it the angel of life or of death that hovered over that room? Was God to give, or to take away?

Suddenly, Rose raised her head; there was a sound in the adjoining room. She started to her feet, and steadied herself by leaning against a chair.

The door opened, and the doctor entered with a light in his eyes that told the same story as did the single word he uttered:

"Saved."

"Go at once," said he, leading Rose from the room. "A carriage is at the door, and you need rest. In two weeks you shall see him. Can I trust you not to attempt it before?"

She raised his hand to her lips.

"Good-night, and God bless you."

Every day the invalid gained in strength. One pleasant morning, after he had rested from a short ride, and was lying on a lounge, a man entered with a card.

"Mrs. Horace Leland." And underneath was written: "I have a rose for you. May I come up with it?"

Ralph looked at the doctor, bewildered. At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Leland was seen standing on one side of the threshold. Rose, with jacqueminot roses at her throat, at her belt, and in her hands, glided into the room, and threw herself on her knees at Ralph's feet.

"It was no dream, then," he cried. "Now I can speak, at last. I am no longer poor—no longer obscure. Thank God, I have the right to ask you now."

The doctor shut the door, and followed Mrs. Leland to her carriage. As they drove off, he said: "I wonder if somewhere, dear Mrs. Leland, there is not a rose for me?"

# THE TWO BIBLES.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

I saw in a niche that was frescoed with gold,
A Bible so rich and so rare,
Silk curtains hung 'round it in many a fold,
And costliest vases were there;
With flow'rs that shed, thro' that half-shadowed room,
A fragrance so faint and so sweet,
I thought of green forests, of sunshine and bloom,
And traces of little bare feet.

A sunbeam stole trembling as if half in fear,
And lay on the book on the stand,
Which bore not a trace of a mourning one's tear,
Or marks of a labor-stained hand.
I thought of the One who had walked with the poor,
And died to redeem us from sin,
And op'ning the volume I turned the leaves o'er,
And read of His teachings within.

Oh! there He has taught us to shun all display,
To give to the poor and distressed;
And bidden the "weary to turn not away,"
But "come unto Him, and have rest."
"How many," thought I, "in such dwellings as this,
Where wealth and refinement entwine,
Have found, in the Bible, the source of all bliss,
The guide to existence divine?"

I turned to another, a lowlier home,
Where sorrow's sad records were told:
No carpets, no curtains, no half-shadowed room,
With mouldings in crimson and gold.
The sunshine stole in thro' the windows, and lay
Bright and broad on the bare oaken floor;
And kissed the brown locks of the children at play,
Half hid by the vine o'er the door.

The old-fashioned Bible beside the low bed—
Where one of earth's sufferers lay—
Bore traces of tears that had often been shed,
And hands that were folded away.
There came o'er those features, so pale and so worn—
So near like the face of the dead,
A look like the first, faintest rose-tint of morn,
When God's precious precepts were read.

"Blest Bible," said I, "ah! your mission is here,
In homes of the poor and distressed:
Your all-healing words will allay ev'ry fear,
And soothe ev'ry grief-stricken breast."
Earth's lowly have found the elixir that flows
So freely o'er Galilee's plain;
They "come and partake, and are freed from their woes,"
And "bless the dear Lamb that was slain."

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# MISS RALSTON.

BY ERSKINE BELL.

"RAP, rap, rap," went the brass knocker.

Miss Ralston was rubbing a goblet with a snowy, damask napkin, soft and fine, but very threadbare. The wind was rustling through the trees, and the branches of the great poplar creaked dismally against the window-panes.

"Rap, rap, rap," went the knocker again.

Miss Ralston put the goblet down, and unfastened her apron. Then she lighted a candle, that stood in an old-fashioned silver candlestick, and, shading the light with her slim white hand, went through the long hall.

Very carefully she opened the door, and peered out in the dusk; but only a small boy greeted her eyes, with a brass door-plate in his hand.

"Miss Ralston," he said, "the wind blowed your gate off its hinges, and Tom and me put it in the garden; and here is your name—it tumbled off."

"Thank you, Teddy," she answered, but there was a tremor in her voice, as she took the old brass plate in her hand. "You were very kind. I will have it put on in the morning."

The little figure disappeared, and Miss Ralston bolted and barred the door again, and went back to the room where the lamp was burning. Very lonely and solitary it looked, as she entered; but she quietly finished clearing away the little table. The cup and saucer of delicate china, and the two silver spoons, were carefully arranged in their places, as usual; then she took off her apron again, folded it neatly, and put it away.

Very tenderly she lifted the old brass plate, with the name engraved on it, in large letters—

RALSTON.

It had always been on the gate; she never remembered it otherwise. Long, long years ago, when she was a little girl, it had been a source of the deepest admiration to her, and many a time she had watched with interest the polishing of its shining surface, with the profound belief that it must be solid gold.

Now, as it lay before her, tarnished and worn with age, a tired, hopeless feeling swept over the strong, brave heart of Elizabeth Ralston. To her it meant more than a broken, old-fashioned door-plate. The sweet recollections of a happy childhood were centred around it, and the garden gate upon which it had been fastened. To think that was broken, too! Those hinges were so strong! Many a time she had swung backwards and forwards upon them. How could they break? But that—why, that was more than forty years ago.

Many a change had taken place since then. The little village had grown into a thriving, enterprising town, and the clover-field opposite had given way to a row of prim little brick houses, with marble steps and bright-green shutters. How she hated them—so stiff and straight, and precise, and new, and under-bred.

Those men, with their quick, business manner, need not come to her and offer to buy her house and grounds. They might put up their showy buildings on each side of her, if they chose; but they could not force her to give up her dear old garden, with its tangled mass of shrubbery. But even as she rejected their offer, the grim, sad thought came into her head, that, some day, she would be compelled to leave it.

How she shrank from the thought of going among strangers! and a Ralston never went to live with a rich relation. They might live in proud poverty, but they kept house, and paid their way, independent to the last.

Her income was small; so very small that she knew exactly where every penny was to go, long before her dividends came due; and how could repairs be made without money?

Somehow, the broken gate has taken Miss Ralston back to the days of long ago, and a mist comes over her eyes. The eyes were blue and sparkling then, but sorrow and sickness and death will dim the brightest; and all these three have entered her home.

She did not need to spend much on clothing. The dark-green satin cloak, lined with fur, and smelling of camphor, that, every winter, is carefully taken out of the cedar chest, was given to her by brother Fred, brought from over the seas. The first Sunday she wore it was to the christening of Cousin Dorothy's baby. What if the baby was grown up now, and had children of her own going to school? Why, the cloak was good yet; far better than the bran-new black satin, loaded with cheap beads, that the pretty little bride wore, who lived opposite, in one of the new brick houses.

Before two years, that satin would all be frayed and dingy, while hers was bright, even yet. Satin was satin in those old days.



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How proud she was, the day she wore it for the first time, walking by John Griscom's side. He was her lover.

One look into that face, even now, would convince anyone, that she could not have gone through life, without being loved.

How did it happen then, that, long years afterwards, the fair, sweet face is alone in the old house? Surely, her lover must have died, and she be carrrying in her heart the precious memory of undying devotion.

Not at all. He simply married someone else, and is hale and hearty to this day. No dire misfortune overtook him, and his children enjoy life quite as much as anyone. Not a particle of romance in it, for almost every day Miss Ralston bows quietly to his showy, well-preserved wife.

How Elizabeth Ralston ever took a fancy to John Griscom, in the years gone by, nobody could tell; indeed, she hardly knew herself, unless it was his hot, passionate wooing that won her heart.

He was young, no older than herself; and yet he did love her dearly, in those days, or thought he did. How well she could remember the night he told her he would have her, in spite of father, or brother, or anyone else. He would compass sea and land, he vowed, to accomplish his ends. How hard he would work for her! Of course, it was all up hill to a young professional man; and they would have to wait for a while, he said. He would be glad to marry her, the next day, if he could; but he had no money, as yet.

How her brother Fred stormed.

"What in the world do you see in that little, insignificant, homely fellow?" he demanded. "When you know you have only to say the word, and you can marry Paul Braithwaite."

"It is only because he has more money than John Griscom," replied Elizabeth, hastily, "that you want me to marry him."

"It is nothing of the kind," answered Fred, indignantly. "John Griscom would not be worth having, even if he had a million; while Braithwaite is pure and true as steel. I don't know a better man, and I'll never like the other one."

Even her father, with whom she usually had her own way, was bitterly opposed to her lover.

"I don't like him, Beth, dear," he said. "He belongs to a nice family, I know; but Paul Braithwaite is a king in comparison; and besides, it will be a long while before Griscom will be able to marry."

But Beth, when she once had an idea in her head, had all the Ralston persistency in carrying it out; and opposition only made matters worse; so she conquered, and they were betrothed.

Fred was politely civil to Griscom, that was all; but the lover did not care, so long as he had Beth's promise. He put a plain gold ring on her finger, and, for a while, was very happy.

So she turned pure, noble-hearted Paul Braithwaite away, with all her other lovers, and looked forward to some day marrying John Griscom, when he had secured practice enough.

She was comparatively happy, during her engagement, although, every now and then, a vague doubt would come into her head that, perhaps, he was not quite so manly as she thought at first; there were little points about him she did not like; but then, she was not perfect herself.

So four years rolled away, and still Griscom did not seem to be any further advanced than when he graduated. It was not for her to speak of that, though; a pink flush rose to her cheek, even at the thought of suggesting that their marriage seemed a long way off.

In the meanwhile, Fred went to India; and so the weeks, and months, and years went by, until a new tenant moved into the great house on the hill, that had been vacant so long.

"Do you know who has taken it?" asked Beth.

"A lawyer, named Fairville," replied John Griscom. "I was introduced to him, yesterday. I think he and his family will be quite an acquisition."

A little shiver passed over Beth, and a scornful look came into her face, as she said:

"I cannot bear that man, and I am sorry he has come to live here."

"Why, do you know him?" asked Griscom, in surprise.

"I can hardly say I know him," she replied. "But I remember, a year ago, he called to see papa, about some mining shares he owned. I don't know how he managed it, but he persuaded papa to sell him all he had; and, in a few days, the shares had doubled. He was aware, at the time, that papa was not well, and knew nothing about the market value of the shares."

"Well," said Griscom, lightly, "I am sorry for your father, but you could hardly blame Fairville. It was only a sharp business transaction."

A look of surprise and disappointment came into Beth's face, but she answered, quietly: "It seems more than a sharp business transaction to me, John. Taking advantage of a sick man's ignorance appears more like dishonesty."

Griscom laughed, in a careless fashion.

"Beth," he said, "you have too high notions, entirely. Fairville is a first-rate man, and I think is going to be of good service to me. He invited me to his house, and I intend to accept."

Nothing more was said about the matter, until a few evenings later, when Griscom said he had

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called, and had been introduced to Fairville's pretty daughter, a girl of seventeen.

The visit proved so pleasant, that he repeated it frequently. Thus it came to pass, that, after having devoted five of the young, fair years of her life to him, Elizabeth Ralston quietly gave his ring back to him, one evening, and within three months he was married to Rose Fairville.

That was Miss Ralston's story. Her heart was not broken; she appeared just the same as before; but no one could guess what a wave of contempt swept over her, when she thought of John Griscom. She fairly loathed herself, at the recollection of how blinded she had been to his faults.

Then, Fred Ralston came home from India, worn and weary and ready to die, and she had long months of patient care and nursing.

It was then that Paul Braithwaite's grand nature was appreciated. Tender, and true, and loyal always, he stood by her through all her troubles; for, after her brother's death, her father's health completely broke down, and he became a helpless invalid.

Where Paul Braithwaite had loved once, he loved forever; and, in his own true, manly way, he asked Elizabeth again to be his wife; but she, with a mist over her eyes, refused him.

"In all the world, Paul," she said, earnestly, yet with a bitter cry in her heart, "there is no one I respect as much as I do you; but I cannot marry you. A true woman only loves once."

It was in vain that he pleaded. She was firm in her resolution. "How could I marry him," she said to herself, "when all the freshness of my heart was given to the other one."

In just one year from that, Paul Braithwaite died, in trying to save the life of a little child, who was drowning.

With dry, tearless eyes, Elizabeth stooped and kissed the icy lips, as he lay in his coffin. Then, over her there swept that awful feeling, that comes to some of us once in our lives—the sad, bitter thought of what she had lost.

The years rolled away, taking with them something out of her life, each time, until at last she was left all alone in the great, lonely house. But she still lived on, and clung to the old ways, as closely as she could.

"I never want to leave the dear, dear home, till I die," she said.

There had been no sudden changes. Everything had come so gradually, that she did not think there was any story to tell about herself.

But to-night, sitting in the high-backed chair, with the old brass plate clasped tightly in the slim white hands, her thoughts went back to the long ago.

The old clock on the stairs ticked loud and clear; but for once she did not heed it, until its warning tones rung out ten o'clock.

"Ten o'clock!" exclaimed Miss Ralston, springing up. "I did not know it was so late. I have been sitting here so long that I am chilly."

With a quiet look around the room, to see that all is arranged for the night, and with a glance at the tiny china pitcher, waiting for the early call of the milkman, she lighted the little lamp, turned down the large one, and went up the wide stairway.

"The fire burned so low, I must have taken cold," she said, as she pressed her hand to her side; "but after a good night's sleep, I shall feel better."

Somehow, within the last hour or two, a strange feeling of peacefulness had come over her. Even the broken gate was forgotten. And when she knelt down by the little white bed, a restfulness came into her lonely heart.

"I must go over early to the washerwoman's, to-morrow," she murmured to herself. "Both of her children have the fever, and I think the baby is taking it, too."

Then she fell asleep. But the milkman rapped, and the old clock struck, all in vain, the next morning; for, quietly, in the hush of midnight, Miss Ralston had died in her "dear old home."

# THE CITY IN THE SKIES.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

I STAND beside the summer sea,
And hear the muffled roar
Of sullen waves, that boom and break
All down the distant shore.
The sun is in the West, and lo!
What magic scenes unfold.
Cloud piled on cloud, a city fair,
With crimson gates and gold.

Then comes the moon, and o'er the waves,
A glitt'ring pathway gleams.
And sails start out and cross the track,
And vanish as in dreams.
I know that city, with its gates,
Beyond yon pathway lies.
Oh! for a barque to sail straight on,
And bear me to its skies.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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## CHAPTER XVII.

When Washanee entered her own chamber, a chill had fallen on her new-born joy, so absorbing that, after the first glance, she was scarcely conscious of the presence of her forlorn handmaiden; but sat down by the open window, and looked out upon the old-fashioned garden beneath, as weary men watch the monotony of a desert through which they are passing. The face of that old man had flung its haunting shadow on her heart. For the first time in her young life, she had given him absolute pain. The thought was full of bewildering anguish to one who had been free, even from care, as a singing bird or a wild flower.

The girl sighed heavily, and closed her eyes, as if that could shut out the misery in her grandfather's face. It may have been so; for the momentary rest given to one sense perhaps turned her thoughts inward; and there she found the gray old face of the Indian fading out, and instead the pleading lips and beseeching eyes of Huestice Young, as he had stood before her that day on the roadside. It was easy then for Washanee to reason her apprehensions away —to convince herself that she had misunderstood the signs of distress with which news that seemed to her so joyful had been received by the old man. It was only the abrupt announcement that had startled him. Of course, just the thought of sharing her life with another had been enough to blanch his lips, and fill his eyes with mysterious gloom; but that would only last for a time. It was well that she had left him to himself: a few hours of quiet thought would reconcile him to the grand destiny that lay before him and her. Being wise and ever thoughtful for his people, he would comprehend that the love of this powerful white man, which made her so happy, would be a source of pride and power to his nation.

To this wild extent did Washanee find reasons that should influence the old chief in behalf of her love, that must end in sweeping her away from him and the nation he loved better than anything on earth. Washanee did not know that intense selfishness lay at the bottom of her passionate wishes. Indeed, youth is often a stranger to its own faults. Had anyone told this girl that a feeling stronger than unbounded love for her grandfather and his people could become a principle of her life, she would have resented the idea as an insult; but even with the old man's face haunting her, she was thinking of that other face, young, ardent, and bright with passionate admiration, with a glow of hope that was fast drifting her back to a state of happiness all the more complete because great mental excitement and weariness of body had left her in a condition to dream rather than reason.

Folding both hands over her bosom, the girl leaned back against the window-sill; and while a soft perfume floated over her from the garden, fell into one of those half dreams that are neither sleep nor wakefulness, but which carry the soul forward, as if on waves of rose-tinted light.

Just before Washanee entered the room, a door from the hall had been timidly unlatched, and the demoralized face of Wisse peered through an opening just large enough to make it visible. With the keen, anxious look of an animal eager to creep into its hole, she saw that the place was empty; and stealing to her lair in the corner, crouched down on her nest of fur, a picture of abject misery pitiful to behold.

When the young mistress came in, cold and pale, scarcely regarding her at all, the poor thing gathered up her courage, and was about to plead in her own behalf; but no word was said to her; and holding her breath with surprise, she watched the young creature as she fell into that strange reverie, and in her sharp way read something of what was passing in the heart, by the changes that came and went on that beautiful face.

At length, all this tumult of feeling seemed to settle down into a dream of intense happiness. Washanee folded both hands over her heart; and gently as a bird chirps sleepily in its nest, the smile that parted her red lips broke into words:

"He loves me, Mineto—Mineto, he loves me."

Wisse leaned forward, and listened, eagerly Her round black eyes glistened; her heavy



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mouth broadened into a smile that spread over her whole face, and culminated in a low chuckle. Those strange, sweet words uttered in the Indian tongue were full of meaning to the slave, who drank in the secret which Washanee never could have forced herself to reveal, with keen avidity.

"Who's skeered ter def now?" she thought, curling herself up on the bearskin, where she lay with her two hands outstretched, like the paws of a dog, and her chin resting on them, while she regarded the beautiful sleeper with a look of increased ownership. "She ain't a takin' on 'bout me; but lies dar smilin' ter herself, till a hummin'-bird might jes' settle down on her mouf, an' t'ink he wuz drinkin' honey out of a rosum posum. Oh, golly, she's wakin' up, sure 'nuff. Now won't I kotch it!"

Wisse was right: the sleeping girl, disturbed perhaps by a gust of wind that made a faint tumult in the tree branches, opened her eyes; shook the hair back from her face, and leaned out of the window, bathing herself in the perfume that floated through it. Oh, how beautiful the old garden was! Billowy thickets of snowball bushes, heavy with white blossoms, were piled in masses against the mouldy brick walls. Lilacs and laburnum trees, planted so close together that their purple plumes and golden racemes mingled into rare harmony of grace and color, clambered up the opposite balconies, and gave their foliage to the wind, harmoniously as the waves of a brook flow and ripple together.

Washanee had seen all this in the morning, with little regard. Then, she had not known herself beloved; but now, this one sweet consciousness shed a glow of roses all around her; and the common-place old garden, with its heavy walls, green with moss, was like a revelation of Paradise to her.

By and by, a noise in the room disturbed Washanee, who turned reluctantly from the window, and saw her sable handmaiden upon her bearskin, watching her, in the humble attitude of a watch-dog pleading for favor.

Washanee now remembered that the girl had been long absent, and was struck by the state of dilapidation that gave a touch of irresistible comedy to her appearance.

At another time, Wisse's long absence would have driven her wild with anxiety; for she loved the creature as a part of her home life, and had owned her from babyhood, as a human pet rather than slave; but once satisfied of her safety, she became curious to know what had befallen her after that perilous ride, and how she had found her way home in that pitiable condition.

Wisse, when she found herself face to face with the young mistress, gathered herself up, lifting both hands in dumb and grotesque appeal, thus betraying all the dilapidations of a once gorgeous dress, torn and matted with burrs, that hung around her in tatters, like the plumage of a storm-beaten barn-yard fowl. She stood upon one foot, from which the moccasin and legging had been torn away, leaving patches of dry mud on the slender leg. The other moccasin was put forward with crafty ostentation. It had evidently been half washed in some brook; for the leathern fringes hung wet and limp around it, and a long slit had been torn in the legging, which she had pinned together with a thorn.

Spite of the creature's pitiable appearance, the picture she made was so irresistibly ludicrous that Washanee broke into a peal of laughter, that filled the whole room with merriment.

"Oh, Wisse, Wisse, where on earth did you come from, and what have you been doing to yourself?"

A look of touching reproach came over Wisse's ebony face. The foot held so ostentatiously on exhibition dropped, and she sank down, hiding the other under her ragged garments.

"Dar ain't nuffin' ter larf 'bout, as I sees," she pleaded, shaking her head, till the black wool, half tangled, half floating, shadowed her like a fleece. "Jes' yer git inter dat swamp, an' yer won't ask dis chile whar she's ben, or whar de t'ings she wore out am gone ter. Oh, young missus, young missus, dat swamp am orful."

Here Wisse screwed her little black fists into both eyes, and began rocking to and fro in great agony of recollection.

"But how did you get into a swamp? What does it all mean?" questioned Washanee, checked in her laughter by this assumption of distress. "Indeed, how did you get here at all?"

"Dat hoss," sobbed Wisse. "He's done gone."

"No, no. The horse is safe enough. He found his way home sooner than you did, I dare say."

Wisse's hands dropped, and her round black eyes grew larger, from a quick sense of astonishment and relief.

"Young missus," she exclaimed, with a solemn shake of the head, "dem hosses as go 'bout wid iron stir'ps agin der sides—rattle, rattle, an' bangin' 'bout—ain't good for nuffin' but white folks. Comancher squaws 'd scorn ter hang on ter 'em."

"Then he threw you off?" said Washanee, laughing. "I thought as much, when you mounted him."

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Wisse sniffed fiercely, and threw her head back in high disdain.

"Den yer didn't t'ink de truf," she said. "I jes' got done mad 'bout de way he went on, two huffs first pawin' in front, den kickin' up ahind, rattlin' dem iron stir'ps 'bout, an' tearin' de hair out of yer head in de briar bushes, so I slid down in dat swamp an' shied him off, like dat, jes' as if he'd ben a gad-fly."

"It must have been a soft muddy place you fell in," said the girl, highly amused; "but how came your dress so torn?"

"Wid dem iron stir'ps bangin' agin it."

"And so wet?"

"Dat wuz when I sot down in de mud ter larf at de hoss, as might 'a ben jes' fool 'nuf ter 'magine he'd pitched me dar."

"But your moccasin and handkerchief, that looked so pretty when we went out?"

Here Wisse clutched both hands into the tangled fleece of her hair, turned wildly around, as if she expected to find the missing ornament in the room, then cast a despairing look at her mistress.

"Oh, young missus, dat bu'ful handkercher as yer guv me am done gone—sure."

"Never mind, Wisse. Don't look so distressed," said the kind girl.

"Whar am it—whar am dat handkercher? Oh, young missus, I feel as if I wuz a-dyin' 'bout it."

Washanee grew serious; her quick sympathies were enlisted for the slave, who felt her bereavement complete in this loss of an ornament that had been to her like the glory of a crown.

"Don't cry, Wisse. Of course you ought not to have gone off on that strange horse, as you did; but I can't bear to see anyone unhappy today."

Wisse stopped her sobs long enough to listen; then broke forth into fresh lamentations.

"Oh, my—dat handkercher, dat handkercher!"

"Well, well, there are other handkerchiefs in the world."

Wisse held her breath.

"But de world am so big. Dis chile don't know whar ter look," was the anxious response.

"I dare say we can find another, Wisse."

"All yallery, red, and green, wid black streaks," whimpered Wisse, filled with mournful remembrances of her gorgeous loss.

"Yes, yes, or perhaps this one can be found."

"Nebber," said Wisse, "nebber!" She remembered the gloomy sweep of that swamp, and spoke with emphasis.

"Well, well, we must not be unhappy about this wild ride of yours, though my grandfather will not like it, I fear."

Wisse was frightened again; for she held the old chief in wholesome awe, notwithstanding his gentle nature.

"I only wanted ter let de white chief see how hosses am rid on de prar'e," she pleaded, giving her mistress a sly side-glance, which brought the glow of ripe cherries into Washanee's face, and forced her to lean once more from the window.

Wisse did not like this state of abstraction.

"Dis nigger am bound ter 'member dis day, sure. 'Cause ob de white chief."

"What of him? Why should you remember the day on his account?" questioned Washanee.

"'Cause it wuz his hoss as h'isted me on his back, an' went off hikin' troo de briar bushes an' inter dat swamp. Oh, young missus, young missus, if it wuzn't for dat handkercher, dis chile wouldn't keer 'bout nuffin' else."

Here Wisse began to sob piteously, making great efforts to rub a few fresh tears from her eyes as this gorgeous article came back to her memory. Gathering herself up from the fur rug, she crept toward the window, holding her dilapidated garments together with both hands.

Wisse's persistence disturbed her young mistress, and she turned upon her rather impatiently, when the creature gave a furtive pull at her dress.

"What is the matter now?" she questioned.

"Oh, young missus, dis chile am bound ter 'member dis day, for sure."

"Well, well, don't torment me about it."

Wisse's two fists besieged her eyes again.

"Ef dat scrumptious white chief, wid dem eyes jes' like stars in hebben, knew 'bout de way dat hoss o' his'n rampussed 'round in de swamp, an' stamped dis chile in de mud wid his huffs, an' shoved her inter dem briar bushes, he'd 'member 'bout dat handkercher, 'case ob yer guvin' it ter me, an' jes' as like as not hunt up sumthin' like it. S'posin' yer tell him 'bout it, young missus; all yaller an'—"

"Yes, yes, I know all about it," interrupted Washanee, flushed and restless, yet half pleased with this crafty appeal.

"Oh, golly, golly," exclaimed Wisse, encouraged by the blush she had raised, "when I waved dat handkercher in de street, dem poor white folks' niggers 'bout here jes' went crazy, dey hated me so; none of 'em ebber had a handkercher ekal ter it; all yaller an' red and bottled-green, like dandelines an' red sorrel an' allecumpane, all muxed up in de grass; but now it's doxe gone, sure 'nuff, an' dem white niggers won't hate me nebber no more 'case ob it."

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Washanee's impatience had melted into laughter by this time.

"Oh, never mind the handkerchief. I'll give you another worth a dozen of it—real silk from India."

Wisse hushed her sobs, and listened eagerly.

"Red an' yaller an'—"

"There, there; don't go over it again. Red, yellow, and all sorts of colors."

Wisse opened her fists, dropped them from her eyes, and gave a great sigh of relief.

"Now I hope that your troubles are over," said the young mistress, kindly.

There was yet an anxious cloud on Wisse's countenance. She stood on one foot irresolutely, then on the other, looked in the young lady's face, then down upon her own tattered garments.

"Oh, a few spoiled clothes are nothing," said Washanee. "Such things can be bought in Washington."

Here Wisse fell upon her knees, and held up both hands, as a pet dog lifts his paws while begging for a choice morsel.

"Oh, young missus, dis chile doesn't care for clo's, nor nuffin', only jes' dis: Has yer got dat 'dentical handkercher anywhar 'bout? Has yer now?"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

When Huestice Young left Washanee at the door of her grandfather's lodgings, he went to his own rooms, and locked himself in, as if some restless spirit had hunted him down, and could only be wrestled with in solitude. What had he done? Through what unaccountable influence had he in a few hours taken steps that must change his whole destiny, perhaps forever? By what madness had he placed a barrier of separation between himself and Constance Noel, while yet uncertain of her feelings regarding himself, and more than certain of his love for her, now that his own act had left that love utterly hopeless? What was there in this young Indian girl that could have led him in a moment of passionate admiration to accept the love she so unconsciously betrayed, and pledge his own in return for it?

Up to this time, Young had been considered a prudent, self-centred man, and as such had regarded himself. In all public matters, his energy and force of character had given him high position among his fellow-statesmen. Indeed, his life, up to that period, had been so devoted to a pursuit of public power, that the finer and more ardent feelings of his nature had scarcely gained full expression, until he found himself in the whirl of society at the capital, and surrounded by adulation and all the seductions that crowd the path of a rising man.

Walking up and down his parlor, Young thought of his rash love-making that day, with something like self-disdain in his heart. He had ridden out that morning a free man, occupying a well-earned position of honor, and strong in unshackled ability. In a single hour, he had imperiled, if not destroyed, all these advantages, bound his honor, and led that innocent wild girl into a position that might be heaven to her, but full of Dead Sea fruits to him, unless the warm, swift passion of an hour might turn to stronger and deeper feelings in the hereafter. Would this thing ever happen? Was it possible to introduce this wild, warm-blooded girl into the dignified realities of his career? Would the stern prejudices of race, that run like threads of iron through our social life, ever permit this beautiful and gifted young creature to hold her place by his side with the highly-bred ladies of the nation?

One after another, like flashes of electricity, these questions filled the young man's brain with stormy doubts, that grew and grew, until great drops gathered on his forehead, and he sank into an easy-chair, weary and worn out with turbulent thoughts. By and by, the image of that beautiful young girl came up through this mental tumult, and seemed to excuse the rash thing he had done; but the cool judgment of the man was not to be veiled by this wild vision of loveliness, that had for a time overwhelmed his better judgment. He saw all the peril and difficulties of his position, and, brave as he was, shrank from meeting them face to face, as honor prompted. Though Young had some experience in society, and knew how easy it was to fritter away an unguarded proposal into the nothingness of a careless flirtation, he was both too proud and honest for subterfuge like that. His own words had bound him—wild, reckless words—that could only be withdrawn as arrow-shafts are torn from wounds, leaving the iron barb to rankle behind, and he was not the man for social barbarities of any kind. That cowardice toward a woman, which we sometimes look upon as finesse, he had yet to learn, if a nature like his ever can stoop to meanness of any kind.

In the solitude of that room, Young began to comprehend, with something like dismay, the social and political embarrassments in which an hour of weakness had involved him. By what fantastic freak of destiny had that meeting by the ford at Rock Creek been brought about? To him it had been a complete surprise. Influenced by those romantic surroundings, fascinated by the picturesque beauty of the Indian girl, and more

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than all, perhaps, touched both in pride and generous sympathy by her efforts to conceal the passionate pleasure that meeting had given her, this usually strong man had given way to the influence of her presence, and in a few rash words had placed his future in her hands.

When strong, honest men find reason asleep, or trample it down in the delusion of sudden impulse, the consequences are generally more fatal to themselves than others; for such men are capable of self-sacrifice, and are likely to prefer that to dishonor. It did not occur to Young that he had been taken by surprise; that the lady was responsible for his weakness, or to excuse himself in any of the thousand ways which are so easily acquired in the world we live in. On the contrary, his thoughts turned upon the girl with a mingling of admiration and tenderness, that, in the excitement of a first surprise, might well have been mistaken for the love he had so rashly offered; but was now dampened by a feeling of vague self-reproach, which warned him of the wrong he had done her. Even the passionate outburst of tenderness which had seemed to throw her upon his bosom, when the first words of love were warm on his lips, was, to his mind, a reason for self-reproach, because some fine sense of delicacy in his own nature had recoiled from it. Thus reasoning against himself, blaming the rashness he would have condemned even in a younger man, Young spent the evening of his engagement restless and supremely unhappy; for the image of Constance Noel was continually presenting itself, in the midst of these disturbing reflections, as something lost and sacrificed. He would not allow himself to think of her steadily, or remember how vague his hopes of her love had been; for there seemed to him a sort of treason in permitting his thoughts to dwell on her at all. But there is no ghost so difficult of suppression as that of a smothered love, and all that night Huestice Young was haunted.

Notwithstanding the magnanimity of his resolves, the young statesman found some cause of delay in carrying them out. He wanted opportunity for a complete understanding of his new position and its consequences. Perhaps, at the bottom of his heart, he felt some vague hope of an honorable release, which time might give him.

"Oh, if I had only made myself certain that this one fair woman was indeed the careless, scornful creature she seemed—that she never did and never could care for me, all this might not be a sacrifice. Fool, coward that I was, not to make sure of this! But no, I must content myself with going about like a school-boy, carrying a scrap of poetry next my heart, written, no doubt, in order that she might watch its effect upon a man's vanity. Now I leave myself forever in doubt, forever whispering to my own heart: 'It might have been. It might have been.'"

Long after these words had escaped his lips, Young traversed his room that night, up and down, up and down, scorning himself, and almost hating the girl he had that day asked to be his wife.

## CHAPTER XIX.

WASHANEE, made impotent by the presence of her handmaiden, who broke up all her dreams with persistent pleading, sought the handkerchief she clamored for; and tossing it across the room, escaped through a back entrance into the garden, leaving Wisse more than happy in her new possession. As the strange creature sat on her rug, twisting the silk into folds, and chuckling with delight over each shade of color thus given to view, she heard a light tread in the hall which led to Washaning's room. This was directly followed by voices, louder than was usually heard in the old chief's presence. Keen of hearing, and quick of wit, the slave hid her treasure under the rug, and crept to the door which connected Washanee's apartment with that of her grandfather.

"It am dat Gray Hawk, bound on some devilment 'bout young missus. I knows by de way he creeps 'bout, jes' as dey does in de brush, when yer finds a dead Injun somewhar lyin' 'bout nex' day. T'inks dis chile didn't see him p'int dat gun. Oh, no, she nebber sees nuffin'—nebber."

Half thinking, half muttering these disjointed sentences, Wisse crept to the door, and lay down with her ear close to a crack that separated it perhaps half an inch from the threshold. Here she settled herself comfortably to listen, now and then lying flat down, that she might obtain a glimpse into the room.

Sure enough, the young chief Gray Hawk was there, standing proudly before Washaning, to whom he was speaking in an angry fashion, that brought quick flashes of fire into the old man's eyes, though he sat immovable, and listened intently.

"Yes," Gray Hawk was saying, "they stood together: your granddaugther and this white man, side by side; he striving to look into her eyes, she keeping them upon the ground, still drawing nearer and nearer to him, as we see birds flutter into the jaws of a snake that has wreathed and coiled its folds in the sunshine till they dazzle it. How long they had been there, I



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do not know; but far longer than the wife that Gray Hawk has promised to take to his lodge must stand under the eyes of a white man."

Washaning half rose from his seat as this rude slur was cast upon his granddaughter, and the slow pallor that settled about his lips might have warned Gray Hawk that all the fire of his race still burned in the old man's veins, and might be dangerously kindled. But the young man had been fearfully incensed, and broke forth again, without much heed to his words:

"Washanee is my wife, chosen and promised to me at the last great council-fire. No white man must look in her face or stand by her side, as that pale-face chief did this morning."

"Washanee is neither to be held nor won by force. She is neither a slave nor a prisoner of war: but my grandchild, who will be a nobler gift, if she consents to become your wife, than all the power she can bring to you."

"If she consents? What council of warriors ever asked the consent of a woman?" said Gray Hawk, astonished.

"The man who marries my granddaughter must do that, or disgrace the education which was intended to make him her equal; for this, Gray Hawk, I have shared with you the knowledge gathered in a long lifetime. That should, at least, have taught you that women hold in their love a blessing that cannot be seized upon as we strangle birds in a nest, or held as property at a council-fire. Before you claim a right to Washanee, her heart must be won."

Gray Hawk shook his head.

"What brave who has ever been on the war-path is expected to plead with a woman?"

"The man who marries Washanee must win her to love him, before she crosses his threshold."

"That has not been a custom among our Cherokee braves," said Gray Hawk, with a haughty smile. "Why should we begin now?"

"Because education has put you in advance of other nations. It is no reproach to a young warrior that he has learned to give both tenderness and respect to a a woman."

"When the council chooses a wife for their chief, he expects to be loved without asking," retorted Gray Hawk.

"Not when the maiden is my granddaughter Washanee; for, like you, she has been reared to the position you are both intended to fill, when I lay down the burden of power. Remember, she has the blood of two races in her veins, and with the savage fire of the Indian blends the ideas and refinements of the whites. With this inheritance of vigor and ideas, this fair girl, the last of my race, may by your side and aided by your strength accomplish a grand system of civilization."

"I have thought of that, and gloried in the idea," said Gray Hawk, ardently, his black eyes flashing with excitement, and his chest heaving.

"But have not yet taken the first step toward its accomplishment."

"I have been first among our young braves on the war-path. When I found a foe there he was sure to fall or flee."

"But have forgotten, by gentleness and those nameless allurements that poets tell us of, to win the heart of a maiden who is wise and proud as yourself."

Gray Hawk's countenance fell.

"Who has said that Washanee does not love me?"

"You."

"I? How should she listen, with blushes on her cheek, to the pleading of a white stranger?"

"If the mate chosen by her people stands aloof, who is to blame her if she accepts the gentler homage offered by her mother's people?"

"To choose among them is against our fixed laws," said Gray Hawk. "The daughter of a chief can only mate with a chief."

Washaning waved his hand impatiently. This cool reasoning in a young man, who had been taught his own ideas of refinement, offended his sensitive respect for the sweet womanhood of his granddaughter.

"This savage pride is unworthy of the man who is to succeed Washaning," he said. "If the child's heart is turning toward her mother's race, it is because of the homage it yields to her sex. The fierce love which masters give to slaves is not likely to win her."

"But I am no white man, to fawn like a dog at a woman's feet, or plead for love which is my right."

Washaning struggled with the impatience that was fast kindling into anger. He rose from his chair, laid his hand on the shoulder of the young man, and looked almost pleadingly into his face.

"You love Washanee?" he said, very gently.

"Yes, I love Washanee—well enough to shoot down any man who dares to stand between her and the threshold of my cabin."

"Well enough for murder, but not for prayer that her young heart may be given to you and her nation," said the old man, with a sad smile.

"So well that she has made the heart ache in my bosom," said the young man, sweeping one hand across his chest with an impassioned gesture.

"And our people—the nation to which she

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belongs?" continued the old man, with such powers of persuasion in his look and voice that no one could have wondered why that fair girl, years before, had followed him into the wilderness; for in the savage strength and cultivated refinement united in the old chief there was a power of originality and subtle influence which even the traditional pride of Indian manhood could not always resist.

Gray Hawk's fiery black eyes softened under its influence now, and he bowed his head before the old man.

"What shall I do? How shall I bend myself to ask favor from Washanee?"

"Go to her with all the feelings that are uppermost in your heart. Look into her face while your eyes are soft and misty with tenderness, as they are now; plead with her for yourself and the nation. Oh, Gray Hawk, if you would see that nation go on in its prosperity; if you would make the last days of an old man happy, and give a tempted heart back to its people, win my child from the allurements of a race that have always been fatal to the Indian. Plead with her, bear with her; by the force of your own love, wrest her from the danger it is in."

Tears trembled in the old man's voice; his hand shook on Gray Hawk's shoulder, and he stood erect, like a young man, inspired by the earnestness of purpose that possessed him.

Gray Hawk did not speak a word; but bent his head in reverence before the old chief, and left him. Not proudly, as he had entered, but with the firm step of a man who saw the right course and was resolved to follow it.

Meanwhile, Washanee had made her way into General Noel's garden, rather to escape the importunities of her pet slave than from any settled purpose. She longed to find herself alone among the world of flowers, that seemed to her in their very perfume to breathe sympathy with her exquisite happiness.

As she walked on, each breath that she drew was a delight, and each flower a companion, which she could not keep from caressing, as if it were laden with consciousness as well as beauty.

With the leap of a fawn, she would spring up from the turf, drag down the great clustering lilac plumes, bury her face in their purple awhile, then let them sway back into the air. She could not, just then, permit herself to break one of their stems, or gather a single spray of gold from the laburnum trees that were now laden with drooping racemes, as a grape-vine is with fruit. Everything about her was fresh and abounding with life. She wandered to and fro over the turf among the bushes, and at last came beneath the window of General Noel's house, to which she had once been drawn by the music of Miss Noel's singing.

Washanee had not observed it before; but the sash was open, and through a drapery of vines she saw the gleam of a white dress. Directly the young lady herself leaned forward and gave her a smiling welcome.

"How long it is since I have seen you," she said. "Now that the garden is so pleasant, I have expected to find you there every day; but you are so accustomed to the abundant flowers of the South, that our old-fashioned display has failed to interest you, I suppose."

"No, no. It is not that. In all my life, I never saw anything more beautiful. Indeed, indeed, it seemed like heaven when I looked down upon it from my window just now; but then everything seems like that when one is so very happy."

Constance turned her eyes on the bright face looking in upon her through the vines, with wistful scrutiny.

"Are you so very happy, then?" she questioned, in a low voice.

Instantly, Washanee's face was flooded with crimson. She half turned away from the window, but came back again, still embarrassed, but with a smile on her lips, and almost panting for breath in her eagerness for sympathy.

"Happy?" she said. "In the bright hunting-ground you call heaven, there are angels, I think, that never do wrong, and never know what it is to be homesick or sad. Is not this because they love each other, and know it all the time?"

"Poets and preachers tell us so," answered Constance.

"But when one knows it for oneself, when the happiness of all these angels seems to be in one bosom, it is more than poets can make people understand. One must feel it, to know."

As she spoke, Washanee pressed both hands to her bosom, with unconscious fervor, and drew closer to the window speaking low and rapidly, as if she found new joy in obtaining sympathy from human lips which she had only fancied in the flowers.

"Come in," said Constance, cordially.

Washanee made her way through the verandah, and entered the room where Constance was sitting, through one of the French windows. The young creature was radiant, though she held back shyly for a minute or two when the grave, almost frightened, eyes of the young lady were turned upon her. Somehow, that look checked the words upon her lips.

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"You were about to tell me of some great happiness that had come to you," said Constance, faintly. "Sit down. Anything that gives you pleasure ought to please me."

"It will, I know it will; because—that is, you understand all about it. It was only this morning—how strange it is that so much can come into one day—only this morning when I was off yonder in the woods, thinking about the forests at home, and wondering if they would ever seem so grand or beautiful again, after grandfather takes me back. I was not very happy, and that was why we went out in search of something besides the houses and people that we see everywhere here in Washington: something that had just a little look of home."

"Then you are sometimes homesick?"

"Oh, but I never shall be again. Never, never; for his home will be my home always, always."

Washanee did not observe that the hand with which Constance had been disentangling some skeins of floss silk shook so unsteadily that she was obliged to drop it among the mass of rich embroidery materials in her lap; nor could she feel how cold and marble-like that hand lay in its nest of soft rich colors, as she herself went on in the absorbing selfishness of her new delight.

"We got lost—strange, wasn't it? the woods were so small—but somehow, neither Wisse nor I knew what path would lead us back: it was only a little river that shut us in, but too deep for us to cross; and there we stood on the bank when he came riding through the water, right toward us."

"Who?" questioned Constance, in a voice so constrained that it was almost inaudible. "I did not hear the name."

"I—I thought you would know," answered Washanee, casting down her eyes.

"Perhaps I do," replied Constance, shrinking from the name she had evoked as an apprehensive heart will recoil from a dread of certainty.

"The white chief would not ride when we were walking, so Wisse got on his horse, and was out of sight in no time. Then we walked on and on. Every minute the woods grew more beautiful. The sun came shining through the trees; their leaves seemed to whisper love-secrets to each other; birds were singing, but I did not hear them, for his voice was all I listened to."

"Yes, I understand."

"For that said to me what the leaves were whispering and the birds singing to each other."

"It said that Huestice Young loved you?"

There was a thrill of deep feeling in this question, as Constance Noel put it; but Washanee was occupied by her own thoughts, and did not feel the chill of it. The repetition of that one sweet fact was enough to make her oblivious of everything else.

"Yes, he told me so—he did, he did; and that was what turned the woods into heaven. That is what makes me so happy. I cannot say it all in words; but, oh! so happy."

The bitter distress that Constance Noel felt broke into her voice with unconscious force now.

"Such words may have many meanings, in this country," she said, "especially here in Washington, where language becomes eloquent as feeling is dulled."

Washanee looked at the pale, almost agonized, face of Constance Noel in blank wonder.

"What is it that you think?" she said, holding her breath.

"Only this: men do not always hold themselves bound by soft love-speeches, provoked by bird songs and spring flowers in the woods. They are sometimes uttered carelessly."

Washanee drew a deep, deep breath, and the color fled slowly from her face.

"I shamed myself by thinking so. He saw it, and scorned me. Tell me, do white men mock at strangers, when they ask them to be their wives, and live with them forever and ever."

"Did Huestice Young do this?" demanded Constance, almost with a cry of pain.

"Huestice Young asked Washanee, the granddaughter of a great chief, to be his wife."

Washanee lifted her form up proudly, as she spoke, and the flash of her magnificent eyes was regal in its pride.

Constance did not answer this haughty outburst, but sat there like a frozen creature. Both hands had fallen heavily down to the rich flosses in her lap; and swaying gently sideways, her head fell upon the purple cushion of her chair, on which it lay white and still as death itself.

Washanee was struck with terror. She started from her seat, and bent over the unconscious girl in wild bewilderment. This impetuous movement, or perhaps the power of one strong spirit rising against another, brought Constance Noel to herself. The almost supernatural strength that pride sometimes gives came to her help.

"Forgive me. I have not been well, to-day," she said, forcing herself to rise and lean against the window-frame; "but I do not the less wish you happiness—great happiness."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of garnet-colored sateen, trimmed with écru embroidery. The skirt is cut just to touch all around, and is two and a half yards in width. (All skirts are made a trifle wider than formerly.) To trim the skirt: first, there is a knife-plaited ruffle five inches wide; over this a flounce of the écru embroidery, which is from three to four inches in width; then a second knife-plaiting, same as the first; another

No. 1.

No. 2.



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flounce of embroidery all around the skirt. Repeat the knife-plaiting and embroidery across the front breadth and side gores, as far as the point of the bodice comes; this completes the

No. 3.

skirt. The bodice is cut in basque form, with a pointed front: the back to correspond. The tunic is attached to the bodice, being arranged in paniers in front, and looped in irregular puffs at the back. It is trimmed all around to correspond with the skirt. The same trimming ornaments the bodice, and forms the cuffs for the sleeves. Small round buttons are the most fashionable, just at the present time, for all costumes. Fifteen yards of sateen and twelve yards of embroidery will be required for this costume. This model would be equally effective for a white nainsook; dotted mull, with either lace or embroidery; or for a nun's-veiling, with Spanish lace, for more dressy occasions.

No. 2—Is an entirely new design for making up one of those pretty striped zephyr ginghams, and it would be a good model for a striped summer silk or a figured albatross. The skirt has a side-plaited flounce, which has a band of English embroidery turned up on the edge of the material, before it is plaited. This plaiting is headed by four rows of shirring. The polonaise is tight-fitting in the back, but the front is cut without darts. The skirt of this polonaise is looped quite high on the left side, and the fullness of the back is looped in one great puff. A shirred belt confines the waist. Four rows of shirring form the trimming for the neck. The sleeves, which are a slight approach to the old-fashioned leg-of-mutton sleeves which our grandmothers used to

No. 4.

wear, have simply a deep cuff of the embroidery turned back. A band of the embroidery edges the entire skirt of the polonaise. Small buttons ornament the whole length of the front seam of

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the garment. Fourteen yards of gingham, twelve yards of embroidery, will be required. Of double-width goods, eight to nine yards will be sufficient.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume, of plain and dotted foulard or surah silk. The skirt has, first, two knife-plaited ruffles of the plain material, mounted on a foundation of muslin, faced on the outside with the silk. The front breadth is of the figured goods, which is cut in scallops at the bottom, and bound with silk the color of the dots in the material used. The side panels are of the plain material, puffed the entire length, and edged with a scalloped trimming to correspond with that upon the front breadth. The back is

No. 5.

simply draped, and not very full, as the whole effect of the costume seems to aim at being long and narrow. The basque is of the dotted goods, cut in double points both front and back, and finished on the edge with a binding of silk corresponding with that of the scallops on the skirt. Sleeves to match. Small round or ball buttons are all the trimming for the bodice, except a large bow at the back of the basque. Five yards of dotted foulard and ten yards of plain will be required. Plain and dotted sateen may be substituted for the silk, if a wash-dress be required.

No. 4—Is a sailor-costume, for a boy of four to five years, made of navy-blue flannel, with rows of white braid as trimming. The kilted skirt is fastened to the under vest body, and the blouse

No. 6.

waist has a square collar at the back, ending in points in front, where it opens over the vest. Machine-stitching in white silk, four or five rows, may be used instead of braid, if preferred.

No. 5.—For a little girl of four to six years, we

No. 7.

give a model for a flannel or gingham dress. The front and back of the waist is shirred at the

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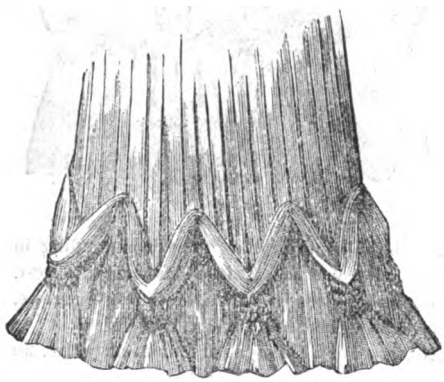
neck and at the waist, and the waist is cut long and rather loose, to which is attached a kilted skirt. A wide sash of the material is arranged on the dress, with several rows of shirring to keep it in place at the sides; from the sides it is left to tie in a large bow at the back. The sleeves are shirred on the shoulder and at the hands, or a tiny cuff may be added. A wide ruffle is worn at the neck, made of English embroidery.

No. 6.—Here we give the front and back view of a sailor-frock, for a girl of four years. It is made



No. 8.

of cream-white flannel, trimmed with guipure embroidery. The anchors on collar and sleeves are done in blue silk, also the feather-stitch above the embroidery. It may be all white, if preferred. Dark-blue or garnet flannel, with white embroidery, is most effective.

No. 7—Is an apron, of striped nainsook, edged with Hamburg, to be worn over a high-necked dress.

No. 8—Is a new design for trimming the skirt of a dress. First, the kilt-plaiting is made, and mounted upon a foundation. Then the flounce is cut nine inches deep. It is made three times as full as the skirt, and is gathered in groups, as seen, about three inches from the bottom, between the groups. Kilts are laid, and the upper part tucked down in vandykes. Take a piece of paper muslin, cut on the bias, and experiment a little before cutting into the material, as this trimming needs some practice to make it nicely.

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## OUR COLORED PATTERNS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give colored designs for a tennis pocket, a knitting pocket, and a carriage purse. These useful and pretty articles are made as follows:

Tennis Pocket.—Worked with fine crewel, in outline-stitch, on heavy unbleached linen. The upper part is made of summer cloth or cashmere, finished on the top with hem and puffing, drawn together with strong elastic.

Knitting Pocket.—Made of cloth or velvet, and lined with chamois skin or strong soft linen, embroidered with crewel or filoselle, in Kensington-stitch. The end is buttoned over, to keep the needles secure.

Carriage Purse.—Material, silk, lined with another color. It is embroidered with filoselle, in stem-stitch, to represent peacock-feathers. For shading, use the feather to copy from. The rings are put on before the purse is finished, the ends drawn up and finished with tassels, which can be bought, or made at home of embroidery silk.

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# NEW POLONAISE COSTUME: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In our March number we gave a very stylish polonaise costume, that was so popular that we have been requested frequently since to give the very next new one that came out. We do this now, giving, above, the back and front view, and on the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with the present



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number, full-size diagrams of the several parts. There are three, viz:

I.—Half of Front.
II.—Half of Back.
III.—Half of Sleeve.

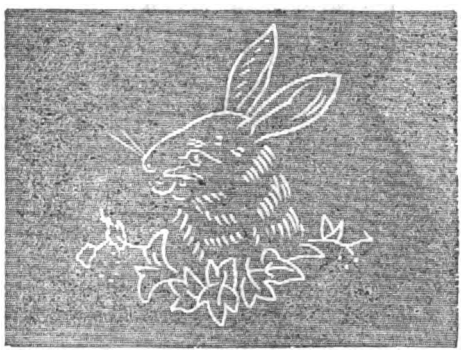
The letters show how the several pieces are to be put together. At the dotted lines the pattern turns over, to give the entire length of the skirt of the polonaise.

For the back part of the skirt, each half has a different shape. One side is a continuation of the half of the entire back, and is marked by the straight lines with a dot between; the other end is rounded into a point, and is marked by straight lines, with a cross between. This shows the different shape of the two halves of the skirt of the polonaise. The dotted lines on the front of the waist show where the gauging is to be put.

The polonaise is draped in the back in irregular puffs, ornamented by loops and ends of ribbon. In front it is looped back; *en paniers* at the sides. It is edged with lace, which is carried down the front *en cascade*. Altogether, it is the prettiest polonaise that has appeared, for a long time.

## HANDKERCHIEF ORNAMENTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These sprightly little designs give an idea of one popular style of ornamenting a gentleman's pocket-handkerchiefs, more especially when the owner is of a sporting turn of mind. The hare's and hog's head, each completed by a semi-wreath of tiny ivy leaves, may be worked in colored cottons—blue or red—or washing silks. Naturally, the embroidered corner will always be the one that so carelessly, yet so intentionally, escapes from the breast-pocket of the fashionable coat. The same taste for animals' heads is noticeable in many other et-ceteras. A cat or a dog, worked in crewel in outline-stitch, is seen on gentlemen's slippers, handkerchief sachets, etc. These little designs are easily and quickly done in outline-stitch.

## SMALL TABLE-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a small ornamental table-cloth: also the pattern for the embroidered band, full size; also patterns for the galon and the fringe. They fill two pages, of which the band occupies one; and the rest occupy the other.

One of the engravings represents the table-cloth in its finished state. On the same page is the design for the galon, that edges off the embroidered bands and forms the heading for the fringe. On the same page is the pattern for the fringe, which matches the embroidery. We would add, that the plain bands, in the completed table-cover, are of dark-crimson plush.

On the other page is the embroidered band, given in full working size. This band is in brown French flax, and the embroidery is executed with silks of soft shades.

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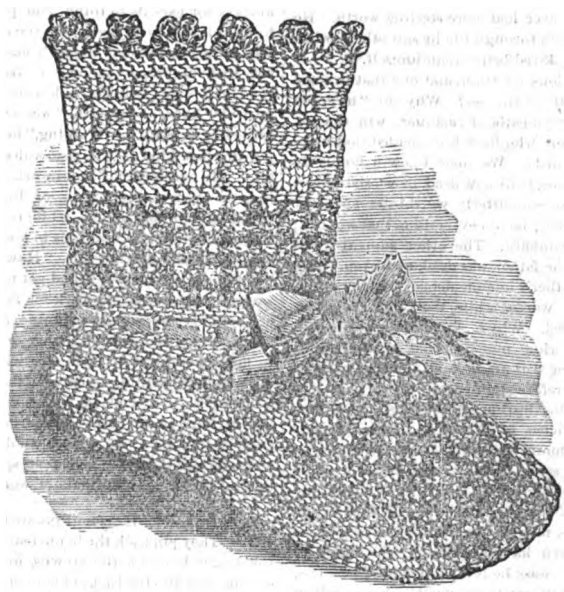
# BABY'S BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Material, white Saxony wool. Needles No. 10. Cast on twenty-seven stitches. Knit one row plain, seam one row, knit eleven rows, increasing on the third stitch of every row. There should now be thirty-nine stitches on the needle. Seam one row, knit eleven rows, decreasing by knitting second and third stitches together in every row. There should now be twenty-seven stitches. Seam one row, increasing on the third stitch; cast on ten stitches for the heel. There should now be thirty-eight stitches. Knit nine rows, seam one row, knit five rows, increasing at the toe only. There will now be forty-five stitches. Knit twenty-five stitches, leaving twenty stitches on another needle, and knit backwards and forwards for the front of the foot as follows: First row, knit twenty-five; second row, purl twenty-five; third row, knit one, two, together, twelve times; fourth row, knit one, take up one, same to end. These four rows form the pattern, and must be repeated four times more, making in all twenty rows for the front of the foot. Make twenty stitches for the side of the foot. Knit five rows, seam one row, knit seven rows, decreasing at the toe end only; cast off. For the leg: Take up the twenty stitches on the side knitting, also eleven for front, then knit the twenty left on the spare needle. Knit one row, seam one row, one row of holes, done by putting wool twice around the needle and knitting two together, seam one row, then knit five pattern rows sameas front of foot. Twenty-first row, knit three, seam three, knit three, seam three, to end of row. Twenty-second and twenty-third like twenty-first row. Twenty-fourth row, seam three, knit three, seam three, knit three, to end. Twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth like twenty-fourth row. Twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth, like twenty-first row. Thirtieth row plain. Repeat five rows plain. Cast off on the wrong side. Crochet a row of shells as finish to the edge. Tie with ribbon at the ankle.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT WINS AFFECTION? One of the best—even noblest—men we ever knew was without the faculty of winning affection. His manner was hard, for he was shy by nature. More than that, or because of that, he was modest in the extreme. Yet no man ever had more sterling worth. He pined for affection. But all through life he saw others, without a tithe of his merits, loved better than himself.

This brings up a curious question, and one that in some aspects is very sad. Why is this so? Why do "ne'er do wells," if they have a sympathetic manner, win success, when honest-hearted men, who have been denied that manner, fail to be appreciated? We once knew a family in which there were two sons, both now dead, or we should not allude to them. One son was utterly worthless: he never earned a cent; he gambled; he did everything that was bad; and finally he died a drunkard. The other supported his mother and sisters, for the father was dead, and even found money to pay off his brother's ignoble debts. Yet the profligate was loved beyond words, while the other, to speak frankly, was just tolerated. Why? Because the one had an easy grace and a flattering manner, that really meant nothing, while the other was frank and sincere—perhaps too sincere, and was therefore slighted.

The whole thing opens up one of the most mysterious questions in the providence of God. We all believe, or ought to believe, in a moral government of the universe. Yet, why should what seems to us wrong succeed, while what appears to be right so often fails? Why should the really good man, even if hard in manner, be disliked, while the worthless profligate, merely because he is gracious, be loved? A wife will often have a husband who sacrifices everything to her; yet because he is a plain man of business, he never secures the devotion which some handsome, selfish spendthrift wins from the bride whose fortune he squanders and whose heart he finally breaks. So with women. How often we see a self-denying wife neglected, while a more showy one is absolutely worshiped. To be frank, what *does* win affection? Is it the doing what is right? Or is it something else, something that is meaner?

The saddest thing to see is unrequited affection. A parent longs for the love of a child; and the love is not returned: the parent is slighted. A husband for that of a wife. A wife for that of a husband. Yet, in all the cases that we suppose, the affection ought to be given, because it is deserved. Alas! we fear it is not always right or wrong that wins or loses love. There is some deeper cause. What is it?

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OUR COLORED FASHION-PLATE, as a rule, gives, principally, the dresses worn by people of wealth in our great Atlantic cities and elsewhere. Our full-page wood-cuts, in the front of the number, represent styles that are not so expensive. In our "Every-Day" department, we give dresses still more economical. In this way, "Peterson," from month to month, reports the fashions that suit all. Even those ladies who never wear the extravagant costumes of the very wealthy, like, we find, to know what is worn in Fifth Avenue and at Newport or Saratoga.

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ALWAYS REMEMBER that it is never too late to subscribe for "Peterson." It is an especially good time now to subscribe, so as to begin with the July number.

MERE FOOD NOT ENOUGH.—We have spoken, frequently, of the necessity of exercise, and especially open-air exercise, for girls who would be healthy. Professor Rothrock, of Philadelphia, has recently been delivering a lecture in which he enters into this question quite fully. He says it is a mistake for parents to think that plenty of good nutritious food is all that girls need. On the contrary, there is danger that girls may become sluggish and stupid when thus overfed, without proper exercise to facilitate digestion. The complexion, too, will get sallow or pallid. "No single solid muscular fibre," he asserts, "was ever created until it was earned by activity." "Walking," he continues, "is, after all, not the best kind of exercise, unless it is taken in the open air." He recommends housework: such as dusting, sweeping, or even making beds, or kneading dough. To sit lounging on a sofa all day, while the mother does the work, is, in his opinion, as injurious to good looks and to health as it is selfish and disgraceful. "How are they"—the girls—"to fill out their muscles, and get rosy cheeks," he asks, "if 'saved' from household work?" Such occupations, in fact, are not only charmingly feminine, in his opinion, but they afford a relief to constant sitting or standing. A good way to take exercise is to open the windows, so as to get fresh air, and do something to expand the muscles, such as using dumb-bells. "Red blood in the veins, superb vitality, and free carriage in the figure, come from fresh air and muscular exercise," he says. So does a wholesome appetite, we may add, and firm nerves, and that spirit and vitality which beyond all things else make a woman attractive.

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PEARL OR GOLD-HEADED PINS are to be seen everywhere in Paris. They pin back the bonnet-string bows under the chin, the larger bows on the crowns, and are put into the lace cravats, and also the backs of bonnets where the strings meet. Many bonnets and also hats have lace arranged around the crown, with the fancy edge meeting, fastened together with these pins. The gloves worn over the sleeves are not nearly so popular as those worn underneath, as the fashion of the half-short sleeves and falling lace ruffles is so much prettier. When linen cuffs are worn, there are lace frills added where they fasten, to match the jabot in front of the collar.

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TIES, OF PALE TERRA-COTTA, saffron, or nasturtium color, are worn with black costumes. Gray in every shade appears the popular color of the season, from the pale-silver shade to the new dark-blue gray called "electric" or "telegraph." The latter is becoming to all, and is trimmed only with its own color, in moiré or satin. Black velvet strings to bonnets are much worn, especially with steel and gold-beaded bonnets.

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A COTTON DRESS MIGHT ECLIPSE a silk one, if fresh and prettily made, was the saying of a great French lady, who was also a leader of fashion. Yet in her day, cottons were very far from being the dainty and artistic fabrics which some of them have since become. The sateens now printed in France, for example, are studies of delicate coloring, admirable texture, and beautiful design.

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THE EXTRAVAGANCE IN STYLE, to which the so-called "Æsthetic School" carries some of its designs for embroidery, is simply absurd, amounting often to caricature. We are glad, however, to notice the beginning of a reaction, and the return to a better taste.



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A New Volume Began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish back numbers. *We still continue to offer a choice of three costly premiums for getting up clubs*, of which the principal is the beautiful steel-engraving, entitled "Hush! Don't Wake Them," size 20 inches by 16.

*Or, in place of it*, we will give, for a premium, either a Photograph Album, or our Quarto Illustrated Album, which was so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great.

*It is not too late* to get up clubs for 1882. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive, when desired. *Be particular, when remitting, to say whether you wish to begin with the January number, or that for July.*

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A Piano on a New System has just been constructed in Berlin. Instead of being parallel to each other, the keys are arranged in a semi-circular form, corresponding to the line described by the hands naturally when they are moved away from each other with extended arms. The advantages claimed for this new arrangement are these: the lower keys are brought nearer together, and the middle further apart; the angle between the hands and the keys remains always the same, so that contortions and unnatural positions are avoided; the sounding-board is enlarged, and the tone consequently more powerful. We expect to see some of our enterprising piano manufacturers making pianos of this description before the summer is over.

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At an Auction of Old Fans, in London, recently, some very curious as well as valuable ones were offered. One was Marie Antoinette's marriage fan; others were designed in commemoration of her betrothal to the Dauphin; and there was also the bridal fan of Marie Leckynska, the wife of Louis XV. Many of the English fans were made in China for English marriages; others belonged to the period of Charles II. Some were of Flemish, Italian, French, and Venetian make. In all, four hundred and fifty-two fans were sold, every one of them more or less noticeable.

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The New Subscribers, the present summer, to "Peterson," are more numerous than ever. To parody Tennyson, other magazines may "come and go;" but this "goes on forever." When people subscribe to "Peterson," there is no danger of their being cheated out of their money by the failure and stoppage of the magazine.

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Domestic Happiness lies within the reach of all. If husband and wife love and respect each other, and live for each other, excusing faults, then happiness is certain. Otherwise, it is not. Love, without charity for each other's weaknesses, is not *true* love.

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Address All Letters, in Future, intended for this periodical, whether for the business department or for the editorial one, to Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Remember, *all letters* are to be addressed to Peterson's Magazine.

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Working or Not Working for her living has nothing to do with a woman being a lady, in the true sense of that term. It is the considerate heart and the gentle manners, not more wealth, that make a lady.

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Occupation of Some Kind is necessary, if we would be either happy or healthy. Never be idle because you think there is nothing to do. As if there ever could be a want of occupation in this world!

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A Medley in Prose and Verse. By Richard Henry Stoddard. 1 vol., small 4to. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.*—Under the rather unpretending title of a "Medley," we have here a volume of equal industry and taste. No other work as yet published gives so good an idea of the life and works of Longfellow. This is partly because Mr. Stoddard, himself a poet, and one akin in some things to Longfellow, is in entire sympathy with the subject of his memoir; instinctively, as it were, understands the latter's genius. But it is also because Mr. Stoddard has collected, from every available quarter, many anecdotes of Longfellow; and has added to these his personal reminiscences, which are all the more delightful, in consequence of being colored by his own individuality. Scattered through the book is much excellent criticism, both on poetry in the abstract, and on Longfellow's position as a poet. A very excellent portrait of Longfellow is prefixed to the volume, which, in all respects, is tasteful, and even elegant.

*Tania's Peril. A Russian Story. By Henry Greville. Translated by George D. Cox. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This author, though a Frenchwoman, is most at home in stories of Russia, where she resided for many years. While no one can deny that, in artistic skill, French novelists far surpass English or American ones, yet it must be conceded that they are too often unfortunate in the choice of their subjects. The defense made for them is that, as girls in France never go into society until after marriage, there is no field open to the French novelists except that of married life, with its possible misunderstandings, jealousies, divorces, etc. There is much truth in this; but nevertheless, it is only an explanation, not a justification. This story, however, is free from this fault. It is very powerfully told, and is full of thrilling incidents. The pictures, too, of life in Russia, are as graphic as they are reliable.

*From Hand To Hand. From the German of Golo Raimund. By Mrs. A. L. Wistar. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The name of Mrs. Wistar is always a guarantee not only that the novel translated is a good one, but also that the translation is unexceptionable. Of course, every German story cannot be up to the "Old Ma'mselle's Secret." Nor is this one. But nevertheless, "From Hand To Hand" is well worth reading.

*Eve's Daughters; or, Common Sense For Maid, Wife, and Mother. By Marion Harland. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: John R. Anderson and Henry S. Allen.*—There is a good deal in this book which may be read with profit, but quite as much which might be characterized as visionary. All we can say to our readers is, that if they buy the volume, they must winnow the truth out for themselves.

*Gypsies; or, Why We Went Gypsying In The Sierras. By Dio Lewis, M. D. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.*—A narrative of three years of camp life in California, interspersed with many pregnant bits of advice as to health, and how to restore it when lost. The book is both entertaining and instructive.

*Marion Fay. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 4to. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A cheap edition of the last novel of this most fertile of writers. Trollope never reaches to the highest level; but he never sinks to the lowest; and even his second-rate stories, of which this is one, are readable.

*The Villa Bohemia. By Marie Le Baron. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Kochendoerfer & Wrie.*—The author of this story is a new writer, apparently; but her first attempt, if it is a first attempt, is quite creditable.

*Aschenbroedel. "No Name" Series. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Another candidate for "*the* great American novel," but not more successful than its hundred and one predecessors.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE JULY NUMBER of this magazine seems to have been unusually popular. The newspaper press is unanimous in pronouncing it one of the best issued. The steel-engraving, "A Butterfly Chase," is characterized as the most beautiful of the year; and the colored fashion-plate appears to have been equally successful in winning favor. Mrs. Stephens' article, "A London Dinner-Party," is everywhere spoken of as the best of its kind that has appeared in any magazine for years. "For a thoroughly old-fashioned love-story," writes a lady, "commend me to 'White Violets:' nothing superior to it has come out, even in 'Peterson,' for a long time."

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THE USE OF AMMONIA IN BAKING POWDERS. ITS IMPORTANCE AS A CULINARY AGENT.—The recent discoveries in science and chemistry are fast revolutionizing our daily domestic economies. Old methods are giving way to the light of modern investigation, and the habits and methods of our fathers and mothers are stepping down and out, to be succeeded by the new ideas, with marvelous rapidity. In no department of science, however, have more rapid strides been made than in its relations to the preparation and preservation of human food. Scientists, having discovered how to traverse space, furnish heat, and beat time itself, by the application of natural forces, and to do a hundred other things promotive of the comfort and happiness of human kind, are naturally turning their attention to the development of other agencies and powers that shall add to the years during which man may enjoy the blessings set before him.

Among the recent discoveries in this direction, none is more important than the uses to which common ammonia can be properly put as a leavening agent; and which indicate that this familiar salt is hereafter to perform an active part in the preparation of our daily food.

The carbonate of ammonia is an exceedingly volatile substance. Place a small portion of it upon a knife, and hold over a flame, and it will almost immediately be entirely developed into gas and pass off into the air. The gas thus formed is a simple composition of nitrogen and hydrogen. No residue is left from the ammonia. This gives it its superiority as a leavening power over soda and cream of tartar when used alone, and has induced its use as a supplement to these articles. A small quantity of ammonia in the dough is effective in producing bread that will be lighter, sweeter, and more wholesome than that risen by any other leavening agent. When it is acted upon by the heat of baking, the leavening gas that raises the dough is liberated. In this act, it uses itself up, as it were; the ammonia is entirely diffused, leaving no trace or residuum whatever. The light, fluffy, flaky appearance so desirable in biscuits, etc., and so sought after by professional cooks, is said to be imparted to them only by the use of this agent.

The bakers and baking-powder manufacturers producing the finest goods have been quick to avail themselves of this useful discovery; and the handsomest and best bread and cake are now largely risen by the aid of ammonia, combined, of course, with other leavening material.

Ammonia is one of the best known products of the laboratory. If, as seems to be justly claimed for it, the application of its properties to the purposes of cooking results in giving us lighter and more wholesome bread, biscuit, and cake, it will prove a boon to dyspeptic humanity; and will speedily force itself into general use in the new field to which science has assigned it.—*From the Scientific American.*

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE a refreshing drink. Dr. A. L. Hall, Fairhaven, N. Y., says: "It forms an excellent substitute for lemon-juice, and will furnish a refreshing drink for the sick."

GREAT DEMAND FOR BEATTY'S ORGANS.—Beatty's Beethoven Organ is meeting with wonderful sales. Nearly two thousand were manufactured and shipped, during the month of May, from his factory at Washington, New Jersey. A special ten-day offer is made to the readers of this magazine.

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## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. VIII.—FLAXSEED—FIRE-WEED—FLEABANE.

1. FLAXSEED—*Linum.* The common flax and its seed are too well known by mothers to require any description; but the spinning-wheel so intimately associated with the former, fifty years ago, is now almost unknown.

Flaxseed is demulcent and emollient. Half an ounce, more or less, tied in a small bit of muslin, may be boiled in a pint of water for a time, and the infusion given with benefit in simple colds, catarrh, dysentery, diseases of the kidneys and bladder—in fact, in all inflammatory affections of the mucous membrane of the lungs, stomach, or bowels. The infusion forms also a soothing enema, with twenty drops of laudanum, in dysentery attended with tormina or severe straining. The meal (ground seed) alone, or with elm bark, makes an excellent emollient poultice, far superior to the old one of bread and milk. Thus combined, with a teaspoonful of yeast, a poultice is formed of much value in all cases of forming abscess, ("gatherings,") boils, carbuncles, etc.

Hot flaxseed tea, with the addition of lemon-juice and sugar, is better for colds, taken at bedtime, than the vaunted specific, hot toddy or "buttered rum."

In our common vernacular, there is nothing in rum or whiskey either to keep the cold out, to break up a cold, or to protect one against cold and wet, etc. A dose of Comfort's Thompsonian Composition, hot, at bedtime, is far better; it is far better when one has been exposed to cold and is wet; it is far better, also, to take—cold—when one is about to be exposed to inclement weather.

2. FIRE-WEED—*Erechthitis Hieracifolia.* A common rank weed, remarkable for its prevalence in and around spots or places where brush has been burned, and in recent clearings. Its stem is two to four feet high, stout, striate-sulcate, succulent when young; leaves, four to six or eight inches long, upper ones auricular, somewhat clasping, irregular dentate. Flowers in compound whitish heads. It possesses a rank odor, though slightly aromatic; taste is bitterish, acrid, and disagreeable. Such medicinal virtues as it possesses, it yields readily to boiling water. In infusion it has been lauded in dysentery, and no doubt is safe enough for mothers to employ in lieu of other and better remedies not at hand. The oil, in doses of a few drops, possesses decided powers in arresting hemorrhages, especially uterine. This plant is said to infest the peppermint fields of Michigan, and sometimes to deteriorate the oil coming from that State.

3. FLEABANE—*Erigeron Philadelphicum* and *E. Canadense.* Stem of the former two to three feet high, pubescent, leafy. Radical leaves, three to six inches long, cuneately tapering to a long marginal foot-stalk; stem leaves, gradually sessile and slightly clasping. Rays, pale purple or flesh color, very narrow and numerous. Found in open woodlands, etc. An infusion of this plant has been much used in cases of gravel and other kidney complaints, and is a favorite among some distinguished medical men in Philadelphia. An ounce of the herb should be infused in a pint of boiling water, and the whole taken during the twenty-four hours. The *E. Canadense* is the horse-weed or butter-weed, growing everywhere:

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in gardens, lots, roadsides, and is called also the Canada Fleabane. Stem is from six inches to six feet high, paniculately branching at top, very hirsute; heads of flowers, loosely racemose, small; rays inconspicuous, white. The infusion possesses tonic, astringent, and diuretic powers. Hence it is used in urinary affections and in diarrhœa. As it is found about every house in the country, mothers can have recourse to it with economy and safety.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.

### No. 165.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in dark, but not in light.
My second's in challenge, but not in fight.
My third is in feather, but not in down.
My fourth is in pink, but not in brown.
My fifth is in star, but not in sun.
My sixth is in sport, but not in fun.
My seventh's in spike, but not in nail.
My eighth is in fair, but not in pale.
My ninth is in metal, but not in lead.
My tenth is in court, but not in wed.
My eleventh's in house, but not in mill.
My whole is a saying, as old as the hills.

*Bell Creek, Neb.* MRS. A. S. MORLEY.

### No. 166.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a 5, 6, 7, 8 in which to put a 1, 2, 3, 4.

*Boston, Mass.* BUNTHORNE.

### No. 167.—CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a small wheel, and leave a class.
2. Curtail a country, and leave part of the face.
3. Curtail a collection of laws, and leave a fish.
4. Curtail the summit, and leave an animal.
5. Curtail an idol, and leave sheep's cry.
6. Curtail split, and leave a spice.

*Worcester, Mass.* ALICE GREY.

### No. 168.—HIDDEN NAMES OF GIRLS.

1. The birds carol in every tree.
2. Mary will be the last to arrive.
3. She is a simple, vain thing.
4. I can by this tell a truthful man.
5. He said: "My race is run."
6. I found the book in Ezekiel's pocket.
7. This is a mysterious occurrence.
8. I'll bid another dollar.

*Danville, Ill.* CHARLES E. OLMSTEAD.

### No. 169.—A TRIANGLE.

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1. Stares angrily. 2. To humble. 3. To be indebted. 4. A letter.

*Answers Next Month.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

No. 161.

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    E
  M A P          M A P
E A G E R        A G E
  P E R          P E R
    R
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No. 162.

Boatman.

No. 163.

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D R O P
R O P E
O P E N
P E N T
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No. 164.

1. Scorn, corn.
2. Boat, oat.
3. Smart, mart.
4. Blend, lend.

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

#### MEATS.

*Roast Duck.*—Pluck, singe, and draw; blanch the feet, and remove their skin; make a stuffing with sage, onions (previously blanched and chopped fine), and bread-crumbs, using twice as much onion as sage, and twice as much bread-crumbs as onion; add a little butter, pepper and salt to taste. When stuffed, truss them; tie some thin slices of bacon over the breasts; roast for fifteen minutes before a brisk fire, basting well with butter; remove the bacon from the birds a minute or two before they are roasted. Serve with gravy in the dish, but not over the birds.

*Roast Veal.*—Take from four to six pounds of the best end of the neck of veal, trim it neatly, and joint. Put it to roast at a very moderate fire, and baste it plentifully every ten minutes, first with butter, and then with its own gravy. It will take one hour and a half or two hours. During the last quarter of an hour, bring the joint nearer to the fire, and sprinkle it plentifully with salt. Serve with the gravy over, carefully strained and freed from fat, and with the juice of a lemon and a small piece of fresh butter added to it.

#### VEGETABLES.

*Souffléed Potatoes.*—Peel potatoes; cut them, in the direction of their length, into slices a quarter of an inch thick; fry them till they are three parts done, in moderately hot fat. Take them out, drain, and let get nearly cold. Throw them into very hot fat, and plenty of it; keep them moving with a slice till they are well *souffléed* or swollen, and of a light-brown, which takes place almost immediately.

*Mashed Potatoes.*—Boil some potatoes, and pass them through a coarse hair sieve. Put them into a saucepan, with a good lump of butter, and salt to taste; add a little milk, and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as they get dry.

*Haricot Beans, with Tomatoes.*—Take a quantity of fresh haricot beans, being careful to get them all of an age. Boil them in plenty of salted water. Drain when done, and add to them as much tomato sauce as they will take, and also some finely-minced parsley.

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PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC.

*Preserved Quinces.*—Pare, quarter, and core the fruit, saving skins and cores. Put the quinces over the fire with just enough water to cover them, and simmer until perfectly tender, but do not let them break. Take out the fruit, and spread on dishes to cool; add the parings and cores to the water in which the quinces were boiled, and cook one hour; then strain through a jelly-bag, and to each pint of this liquor allow one pound of sugar. Boil and skim this; then put in the fruit, and boil fifteen minutes. Take it off the fire, and let it stand in a deep dish twenty-four hours. Then drain off the syrup, and let it boil again; put in the quinces, and boil fifteen minutes. Take out the fruit, and spread on dishes to cool; boil down the syrup thick; put the fruit in your jars until two-thirds full, then cover with the syrup.

*Apple Jelly.*—Take any quantity of green juicy apples, peel them, cut them in four, and put them into cold water; put them in a brass pan, cover them with water (cold), put in a piece of white ginger, cover them, and let them boil till they are soft; pour them into a flannel bag, and let it run till you have as much juice as you require. Allow a pound of lump sugar for every pint of juice, clarify and boil the sugar candy height, put it in the juice, and boil it for ten minutes; take a little drop in a saucer, set it to cool; if jellied, it is done; if not, boil it a little longer, and add a few drops of the essence of lemon.

*Pressed Apples.*—Choose some firm, sound apples, not too ripe, (those called stone pippins are the best); put them on a baking-tin in a slack oven, and leave them in all night. In the morning take them out and pinch them, one at a time, between your finger and thumb, working all around each. Put them into the oven again at night, and pinch them in the morning, and continue doing both until they are soft enough. Then place them between two boards, with a weight upon them, so as to press them flat, but not so heavy as to burst them, and let them dry slowly.

*To Preserve Strawberries.*—Be careful that the strawberries are large ones, and gathered on a fine, warm, dry day. Pick the fruit, weigh it, and put it into a saucepan only sufficiently on the fire to allow of the juice running out. When there is enough liquid to melt the sugar, add an equal weight, pounded pretty fine. Let it boil. Then boil for twenty minutes, stirring so as not to break the fruit. As there will be a great deal of liquid, this is easily avoided, if the spoon be wooden, and used gently to push the whole mass about.

*Orange Marmalade.*—Take twelve Seville oranges, cut them into thin slices, but do not skin them; take out the seeds, pour six quarts of spring-water over them, and let them stand for twenty-four hours; then boil slowly for two hours in the same water, after which add eight pounds of loaf-sugar, and boil for one hour and three-quarters. Before taking them off, add the juice of two lemons. This will make twelve pounds of marmalade.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

*Light Paste for Tarts and Cheesecakes.*—Beat the white of an egg to a strong froth; then mix it with as much water as will make three-quarters of a pound of fine flour into a stiff paste; roll it very thin, then lay the third part of half-pound of butter upon it in little bits; dredge it with some flour left out at first, and roll it up tight. Roll it out again, and put the same proportion of butter; and so proceed till all be worked up.

*German Toast.*—Cut thick slices of bread—bakers' is the best—dip them each side in milk enough to soften, then dip in beaten egg; put in a pan greased with just sufficient butter to fry; fry till brown as an omelet, then serve, well sprinkled with white sugar. Two eggs would be sufficient to dip nearly a dozen slices of bread. Like pancakes, the hotter the toast the better.

*Cream Dressing for Salad.*—Beat together thoroughly three raw eggs and six tablespoonfuls of cream, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one of mustard, one-half of black pepper, and one teacup of vinegar. Heat, stirring it constantly, until it thickens like boiled custard. If it boils, it will curdle. Let it cool, then mix with salad.

*Storing Ice in Feather Pillows.*—If you want to keep a lump of ice in summer, and have no cool place to put it, throw it into a stone pot, well covered, and put a couple of feather pillows securely fastened around the pot. It will last as ice *should* last, in this way, for two or three days. Feathers are a non-conductor of heat.

*Welsh Rarebit.*—Take a large cupful of finely grated cheese; having seasoned to taste, add a well-beaten egg, and mix with new milk to the consistency of thick cream; put it into a pan, and when just boiling, pour over hot buttered toast. We have never had it either curdled or stringy when made by this recipe.

## FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—AFTERNOON WATERING-PLACE DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is made with two deep side-plaited ruffles. The tunic opens over these in front, and is looped at the back, and finished with loops of blue watered ribbon. A band of the same ribbon covers where the long tight-fitting waist joins to the skirt. The waist has a shirred front, which extends to the point. Half sleeves, trimmed with a band of the watered ribbon, and crêpe lisse ruffles. Bonnet of Tuscan straw, trimmed with blue feathers and watered ribbon.

FIG. II.—AFTERNOON WATERING-PLACE DRESS, OF RASPBERRY-COLORED SURAH SILK. The bottom is trimmed with four ruffles of the white embroidered surah silk, now so fashionable. Above these flounces, the raspberry-colored surah is in very small puffings, in front; at the back, it falls in one loose puff, and a bow of wide raspberry-colored ribbon covers the joining on one side; on the other, the back puff falls over where the shirrings join. Three rows of the white embroidered surah form the top trimming of the dress below the cuirass waist. The sleeves are half-long, have a turned-up cuff, and are finished by a ruffle of the white embroidery. Fichu of white embroidered surah. Hat of Tuscan straw, trimmed with raspberry-colored ribbon, blue feathers, and dark-red flowers.

FIG. III.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, FOR A WATERING-PLACE. The skirt is of plain primrose-colored sateen, trimmed with ruffles. The drapery, which shows the plain ruffles of the sateen skirt, is also of primrose-colored sateen, but striped with a darker shade. This drapery is trimmed with white Russian embroidery, in colors. The Princess waist is also trimmed down the front with the embroidery, and has a bow of primrose-colored ribbon on the left side near the neck. Sleeves half-long, trimmed with the embroidery. Bonnet of white muslin, lined with primrose silk, and trimmed with white feathers and a bunch of pink roses.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, FOR THE MOUNTAINS. The skirt is of brown, thin summer camel's-hair, trimmed with three side-plaited flounces. The coat is of tweed, made double-breasted, and confined at the waist with broad leather band, with a large buckle. The cape, as well as the waist of the coat, is made with revers, so that it can be closed if needed, and has a large brown velvet collar. Habit skirt of white linen, and blue tie. Straw hat, turned up with blue.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, FOR THE MOUNTAINS, OF SLATE-COLORED FRENCH FOULÉ. The lower part of the skirt is in one deep side-plaited flounce, with a band of cardinal-red foulé inserted. The overdress falls in two scant puffs. The waist is round, and worn with a red belt, and has revers, so

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that it can be left open or closed at pleasure. Over the waist is worn a very deep collar, square at the back, but coming to a point just above the waist, and trimmed like the cuffs with cardinal-red foulé. Sailor hat, of dark-gray, with a band of cardinal-red ribbon.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF HOUSE OR OUT-DOOR COSTUME, OF FANCY SERGE. The skirt is kilted, and a scarf tunic, the straight way of the material, forms a full drapery at the back. The jacket bodice is cut away, in the casquine style, below the waist. The pocket and cuffs are of the material of the dress, and finished with machine-stitching. Pelerine cape and collar, of brown velvet, to be added for out-door wear.

FIG. VIII.—HAT, OF COARSE FANCY STRAW, trimmed with a large bow of brocaded ribbon.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF LILAC AND VIOLET PLAID SATEEN. The skirt is laid in large plaits, and beneath it is a narrow plaiting of plain violet sateen. The tunic forms a short drapery in front, and falls in loose folds at the back. Plain jacket waist, over which is worn a jacket of light almond-colored summer cloth. Straw hat, with almond-colored feathers.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN THIN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is laid in kilt-plaitings. The overdress opens over this kilt in front, falls in points at the sides, and is draped rather high at the back, with watered ribbon. A straight piece of kilt-plaiting also falls from where the overdress is looped at the back. Small bows of ribbon attach the pointed corners of the overdress to the skirt. Three rows of braid extend from the neck, at the back, to the drapery, and also ornament the sleeves. Collar, of dark-green velvet. Straw bonnet, lined with green velvet, and trimmed with short curled feathers, and a rosette of dark-green velvet.

FIG. XI.—HAT, OF COARSE STRAW, trimmed with lace, and studded at intervals with gold-headed pins.

FIG. XII.—DOLMAN, OF CHECKED SUMMER TWEED, trimmed with rows of worsted or metallic braid. The cape, which has dolman sleeves, is plaited in the centre as is the basque beneath it.

FIG. XIII.—BLACK LACE FICHU, FOR EVENING-WEAR. The lace is worked with jet beads.

FIG. XIV.—FRONT OF BREAKFAST-JACKET. This beautiful garment may be made of white nainsook, or of white, pale-blue, pink, or primrose-colored surah silk. The front is loose, and held in place with a ribbon band. The jacket is trimmed with lace.

FIG. XV.—PARASOL, OF DARK PRUNE-COLORED FIGURED SATIN, with swan's-bill handle, of ebonized wood.

FIG. XVI.—BASQUE, OF BLACK SPANISH LACE, trimmed with black Spanish lace and jet.

FIG. XVII.—FRONT OF A SKIRT. This skirt may be made of either white muslin or soft surah silk. It is laid in alternate rows of plaits and puffings of the material. The puffings are formed by rows of gatherings.

FIG. XVIII.—BACK OF BREAKFAST-JACKET, of which FIG. XIV is the front. It is gathered at the waist, forms a full basque, and is ornamented with a bow.

FIG. XIX.—PARASOL, OF ÉCRU-COLORED PLAID SILK, lined with brown, and having a Malacca handle.

FIG. XX.—BATHING-DRESS, OF BLUE FLANNEL, trimmed with dark-red flannel, pinked and cut out, so as to show the blue flannel underneath.

FIG. XXI.—BATHING-DRESS, OF WHITE FLANNEL, trimmed with a cross-stitch embroidery in red.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A combination of black and white, which was so popular some years ago, is again a good deal worn; but a black trimming on a white dress is more elegant than a white trimming on a black dress. In other words, the trimming should always be of the warmer tint. A blue bonnet is very beautiful with a pink rose on it; but a pink bonnet with a blue flower on it would look "spotty." Ginghams, lawns, and other cotton dresses, are either trimmed with ruffles and plaitings of the material, or with effective, but not expensive, Hamburg embroidery, that will wash well.

Pink is not accorded the prominence with which it was favored last year, but yet it is found valuable in stripes of palest tint, alternating with stripes of cream-color or sky-blue, upon which small floral designs are tastefully thrown. Some of the flowers are large, and freely scattered over the surface, leaving wide spaces uncovered in a way that will be highly effective on tall persons, but likely to exercise an apparently diminishing influence upon those who happen to be short. These sateens are much worn in combination with plain ones, and quantities of lace are used in trimming them, as was the case last year. Basques are diminishing, especially upon the hips, where the skirt trimmings are frequently carried up to the waist. Bodices are now usually finished with a plain piping, and the points front and back are not made nearly so long as they were.

Sleeves are gathered in to the bodice, so as to make the shoulders look high and square; and for a similar reason the seam on the top of the shoulder is cut very short. They are also cut tight, with occasional uncomfortable results, since it is only the highest art that can combine tightness of cut with a comfortable and easy fit. High shoulders are likely to remain in for some time. Yet they are not pretty.

It is quite impossible to describe the great variety of styles worn at present, a variety that is as great as the fancy of the wearer; but our colored plates, as well as our wood-cuts, are fac-similes of dresses now worn, and are so varied that all can be suited. Plainer dresses can easily be modeled from our plates. We do not invent fashions; we only give the popular styles.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

I have recently been shown some beautiful new materials for the coming autumn. Prominent among them is a heavily-corded silk, the cord being as large as those in the old-fashioned poplins. It is very glossy and soft, as well as thick, and is the same on both sides. This new and rich material comes in all the late fashionable colors: pale-blue, pink, and cream, as well as in the darker hues, such as garnet, myrtle green, marine-blue, chestnut-brown, etc. It is called Trocadero, and is to be made up with trimmings and ornaments of velvet.

Velvet-figured goods will also be extensively worn next season. In solid colors the ground will be a dead, rep-like fabric, and the velvet figure will be quite large. I have seen a pattern in black of this description, whereof the figure was a velvet vine-leaf of the natural size. These very large figures are to be made up with plain material for the corsage and part of the skirt. Another very rich style has a raised velvet figure on a shot silk ground, the figure being of one of the two shades of the groundwork. Thus a large round velvet spot in emerald-green adorns a shot green and gold groundwork, and a dark-crimson velvet leaf is relieved against a groundwork of crimson and pale-blue.

Shot or changeable fabrics are coming very much into favor, and will probably be extensively used next winter. Some beautiful tissues, shot with gold and silver, are being prepared for evening-wear. Pink and silver, and white and gold, will be the favorite combinations. A new and very vivid pale-green is amongst the newer colors, and looks well relieved with either silver or gold. Chené silks continue very



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popular; the latest styles show wide stripes of satin alternating with chené stripes. Fanciful moiré antiques in small checks and plaids have been introduced, but will be difficult to wear, as the material is too dressy for demi-toilette occasions, and the pattern renders it unfit for full dress.

The newest style of a street-suit has a redingote in changeable silk, reaching to the skirt hem behind. This is cut away in a square in front, so as to show a plaited skirt in surah, of the lighter of the two shades of the silk. A capote bonnet, with an immensely wide scarf in white tulle, crossing the back of the bonnet, and tied in a large bow under the chin, completes the costume. These dresses have a good deal of the Directoire style about them.

The pretty fashion of making up transparent muslins, colored as well as white, over colored silks, has become widely popular. Embroidered muslins look well over pale-pink, blue, or lilac silks, trimmed with satin ribbons to correspond. Made-over old-gold silk for a stylish brunette, an admixture of dark-crimson in the ribbons is admissible. Extremely pretty ball-dresses for young girls are made of narrow ruffles of dotted muslin, with buttonholed edges, covering a short skirt of pale-colored silk. The corsage is the round full waist known as a baby-waist, and is covered with dotted muslin, the narrow sleeves being formed of ruffling like that on the skirt. A piece of Valenciennes lace, lined with colored silk and put on flat, finishes the top of the corsage. A small cluster of flowers ornaments one side. The waist is encircled with a sash of very wide satin or watered ribbon, corresponding in hue with the underskirt. The newest cut for these low-necked baby-waists is to have them high on the shoulders and sloping down in a deep curve both back and front, a shape that is at once modest and becoming.

Many inquiries have been made respecting the probable revival of crinoline; but so far, the innovation stops short at the re-introduction of the bustle. French dressmakers now set a curved piece of steel skirt-spring into their dress-skirts, about three inches below the waistband. The best form of "crinolette," as our cousins across the Channel call it, is in the shape of a regular petticoat in domestic muslin. It buttons up the front, and at the back has ten steel springs, set in casings, and commencing below the waist. These springs may be withdrawn when the article is washed. The back of the skirt is finished with two flounces of English embroidery, which are buttoned on, so that they may be removed and washed separately if desired. This very neat and elaborate article of underwear gives an exceptionally graceful set to the dress-skirt.

Hats and bonnets are worn in every shape, style, and fashion imaginable. The prevailing colors are dark; light-tinted hats or bonnets being seldom seen. Some new trimmings have been introduced for fall wear; namely, the larger-sized fruits and even vegetables. I was shown, at Virot's, lately, a handsome dark-brown metallic-straw hat, with a wide brim, caught up at one side, and trimmed and lined with dark-brown velvet. Just above the looped side was placed a branch of an apricot tree, with three full-sized apricots upon it. Dark-blue plums, lady-apples, small peaches, and green-gages, also adorn fashionable headgear. The artificial vegetables have not "taken," though clusters of radishes or of small scarlet tomatoes have been placed with good effect on black straw bonnets trimmed with black velvet. This, however, is only an eccentricity of fashion.

Suits of lady's cloth are shown for fall wear, in addition to cashmere, though this is not so much worn as before. Silver-gray cloth and fawn-color are used for more dressy occasions, and dark or small checked cloths for everyday wear.

A curious effect of the rage for undressed kid gloves is shown in the price which the long glazed kid gloves are now sold for. I have seen the best quality of Bon Marché gloves, twenty-two button length, sold for prices ranging from two dollars and forty cents to seventy cents.

Bonnets and hats are very cheap in Paris, just now: that is to say, the dark straw poke, or shade hats. Lined with velvet, and trimmed with silk lace and satin ribbon matching the hue of the straw, and with crushed roses or field-flowers, these really pretty and stylish hats may be bought at the large dry-goods stores for from four to five dollars, according to the style of trimming.

It is reported that blue will be the favorite color for the coming season: dark-blue for the street, the brilliant demi-tints for dinner or reception-dress, and the delicate, pale shades for evening-wear.

The very latest style of hat is the Mousquetaire. It has a low-set crown, and a very narrow turned-up brim. It looks a good deal like the low-crowned riding-hats that were popular some years ago. It comes in dark straw, to match the costume wherewith it is to be worn; and is trimmed with velvet of the same color as the straw, and with cocks' feathers.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF WHITE FLANNEL, with blue flannel sailor collar and cuffs. The blouse jacket, as well as the collar and cuffs, are trimmed with white braid. The trousers are loose, with buttons on the side seam. Sailor hat, trimmed with blue ribbon, with anchors embroidered on the ends.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S SUMMER WRAP, OF LIGHT-GRAY TWEED. The skirt is attached to the bodice with several rows of gatherings. A thick dark-blue ribbon reaches from the sides, and ties in a bow in the front. The cape has a large dark-blue collar of summer cloth, and the cuffs are of the same material. Bonnet of gray lawn, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S COSTUME, OF WHITE PIQUÉ. The collar, cape, cuffs, and pockets, are all trimmed with rich embroidery. The back of the pelisse is gathered at the waist. This suit would be very beautiful made of white cloth, or of light-blue or pearl-colored opera flannel.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S HAT, OF COARSE STRAW, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with white satin ribbon and field flowers.

FIG. V.—BOY'S HAT, OF BROWN STRAW.


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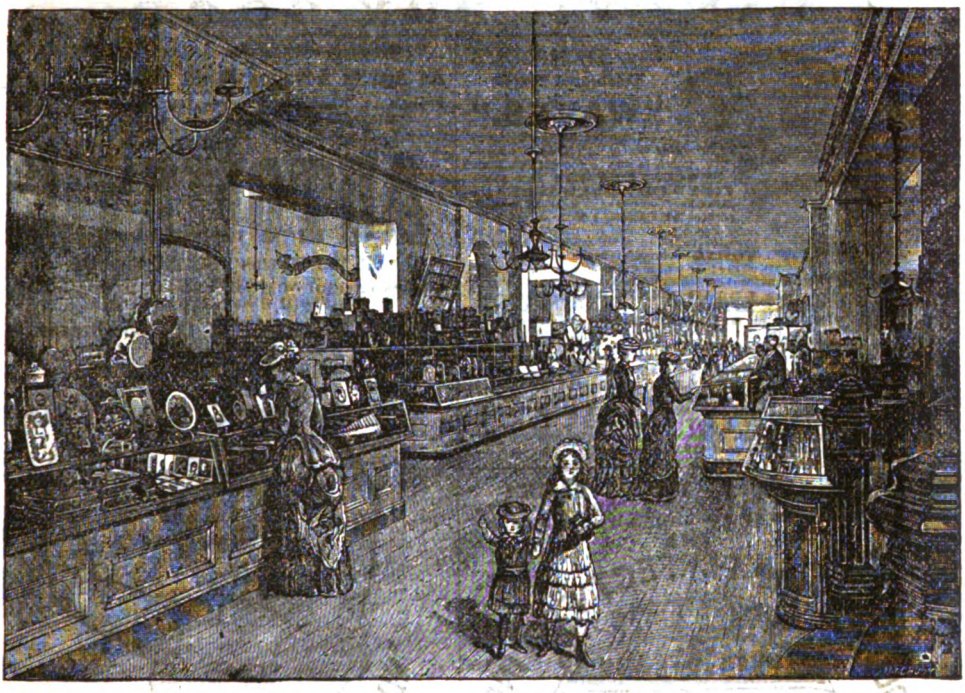

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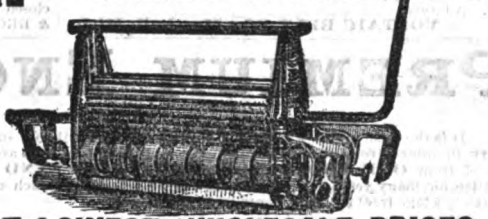

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I desire the following described Pipe-top Beethoven Organ introduced among the readers of this Magazine without delay, so that all can see and appreciate its wonderful merits and stop combination effects. Now, if you will REMIT ME **Ninety-four ($94.00,) Dollars,** I will ship you this Organ immediately, and send you a receipted bill in full for **$109.75,** which is the regular and only price at which this Organ is sold. The price will soon be advanced to **$144.75,** on account of the increase in the price of labor and materials used in its construction.

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Very truly yours, **DANIEL F. BEATTY.**

Dated, Washington, New Jersey, August 1st., 1882.

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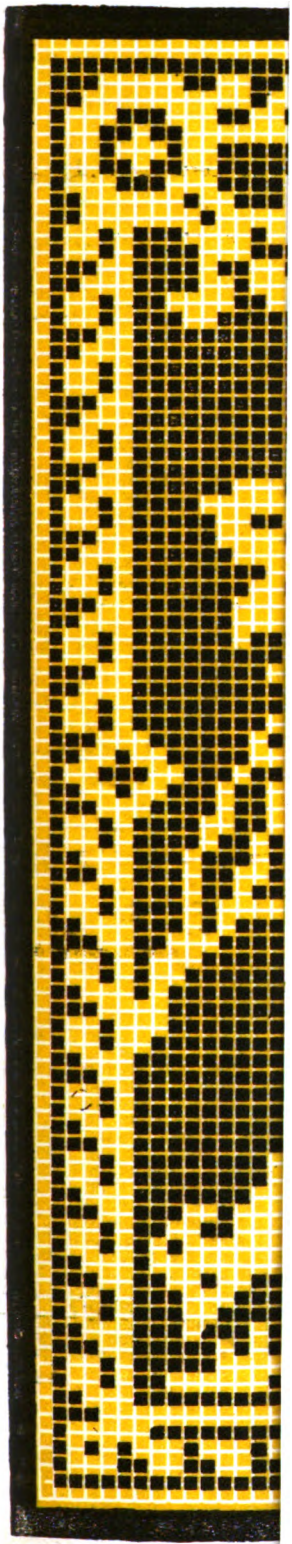

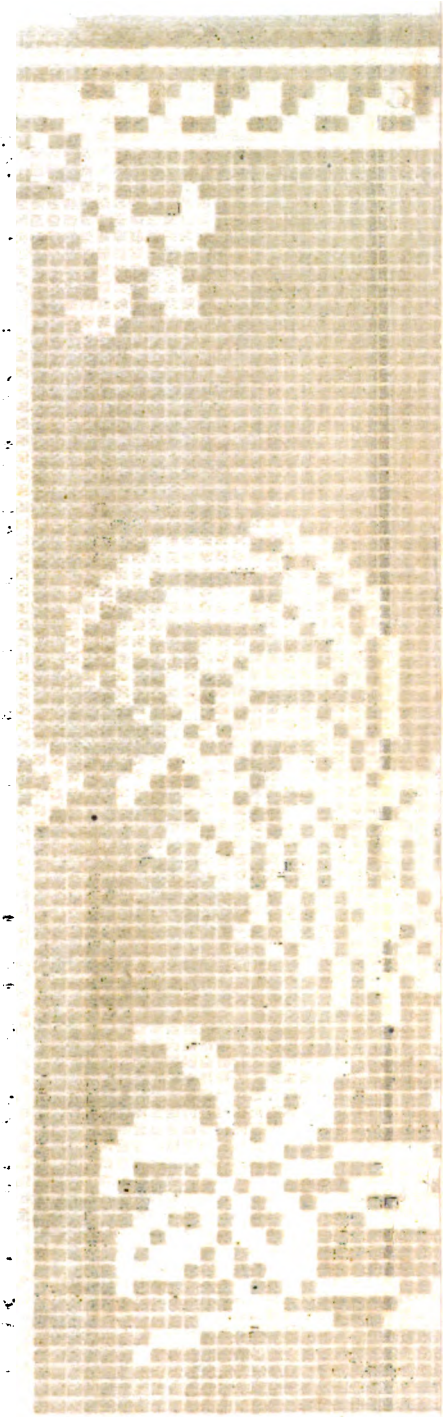

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**BY THE RIVER SIDE.** [*See the Story, "Sidney Herbert's Decision."*]

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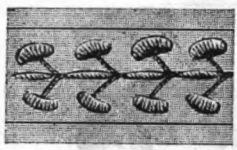

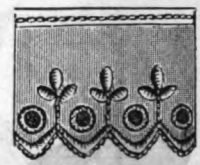

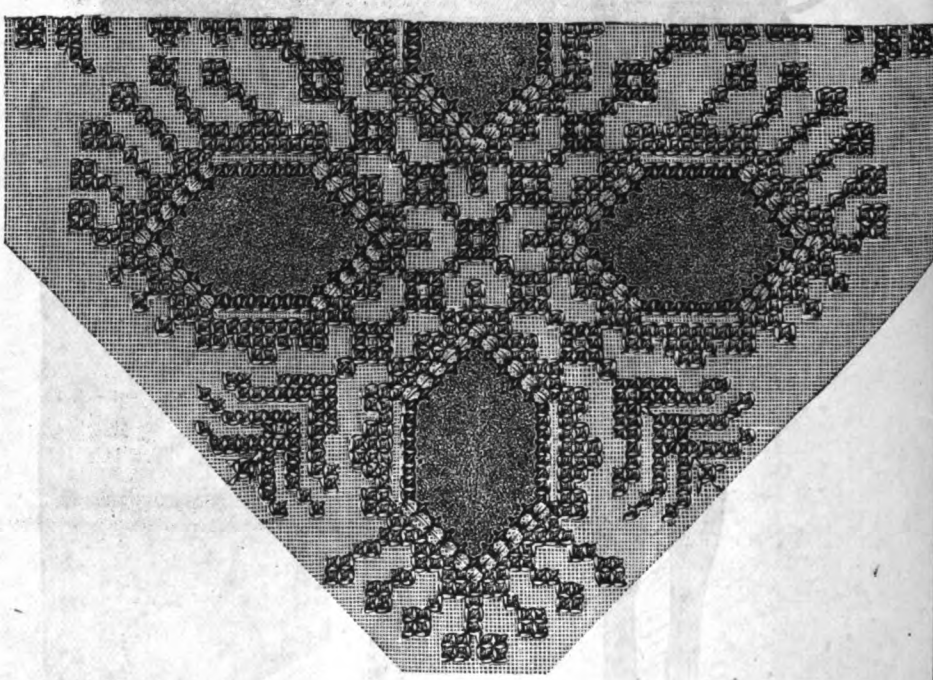

SLIPPER IN CROSS-STITCH COLORED EMBROIDERIES: INSERTION, INITIALS, EDGING.

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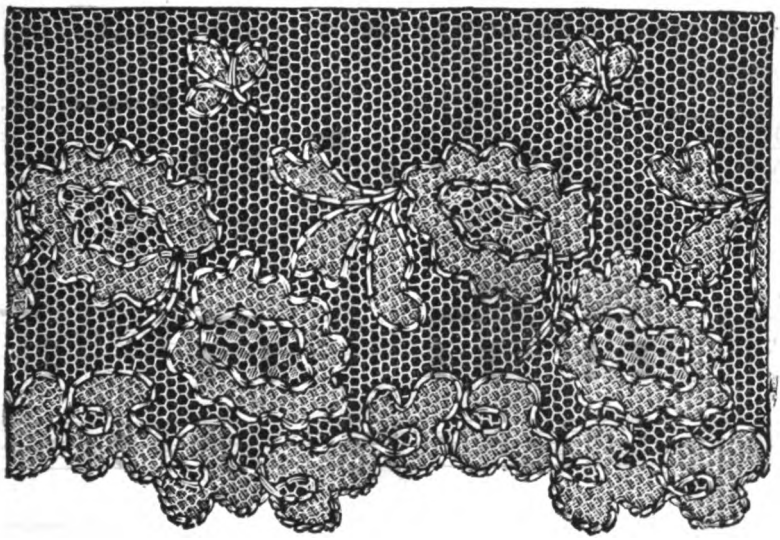

LACE, WITH GOLD THREAD. DESIGNS IN OUTLINE-STITCH.

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# The Bright Waves are Dancing.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

FRANZ ABT. 517. No. 5.

*Lively.* *mf*

1. The bright waves are danc - ing, the bright waves are danc - ing, The white foam is leap - ing so high, so high, The branch - es' are wav - ing the
2. The clouds they are rov - ing, the clouds they are rov - ing, And o'er the sun's bright face they race, they race, The leaves that have fall - en, the
3. For noth - ing is i - dle, for noth - ing is i - dle, To - geth - er then let us run, jump, and sing, Thro' green woods and mead - ows, thro'

*mf* *p*

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branch-es are wav - ing, So grace - ful - ly nod - ding's the
leaves that have fall - en, So mer - ri - ly af - ter each
green woods and mead - ows, We'll rove while our voi - ces so

beau - ti ful rye, So grace - ful - ly nod - ding's the
oth - er do chase, So mer - ri - ly af - ter each
loud - ly shall ring, We'll rove while our voi - ces so

beau - ti - ful rye.
oth - er do chase.
loud - ly shall ring.

*sf* *p*

*sf* *p*

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FALL BONNET.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1882. No. 3.

## DOT'S "FAREWELL."

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THE Fossbrookes had one of the loveliest country houses within fifty miles of New York. It was a long, low, rambling affair, indeed; most of it only one story high; but it was picturesque as well as comfortable; and it was especially dear to Mr. Fossbrooke, for it had belonged to the family for several generations, and was full, therefore, of associations. Mr. Fossbrooke was a merchant of New York; but as his country home was close to a railroad, he was in the habit of going to the city every morning and returning every evening; and this even in winter.

One morning, Mr. Fossbrooke was astonished to hear his wife declare that she must go to Saratoga, that summer. Heretofore, the family had remained at home all the year, and had entertained no ambitions beyond it. In fact, nothing could induce Mr. Fossbrooke himself to leave the dear old place. He ventured, therefore, to express his surprise.

"Surprised, you say?" retorted Mrs. Fossbrooke, throwing back the lace lappets of her breakfast-cap. "I can't see why. Men far poorer send their wives and daughters to Saratoga. The truth is, you are too mean."

"Oh, mamma, mamma, how can you say so?" cried Dot, the youngest of the three daughters.

"I was addressing your father, not you," replied the mother, severely. "I repeat, Mr. Fossbrooke, there is no possible excuse for refusing to let us go to Saratoga, save your unwillingness to see your money spent."

"I think it is spent fast enough, my dear," replied the merchant, pushing back his plate. "At any rate, our expenses threaten to exceed our income, at present. I have always done the best I could for my family, and am willing to do so still; but—"

"Don't expect us to mope to death in this stupid country place from one year's end to another," interrupted Mrs. Fossbrooke. "We want some recreation, as well as other people."

"To be sure you do, and I am willing you should have it, to the utmost limit of my means—"

"To be frank," answered Mrs. Fossbrooke, interrupting, "I've a special object in view—a special reason for wishing to go to Saratoga this season; something over and above my own personal enjoyment." And as her husband lit a



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cigar, and prepared to leave for the train, she followed him, adding, when they were alone: "I am thinking of your daughters. Wouldn't you like to see them well married before you die?"

"Oh, yes; but at the same time, I don't believe in husband-hunting."

"I do, then, if you choose to put it in that coarse and vulgar way, my dear. I desire to

see my girls well married, and I intend to make any and every sacrifice in order to give them good opportunities. I had a letter from my sister, last week, and she tells me that Saratoga has unusual attractions, this season. Young Dukehart and Harry Mordaunt are both to be there—millionaires, as you know, my dear; and," she added, significantly, "Belle and Julie are such pretty, attractive girls."

"And how about Dot?" laughed Mr. Fossbrooke.

His wife shrugged her graceful shoulders, as she replied:

"Dot's too young, my dear; she must not be pushed forward until her sisters are provided for. We must prevail upon her to remain at home."

"That's as she says, my dear," said the merchant, dryly. "She shan't be put off and kept back any longer. Dot's the jewel of the family."

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Some days later, Mr. Fossbrooke put a roll of bills in his wife's hand.

"This is all I can do, Clara," he said. "You'll have to divide it up, and make it go as far as you can."

Mrs. Fossbrooke looked gravely dubious, as she counted over the notes; but finally decided, to use her own expression, that "half a loaf was better than no bread at all."

When Mr. Fossbrooke reached the lawn, next morning, on his way to the station, Dot followed him.

"I've something to say to you, please, papa," she said. "I don't want to go to Saratoga."

"Why, Dot, what's the matter?" he cried, turning to face her. "Has your mother—"

"No, no, papa," she interrupted, eagerly. "Mamma hasn't said a word; but I can't go and leave you here all alone. I shall stay at home, and be your housekeeper." And despite her father's remonstrances, Dot kept her word.

Mrs. Fossbrooke and her two daughters had been at Saratoga about a fortnight, when, on a certain bright afternoon, Dot went out to meet her father at the depot. She walked briskly down the green lane, the blue ribbons of her broad hat fluttering in the breeze, until she reached the edge of a wood, near the station. Here she sat down, in the shade, to wait. Suddenly, at her side, she saw a hideous serpent, its tawny head erect, its eyes glowing like jewels, its forked tongue protruding, just ready to strike.

One shrill cry of mortal terror broke from her whitening lips, and then she fell forward, like one dead; while the serpent, with a hiss, slid nearer. Fortunately, a young gentleman, fishing in the stream above the ridge, heard the cry; and in another breath, he was crashing downward through the underbrush.

He took in the situation at a glance. It was the work of one moment to seize the reptile by the throat, and hurl it far down into the ravine below; of another, to catch up the lovely, and unconscious girl in his strong arms.

Just then, the train came thundering up, slackened speed, and Mr. Fossbrooke jumped off.

"Why, Dukehart!" he cried. Then, suddenly, and in a voice of horror: "Great heavens! What has happened to my child?"

The young man explained, in a few words; and then resigning Dot to her father, hurried back to the stream to fill his hat with water. He was leaning over her, while her father bathed her face, when she recovered from her swoon. She blushed rosy-red, and grew still more embarrassed when she understood all that had happened.

"I am sorry to have caused so much trouble," she said, still trembling and clinging to her father; "but oh, papa, it was so dreadful. I—I—can't—please, papa, you must thank the gentleman for me."

"Dukehart, you'll take the thanks for granted, and come home with us to dinner," said Mr. Fossbrooke; and the young gentleman seemed well satisfied with the arrangement.

"I thought you were spending the summer at Saratoga, Mr. Dukehart," remarked the merchant, sitting with his guest on the portico, while Dot changed her walking-costume for a dinner-dress with a train; for the Fossbrookes always dined late, after Mr. Fossbrooke had returned from town.

"That was my intention," responded the other, "but I found a second season there almost too much of a good thing; and so I took Frenchman's leave, last week."

"My wife and daughters are at Saratoga," said Mr. Fossbrooke, dryly.

"Oh, ten thousand pardons. I really had no idea. I remember the name now—"

"No matter," interrupted the merchant, rising. "There goes the dinner-bell, and we mustn't keep Dot waiting."

"Didn't I understand you to say that your daughters were at Saratoga, Mr. Fossbrooke?" inquired Mr. Dukehart, when the two were seated at the dinner-table.

"Yes, my two elder girls," said the merchant. "Dot, there," glancing fondly towards the foot of the table, "preferred to stay at home, and keep house for her old father."

The guest was silent. The experience was a novel one. He had seen much of the world, and a good deal of our sex; but he had never before seen a young lady who preferred housekeeping to Saratoga. He had been struck with Dot's beauty, in the woods; but now, in her dinner-dress, she looked lovelier than ever.

From that evening began the dream of Dot's life. Never before had she met anyone so handsome, so accomplished, so sympathetic, as Mr. Dukehart. Hardly a day passed, but that, on some pretext or other, he contrived to make a call. The morning after the accident, he surprised her in the garden, where she was gathering roses still wet with dew; and the garden, after that, became their favorite resort. Very soon, he seemed to have become a part of Dot's existence: he was her hero, her knight of chivalry. Yet she was not conscious of the meaning of it all, until, one morning, during an early call, he told her that his holiday was up, and that he was going away, perhaps that very evening. The pang which this intelligence gave

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her was intensified by the thought which flashed on her at once, that, if he really wished to stay, he need not go; for she knew he was out of business: "a gentleman of leisure," as her father had said. "No," she gasped, when he had left, now fully awake to the state of her heart, "he has only been amusing himself; he cares nothing for me: oh! what a fool I have been."

She went up to her room, and there fought out her fight. It was a bitter, passionate hour; one of utter, hopeless renunciation. At last, as the afternoon wore on, she rallied, with a brave heart, and dressed for dinner. She gathered up her abundant tresses in a knot at the back of her head, and selected one of her most bewitching costumes: a simple, tight-fitting gown of a dark color, and with a tasteful fichu about her shoulders. "Papa likes to see me prettily dressed," she said, "and he mustn't guess at my sorrow: I will be gayer than ever." As the time for his train had not arrived, however, she went out into the garden, with her sketching materials, to finish a drawing she was making, in chalks, of the lichen-tinted stone wall, said to be half a century old. But she could not bring her attention to it. Her thoughts, in spite of her, would wander. She found herself recalling the pleasant walks she had taken with Mr. Dukehart; the afternoons spent in boating; the evenings over music. She drew a long sigh. "Alas," she said to herself, "they are all gone, gone forever. Why couldn't he have left me alone? Till

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he came, I was happy. He will never, never return. That is what he meant. Farewell, farewell, to it all."

She had left her easel, and gone to look at the texture of the stones in the wall, the better to reproduce them in her sketch; and now, unconsciously, she began, with her chalk pencil, to write on the wall the word:

"FAREWELL, FAREWELL."

Suddenly, a footstep, approaching eagerly, startled her. She looked around. Dukehart himself was before her.

"Farewell, farewell," he said, reading aloud what she had written. His face fell. Then he went on, passionately: "Oh, I hope—I hope that is not meant for me," and his voice trembled with anxiety. "I went to town this morning, after I left you, to see your father. If my mission had failed, I could never have returned. But he has brought me back with him. He has given me leave to plead my suit in person."

Dot, by this time, was crimson to her forehead, and was trembling so she could hardly stand. She glanced up shyly at him as he stood before her, with his hat off, and his head bowed deprecatingly. He caught the glance, and read hope in it; and went on, more passionately than ever, as he seized her little fluttering hand: "He has given me leave to ask for this dear little hand. Oh, Dot, don't say no: that would kill me. I have loved you, dear, ever since that day in the woods; only more and more every day. Won't you take pity on me—a little, just a little, Dot?"

That the answer was not unfavorable, we well know; and never was a happier dinner-party than that which followed, half an hour after.

"Well, my dear, I hope you've enjoyed yourself at Saratoga," said Mr. Fossbrooke, a week later, sitting with his wife on the afternoon of her return home.

"Well, no, Alfred," answered the lady, with a jaded look, "I can't say that I have. The girls enjoyed it, of course; but we were terribly cramped for means; and after all—well, nothing has come of it. The season has been rather a failure. Harry Mordaunt is engaged to Clara Beckwith; and young Dukehart left almost immediately after our arrival, so that we didn't even make his acquaintance."

"Yes, he's been spending some time in this neighborhood."

"What? Tom Dukehart, the millionaire?"

"The same, my dear. He has been a daily visitor in this house for the last month."

"Alfred! And you didn't let me know! Oh, I've no patience with your stupidity. I could have brought the girls home, at a moment's warning."

"My dear wife, I wouldn't have spoiled your pleasure for the world," answered the merchant, with twinkling eyes. "Besides, there was no necessity whatever. Dot is the very queen of housekeepers. And by the way, my dear, I've a bit of news for you. She's engaged to Dukehart."

"Dot?"

"Yes, my dear, Dot."

"Good heavens! Why, they say he's worth two or three millions, Alfred."

"What of that, my dear? The value of a girl like Dot is far above rubies. And moreover, she's one that, if she didn't love, would never marry a man, even if he had twenty millions."

## SEPARATED.

BY LUELLA M. NICKUM.

When night's purple curtain
  Falls over the hill,
When soft sounds the plaint
  Of the lone whipporwill,
When out from the west
  Fades the last rosy flame,
'Tis then, in the twilight,
  I whisper your name.

When nature is hushed,
  Save the wandering breeze,
Which murmurs sweet secrets
  To answering trees;
When blossoms are bending
  'Neath burdens of dew,
This sweetest of seasons
  Is sacred to you.

'Tis then I lose sight
  Of the world and its strife;
The years since we parted
  Drop out of my life,
And I stand, once again,
  Where I stood on that day,
When the twilight changed all
  Of life's gold into gray.

You whispered "good-night,"
  But the morn cometh late;
For the welcome and greeting
  Not long must I wait.
The stream that divides us
  Is growing less wide,
And some sunny day
  I will stand by your side.



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# ANCIENT GREEK FASHIONS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Fig. 1, Chiton. Fig. 2, Diploidon.

THERE have been many changes in fashions since the world began; but they have not been, after all, as radical as might be supposed. The women of ancient Greece, if we yield to first impressions, seemed to have dressed altogether at variance from what their sisters of to-day do. Yet, when we make allowances for the difference between a warm climate and a cold one, between Athens and Paris, there was not, after all, such an essential diversity.

In coming to this conclusion, we are not forced to rely entirely on the figures painted on antique vases, nor on marble statues even; for these might be thought to represent only the idealized costume of the women of ancient Greece. Fortunately, there have come down to us, in a series of terra-cotta figures, unearthed in Bœotia in the present century, realistic figures of both men and women, but principally women, which reproduce the every-day fashions of nearly three thousand years ago; precisely as Rogers, in his terra-cotta groups of our time, follows the fashions of this nineteenth century.

The discovery of these Bœotian terra-cottas deserves a word in passing. In the second decade of this century, it began to be known that in certain parts of Northern Greece tombs had been opened, in which were found terra-cotta figures that had evidently been placed there when the graves were closed, between two thousand and three thousand years ago. A few of these figures found their way into the hands of collectors in Western Europe as early as 1835. A notice of them, with colored illustrations, by Theodore Panofka, was published in that year in Paris. Further researches greatly increased the number of the figures disinterred. Most of them were unearthed on the site of the ancient Tanagra, a city existing at the time of Homer, and mentioned by him, though long since deserted and in ruins. It was a place of great celebrity, even as late as Augustus Cæsar, however; and produced many distinguished persons, among them Corinna, the poetess. From the comparatively small size of the figures, and from the name of the place where so many have been found, they have been called "Tanagra Figurenes."

The figures are from seven to nine inches high, and differ very much in artistic excellence, some being quite rude, and others of considerable ideal as well as technical merit. They are evidently likenesses of deceased persons, and wear the ordinary dress of their time, in which latter fact consists their principal value archæologically, for they settle the once disputed point as to whether the costumes we see on vases, or in the statues of the Greek goddesses, were or were not

Fig. 3, Diploidon. Fig. 4, Diploidon.



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idealized. It is plain, from these figures, that they were not.

Many of the statuettes were originally colored, for the traces of color remain, here and there, on them. The women wear sky-blue girdles, or

Figs. 5 and 6, CHITONION.

have gilded embroideries, or their hair is tinted of a red auburn. The different fabrics of which their dresses were composed, whether linen or woolen, are easily distinguishable in the clay.

From these figurines, as well as from antique marble statues, we learn that the essential parts of a woman's dress have changed but little in three thousand years. The principal garments worn by Greek ladies, as far back even as prehistoric times, were the "Chiton" and the "Himation" Under one shape or another, but always radically the same, these appear continually. But their gradual development into parts of an ornamental costume is due to the taste of the Hellenic race. Yet however altered in cut and material, they still form, to the present day, the essential items of a woman's dress. Originally, as we have said, the "chiton" consisted of an oblong piece of woolen or linen, folded lengthwise, with a hole for the left arm, and the open side fastened on the right shoulder with a button or pin. A girdle or belt adjusted the ample folds of this simple garment to the figure, and allowed the arrangement of any surplus length as fall-over (see Fig. 1). At a later period, two oblong pieces of cloth or linen were fastened together on both shoulders and on the sides, with openings for the arms. The next step in the development of the chiton was to double it from the neck, and thus form a second drapery, either short and girded as in Fig. 2, or hanging loose to the knees, and even to the ankles on occasions of ceremony, as shown in Figs. 3 and 4. This arrangement was called "diploidon;" but soon became a separate item of attire under the name of "chitonion," a sleeveless jacket, on which the most elaborate ornamentation of embroidery and braiding was lavished (Figs. 5, 6 and 8).

The "himation" or mantle, worn by men and women, consisted of a large square of the finest Milesian cloth, embroidered at the borders and corners, and artistically draped over one shoulder, the arms, the hips, and sometimes over the head. (Fig. 7.) No girdle was used with the himation, and the great art was to arrange the shawl-like mantle in graceful folds over the chiton and chitonion. The chlamys was another kind of mantle, adopted from the Macedonians—an oblong or circular wrapper, of a coarse material, principally worn by men on journeys.

In very early times, wool and linen formed the exclusive dress materials with the Greeks, and white was their favorite color. Samos and Miletus were famous for the manufacture of woolen stuffs, and the islands of Kos and Amorgos produced the finest gauze-like sericum or silk; but even Homer knew already of the richly-brocaded textiles from Persia, and of the garments dyed

Fig. 7, HIMATION. Fig. 8, CHITONION.

with Phœnician purple. At a later period, cotton was introduced for cheaper garments.

In addition, sandals and shoes held a prominent place amongst the ornamental dress items of a Greek lady. The bands which fastened the

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sole to the foot are described by Homer as "shining and golden;" and the half-boots from Lydia and Tyrrhene were of brightly-colored leather, studded with gold ornaments, and embroidered with pearls.

And yet the head-dress, and the manner in which the hair was arranged, would scarcely have found favor with modern critics. A fringe of curls, to make the forehead appear as low as possible, and the remainder of the hair brushed back to form a sort of apex with a topknot, is decidedly unbecoming to most faces; and curious bandages, nets, and caps, which kept the arrangement in its place, cannot be considered as an improvement. Only when a diadem and veil were worn, the modern idea of a classical head is fully realized. False hair was quite general.

The personal ornaments of Greek ladies were of the choicest workmanship. They consisted principally of shoulder fibulas; of large rings in the shape of coiling serpents, worn on the upper arm and at the ankles; of necklaces, ornamented with pearls and precious stones; of eardrops, and ornamental hairpins. These ornaments are continually found in tombs, and their beauty excites the envy of the modern jeweler. The toilette utensils were of the most varied description, and worked into artistic shapes, especially the metal mirrors. Although feather fans and sun-shades were known, gloves were not.

An attempt was made, in Paris, during the first French Revolution, to revive the costume of ancient Greece, but it had only a temporary success, and indeed did not deserve more.

Fig. 9, Greek Headdresses and Coiffures.

# BROWN FURROWS AND GOLDEN GRAIN

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

The spring-time's early dawns are o'er,
  The summer's burning suns have set,
And high above the ripening vales
  The cooling autumn winds are met.
We bare our brows, our idle hands
  And weary feet find rest at last,
And from the height, with dreamy eyes,
  We retrospect the eager past.

Where once the long brown furrows lay,
  Where erst we plodded, faint and slow,
And sowed the seed so wearily,
  Now lies the golden harvest's glow.
No more we see the furrows brown,
  No more we feel the burning noon;
To ripened sheaves our wheat has grown,
  And life hangs out its harvest moon.

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# SIDNEY HERBERT'S DECISION.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE scene where our story opens was Merton Academy, one of those schools for boys and girls alike which are so common in America, and especially in the Middle States.

Three principal rooms were thrown together to-night, and the tables decorated with flowers and engravings and materials for games of divers sorts, in place of lesson books. Altogether, the chambers had quite a festive appearance.

The doors opened, and the girls came trooping in, in knots of three and four; and just as the clock struck eight, appeared the first instalment of masculine visitors, from the other department of the Academy: one of the male teachers, and half a dozen youths of sixteen and eighteen. Then followed more boys, then the last of the girls, and then the principal of the school: a tall, grave-looking man, with a pale, dark face, and features as delicately cut as a cameo, though full of strength and force: a man to whom one would perhaps have given five-and-thirty years, though he was only twenty-nine.

There were about fifty people by the time the whole school was assembled, and then arrived a number of other guests, some of the parents living in the village, the two clergymen, the doctor, and the lawyer, and a white-haired old gentleman, who had once been talked of as a probable candidate for the Governor of the State.

"A pretty sight, Mr. Morefield, a very pretty sight," pronounced Mr. Holbrooke, the old gentleman aforesaid. He laid his hand impressively on the principal's arm, and added: "A very remarkable young lady is Miss Herbert—perhaps one of the most remarkable I have ever met—we are fortunate in having so good a lady principal.

Mr. Morefield looked at Miss Herbert, as she moved about, the centre and life of the whole company, finding amusement for everybody, managing to lend courage to the shyest and animation to the dullest; and as he looked, he wondered, that, while giving her the palm for elegance, he had to a certain extent ignored the fact that she was beautiful. Yes, very beautiful. He remembered that when she first arrived to take her place in his school, he had been afraid that she was, to use a homely phrase, "too fine for her position," and almost inclined to believe that her becoming a teacher had been a caprice, which would soon wear out. But to-day, an accident had unexpectedly revealed to him the history of her past.

"She has worked wonders with the boys and girls," Mr. Holbrooke went on. "I declare, I think their demeanor would be hard to beat. I own, when she persuaded you to start this kind of party-giving business once a month, I was rather doubtful—being an old-fashioned chap—but it answers admirably."

Mr. Morefield did not think it necessary to confess that he had been quite as doubtful.

"Between you, you have built us up an institution to be proud of, Morefield," said Mr. Holbrooke.

They were interrupted by the beginning of a little music. Several glees were sung, and well sung, by the boys and girls; several others acquitted themselves more than creditably in solos and instrumental pieces; and Miss Herbert herself was persuaded to sing once, selecting a lovely old English ballad, which she sang in a marvelously trained voice, not very powerful, but singularly sweet, with a pathos which went to every heart.

"You are not doing your duty," said Miss Herbert, playfully, coming up to Mr. Morefield. "You are one of our chief guests—a lion, in fact—and must behave accordingly."

He would have been very well content to stand there and talk with her; but she laid her hand in his arm and led him away to a group of the elder girls, stopping long enough to start a merry conversation, so that they might recover from any shyness or nervousness attendant upon trying to talk to the master as they would to an ordinary gentleman. Then she speedily became the centre of a knot of boys of various ages, whose animation and laughter soon showed how completely she had caused them to forget unpleasant suspicions, common to their years, of possessing too many elbows, or the feeling that all eyes must be cognizant of each movement.

When the clock struck ten, there was a general leave-taking. After all were gone, Miss Herbert walked on into the further room, to put away some engravings lying on a table, and Mr. Morefield followed her.

"I have never told you how gratified I have been also by the success of your experiment," he



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said, as he aided her in arranging the portfolios. Then he stood silent, while she disposed of the last of the engravings and prepared to go. "I wish," he began, abruptly, as she took up her handkerchief and fan, "I mean, I should like—"

Then he stopped again. This hesitation was so foreign to his habit, that Miss Herbert looked up in surprise.

"Well?" she asked, with a smile. "Have you some change in our programme to propose?"

"No, no. I couldn't think of any suggestions to make," he said, quickly, "and if I could, I should not venture—your plans are all too perfect for anybody to interfere."

"See the effects of party-going and worldly dissipation," cried she, laughing. "That exaggerated compliment is much more in the style of a young society dandy than a philosopher."

"I am as little of one as the other," he answered, smiling good-humoredly at her raillery. "I meant that I wished you should know how thorough justice I do to your talents, your winning manners, and the good you have done here in the school," he said, eagerly.

She was grave enough now, and her voice softened musically, as she answered:

"I thank you very much for telling me that I have been of some use. To be certain of that, I should consider sufficient reward for much harder labors."

"You work very hard," he said, as if a new thought had struck him; "I am afraid too hard—I fear also I haven't thought as much about it as I ought."

"I like it," she said, "and I don't find that I have too much on my hands; for that matter, I work no harder than you."

"Ah, there's a difference—"

"Please," she interrupted, "don't begin reminding me you are a man, and I a woman—that always makes me impatient."

"The difference I meant was that I am used to work, and till you came here, you were not."

She started, but added, lightly: "Don't mortify my vanity, by telling me you discovered that by any awkwardness or inaptitude."

"A woman double your age, who had taught for a quarter of a century, could not have surpassed you from the first," he said, warmly. "It is that which makes it all so wonderful to me, now I know the exact truth."

"But I haven't told you I never taught before—"

"And I accepted what seems the general theory here," he interrupted, "that you had been governess in some family in Europe; had been brought up there, in fact, which accounted for your speaking several languages with as much ease as your own."

"More compliments," said she, playfully, though somewhat disturbed. "I can't stop to listen any longer, however."

"Just a word. I only heard to-day what your past had been. A friend I had not heard from for months wrote to me. I had mentioned your name—I hope you are not annoyed at my knowing?" he broke off in his speech.

"No. Why should I be? I will ask a favor of you, though—not to tell anybody. I hate to be gossiped and wondered about," she said.

"It is marvelous," he said, as if thinking aloud. "Reared almost as some fairy princess might have been, flung so suddenly from the very extreme of luxury; for it was sudden?"

"Very," she answered, simply.

"And it must have been so short a time since. My friend wrote that he met you in Europe less than eighteen months since."

"It is just a year ago, to-day, since the news reached me," she said, with a slow, sweet smile. "I got the news one day, and had thought it all out by the next. When you have to act quickly, you must think quickly. I could not be a singer, because my voice, though good and well trained, was not strong enough; but I could teach languages, and music, and ologies, sufficient to make my way. But now I must say good-night."

He held the taper fingers, extended to him, for an instant in his, as he answered:

"I don't know how to express my admiration and respect for your character, Miss Herbert. You won't think me impertinent for wanting to make you feel it?"

So they parted. Miss Herbert went up to her room, and Mr. Morefield bent his steps towards the now dark, silent academy, on the upper floor of which he slept. The low vibrating tones of Sidney's voice kept ringing in his ears; the soft sweep of her dress haunted him; the very touch of the fingers he had grasped for an instant was as palpable as if they rested in his palm still.

It did not occur to him, as yet, that he was in love with her. He had always regarded such sentiment as a thing apart from his life. It was fitting enough for others—pretty to read about in a poem; but he was never to have anything to do with it.

In the solitude of her chamber, Sidney Herbert also sat, for awhile, thinking of the change from the past year. She recalled the happy days of her girlhood. Left an orphan when still too young to feel her loss, she had been educated abroad, under the charge of a reliable middle-aged governess, who subsequently became her

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companion and friend. As Sidney's fortune was very large, a villa had been taken for them on the Thames; and there they had lived, except for a few occasional visits to the Continent, until the blow fell.

That blow came all at once. Her guardian and trustee was supposed to be worth millions. Suddenly, he failed. He had embarked in a gigantic speculation: a "corner in wheat," as it was called; the "corner" collapsed, and he was ruined. More than that, he was dishonored; for he had appropriated Sidney's fortune. The news came to Sidney in a private telegram, by cable. But on the same day, the cable announced to all the London journals the failure of the great operator, John Bowen. Hence, the world at large knew it as soon as Sidney.

Alas for her, it was not only poverty, but a blighted heart, that it meant to her. She had been wooed by scores of lovers, many of them men of great wealth; but her heart had secretly turned to Gerald Spencer; and though he had never spoken, she knew by a thousand signs that he loved her. She had even fancied that he only held back, hesitating, because of her wealth. Then, all at once, she was disillusioned. For he had been engaged to come down that very day, and lunch with her and Mrs. Howell; but instead came a note, written hurriedly, almost incoherently; the purport of which was that a sudden summons had come to him from Paris, and that he had to leave immediately, and did not know when he should be able to return.

Up to that hour, Sidney had been a girl; forever after, she was a woman; a woman to suffer, to struggle, to endure, to rise heroically above even fate. She had looked into Mrs. Howell's eyes for one moment, after handing the note to her; and reading in their pitying glance a confirmation of her own opinion, had turned away, with set lips, but with cheek as white as death, and steps that tottered as she went. She was conscious of one feeling only, at that crisis: it was to get away somewhere by herself; there to hide her grief till she had fought it down. Her favorite haunt was by the river, in a quiet, secluded haunt shut in from public observation. Thither she now fled. Unconsciously she plucked a few wild flowers as she went; but they lay in her hand unnoticed, afterwards. Even the swans that haunted that silent reach—pets whom she had been accustomed to feed—even these came in vain, and waited to be noticed. She did not see them. Her eyes were fixed in the distance, her thoughts were far, far away. She sat there until the dews began to fall, unconscious of the passage of the hours. Then, at last, she arose, and went back to the house.

"I have thought out the whole question of my loss of wealth," was all she said to Mrs. Howell; for she never, either then or afterwards, even mentioned Gerald Spencer's name; "and I have come to the conclusion to go back to America, and try to support myself by teaching. You, perhaps, have old acquaintances who, in this strait of mine, may be able to find a situation for me. Thank God that you have given me so thorough an education; for now, without it, I do know what I should do."

In vain Mrs. Howell tried to dissuade Sidney from her purpose. "I have saved, my dear," said the former, with tears, "quite a little competence. Come and share it with me." But the girl was inexorable. To herself, she said: "I want work; I must have it, otherwise I shall go mad." But to Mrs. Howell she only shook her head, and persisted, silently, in her decision. So, in a few weeks, the lease of the villa was disposed of, the debts paid, and Sidney was on her way back to America. There, after awhile, she procured, through Mrs. Howell's influence, the situation in the Merton Academy, where we have found her.

Six months had gone, and Sidney was beloved and trusted by the scholars as the tenderest relative might have been. She was not merely their teacher; it was she who never failed to perceive when some newcomer was attacked by that most painful of youthful diseases, home-sickness: she who, with her intuitive knowledge of character, knew just how effectually to treat obstinacy, indolence, any one of the failings with which teachers have to deal.

The result of that evening's conversation was closer and freer intercourse between the heads of the academy. It seemed only right and natural, when the doctor declared Miss Herbert was suffering from too close confinement, and when old Mr. Holbrooke insisted on sending her a horse for a daily morning ride, that Morefield should accompany her; and very pleasant those gallops along the picturesque hill-roads were to both. Of an evening, too, when the school-girls studied in the parlors, Mr. Morefield became a regular visitor to the snuggery in which Miss Herbert sat; but as it was known that he taught her Greek, and that the principal was the lady's pupil in German, these visits occasioned little remark; besides, it was generally agreed that no more confirmed bachelor than Mr. Morefield ever lived.

The days fled swiftly, in the quiet, uneventful life which Miss Herbert led; the winter glided by; and Sidney was almost surprised to find spring again brightening the land.

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She was sitting alone in one of the recitation-rooms, on a lovely May afternoon; the bell had just struck for the twenty minutes' recess; the boys had rushed out to the front of the building to finish a game of foot-ball begun at noon; and the girls were already in the grove at the back of the house, which was their special domain during these seasons of intermission.

Sidney had kept her seat, meaning to finish a letter. But she was somewhat tired and languid, and presently forgot all about the half-written sheet before her, though her thoughts had strayed away to the far English clime to which it was destined. Some slight thing—she could not have told what—the ring of a girlish laugh outside; the song of a bird; the waving of the green branches of an acacia before the open window—had carried her soul back to the villa on the Thames, where she had spent so much time during her childish days and early girlhood, and which she had abandoned forever, that last summer she had passed in Europe.

So absorbed was she that the door opened without her hearing. Then she was startled by the sound of a voice which had once made music in her ears amid the very scenes of which she had just been dreaming. She came back to reality with a pang of self-reproach, that, after all which had come and gone, she should find herself allowing those tones to haunt her still. Then she heard Mr. Helbrooke's voice outside the door; Mr. Morefield's in answer; a lady's laugh; then those tones again. She had not dreamed them; they belonged to the actual; they were sounding close to her.

Still with the feeling that it must be a delusion, she turned towards the entrance. The door opened fully, and Mr. Morefield ushered a party of visitors into the room: Mr. Holbrooke and his niece, then two strange ladies and gentlemen, their guests. But behind these appeared still another person, speaking as he came; and his was the voice which she had tried to fancy belonged to her dream. She was standing. Mr. Holbrooke was greeting her warmly, introducing the strangers, and his niece was apologizing for their intrusion: everybody was talking at once; and then Mr. Morefield said:

"Miss Herbert, let me present Mr. Spencer, a former classmate of mine."

"Oh, I hope Miss Herbert has not forgotten me so completely that an introduction is necessary," the dream-voice said; and there, close to her, extending his hand, with the old tender smile on his lips, the old eager look in his eyes, stood Gerald Spencer, handsome, elegant as ever, the happiest combination of a modern dandy and one's ideal of a poet that could be imagined. "Please say you have a slight recollection of me, Miss Herbert. I am so delighted to meet you again."

"Why, you didn't tell me you knew Miss Herbert!" exclaimed Morefield.

"I wished to make sure first that I was not quite, quite forgotten."

Sidney Herbert's odd confusion of mind passed suddenly and completely away.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Spencer," she said, with perfect ease and composure; "but I can hardly believe it is you."

"You believed you were so carefully hidden that—"

"No, no," she interrupted, with a gay laugh. "It is because you have developed the gift of modesty, apparently: I always supposed you thought no human being could forget you."

Everybody laughed at the thrust, Spencer joining in the merriment; but his eyes were earnest as he fastened them on Sidney, and said, in a low tone:

"You see how mistaken you were—not only in that, either."

Her only feeling was one of profound irritation: irritation against herself as well as him. As she chanced to glance toward Morefield, she saw him intently watching her. He had grown very pale; and when he caught her eyes, he turned away, and began talking with Miss Holbrooke.

There was plenty of laughter and talk; then the bell rang; the scholars appeared; and the visitors had to take a hasty leave, though not till a promise had been exacted from Miss Herbert, that, after school duties were over, she would accompany the party back to Mr. Holbrooke's house.

Two hours passed. Then Sidney was free. When she reached the boarding-house, she found Miss Holbrooke, one of the most delightful old maids imaginable, waiting for her.

"The rest went to visit the waterfall," she said. "But I was tired, and stopped here. They'll be back soon, so get yourself ready, my dear. Now to-morrow is Saturday, when there is no school. You've got to stay with us till Monday morning. Mr. Morefield stops, too. It is all settled."

"Oh, about stopping—" began Sidney; but was promptly silenced.

"Uncle will never forgive me, if you don't. He'll say I didn't invite you properly. You know he adores you, and I'm awfully jealous. Now don't make excuses. It would be positively unkind. We depend on you. To-morrow, we are

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to have a picnic. You *must* come. I shall pack your bag, if you don't do it yourself."

Thus spake Miss Holbrooke, all in a breath; and presently Sidney found herself in her room, dressing, while Rose Ingham, one of her pet pupils, prepared a port-manteau.

"Miss Ingham, my love," said Miss Holbrooke, who was looking on, "this tyrant of yours has a white crape dress, that I saw her wear once, which I worship. Put it in, whatever she says. Oh, Miss Herbert, you know Mr. Morefield has promised that the Latin class of girls shall come to the picnic, and also a selection of the boys? I beg their pardon—young gentlemen. And Rose, do you come, to-morrow, prepared to spend Sunday. You are half teacher, and this cruel witch here has no right to say you nay; and—oh, aren't either of you ready? I hear the carriage. Oh, no, they couldn't get back yet."

Presently, Sidney found herself seated in the carriage beside Miss Holbrooke, while opposite were Mr. Holbrooke and Gerald Spencer. The rest of the party, Mr. Morefield among them, were on horseback.

The evening was very pleasant; but at an early hour, Mr. Morefield took his departure. He had work to finish, he said; but would return for the picnic, with such of the scholars as had been invited. When she was alone in her room, Sidney, bringing her thoughts back from the old life that had been roused so vividly by Gerald Spencer's impassioned, poetical talk, took leisure to remember how pale and troubled had been the face Morefield bent towards her, as he uttered his adieus; and she went to bed with a new revelation forced upon her mind—Charles Morefield loved her.

Saturday came, and passed too quickly for most of the picnic party, because the day proved a wonderful success. It was a perfect glimpse of Paradise to Rose Ingham and her young companions. Even that favored man, Gerald Spencer, familiar with pleasures in all lands, admitted it to have been delightful. He uttered this admission to Miss Holbrooke, and he added to Sidney Herbert: "The meeting you would have made it that, if the place had been the desert of Sahara."

It had been a day of strange mental confusion to Sidney Herbert; of pensiveness and abstraction. Even her habits of society did not enable her successfully to hide this, at least from two who watched her closely. Both Spencer and Morefield saw her constant effort to appear her ordinary self, and both ascribed the difficulty to the same cause: the first, with a thrill of joy and triumph; the latter, with a pang of agony, compared to which the tortures of the most excruciating death would have been feeble.

And now it was Sunday. Lunch had been eaten; the afternoon was nearly gone. Probably most of the party were indulging in a siesta. But Sidney Herbert sat alone in an arbor at the further end of the great old-fashioned garden, which was the glory of Mr. Holbrooke's place, and the pride of the entire county. She heard a step upon the greensward. Again that voice: and Gerald Spencer was beside her, his handsome face alive with emotion; his eyes, that always seemed bright with the glory of some poet's dream, fairly burning into hers.

"I have looked everywhere for you," he said. "You weren't hiding from me, were you? You couldn't be so cruel." She tried to speak, but he hurried on: "Listen to me—let me tell you—I want to explain. Only this, first—I love you, Sidney—I love you!"

She had turned somewhat pale, but her eyes met his steadily.

"I think that—"

"Wait," he broke in, a faint shadow of apprehension dimming the joy and triumph in his face. "Only listen. In Europe, I gave you reason to think I loved you, though I had not said it in words. And when you lost your fortune, I let you go without a word. I sent an apology, instead of coming to lunch, as I had agreed," he continued, rapidly. "I know what you thought—that I was a mean, base wretch who had wanted your money. No, no, I was not—but I was poor for a man brought up as I had been. I had no profession—it was too late to adopt one. I could not ask you to marry me. I did not believe you would, accustomed as you were to great wealth. I expected you would marry some one of those rich admirers—"

"All this is so far apart from my life now," she interrupted, "that I cannot conceive why you speak of it."

"Because I love you," he cried. "Because now I can speak—I can offer you an existence worthy of you. Sidney, less than five months ago, I had a large fortune left me. As soon as I could, I hastened to America to find you. Oh, my God, how I have longed for you, pined for you. What a desert life was after I lost you. I nearly went mad with joy, when I realized that, at last, at last, fate had had pity on me. You see I was not base—not false. Sidney, you will forgive me?"

"Freely," she replied, "and I am glad to learn that I misjudged you—very glad."

The joy that lighted his countenance rendered him handsome as a Greek Apollo. Before she

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could speak, he was kneeling at her feet, kissing her hands and crying:

"My love—my darling! Oh, life shall be fairy-land to you—"

"Stop," she broke in, with a cry that sounded like absolute terror.

As he stared at her, rising to his feet, he heard a groan; turned, and saw Charles Morefield, who, coming down the hill, had just caught sight of them, and was standing as if nailed to the spot.

"Oh, I see what frightened you, Sidney," cried Spencer. "Well, he has seen us—I may as well tell him—he's the dearest old fellow in the world. I say, Morefield—"

"Stop," broke in Sidney again.

Morefield approached, or rather a shape that looked like his ghost. But wild with his passion, blind in his arrogance, Spencer neither saw the awful revealings in his friend's eyes, nor caught the warning in Sidney's face. He hurried on:

"You saw us—accidentally, of course—but you may as well hear now as ever—"

"I want to hear nothing," Morefield interrupted; then stopped himself with a resolute effort, and added: "I beg your pardon, Miss Herbert—yours too, Spencer. It was a bitter irony of fate's to bring me here, just at this moment. I have betrayed myself, so I must make the only excuse I can. Spencer, I can't congratulate you yet. I'll try to, later—but—but—I love her, too."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Spencer, with a look of pity.

"Forgive me, Miss Herbert," continued Morefield. "I—I will go now. I—I—"

"Not till I have explained how mistaken you both are," she interrupted, as white and agitated as Morefield himself. "Oh, Mr. Spencer, I am very sorry. You would not listen—you would not let me speak. But it can't be—"

"Sidney, Sidney," he broke in. "You won't let a mistaken pride stand between us. When you know what it was that kept me from telling my love till now—when—"

"I cannot care, as you wish," she interrupted. "I—I—you force me to speak. I appreciate your conduct—your readiness to share wealth with me—but that isn't enough. I must marry a man who is not afraid to work for me—you were afraid—a man who will let me work with him."

She hid her face in her hands. When she looked up, Spencer had disappeared, and she and Morefield were standing there alone; and Morefield's arm was around her, and he was telling his love in wild, almost incoherent words, but words eloquent with happiness.

# DREAMS.

BY MRS. LOUIE HAULMAN.

'Tis fancy's hour; the angel of the day
  Has left the purple hills, her mission ending.
Her shining robes glint faintly far away,
  Anon with sombre shadows softly blending;
While neither day nor night, sweetest of all!
  (And who shall call these dreamy moments lost?)
It is the time when souls that faint and fall
  May try their wings o'er heights they ne'er have crossed.
  A time to light the heart's most sacred holocaust.

While coals gleam red and darkness comes apace,
  Thought opens her dim portals: and come trooping
Her cherished forms of beauty and of grace;
  While over all an angel's wings seem drooping.
Angel of Peace, sweet is the calm thou bringest.
  Stoop lower, gently touch our veiled sight.
Uncage the bird that in our heart low singeth,
  That all untrammeled she may guide her flight
  Even to the beloved who walk the hills of light.

And ever as (some glowing ember falling,
  Or top of branch against the window-pane,
Such trifles oft our dreams from heaven recalling),
  With start and sigh we come to earth again,
We only turn where vagrant fancy leadeth
  On some new quest—perhaps in storied past,
When gallant knight, in glittering armor, speedeth
  In cause of truth and right his spear to cast;
  Or gentle lady pines in tower, prisoned fast.

Who hath not in these idle hours beheld
  His favored heroes pass, with banners golden,
To tilt and tournament and tented field?
  And rapt by spell of mystic legend olden,
Who hath not felt his heart within him burning,
  While all his brain with hope and ardor teems,
Until, with drooping pinions slow returning,
  The past is real, and the present seems—
  And rude the wizard wand that melts our magic dreams?

And oft, as wandering 'mid these fables hoary,
  While fitful shades o'er firelit walls are trailing,
Comes the pale lady, famed of song and story,
  In solemn barge on mournful waters sailing.
Doomed lady of Shalott, methinks that thou
  Wast born of poet's brain at death of day;
So does thy tender story haunt me now,
  I seem to hear thy last despairing lay
  Tremble on evening air, and faintly die away.

But all thy life, sweet lady of a song,
  Held not the glory of that fatal ride.
On shapes distorted thou hadst gazed full long,
  But now thy dying eyes, on either side,
Behold the beauty of the living fields;
  And every sight and sound that passes by,
Unto thy fading sense its treasure yields.
  Far nobler were it haply thus to die
  Than spell-bound 'mid the shades to ever weave and sigh.

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# THE SONATA DEL DIAVOLO.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 126.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"YES, to save you and myself," he said, "I need no words to tell you, sweet Ianthe, that I adore you, and would lay down my life for your dear sake; could bear all the hatred and persecution which, were I to confess this to the lord bishop, would be hurled upon me. But even to insure my own happiness, I could not consent to involve you in misery."

She inclined tenderly towards him, as he spoke; and his arm, stealing around her, drew her gently nearer; while, her lovely face upturned to his, she whispered: "Let us hope." But the words had scarcely fallen from her lips when the door opened, and the marchesa entered. One withering glance of scorn and rage she cast upon the lovers. Shrinking from it with terror, the timid Ianthe fled swiftly from the apartment. But Guiseppe remained, proud and erect.

"You shall answer for this great presumption, Signor Tartini," she said, in a voice hoarse and low from angry emotion.

"I pray to do so, even now, madame," he replied, firmly.

"Not now," she answered, contemptuously. "To-morrow, I will see you again;" and turning from him, she hastily quitted the room.

"There will come no to-morrow for that meeting," he muttered; and drawing his cloak about him, he hastily left the palace.

Not knowing and little caring whither he directed his steps, yet instinctively, as it were, leaving the limits of the city, he pursued the path leading to the ancient abbey. Here, in glad retrospection, he lived over again his interview with Ianthe; his own passionate confession breathed into her ear, and her tears, her blushes, her tender whispered words, so low and few, and yet so full of hope, in answer to his almost agonized utterance. He recalled them all; and though he felt that his rash and premature avowal had brought upon him the anger and enmity of the marchesa, and probably also that of his friend and patron, the bishop, the memory of those few precious words, so full of love and promise—"Let us hope,"—compensated for all.

He was aroused by the sound of a step, coming slowly along the tangled path. One glance was sufficient to recognize the person of the proud and haughty marchesa. Instinctively he recoiled.

"You do well to shun me, signor. It is, I suppose, a natural impulse to avoid the presence of those whose kindness you have repaid with ingratitude," she said, scornfully.

"I do not understand you, madame," he replied, respectfully. "Nor do I remember ever having failed to appreciate the kindness you have shown me, and of which I have always felt myself undeserving."

"Ingrate!" she ejaculated, angrily. "How have you shown your appreciation of it? How, but by indifference and deceit, which seemed intended to rebuke my foolish interest in your welfare?"

"Your pardon, lady; but you could not accuse me of this, had you not mistaken deference for ingratitude."

"Not so," she said, with passionate emphasis. "I stooped to invite your confidence, your friendship, even; and you have not only withheld both, but practiced toward me the basest deceit."

"You are severe, madame, beyond my deserts," said Guiseppe, "since I have never voluntarily been guilty of deception towards you. The secret which chance revealed to you, this morning, was scarcely acknowledged by my own heart, till the unfortunate moment when, tempted and overwrought, I betrayed it to another."

"And you do not fear to confess to me this fruitless passion?" she said, in a tone trembling with excitement. "Believe me, you are nursing it to your ruin. Donna Ianthe, yes, though it may startle you to hear it, has her destiny already decided; for, with her own consent, she is the promised bride of another."

Guiseppe stood for a moment as if paralyzed by this announcement; then he replied: "Such contracts, made in childhood, often fail of fulfilment; but even so, its failure could not avail me. I have used neither art nor endeavor to win the love of one born to live in a sphere so high."

"Yes, a sphere so high," she said, after a moment's pause. "Were Donna Ianthe free as air, the bishop would never bestow her on you. He has, I repeat, other views for her; and child as



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she is, she will not resist his will. Nay, she has already yielded to it; and but a brief time since, was rejoicing at the destiny that awaited her."

Guiseppe, though half incredulous, felt a cold shudder run through him as he listened; but he made no reply; and encouraged by the impression her words produced, she resumed:

"Forgive me, Signor Tartini, if my plain speech has wounded you. I wished only to arouse you from this dangerous self-deception. The ideal on which you are lavishing so many regretful and absorbing thoughts is not worthy of them. A petted child, unformed and capricious, she would prove to you, if won, but the fickle plaything of an hour. For your own happiness, I entreat you, choose higher and more worthily; garner your affections in the heart of a true woman, who will hold them reverently, and repay them with the devotion of her life."

Intense emotion, which she could not control, impeded her utterance; but it was exceeded by his own. Her words were too direct for him to mistake her meaning; and crimsoning with anger and disgust, he exclaimed fiercely,

"Madame, your counsel comes too late. My affections can never be withdrawn from her on whom they are irrevocably placed; and though I do not aspire to call her mine, no other woman shall ever displace her image in my heart."

She rose to her full majestic height, as, turning towards him, she said, in hissing tones of rage and scorn: "This, then, is your mad resolve?"

"It is, so help me heaven," he answered, with calm determination.

"Abide by it, and your ruin is complete," she answered, defiantly; and drawing her mantilla around her, she turned, and walked away.

That night passed in broken slumbers, and the morning found him suffering from the excitement and exposure of the preceding day: his head ached violently, and fever filled his veins. The assurance of the marchesa that Ianthe was too fickle and childish to be trusted, or remain constant to a new love, and resist the temptations offered by a more splendid alliance, haunted him like words of doom, even while, in his heart, he distrusted them.

If he could only once more see her, if only for a last farewell. Should he attempt it? Or should he write her his last words of love and despair; and then, resigning hope, depart from her forever? Torn by these conflicting feelings, the day wore slowly on, leaving him wretched and undecided as to the course he should pursue; when, as the evening was closing in, a letter was handed him, bearing the seal and crest of the Marchesa de Rossi.

With a trembling hand, he opened it; and these words met his sight:

"You, last night, despised my counsel, and rejected my warnings; but this day has verified my discernment and their justice. Therefore, I again urge you to renounce your vain hopes, and seek no longer to interrupt the course of Donna Ianthe's destiny. It is inevitable; for soon a husband's claim will crush your foolish hope. This morning, a courier arrived from Venice, bearing dispatches from the young Count Fernando, her betrothed, announcing his intention of setting out within ten days for Padua, to claim and bear back with him his promised bride. These tidings were immediately communicated by the bishop to his niece, with what result she will herself inform you in the enclosed note.

VIOLA, Marchesa del Rossi."

The note referred to, had, in Guiseppe's agitation, dropped unobserved to the floor, as he opened the envelope; and in a tumult of emotion, he stooped to recover it, pausing a minute before venturing to open and read his doom. It contained these few lines, wrung as they seemed to have been from a breaking heart, and blotted with falling tears:

"SIGNOR TARTINI:

"An inexorable fate, which I am powerless to resist, separates us. I am in the hands of those who sway my destiny, and the victim of a promise given without my knowledge. Escape is vain. We can meet no more. Oh, that I am constrained to write these cruel words—that I must bid you strive to seek happiness elsewhere. Forgive her who grieves less at the loss of her own happiness, than that she has been the wretched cause of destroying yours. May the Virgin and all good saints protect and bless you.

So prays your unhappy

IANTHE."

Stung to the heart by these chilling, as he thought them, and incoherent words, Guiseppe cast the crumpled note from him, and was about to crush it with his heel, when a sudden doubt withheld him. Could those words really have been written by the hand of his tender Ianthe? Alas! he but too well knew the fair writing, the white scented wax which she was wont to use, and her own favorite seal, bearing the impression of a violet, with the motto: "I love the shade."

"And this from her!" he exclaimed, as he cast away and ground the delicate note into fragments beneath his foot. "From her, whom I thought so true and pure—lifted above ambition,

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and yet casting away a loving heart for the empty baubles of power and wealth."

He struck his forehead with his clenched hand, as he said this, and continued walking hour after hour through his chamber, his ardent, impassioned nature wrought almost into frenzy by the cruel blow which had struck so suddenly at the root of his fondest hopes. But nature could not long sustain this state of overwrought emotion, and sinking at length into his study-chair, he fell into a deep lethargic sleep, which, finally, was disturbed and broken by dreams and violent pains, which induced a raging fever, that seemed to change the hitherto healthful current of his blood into a stream of fire. Wild and distorted images floated constantly before his vision, and he fancied the earth changed into a vast burial-place, in the midst of which he stood, sorrowing over the corpse of Ianthe, calling piteously upon her name, or singing with touching pathos a requiem for the dead. Then again he fancied himself sitting with her in the chamber of the old turret, discoursing of their love.

## CHAPTER IX.

The sound of his violin, heard in the first dawn of day, disturbed the sleepers in the neighboring dormitories, and drew many to his chamber, to learn the cause of this early performance. But once there they remained to listen, while Guiseppe, standing half dressed in the middle of the room, played with new and infinite variations, and with marvelous execution, the "Sonata del Diavolo," which, though the conception of his own genius, he persisted in ascribing to the inspiration of the demon with whose name he had baptized it.

His face was flushed with the crimson hue of fever, and around it clustered the rich chestnut hair in disheveled curls, while his dark eyes, lit with intense lustre, were raised upward with an earnest gaze, as though he beheld the glories of the invisible, with which, borne on the wings of harmony, he seemed even now to hold communion. So he played on, filling the chamber and the corridors with airy melody. And wilder and more varied grew the strain, as with all the fire and passion of genius, the inspired musician, with his skill divine,

> "Untwisted all the strings that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

But at last the glowing cheek grew wan, the lustrous eyes waxed dim, the cunning hand forgot its wondrous movement, and the exhausted youth sank fainting on the floor. They gathered around him in alarm, laid him upon a couch, and called in medical assistance. But for many days, his disease, seizing as it had upon the brain, baffled the skill of his physicians. Sleep fled from his eyes, and refused to be courted, even by the most powerful opiate. Wild and disjointed images filled his mind, unsettling reason, and in his delirium the name dearest to his heart often escaped his lips, thus unconsciously betraying his treasured secret, and deepening the interest felt by his fellow-students, watching by him.

But youth at last triumphed. The fever abated, reason returned. As all things here spoke of Ianthe, he determined to other scenes, where he haply might strive to forget her. Then his home by the blue Adriatic rose up before him, and his sick heart yearned for the mother-love that awaited him there. While these thoughts were agitating him, he received formal notice, authorized by the bishop, of his dismission from the place he had held as leader of the orchestra in the church of St. Antonio, with the sum enclosed which was due him for his past service.

In this act of petty tyranny, Guiseppe saw the revengeful motive of the marchesa, and he was stung by it, chiefly because it struck at the very basis of his wished for success as a musician. But it would have decided him at once to quit Padua, even had not a letter from his father informed him of his mother's illness and great desire to see him. So without further delay he arranged for his immediate departure.

It was towards the close of a bright October day, that, after an absence of several, to him, eventful months, he again approached the old home of his childhood. Swiftly ascending the stairs, his heart beat with unaccustomed joy, when he found himself again standing in that pleasant chamber which had been to him the scene of so much remembered happiness.

The sunset filled it, as in former days, with a soft golden light, and the evening breeze played as of old with the vines that curtained the small windows. There hung his guitar, beside the old violin that had been the delight of his boyhood; and there still lay the very book, a volume of Boccaccio, in which he had last read aloud to his mother, a myrtle sprig marking the page where he had left it.

In another moment his father stood before him. With a cry of joy, Guiseppe rushed towards him, eager to clasp him in a fond embrace; but with a stern though sorrowing look, Pietro repulsed him.

"Away!" he said. "I have no son. He whom I once called so has made my home desolate; deceived my hopes; betrayed my trust; abused my love. Aye, with parricidal hand, destroyed the mother who adored him. Why,

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then, comes he here, to mock with a vain show of affection the father whose age he has desolated?"

"Oh, my God!" cried Tartini. "Tell me all—all except that *she* is no more."

"She is with the angels, boy—she who so loved you, and to whose fond heart your hand guided the arrow of death," said Pietro, in a hoarse whisper; and hiding his face in his hands, the strong man wept in agony.

"Oh, my father, what can I have done to merit this terrible accusation? How have I brought death and misery to those whose lives are dearer to me than my own?"

"Add not that lie to your long list of offenses," fiercely exclaimed Pietro, striking with his clenched fist the surface of the wall. "I tell you," he resumed, and a demon seemed to be aroused within him, "you are your mother's murderer, and henceforth no son of mine. You have set at naught the commands and wishes of your parents, by squandering the time which should have been given to study, in the pursuit of a vain art, which you made solemn promise to forswear. Nay, break not in upon my speech," he vociferated, as Guiseppe made an effort to speak. "Added to all this, you have abused the kindness of the powerful prelate whose favor would have served you more than a treasury of gold, by stealing into the affections of the child he nurtured as his own.

"This it is which has brought shame and disgrace upon you in the city where your fair scholarship should have won for you a goodly reputation," continued the excited father, with flashing eyes and rapid utterance. "This, and more than this, has the lord bishop written and sent to me, under his own seal, to give me timely warning of your evil course. Yet I could, perchance, with a father's endurance, have borne all, and it may be, have forgiven a youth's indiscretions, but for that last and bitterest drop which you have been the means of infusing into my cup of misery: for the report of your ill-doings came to your mother's ear on the day when, after dangerous illness, she arose from her sick couch, and went out to feed, with her own hand, the doves you reared. Because they were yours, ungrateful boy, she loved them; but then that fatal letter came; and the reading of it fell like a blight upon her: she never smiled again, but laid herself down, and died of a broken heart;" and again the strong man, subdued by grief, bowed down and wept.

Rightly to the marchesa Guiseppe attributed the scandal, but he had never dreamed that her revenge would follow him so soon.

Moved by his father's anguish, he crushed down the sense of injury that oppressed him; and with tears streaming down his pale cheeks, he said, entreatingly: "My father, listen to me. I have been cruelly maligned; and when you know all, you—"

"Not now," interrupted Pietro. "I cannot hear you. Leave me alone in my desolate home—alone with the memory of my dead. Take this, which, perchance, your needs may require, and depart whithersoever you will." So saying, he threw a purse upon the floor; and without one backward glance turned and departed.

Guiseppe remained for a few minutes motionless with painful astonishment. Stung to the soul by his father's vindictive anger and injustice, he rose up; and spurning the purse with his foot, he prepared to go forth an exile from the home that had sheltered his infancy; and with every kindly feeling chilled by his father's harshness, he descended the steps and departed, passing through the garden paths he had so often trod with that beloved mother, whose face he was no more to behold on earth.

But even to pour out his love and sorrow on her grave would seem to bring him nearer to her; and with the thought, he walked quickly to the lower extremity of the garden, and passing through a gate, entered a small enclosure set apart for a family burial-place. It was thickly planted with trees, among which the birds built unmolested.

Here, with bitter tears, he cast himself upon her grave. How vividly came back past hours to his remembrance; those white-winged hours, whose every moment spoke of her tender love, her gentle, all-enduring patience with his youthful faults. How heinous now appeared to him each slight offense, and how he longed to call her back, if but for one brief hour, to plead for her forgiveness, and on her loving breast pour out in tears of penitence his burdened heart.

But the low breeze whispering through the foliage alone answered to his sighs, nor could they penetrate the "dull cold ear of death." Yet he fondly fancied that her sainted spirit sanctified by its invisible presence the place where her earthly form slept with its kindred dust. The thought brought him comfort, and lent fervency to the prayer for guidance and support which ascended from his stricken heart to the ever-open ear of the infinite and merciful Father. He was aroused by the appearance of his parent.

"My son," said Pietro, in a broken voice, "I was too hasty. Ah, *her* precious dust pleads to me for your forgiveness. Receive it, then, and leave me. With the dawn, depart for Padua; lead there a new life; and when time has softened my

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trief I may again crave your return. Sorrow has changed my nature, and I yearn for solitude. Go, and leave me with her."

So the son went forth to his exile, going, at first, he neither knew nor cared, whither. At the end of two days, he found himself, just as the evening shades begin to fall, standing before the gates of a monastery, in a sheltered valley, its gray walls half hidden by the ancient grove that sheltered it.

## CHAPTER X.

Advancing to the gate, he rang a sonorous bell, which was quickly answered by a gray-haired porter, who gave him welcome admittance, and forthwith conducted him to the refectory, where he found the monks assembled at their evening meal.

They received him with hospitable greetings, and made room for him at their simple board, furnished with fruits and vegetables from their own garden. The sadness which evidently oppressed their young guest awakened the sympathy of the good brotherhood; but they ventured no inquiries as to its cause, yet ministered with even more assiduity to his comfort.

Guiseppe was most grateful for their kindness and forbearance, and before he retired for the night he had told the whole story of his trials to the venerable abbot, and derived comfort from his Christian sympathy and counsel. Urged by him, he willingly consented to remain there for a time. He found, now, a happy resource against painful retrospection in the practice of his beloved art, which he never more fully enjoyed; and having joined the choir of the orchestra, his love for music, which, for a time had almost remained dormant, revived with all its former vigor.

Thus calmly, if not happily, wore away the winter with Guiseppe; while in the palace of the bishop, at Padua, scenes of a far different character were being enacted.

The Marchesa del Rossi had, to answer her own purpose, in her brief letter to Guiseppe made statements that were actually false. It was true, as she had said, that the young Count Fernando was soon to arrive, and desired to hasten his marriage; but Ianthe neither had, nor would she, yield her consent to his wishes, and when the bishop, after long persuasion, somewhat sternly demanded the cause of her refusal, she acknowledged with many tears her love for the young musician, declaring solemnly that to him and to him alone would she ever consent to give her hand.

The anger of the bishop at this declaration, and above all at the firmness with which his usually yielding little girl adhered to it, vexed him beyond measure. The marchesa, whose secret *penchant* for the graceful boy seemed changed into aversion by the discovery of his passion for another, fed the bishop's anger by invidious hints, which placed the conduct of Guiseppe in a false and dishonorable light. At his request she had written that cruel note. She had easily succeeded in imitating Ianthe's writing, and as easily obtained the use of her favorite seal.

Incensed by the continued opposition to his wishes of this hitherto passive child, the bishop seriously considered the expediency of sending her back to her convent, till her obstinacy, as he termed it, should yield to reason and obedience. But even this threat failed to move Ianthe. She was gentle and quiet; but to all that had once interested her she grew indifferent. Even music, which had once been with her a favorite pursuit, she now ignored. There were no strains like his who had awakened the sweetest harmony of life. She lived only on the hope, as each day dawned, of seeing or hearing from him she loved before its close. But day after day passed on without bringing him; then came a rumor of his serious illness: followed shortly by intelligence, which Fabian had somehow gathered, of his having left Padua.

In the meantime, the young Count Fernando remained at the palace, a patient suitor for the favor of his affianced bride. Really captivated by her beauty and her sweetness, he sought by even assiduity to win her affections; but the coldness with which she met, and even repulsed his devotion, equally surprised and offended him, and at length roused his pride to resentment.

In the meantime, the marchesa became the confidant of the slighted lover's wrongs; and he found her sympathy so soothing, her wit and intelligence so charming, that unconsciously he began to find a secret pleasure in her society. She always listened attentively when he read. She was always the companion of his walks; the admirer of all that gratified his tastes; the zealous promoter of whatever ministered to his enjoyment.

This almost tender devotedness flattered his self-love, of which he had a goodly share, and soothed his pride, most deeply wounded by the coldness of his *fiancée*, leading him gradually to transfer his interest, though at first unconsciously, to the fascinating and designing widow.

The bishop, in the meantime, unobservant of the increasing intimacy between his noble guest

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and his fair sister, attributed the count's protracted stay to the hope of overcoming Ianthe's coldness; but was electrified one morning when the count repaired to the library, and renouncing his claim to Donna Ianthe's hand, demanded that of the marchesa instead. The prelate was thunderstruck. In the almost indignant surprise of the moment, he summoned, angrily, Ianthe to his presence.

She obeyed, pale and drooping; but when the cause for which she had been summoned was explained, her face lighted up with sudden joy; a bright blush crimsoned her cheek; and smiles that had been long absent from her lips dispersed, like a sudden burst of sunshine, the cloud that had lately saddened her touching beauty.

"But, dear uncle, it is all right," she said. "I had no heart to give him, and I told him so. He has chosen more wisely," and holding out her hand to the count, "I approve your choice, and pray it may bring you content and happiness. Accept my thanks for your forbearance, and forgive me if I have caused you pain."

The simple and childish ingenuousness of her words and manner touched the count deeply, and clasping her offered hand in both his, he raised it to his lips, saying half inaudibly: "Thanks, and God bless you!"

As there was no cause for delay, the marriage was shortly afterwards solemnized in the private chapel of the palace, the bishop performing the ceremony; soon after which the bridal pair, attended by a brilliant cortege, departed for Venice. Thus the marchesa achieved once more a marriage that in point of wealth and rank gratified her highest ambition. Yet, even as she stood at the altar, the image of Guiseppe, beautiful and gifted as Apollo, rose radiantly before her, casting into shadow the duller being with whom she had linked her fate. And if a pang of self-reproach crossed her for the wrong she had done those two loving hearts, she crushed the feeling with the triumphant thought that her child-rival was not left to enjoy the happiness denied to herself.

The bishop, though deeply chagrined at the rupture between Ianthe and the count, consoled himself with the certainty that the alliance with his sister would bring him into even closer relationship with the powerful family of the Cindalli, of which the count was the acknowledged head. Left now much alone with his niece, the prelate could not fail to remark her altered looks and manner. For his sake, she affected cheerfulness; but he saw with pain the effort it cost her. Her cheek grew pallid; her step more languid. But having again, to please her uncle, resumed her guitar, she would sit hour after hour playing over the tunes which Guiseppe had taught her, recalling with past hours of instruction his every look and tone.

The physicians perceived at once that she labored under no physical disease; but pronounced it to be owing to mental trouble, the cause of which their skill could neither reach nor explain; and so they recommended change of scene as the means most likely to promote her recovery. Accordingly, as the bishop was about to visit Florence, he proposed taking her with him; and even thought to prolong his tour, should her health continue to improve during its progress. She was to him dear as the very apple of his eye; and the thought of losing her lent almost a mother's tenderness to his manner as he watched her, and superintended every preparation for her comfort.

She was attended by her faithful nurse, and a few confidential servants accompanied them, as the bishop desired to remain incognito. As they traveled slowly through the lovely Italian scenery, the influence of nature, in her freshness and varied beauty, roused Ianthe to admiration, and brought back something of its wonted bloom to her pale cheek. And so, for many days, they journeyed on through the fairest scenes of fair and classic Italy. But as the first excitement of change and novelty faded away, the old sadness and languor reappeared. "Ah, I shall lose her, after all," said the bishop. "I am half minded to surrender, and call back her lover—if that will save her."

One day, enticed by the grandeur and beauty of the mountain scenery they had entered, forgetful that the day was fast declining, and that they had nearly a league to travel before reaching a halting-place for the night, they were suddenly alarmed by the threatened approach of one of those tremendous thunder-showers that are so terrible among those mountains.

In vain they looked around for shelter. None appeared. The lightning became each moment more vivid; tremendous claps of thunder reverberated from peak to peak; and the rain began to fall in torrents. They pushed on despairingly, seeking the shelter of an overhanging rock, that seemed their only refuge; when, through the darkness and the storm, came cheeringly the sound of a convent bell. They listened, and again the welcome peal came ringing through the air; and at the same moment, a vivid flash of lightning revealed to them the gray walls of a monastery, rising above the trees at no great distance.

They hastened gladly towards it, and their

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loud summons at the gate was quickly answered from within; they were admitted and then conducted to a large hall, where they found several travelers, who, like themselves, had sought refuge from the tempest, gathered around the ample hearth, on which blazed cheerily a bright fire of chestnut logs. At the approach of Donna Ianthe, they courteously made room; when, weary and exhausted, she threw herself upon a rude settle that stood beside the fire. Gazing vacantly into the crackling fire, Ianthe remained for some time wrapped in a waking dream; when through an opening door stole, suddenly, a strain of sweetest music: an old familiar strain, that stirred her heart to its most secret depths. With its rich melody was linked her dearest and most sacred memories; and now, in that old hall, its gushing sweetness came to her ear like a plaintive voice of mourning for the past.

With eyes upraised, and hands clasped in silent ecstacy, she rose from her rude couch, and stood breathless, listening to the strain. "It is the hour of evening service in the chapel," said the lay brother, who observed her emotion, "and they are chanting the vesper hymn to the Virgin. Will you come?"

She moved a step towards the door; then recollecting herself, stopped, and looked beseechingly at the bishop. "You would join, sweet, in their devotions?" he asked, taking her hand tenderly in his. "I fear it would be too much for you, my child. Yet if it is your wish, I will go with you to the chapel."

She made a sign of assent, and drawing down her veil, they followed the lay brother through a long, dark passage to the chapel. All was silent when they entered it; the monks were bowed in prayer, and sinking on her knees, she, too, joined in their silent supplication.

But again burst forth the music of the choir, sweet, yet exultant, bearing the spirit upward on its rapturous wings. She arose, fixing her entranced gaze on the place from whence proceeded those divine harmonies. Suddenly, the opening of a distant door, admitting a rush of air, blew aside the curtain that screened the choir, revealing to her transported gaze the form and features of him she loved, the long lost, the mourned—Guiseppe Tartini.

Raising her clasped hands toward him, she uttered his name; and overpowered by emotion, sank fainting on the marble floor of the chapel.

After this strange and unexpected recontre, life was for many days a blank to the young Ianthe; but when she again recovered consciousness, she found herself lying in her own chamber, at Padua, and her faithful nurse beside her.

Directly, the door opened, and in another instant she was on her uncle's breast, listening to his words of gratitude and love. So passed to them both a brief and happy interval; then her quick ear caught the sound of an impatient step traversing the ante-room; and reading aright her asking glance, the bishop with a smile motioned towards it, and rising, transferred the lovely burden to her happy lover's arms.

"Yes, I have sent for him, my dear," said the good prelate. "I surrender. I see, now, that I was wrong. You have my blessing. Continue to love each other in the future as you have in the past, and all will be well." And with these words, he left them alone.

Happiness, which is the best promoter of health, soon restored its wonted vigor to Ianthe, and in the first pleasant days of the coming spring she sat, a happy bride, with her beloved Guiseppe, in the dear little chamber of the summer-house at Pirano, while Pietro, serious, yet cheerful, leaned against the window, proud of the "princess," as he was wont to say, his son had won.

From this time, Guiseppe devoted himself exclusively to the study of music, and finally became the greatest master of the age. His biographer says:

"His slow movements, in particular, were remarkably vocal and expressive, and his music showed a knowledge of the violin which Corelli was not able to attain."

## THINK WELL.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

THINK, ah, think well and wisely, ere you take
A woman's higher life into your hands.
Look deep into her nature, and be sure
Your own can answer all its large demands.

It is a serious and a solemn thing,
This power which o'er her narrow life you hold;
You can surround with so much joy or pain,
Each duty new the passing days unfold.

This subtile thing we call the human heart
Thrills quickly to its depths at look or word
From one beloved, and finds a meaning oft
By other eyes and ears unseen, unheard.

Life is so full of vexing cares, that fret
Our weak, impatient natures every day,
Only strong hands can surely, safely guard
Great treasures, o'er a wild, a dangerous way.



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# OUT OF THE SHADOW.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHAPTER I.

THE story I am about to tell is the story of my own life. Wild, strange, improbable as it may appear, it is my own history.

My first recollections carry me back to the stuffy atmosphere of a booth, my companions being certain strolling players, whose business it was to wander to and fro through the south of France. I was, so to speak, a child of the footlights. I had played child-parts ever since I could speak. My mother was a Spanish dancer, named Juana, who must have been superbly handsome in her youth. She had all the dash and grace which is peculiar to her nationality; and at night, when she flashed upon the stage in her brilliant costume, her great black eyes glittering like stars, no wonder she was applauded to the skies.

Was she indeed my mother? That question is one that never will be solved; but I do not think she was. She was never kind to me, never affectionate, never motherly; and sometimes, on the contrary, absolutely cruel. I did not in the least resemble her, except in having a thoroughly Spanish physiognomy. How often I envied poor little Desirée, the child of the clown and columbine, as honest and hard-working a married couple as ever lived. She was a sickly, fragile little thing, too frail and feeble to take any part in the performances, a constant charge and care to her parents, yet so tenderly beloved, so watched over, so petted, that whatever else her life might lack, it yet knew the fullness of parental love and kindness. Often and often have I stolen away to weep, after watching Madame Rose, as the columbine was called, as she sat in her paint and spangles and tawdry finery, hushing the poor wailing child to sleep upon her powder-whitened bosom, beneath which beat the kindest and most motherly heart in the world. "No one loves me—no one kisses me—no one cares whether I am sick or well," I used to whisper to myself, amid my sobs.

And yet my life was not so hard a one as might have been imagined. Apart from my so-called mother, nobody ill-used or tormented me. I was a sort of a pet, too, among the older members of the company. There was not one that was not always ready to hear me my part, to help me about my dress, or to do me any other little service in his or her power. And from the time that I was six years old, I had one true and real friend amongst them, one who loved me, and whom I loved dearly in return: I mean kind, good Monsieur Mazille.

He was already an elderly man when he joined us, in the capacity of violin player and musical director in general. His hair was grizzled, and his figure was bent as with pain and suffering; but his eyes were fine, and there was a mellow ring in the tones of his voice extremely attractive. He took a great fancy to me from the very first. Reserved, morose, taciturn, with all the rest of his comrades, he was never too busy to attend to me, nor too misanthropical to permit me to perch upon his knee, and chatter to him by the hour of all my childish plans and troubles. But he not only gave my starved soul its full meed of love; he fed my starving mind as well. It was he who taught me to read. He it was who supplied me with books, purchased, as I afterwards learned, by many cruel privations. He imparted to me the rudiments of singing. From him I learned also a smattering of Italian, and the outlines of history and geography. I was an eager scholar, and he was an indefatigable teacher; no wonder, therefore, that I made rapid progress in learning. It was not till he had been with us for some years that I learned his history. How well do I remember the day. He had been giving me a music-lesson, in the miserable little garret which served him and one or two other members of the company as a lodging. We were halting at a little town called Villars-Villon, near the Spanish frontier.

"I mean to look over your shirts, papa Mazille, and see to the buttons," I cried, gayly, as I dragged his valise, when the lesson was over, forward to the light.

Down at the very bottom of the valise, however, I found a portfolio, of Russia leather, which had once been handsome, but which was now sadly worn and defaced. Its contents consisted of a folded paper, with the words "*Academie Royale de Musique*" at the top; and a little lower down, "*Contract*," all in large print, and with a mass of crabbed writing underneath, which I did not stay to decipher. Between the folds of the paper was a beautifully-colored lithograph, representing a young and very handsome man, in a gor-



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geous suit of chain armor, half hidden by a tunic of azure, embroidered with gold. In one hand he held aloft a golden cup, and his head was thrown back, with a spirited yet careless air.

"Papa Mazille, tell me about this picture," I cried, holding it up to him.

He started from a reverie, and turned towards me. He had not observed, before, what I was doing. A quiver of unutterable pain crossed his wan features. He took the picture gently from me, and smoothed it slowly and thoughtfully over his knee.

"It is a sad story, little Dolores," he said, at last.

"Sad or gay, I want to hear it. I love a story above all things."

"Twenty-five years ago," he said, with a wan smile—"yes, twenty-five long years ago—there was a young man who was studying at the Conservatoire, in Paris: studying singing, for he meant to be an opera-singer, some day. It is a glorious thing to have a voice, and to know how to use it—to feel the heart of the public pulsing and throbbing as you sing. So this young man, to whom Heaven had given a voice, and a will to study, and a soul to persevere, toiled on till his work was ended, and the goal was won. And then came the crowning glory of the struggle: a night in the Grand Opera House; a vision of gleaming lights, grand dresses, and thronging faces; of thunders of rapturous applause; a rain of flowers: wreaths, bouquets. The singer stood behind the scenes—pale, dizzy, exhausted. Suddenly, there came to him a pale, gray-haired man, with piercing dark eyes, who shook him by the hand, and said: 'You are the tenor for whom I have waited so long: you have sung my 'Robert le Diable' magnificently: I will make you the hero of my next opera.' It was Meyerbeer himself. Then followed a messenger, bearing a little cluster of white roses, with the words: 'The Princess Clementine sends you these; she took them from her bosom to bestow them on you.' After that, the manager appeared, crying: 'You have surpassed Nourret, Duprez, Roger—fame and fortune are yours, forevermore!' Dolores, little Dolores, on that one night, he *lived!*

"It was late when he had laid aside his stage attire, and had started for the humble home which, on the morrow, was to be changed for a palace. On his way, he had to pass through a street where there was a grand ball going on, in one of the splendid houses there. A throng of carriages pressed before the door. One of the coachmen grew angry and impatient, and struck at his horses savagely with his whip. The horses started; turned suddenly; plunged, reared, and started off on a run. The young singer was in their way. He was knocked down, crushed, and half killed. But not wholly, for Heaven is not always merciful; and when he arose from his hospital bed, he was a warped, maimed cripple; voice, strength, and beauty gone forever. That singer was I."

He paused, took up the portfolio, and laid the picture within it. I was crying silently, in the very intensity of my sympathy.

"Never speak of this, Dolores," he said. "I did not think to tell the story to any living being. Promise me that you will not mention it."

I did promise, and I kept my word. Brave, true, and loving heart! What did I not owe to the tender care, the watchful devotion, that you bestowed on me? And what unutterable woe and anguish; what remembrance bitter as death; what despair, cruel as the grave, did not your aged and commonplace exterior conceal! As I look back, my heart beats happy with the recollection that I, at least, brought to your poor existence all the love that childhood could bestow, all the gratitude that maturer years could feel.

## CHAPTER II.

When I had attained my sixteenth year, and was tall, beautiful, and womanly, my mother seemed to awake to the fact that she could make something out of me. She resolved upon teaching me her own profession. I shrank from the idea with horror; but she persisted. In vain, too, did my kind friend, M. Mazille, remonstrate. She declared that she meant to do with me what she pleased; and so she persisted in her project, and made a ballet-dancer of me.

How I loathed the idea of such a life! How I shrank from its exposure, publicity, and vulgarity! Often and often have I wept myself to sleep, my head buried in the mouldy straw that formed my bed, my cheeks tingling and my heart throbbing at the very idea. I had no real love for the theatrical profession in any form: but stage-dancing was revolting to me, to the last degree. To bound, and leap, and whirl, with shortened petticoats, before a room full of gaping spectators, who would criticize my every gesture and movement—the thought was full of horror! Of course, none of my companions, except Monsieur Mazille, understood my feelings, or could enter into them. So I wept and suffered in silence.

At last, the day so dreaded arrived. In the evening, I was to make my debut. We were to appear at a fair at Lerallois, a village in the suburbs of Paris. Already the advertisements

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outside proclaimed to the world that, after the first piece, "the celebrated M'lle Dolores would execute the universally admired *pas seul* of La Sevillana." My dress of flimsy yellow satin, flounced with cheap cotton lace, with a black velvet bodice and black lace mantilla veil, all new and fresh for the occasion, the work of my own reluctant fingers, was ready. My tears, my horror, my detestation, had been of no avail.

The evening came. I have as yet said but little about my personal appearance. I was a thoroughly Spanish-looking girl, with very large and intensely dark eyes, and a profusion of blue-black glossy hair, which, when unbound, fell far below my waist. I was inclined to be pale, but my lips were vividly red. I had the hands and feet of an Andalusian, the walk and figure of a Madrilena. I was beautiful—yes, I *was* beautiful—my cracked little mirror had told me so, for years past. And so, when arrayed in my picturesque, and I must admit, becoming costume, with a scarlet pomegranate blossom looping back the folds of my veil, even the manager felt my beauty, and came forward to utter his words of praise and encouragement, as I stood trembling and heartsick at the side-scenes. The only being on earth who loved me, M. Mazille, was absent. He formed an important part of our tiny orchestra, and was forced to be at his post in front. The music struck up. The curtain rose. Desperate, miserable, and trembling, I summoned up all my courage, and dashed upon the stage.

No applause greeted my entrance. I was a novice, untried, unknown. But I bravely clashed my castanets, and took the first step. Just then, a half-drunken working-man, right in front, arose; and with pointed finger and leering eyes, shouted across the house, to some comrade, a horribly coarse remark about me. It was so coarse and vile, indeed, that a thrill of unutterable mental anguish seized upon me. The castanets dropped from my uplifted hands. I wavered, faltered, and sank in a senseless heap upon the stage.

Dimly, vaguely, painfully, did consciousness return to me; but only after a long interval of insensibility. I knew not at first where I was, or what had happened. There was a scent of ether, and camphor, and of strong perfumes in the air; and bending over me, I saw, as through a mist or a veil, a handsome masculine face, with dreamy blue eyes and chestnut locks, and a long fair moustache; and I heard, as if afar off, some broken fragments of a conversation which I could not comprehend:

"Then you are resolved?"

"I have said it," was the answer. "I have made full inquiries about her. She is a good, pure girl. She hates this life. I will redeem her from it."

"You are mad—stark, staring, raving mad."

"Well, say I am mad. It matters nothing to you. Only, let me treat my mental malady after my own fashion."

"And you would make this—this—dancer Lady Verney?"

"Even so, Jules. Better do that, than let this vision of purity escape me; for that would be a deeper madness—a severer pang."

My senses, by this time, had fully returned to me. I raised myself slowly on my arm. Monsieur Mazille was kneeling beside the temporary couch upon which I had been placed. But my eyes wandered past him, to seek that unknown visage that had floated before me like the image of a dream. So did I first look upon the face of Edmund Verney. Beautiful, mournful, almost ethereal, was that young and handsome countenance. The large soft eyes that were fixed upon my face, with such an intent yet troubled gaze, wore the hue and the lustre and something of the vague mystery of the far-off skies. He was tall and slightly formed, with a complexion of feminine delicacy, which, with the transparency of his long slender white hands, seemed to betoken fragile health. He looked, too, young as he was, like one who had suffered deeply. Beside him stood a young and good-looking Frenchman, smiling covertly to himself under the shadow of his black moustache, and whisking carelessly a slender cane. The fair-haired unknown stepped forward.

"Mademoiselle is better, I trust," he said, in that deep soft voice which had already become the sweetest of all music to my ear.

I stammered some few words in reply; and M. Mazille, rising from his kneeling posture, shot a glance of mingled distrust and admiration at the newcomer.

"To-morrow, then—we will meet to-morrow," he said, bowing over the hand he had taken with the deferential grace of a prince towards a queen. Then, with one lingering backward-thrown glance, he left the room, followed by his mocking companion.

"To-morrow," muttered my faithful companion, "well, well, old Mazille is here, and *he* will guard thee, my Dolores."

Contrary to my expectations, Juana did not fly into one of her furious rages at hearing of my failure. She only muttered: "Perhaps it is better so," and ordered me to my room. I was glad to escape, for I still felt sick and dizzy; and besides, I longed for an opportunity to dream

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over the face and form that had made so deep an impression upon my imagination.

It was late the following day when I arose. My toilette was scarcely finished and my scanty breakfast taken, when Juana rushed into the room.

"Off, off with your dress," she cried, plucking vehemently at the fastenings of my black stuff frock. "You must change it. There is a grand new one waiting for you, and a bridegroom as well. You are to be married, to-day."

"Married?" I cried, starting back, and attempting to push away her busy hands.

"Yes, married to the great English lord that you saw last night. He is mad about you, they say; and mad he must be," with a mocking laugh, "to think of making you his wife."

"Can this be true?" I cried, in joyful bewilderment.

"Yes, little Dolores, it is true, every word of it," said the deep voice of M. Mazille, who at that moment appeared upon the threshold.

"Can you love this gentleman, Dolores?" he said, directly, in tender accents, taking my hand as he spoke. "He seems to be a noble and an honorable man, though strangely impulsive in his actions. As to your marriage, fear nothing, little one. I am here to see that it is as true, and firm, and fast, as priest and ring can make it. But if you cannot love him, if you shrink from him—"

"You are mad, Mazille, mad!" shrieked Juana, stamping her foot with rage. "If the girl refuses—"

"I will not refuse," I interrupted, hastily. "I consent. I am ready."

M. Mazille looked at me, with a saddened gaze.

"So—so—I must lose thee, then, my little one," he sighed. "But enough. Change thy dress, and then come forth to meet the bridegroom."

As if in a dream, I suffered Juana to take off my dress, and to replace it with a traveling-costume of rich and delicate-hued silk. Then a woman entered, a grave, staid-looking personage, bringing a bonnet trimmed to match my dress, a pair of gloves, and other accessories. A veil of white lace was thrown over my head—the only bridal accessory about my toilette; my gloves were hastily fitted on, and I was led by M. Mazille to the lower room of the inn. There I found Sir Edmund Verney waiting for me. As I entered, he gave a start; and I heard him exclaim, under his breath, "Good heavens, I was not mistaken. What a likeness!"

Before the table—hastily draped and prepared for the occasion—stood a priest, in full canonicals. M. Mazille drew me gently forward; Sir Edmund placed himself beside me; and the binding words that united us forever were speedily spoken. A few hurried farewells were exchanged. I was clasped for one instant in the arms of M. Mazille; I felt his hot tears upon my cheek; and the next moment, I was placed in a luxurious carriage; the horses started off, and my old life faded from me into the dim distance, leaving me seated beside the dream vision of my soul—my, as yet, unknown husband.

## CHAPTER III.

### EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

VERNEY PARK, DECEMBER 6th.—I have now been married eight months. Is this life marriage? I had a dream of mutual love, and daily companionship, and now—

My husband loves me, it may—nay, it *must* be. Else why did he marry me—me, the strolling player? But since the May morning that he brought me here, I have only seen him twice, and that for a few minutes each time.

I have nothing to complain of—nothing. My wildest imaginings never pictured anything so lovely as this place, with its vast park crowded with huge and ancient trees, where the turf is so soft and green, and the deer come and go like glancing shadows. And the house, too, so large, so quaint, so old-fashioned. It was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, they tell me. I know all about Queen Elizabeth now, and about many another king and queen of history; for I have been studying hard—what else have I had to do? Besides which, I hope, when I have learned all things befitting Lady Verney's station, that my husband will come to seek me out, and make me happy with his society.

I have a governess—a companion, call her what you will—a kind old lady named Mrs. Ray, who is rather quiet and reticent, it may be, but who is patience itself, as well as learning personified. She superintends my lessons, for I have masters for languages and music; and she has given me innumerable lectures on my dress and deportment. I have a maid of my own, and countless dresses; yet I go nowhere, and I see no one. I walk in the park, and sometimes go out on horseback, with a groom behind me; but when I do ride, it is always at an hour when there are but few persons abroad. The country around Verney Park is very beautiful, and I believe we have many neighbors, but I know none of them.

There is one thing about my lessons that I do not understand: and that is why Mrs. Ray is so

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particular about certain details of my studies and my manners. Evidently, she wants to keep me a Spanish woman as much as possible. I should have thought she would have tried to turn me into an English one. I am studying a Spanish song, "*La Mandolinata*" it is called, with my music-teacher; and she is as anxious that I should be perfect in it as though my life depended upon its successful execution. Then I rehearse a certain style of walking with her; and she worries over my step and gestures in a manner singularly at variance with her usual placidity of demeanor.

JANUARY 20th.—Why did I ever think of keeping a journal? What have I to chronicle, except the quiet and monotonous tenor of my daily life; my walks, studies, and drives; "*La Mandolinata*," of which I am heartily weary; and my lessons in deportment from Mrs. Ray?

JUNE 6th.—How long it is since I touched my journal! But now something has really happened. We—that is, Mrs. Ray—has received a letter. My husband is coming to Verney Park. I am glad, and yet I am half afraid. Suppose I should not please him? Suppose I have not improved as rapidly as he wished and expected? But he is coming, and I mean to cast away all fear and anxiety, and be happy in the expectation. I have been in and out of the rooms, preparing for him, fifty times a day. I mean to gather great bouquets of roses, to put in his dressing-room; and I have hung my favorite copy of the Murillo Madonna over his writing-table.

JULY 1st.—He has come. He is gone. I sit down to collect my scattered thoughts, and try to puzzle out the meaning of what I have seen and heard.

He arrived a week ago. I was out walking in the park when he came. My first impulse was to rush to him at once, but Mrs. Ray restrained me. "He is weary, and does not wish to be disturbed," she said. Too weary to see his wife, I thought? But I crushed back the hot tears, and resolved to be patient. For, after all, had he not taken me away from Juana and that horrible life? I should have been now either a ballet-dancer, or else dead from very shame and misery. And he must have loved me, else why did he marry me?

I busied myself about my usual avocations: my reading, drawing, and music, for the rest of the day, too proud and pained to let any trace of my real feelings escape me. That eternal Mandolinata! Mrs. Ray made me repeat it twenty times, at least. Then, when dinner was over (Sir Edmund—I cannot call him husband—dined in his own apartments), she took me upstairs to superintend my dress. The toilette she put on me was one that I had never worn nor even seen before. It was white, of some gauzy, silken tissue, trimmed with a profusion of finest black lace. My maid dressed my hair in a new and peculiar style, placing in it a high Spanish comb, over which she threw a black mantilla veil, which she fastened back with a single scarlet rose. A similar rose was placed in the bosom of my dress. Then Mrs. Ray placed in my hands a fan of ivory and black lace, and made me pace slowly to and fro in the room, fanning myself as I did so. I heard her murmur, under her breath: "Exact, exact—he *must* be satisfied now." Then when she had minutely inspected every detail of my dress, she led the way downstairs to the door of the great drawing-room.

By this time, the sun had been set for some time, and the soft summer twilight brooded over the earth. One end of the long room was dimly lighted by two or three glimmering candles. The rest of it was left in obscurity. Mrs. Ray took me to the side door, which opened on the lighted end. There stood the grand piano. It was open, now; but no music was placed upon its desk, nor had the candles in the side-branches attached to it been lighted.

"Enter," said Mrs. Ray to me, softly, "and observe my instructions minutely. You are to walk slowly half a dozen times across the room, fanning yourself, and as if lost in meditation; then you are to seat yourself at the piano, and sing *La Mandolinata*, exactly as you have been taught to sing it."

My mind was in a whirl, a maze of bewilderment, at the oddity of the situation. But I obeyed, mechanically. My theatrical training came into play at that moment. Slowly I glided to and fro, with drooping head and swaying fan. My glances occasionally sought the other end of the apartment; but they were powerless to pierce the obscurity which reigned there. Was my husband watching me? Was it in this way that he wished to judge of my progress in grace and refinement? A whisper from Mrs. Ray, who remained in concealment outside the door, checked my promenade, when I had continued it for a few minutes; and then, obedient to her directions, I seated myself at the piano, and began to sing. Insensibly, as I did so, I became interested and absorbed in my song. The thought that perhaps my husband was listening to me unseen lent fervor to my accents and power to my voice. The sweet wailing minor of the melody floated upon the air like an utterance of

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appealing sorrow, of pathetic pain. Suddenly, as I sang, I was caught in the grasp of two powerful arms; I was enfolded and crushed in an embrace whose violence seemed like the passion of despair; a rain of kisses fell swift and burning on my hair, my brow, my lips.

"Inez, Inez—my Inez!" cried a voice—my husband's voice—in accents of passionate anguish and tenderness. Then I was released. A form vanished into the outer darkness, and was gone. I sprang to follow. But I was alone.

"Husband!" I cried.

But the vast room gave back my call in a hollow echo, and that alone. Then a strange fear seized upon me, and I fled to the silence and security of my own apartments. Mrs. Ray was waiting for me there. But in vain did I ask from her some explanation of what had happened.

"It was very odd, certainly. Of course it was Edmund who had so startled me. Perhaps gentlemen took strange freaks, sometimes. No, I could not see him—not that evening—to-morrow, perhaps." And so I took off my gay new dress, and sat down to marvel and meditate over what had happened, and try to search out some meaning in it.

The next day, I asked again to see my husband. He was gone.

What does this mean? Why am I shut up here like the Eastern slaves of whom I have read? Am I never to be released, never to become the companion of my husband's life and affections, never to take my place beside him in the world? If so, it were better that I had died. Better had he left me to work out my destiny on the stage at Lerallois, with Juana for my persecutor, and Monsieur Mazille for my protector. Dear old Monsieur Mazille! He, at least, loved me; and this man, blue-eyed, graceful, handsome, fascinating, he scorns me—and worse, he loves another. So, at least, does it seem to me. What, to be clasped to his heart, and hear another woman's name fall from the lips that had just imprinted on mine their first love-kiss! Oh, who will unravel for me this mystery? "Inez, dear Inez!" he had said. Who is the Inez thus passionately apostrophized? What had my husband—mine—*my* husband to do with such an utterance, at such a moment? Is she some woman that he loves? If so, why did he marry me? Alas, I know now, from his conduct, that he does not love me. But then, why did he ever marry me? Ah, why, indeed?

JULY 8th.—I have made a discovery. My husband's rooms conceal some secret, past my finding out. There is a door, an inner door, communicating with his dressing-room, which is kept locked, and which I am not permitted to open. I discovered it yesterday, when in very weariness of my own troubled thoughts I left my books and pencils, and went wandering like a restless spirit through the house, lingering, poor fool, the longest in the apartments he had so lately occupied, seeking for some trace of his presence, and caressing with eager hands and throbbing heart a discarded cravat and a faded buttonhole bouquet which lay forgotten in one of the drawers of his dressing-table. Then I spied the door, which, in all my former visits to this room, I had never before noticed, probably because it was masked behind a hanging of deep-green damask which matched the window-curtains; and by some accident or forgetfulness, this drapery had now been drawn aside. I tried to open it, but it was locked. I summoned Mrs. Ray, and insisted upon her bringing me the key. But this she flatly refused to do, telling me that it was by her master's orders that the door was left fastened.

I will open it; of that I am resolved. I cannot help fancying that the secret of my fate is hidden in yonder closed-up room. Is it a Bluebeard's chamber?

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# A VISIT.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

You pleaded, and I have come,
  Tho' I angered all heaven to do it,
And now you seem blind and dumb;
  Not happy, as if you knew it.

I was busy and blest and glad
  In that wonderful land of the spirit;
But you cried so, and seemed so sad,
  I grew troubled and grieved to hear it.

And I heard you praying and suing
  With Jehovah, to see my face,
And I put down the work I was doing,
  And broke thro' the walls of space.

I am here, leaning over your chair.
  I love you, and want to show it.
But you seem not to know nor to care;
  If you looked with your soul, you would know it.

But you look for the earthly mortal,
  And she went under the sod.
I will go back to heaven's portal,
  And make my peace with God.

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# THE CHAIN OF HAIR.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

THE train stopped, with a jerk.

"We dine, here," said the Rev. Dr. Storr.

The doctor, in conjunction with his wife, was convoying through Europe a party of eight young ladies.

Edith Aylett, one of the party, had been feasting her eyes on the beauties of the Semmering Alps. She now turned to her companions.

"I am sure I, at least," she said, "am hungry enough." And she arose, briskly, and followed the doctor and Mrs. Storr out of the car and into the *salle à manger*, with the rest of the party.

The array of bright young faces brought a rush of eager waiters forward. Edith had too good an appetite not to appreciate the very excellent dinner. But she was not so engrossed that she did not take time to reconnoitre her fellow-passengers at the table.

Suddenly, she uttered a slight exclamation.

"What is it?" asked May Shields, who sat next to her. "Ah! I see. There is that artist, again, we met in the Rhine Maüs-Thum forest, and his route has crossed ours constantly since. It's very queer, isn't it, his following us so persistently?"

"I do not know that he does follow us," said Edith, "any more than we follow him. You remember how we came upon him at the Drachenfels?"

"Yes," said May. "But then, who knows whether he had not heard that we were to go to the Drachenfels? I feel sure he did follow us to Potsdam and Sans Souci."

"Perhaps," returned Edith. "But if so, you must have been the magnet."

"Must I? Well, I was not the one whose sketch-book was returned in the shell-room at Potsdam. Neither was I the young lady who was saved from a tumble down the steps of Queen Louisa's mausoleum at Charlottenburg."

Edith's cheek flamed.

"Those miserable sketches!" she said, with a gesture of self-disgust. "What must he, a real artist, have thought of the botches?"

"Yet Doctor Storr says you have a real talent for sketching."

"Oh," returned Miss Aylett, betraying herself, "my little talent is, I suppose, nothing in comparison with the real genius of this Mr. Brennan."

"Brennan?" repeated May, in surprise. "How do you know his name?"

Edith colored.

"He gave me his card, whilst holding the gate open for us to pass out of the mausoleum."

"Humph!" said May. "I can't see why he should have deemed it necessary to introduce himself, just because he had saved you from a fall."

"He said he had accidentally seen my name when he picked up the sketch-book, and he thought he ought to give me his in return."

"What fallacious twiddle-twaddle; and what a sly innocent you are, Edith Aylett. After such revelations, I suppose I might guess what does really draw this rising star from his orbit."

"I know what I guess," returned Edith, with an embarrassed laugh. "I guess this hook back here, which keeps catching in my hat, is about to pull my head off." At the same time, she lifted her hand to unfasten her hat from one of the hooks in the wall, used for the summer fans.

"Do not lean back so far," suggested May, releasing her. But Edith was guiltily conscious of the pair of eyes constantly turned in her direction, and she was anxious to draw back out of sight as far as practicable.

"I will take my hat off," she said, removing the broad-brimmed Rubens shading her face. "My head is not high enough to reach the hook without it."

She hung the hat on the back of May's chair, and the two girls continued their conversation. But they had not many minutes for confidences. The car-whistle sounded its note of warning. There was a general uprising, and a rush made for the train.

"May Shields," called Mrs. Storr, "will you carry this luncheon to Julia Raines? She had a headache, you know, and I would not let her leave the coupé."

"Certainly," answered the obliging May.

Gathering up her veil and gloves from the back of her chair, she hurried off, not noticing that, in her promiscuous collection, she had borne away Edith's hat, dangling by one long string. Edith perceived the mistake. She arose from her seat, calling after May. The noise and bustle was



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such, however, that the heedless girl went on without hearing the call, never glancing back to see into what an unlucky plight her friend had fallen.

In truth, Miss Aylett was fairly entrapped. She had pushed her chair back from the table, and rising quickly, had advanced a step, only to find herself jerked violently back. A braid of her hair had been caught by the hook which had fretted her so during dinner.

Neither did the hook, insensate though it was, seem inclined to yield readily its beautiful spoil. Worried by the delay, Miss Aylett twitched at and shook the braid impatiently; but it only became the more hopelessly entangled. Meantime, Doctor Storr and his party had left the dining-hall, and were settling into their coupé; those inside thinking that Miss Aylett was outside, while those without were thinking that she was within the carriage. So, no one missed her. Yes, there was one! For just as the train was fairly getting under way, a lithe athletic figure appeared at the door of the smoking coupé; said a word to the guard, slipping a bribe into the hand outstretched to unlock the door; and in a twinkling, there were two men standing on the platform. In another twinkling, a daring leap had been successfully made; and while the guard gave his warning cry: "Take care, there;" and *Kellner* and *Dreustmädchen* of the Hotel *Grüner Baum* hailed the exciting episode with frantic gesticulation and a Babel of tongues, Douglas Brennan, preserving his balance, waved his hand to the guard, just as the train swept around the curve.

Then, with a half-anxious look blending incongruously with the smile of assured triumph parting his lips, he turned and strode directly toward the *salle à manger*.

In the meantime, poor Edith's soul had been harrowed through every stage of despair, from anxiety to the utter, forlorn hopelessness which seized upon her when she heard the last shrill whistle sound, and the car-wheels revolve faster and faster as the express swept on its way toward Trieste. She had struggled valiantly for release. She had quite dislodged, root and branch, several gleaming strands of her beautiful hair. She had even kicked her pretty little boots against the wall, calling lustily for help.

But the dining-hall was emptied of waiters and all, the attention of the entire *Grüner Baum* being concentrated upon the departing express. When the train had finally started, Edith had given over the impotent struggle with fate. Through a window some distance away, she had seen the puffing columns of smoke from the engine, and then the vanishing train. She did not faint, but she did lean back against the wall, weak, colorless; and great slow tears forced their way from under her lids, and trickled down her white cheeks.

So Douglas Brennan saw her, as he stepped within the doorway. Without hesitation, he moved forward. She was aroused by the sound of his footsteps; and tingling with shame and mortification, she covered her eyes and face, while her tears fell faster, forcing their way through her trembling fingers.

Brennan hastened his step, and was beside her in a moment.

"Don't," he said, beseechingly, "don't be so distressed. Please try to imagine that I am Dr. Storr, spectacles and all. I will take the best care of you in the world. I beg you will consider me as a brother, a father—what you will."

With her face still hidden, and her tears yet falling, Edith began to laugh hysterically. The idea of imagining the slender, graceful artist to be the rubicund-visaged, Falstaffian Doctor Storr appealed keenly to her sense of ludicrous. Soon, her tears were dispersed, and her buoyant nature asserted its ascendancy.

"That is right," he said, cheerily. "It is always better to laugh than to cry. But are you laughing because I am in a like predicament with yourself? You see the train has left me, too."

"I know," said Miss Aylett, her blushes kindling. "I saw how you happened to be left, and I appreciate your chivalry in behalf of a damsel in distress. But it was a dangerous experiment."

"No, I took no risk. I bribed the guard to let me off, and to say to Doctor Storr that I would see you were attended to, and should be brought to him safely in Trieste."

"How kind and thoughtful," said Edith, her eyes again glistening with tears. "I was feeling utterly forlorn, when you came in."

"No wonder, to be chained to the wall after this fashion. But permit me—" stepping nearer, and lifting gently the long braids of red gold. "You cannot extricate yourself, but I will have you free in a moment. Ah! what a pity—" raising and disentangling the network of silken clinging ringlets. "Poor child! What a state of desperation you must have been in. Ah! this lock won't come. It's more difficult than I thought it."

"If you cannot extricate it," said Edith, half laughing and half crying, "would it not be better to cut it off?"

"Cut it? Oh, no, that would be sacrilege."

But though he unbound and unplaited her

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braids, the fine threads became more matted or enmeshed, so that at last he was compelled to sacrifice one of the long strands. She drew a deep sigh of relief; turned and held out her hand for the lock he had cut off. But while undoing it, he looked down at her over his shoulder.

"Would you be less generous to me than Andromeda was to Perseus? Would she have refused him the chains by which she had been bound?"

For an instant, Edith Aylett drew herself up haughtily. His answer was to drop the hair into her palm.

"You can give it to me, if you will, when you know me better," he said, with a light laugh; and Miss Aylett felt somehow that she had been perpetrating a little meanness.

He noticed her embarrassment, and said with tact:

"Suppose we go in search of *die gute frau* of the establishment. She can probably put you in the hands of a better hair-dresser than I have proven to be. Where is your hat?"

"My hat?" repeated Edith, bewildered. "Oh," looking aghast, "that miserable May Shields has carried off my hat on the train also."

"Never mind. That is a loss easily remedied. We can find a hat at any of the shops. Sit here a moment, while I go in search of the *Gastwirth*. We will trust in Providence to find him and his good dame. They are a fatherly and motherly couple, who will take you in their care, and make you feel more at ease." Nor was the trust belied; for when he returned with the Herr Schmidt and his wife, Edith directly found herself almost taken into the arms of the worthy *Gastwirthinn*, while Herr Schmidt stood smiling approval.

His good wife soon bore their young guest off to her more private domain in the *Grüner Baum*, and an hour later, Brennan found her there, installed in the chair of honor, in the cleanly, fragrant kitchen. He was delighted to see Miss Aylett looking so cheery, and appearing thoroughly at ease.

"I have been to buy a hat for you," he said, "but I am afraid you'll hardly like it. I could do no better, however." As he spoke, he exhibited a miniature tower of straw, wondrously decorated with gay ribbons, and a gorgeous bird of an unknown species.

"It was the very best I could do," Brennan said to Edith, who was looking up at him with a quizzical expression. "This place is, I find, leagues above Paris in its fashions."

"And near enough to Paradise to steal from thence one of its gorgeous plumaged birds?" naively questioned Edith, lifting the long feathers drooping from the hat.

"Ah, you do not like it? It will not do?"

"I should be hard to satisfy, should I not," she quickly answered, marking the disappointment in his tone, "if the holiday headgear of a Semmering fräulein pleased me not? It is a little more conspicuous than my Rubens—a little too *prononcé* for my taste, perhaps—"

"I should think so, indeed," he interposed, quickly. "But try it on, please. If it is becoming, we will strive to make the best of what cannot be made better."

Edith laughed, but lifted the towering sugar-loaf to crown her braids, which had by this time been reduced to their usual state of graceful becomingness.

"*Wunderschön!*" cried Frau Schmidt.

"*Wunderlich!*" said Malchen, the kitchen-maid, shuffling her clogs in ecstasy.

"*Wie reizend!*" quavered Herr Schmidt, body and voice alike in a tremble.

"Will it do?" Edith asked, turning her piquant face around for Brennan's inspection.

He made her no answer in words; but there was a something in the sudden lighting of his eyes, which caused her own to falter in their frank gaze.

She turned quickly, and moved towards the little three-cornered mirror, which, suspended over the kitchen dresser, reflected everything in the room with the grotesque obliquity natural, perchance, to a thing of its mercurial constitution.

"Don't," cried Brennan, hastily stepping in front of her. "Don't look in the glass to see yourself. Let me make a sketch of you in the hat. You shall see yourself in it, just as I see you now. Come for a climb on the mountain. It has many points of interest, and while you are looking at them, I will look at you, and make the sketch of you."

Edith, after a moment's hesitation, assented. The next train would not be along, she knew, for several hours. Besides, she owed some little return, at least, to him for the service he had done her. Accordingly, they were soon climbing the precipitous streets of the hamlet; and leaving them behind, continued their ascent to the convent and its neighboring chapel, nestling in an eyrie perch underneath one of the Semmering crags. At the summit, they sat down to rest, before going through the church or the cloisters.

Brennan opened his sketching-rack.

"Are you really going to make a picture of me?" she asked, coloring a little.

"If the mirror in the kitchen had been better,

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you would have seen that nature has been before me in that work."

She blushed, but laughed.

"I shall have to frame my questions more carefully, as I find you can talk like a courtier, as well as sketch like an artist."

"But," said Brennan, smiling, "I am not by profession either artist or courtier. These pleasant Bohemian jaunts, these sketches and sketching days, are but the relaxation in my life-work. Turn your face more this way, please. I can sketch better, and talk better, if you are looking directly at me; and I would like to tell you a little about myself, if you can have the patience to listen."

"I do not know," said Miss Aylett, "that I have any other engagement, this afternoon; and you will find me a good listener."

"Well, it will be enough to say that I am a native South Carolinian. I entered the Medical Class at the University of Virginia, in 1871. By the way," glancing up again, "I met a young Aylett there from Richmond, Virginia. Are you not from that place also?"

"Yes, I am a native of Richmond."

"So was Aylett—Jack Aylett was his name. Ten to one," energetically snapping his fingers, in an almost boyish excitement, as he gazed earnestly into her face, "ten to one he is kin of yours. Why, it is the very likeness which has so haunted me in your features. I thought I had known just such a face—known and admired it at some time in my life; and I did admire and love Jack Aylett's bright face, as I did no other. On no better-hearted, whole-souled fellow did the sun shine."

Edith's eyes glistened.

"You say of him no more than is true," she said, proudly. "Jack is my brother, and a nobler one never lived."

"Jack—your brother? Jack Aylett?" cried Douglas Brennan, leaping to his feet. Seizing Edith's hand, he gave it a hearty shake. "You must pardon my outburst," he said; "but it stirs my heart even to think of Jack Aylett. Why, we were chums—room-mates, Jonathan and David, Damon and Pythias, to each other, those two years at the University. Afterward, we were two more years together in the hospitals in New York. Then I had my appointment to a frontier post, while Jack settled in St. Louis; so we have only heard from each other at rare intervals since. I do not forget our friendship, though. To think that you are Jack's little sister Edie, of whom he has so often talked to me! It seems almost too good to be true. I think," throwing back his head to look into her face, "that is, I hope, if you had known what Jack and I were to each other, you would have been willing to trust me with that lock of hair I had the barbarity to cut from your head."

Edith's hand dropped into her ulster pocket. Drawing forth the tress, she held it out on her finger. It hung down nearly to his face, in spirals and convolutes of yellow-brown and red-brown lights and shades.

"You can have it now, if you want it," she said. "I feel sure Jack would wish me to give it to you—for his sake."

Brennan took the shining strand, and laid it in a coil upon his palm; he stroked and patted it; he let it twine caressingly around his fingers; and at last, he lifted it a second to his lips. Yet, after all, he rejected the gift, permitting it to drop back upon her lap.

"I do not want it—for Jack's sake," he said. "I would prefer you to give me this for my own sake; and may-be, one day, you may. I would rather wait till then."

"Very well," she said, with what nonchalance she could command; "only, perhaps, you have lost your chance. But to return to your narration. How comes it you are so distant from your frontier post?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I could not any longer endure the savage camping life; and once within the borders of civilization, I determined upon a course in the French and German schools of surgery. For four years, therefore, I have been devoting myself to this specialty. I have given up nine months of each year to hard work; but have spent the other three as you have seen me, from Cologne to Mürz-zuschlag, with only my sketching-rack for my companion. This summer, however, makes a finish of this pleasant, nomadic sort of life. With a trunk comfortably ballasted with diplomas, I shall sail from Liverpool, in the Parthia, on the first of October."

"Why," said Miss Aylett, with a quick laugh and blush, "Doctor Storr returns by the Parthia with us at that time."

Again Douglas threw back his head to look up at the bright, fair face of the girl at his side.

"Do you know," he said, with a slow, pleased smile, while her cheek deepened its rose-hue, "I have at times found it necessary to anathematize the Fates, but I shall do it no longer."

Miss Aylett made no reply. Possibly she might not have heard him, as her face was turned away, and she was intently regarding the panorama of hill and sky in front of her: the hamlet below the crag where they were perched, and the silvery Mürz winding by it on its way through

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picturesque gorge and ravine to its confluence with the Mur, miles away. How much she took in of the extended view, how much of its kaleidoscopic changes, it might have been difficult for herself to say. Still, her eyes were occupied, at least; for she did not look around at her companion until he opened his sketching-rack again.

"If you will give me five minutes more," he said, gently, "I think I can make a finish of this, and we can go through the chapel."

"Yes," said Edith; "but we must not tarry very long, or Frau Schmidt may take me to task for being out after sunset. The day is almost done, you see."

"I am sacrilegiously wishing," he answered, with a smile, "that some Joshua was at hand to bid the sun stand still."

"Poor Dr. and Mrs. Storr would probably not thank you for the wish," said Edith, promptly. "What a worry they must have been in all day."

"I think," said Brennan, "they may feel less anxious than you imagine. Dr. Storr, I discovered to-day, at table d'hote, knows my father and family well. Indeed, he was once pastor in charge of the church of which my father was a member. The guard will certainly tell him I jumped off the train to take care of you for him"—smiling a little. "But, at any rate, their anxiety will not be of long duration."

Edith shook her head.

"I do not know. If they go to Trieste, to wait for me there, and our train does not come for us before midday to-morrow, only see what an immense time we will be separated. Why, we will have been detained here twenty-four hours."

"Only twenty-four hours at this delightful place," said Brennan, sighing. "Oh, for my Joshua!"

For some reason, Miss Aylett found herself echoing the sigh; but she got up directly from the lichen-covered boulder.

"Don't you think," she said, laughing, but coloring, "that, as the day of miracles is past, we had better anticipate the sun's departure? Even now his glory lingers on only those higher cones, and the nights sweep down quickly in the valleys like this of the Mürz. I do not really care for an inside view of the chapel. You will have time, in the morning, to complete your sketch, before the express comes, will you not?"

"But I could not afford to risk to-morrow for this," returned Brennan, who, while she spoke, had been working to good purpose. "See if you think I could," turning round, for her inspection, the graceful drawing he had made.

"You artists," said Edith, looking at the picture, a half smile dimpling her lips, "have the faculty of transforming nature, as a sunbeam glorifies an atom of dust crossing its path. Now you know that I and my costume could only have been converted into this artistic creation through some such magical process. Nay, don't disclaim," handing him back the sketch. "I know the indignation you feel, at this attack upon your 'truth to nature;' but we have not time for discussion. Frau Schmidt will be sending Malchen, or her son, Johann, in search of us."

"Well," said Brennan, following her down the declivity, "as my drawing is condemned, I suppose you will not object, if I keep it for myself?"

She glanced at him, half shyly, as they walked together along the rugged path.

"I have no right to withhold that which is your own property, have I? If you think the likeness a good one, I think the execution of it better; so, if your sketch possesses one, or both merits, why should you not keep it?"

"The question is not 'Why not?' but 'May I?'" said Brennan, reaching out his hand to assist her down an abrupt descent.

For some distance he had to lend her this aid. Her hand was held in his close, strong grasp, and the path wound its way around jutting crags and over outcropping ledges of granite. Hence, she was so occupied that she made him no answer until they were on level ground once more. In truth, she was about to withdraw her hand, without making answer at all. But Brennan closed his grasp yet more firmly around her fingers, and repeated, "May I?"

"Have the picture?" she asked, after an instant's hesitation. "As possession is nine points of the law, I suspect I am bound to concede any remaining points in this case. If you think I have any claim on the picture, why, then, I relinquish it in your favor."

"Thanks," he said, releasing her hand. "Your generous concession makes me regret I did not ask for the lock of hair again at the same time."

But, as they were now approaching the *Grüner Baum*, Edith did not think it incumbent upon her to take the least notice of this strong hint.

Nor did Douglas Brennan have an opportunity to renew it during the evening, as Frau Schmidt seized upon her young guests, hospitably intent upon entertaining them until bedtime.

Wearied as she was by the day's excitement, Miss Aylett did not feel averse to saying good-night when the hour for it finally came. And well, too, did she sleep. So well, that the sunlight was not only gilding the mountain-crest, but had found its way quite into the depths of the valley, when Malchen came to arouse her from her slumber.

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A tardy toilette she made, shrinking coyly from meeting Douglas Brennan, and was relieved when Malchen came again later, to ask if she would not prefer breakfast at Frau Schmidt's table, in the warm kitchen, rather than have a cheerless meal to herself in the great *salle à manger*. "For," said Malchen, in her quaint dialect, bringing a flush to Miss Aylett's cheek, "the fräulein's brother, or cousin, is by this hour far up among the mountains, whither he and Johann went, at day dawn, for a shot or two at game. They may not return for an hour or more, so the fräulein had best not wait."

Miss Aylett was still dallying with the snowy egg-cups, and the crisp twists of German bread, when Johann, stalwart and brawny, came stalking into the kitchen, flinging down upon its boards a well-filled bag of game. His clanking step was followed at once by a more elastic, springing one, which Edith had anticipated, and which she recognized without difficulty.

A moment later, Douglas Brennan was exchanging greetings with her; and afterwards she remained, at the frau's instigation, while he and Johann ate their breakfasts in turn; and so almost unconsciously the morning passed, till they heard the shrill whistle of the express train.

"And now," said Brennan, when at last they were off, "I suppose we are safely booked for Trieste."

"Yes," said Edith. "But I am sorry the freshet in the lower valley washed away the telegraph connection, so we could not have a word from Doctor Storr to-day. One thing is certain, though: no *salle à manger*, however tempting, can beguile me from this coupé, till we land at Trieste. I shall not get off the train, until Doctor Storr has me in charge."

Brennan laughingly protested against her implied distrust of his ability to take care of her. She answered blithely, being as light of heart as he. So the flow of badinage went on, now brimming with mirth and laughter, and now murmuring with tender cadences—a fair stream from their hearts' bright fountain bearing them —whither?

Short-sighted mortals! In the journey of life, none of us can claim, as Brennan and Edith did, to be booked through to any point, with a certainty of reaching there at our own appointed time. Scarcely had the express borne them thirty miles along their route, when they were whirled beyond the confluence of the Mürz with the Mur into the midst of the scenes of the late freshet. Everywhere the force of the flood had spent itself; but there was the trail of the disaster throughout the ravine. The Mur River had returned within bounds, but the waters were still muddy, and the current was swift and strong.

"The stream must have gone quite over this road in places," said Miss Aylett, a little anxiously.

"Oh, yes," said Brennan; "but the officials are very careful in their examination of the places liable to be washed or undermined. Railroad accidents are comparatively of rare occurrence in this country, you know."

"But," said Edith, drawing a long sigh of relief, as the train rushed out from the ravine, leaving the Mur at a distance on their left, "I shall feel more comfortable with this breathing space between us and that ugly-looking torrent."

"I cannot see," said Brennan, teazingly, as he glanced from the window, "that there would be more than a choice of evils between a tumble down this embankment and one from the precipitous crags of the ravine."

"I will take my chances from this point, I believe," answered Edith, lightly.

"Well," he said, referring to his pocket guide, "I think you are pretty safe in doing so, for we are not far from a station, I see, where the engine stops to take on water."

Edith made no reply. Indeed, she had not time. Their coupé gave a sudden leap forward; the whole car quivered like a mortally wounded thing in the death throes, and then bounded madly on, lurching and swaying, every timber creaking. An instant later, there was a universal upheaval of the foundations under them. The crashing and grinding and crunching was something awful to hear.

But it lasted only for a second of time. Then the riven car leaped from the embankment, and executing a somersault, whirled over on its side a hopeless wreck, lying at the base of the declivity, filled with human souls writhing in pain.

At the first signal of danger, Brennan had thrown out his arm to grasp Edith, but the second lurch of the coupé dashed them apart, and in the final crash he was wedged against the roof, sustaining numberless contusions, the seriousness of which he was as yet unable to determine.

Edith had been less fortunate. Thrown to the lower side of the car, almost everything the coupé contained, including the single fat, jolly-faced female who had been their *vis-à-vis* all the way from Mürz-zuschlag, was heaped on top of her. Hence, it was not surprising that when rescue came she should have been taken from the wreck unconscious, and apparently lifeless.

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Fortunately for her, and for the other wounded passengers, however, the station was but a mile distant, and they were soon borne thither.

Edith remained unconscious during the transfer. Indeed, she was in no better condition when she was laid upon a couch, in one of the neat chambers of the only hotel Bruck contained.

Fortunately, however, she found friends ready to attend her. Bruck was the next station to Mürz-zuschlag, and at Bruck, Doctor Storr and his party had been domiciled since they reached there, the evening before. For once, the reverend doctor had proved stubborn, and would not go on to Trieste, but would stop at the nearest point. "No," he said, "I cannot leave Miss Aylett; I will telegraph back to her, and say we wait here." But he found, to his consternation, the telegraph wires down. There was, however, a great burden lifted from his heart to know that Brennan was with her. His leaping from the train, to see that no harm came to her, was just such an unselfish, kindly deed as he might have expected from a son of his old friend, Doctor Douglas Brennan.

Her friends were in an agony of fear, when she was brought into the station, so white and still. Her syncope was of moderate duration, however; but when she did arouse to consciousness, it was an awaking to exquisite pain in her right hand and wrist.

At once, of course, it was concluded that her arm must have been shattered.

"Is no physician to be found anywhere, who can afford the poor child relief?" asked Mrs. Storr, in a flutter of anxiety.

Again, for the twentieth time, perhaps, Doctor Storr bustled off to hunt for a doctor. Plenty of doctors there were in Bruck, all its folk said; but every one of them had their hands full of the maimed from the wreck. So the doctor was returning to his wife, when, on the porch of the hotel, he came face to face with Douglas Brennan. Our hero was wearing a conspicuous strip of adhesive plaster over an ugly bruise near his temple, and, having a general air of dilapidation, was a pitiful sight to see.

Brennan, though, did not wait to be questioned. He hobbled stiffly forward to meet the doctor.

"Will you tell me of Miss Aylett's real condition?" he said, striving to speak calmly. "Some say she is dangerously injured. Is there no hope? I was so stunned and hurt, I did not see her after the accident. What does her physician say?"

"Her physician?" repeated Doctor Storr, who, harassed and nervous, had grown irascible. "My dear sir, her physician says nothing, because she has no physician to say anything."

"No physician? Great heavens! Is she dead?"

"Dead? No, she isn't dead—that is, she was not dead ten minutes ago; but the Lord only knows whether she will live or die, if we cannot get a physician to do something for her. Not one in Bruck can I find who hasn't his hands full of the wounded."

"My dear sir," cried Brennan. "I am a physician—was a practicing physician in America—am now just graduated from the schools of surgery in Paris. If I can do anything for Miss Aylett, I beg you will command me."

"My dear boy," cried the doctor, a suspicious moisture glistening in his eyes, "may God bless you. You've lifted a world's weight from my heart. Come this way."

Not less relieved was Mrs. Storr, when they entered the sick-room. Edith had fainted again. Yet everybody felt more hopeful when Doctor Brennan had made his examination. There was, he thought, no internal injury, no shattering of bones—only a displacement of the wrist joint, which he proceeded to rectify, thereby sending Miss Aylett back to the realm of oblivion from which she was just beginning to emerge. The rest of the work he accomplished in the absence of her consciousness.

So when she came to herself, Edith found her arm comfortably at rest on its support; a gash across her palm was wearing its strip of adhesive plaster; and there was a general respite from the pain which had lately racked her.

It is safe to affirm that a more devoted physician, no patient ever had. In his attendance upon Miss Aylett, during the ten days of her convalescence, Doctor Douglas Brennan was assiduous beyond example. Doctor Storr did not hesitate to say that he regarded him as a model in his profession. Publicly he expressed admiration not only for the young man's genius, but more especially for the unselfishness of his present course.

"Why," he said to Mrs. Storr, more than once, "he devotes himself to Miss Aylett's case, up here in this obscure place, as though he were in no hurry to see the Florentine galleries. Such devotion to science must and will have its reward."

Mrs. Storr doubtless interpreted differently the disinterestedness of Edith's medical adviser; but she was a discreet woman, if not a manœuvring chaperon, and held her tongue.

Edith had something to endure from the pleasantries of her young companions, however; but even they had been softened by her late danger, and were not inclined to tease or torment her as unsparingly as they might otherwise have done.

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What Miss Aylett herself thought of the disinterestedness of Brennan might be inferred from the payment she made him for his services, the evening before they left Bruck for Trieste.

She had naturally enough expressed a desire to visit the place where the train had met with its disaster. Doctor Brennan had given his opinion that the drive would be rather a benefit than a disadvantage; moreover, he had offered himself as an escort, knowing that Dr. Storr and his party had made their plans for a visit to a cave in the vicinity.

Thus it came about that he and Edith went together to the scene of the accident. The distance was so short, and the droschke drive so little fatiguing, that Miss Aylett found herself able, as Brennan suggested, to leave the driver and his vehicle in the road, while they went on to the place where much of the debris of the wreck was yet scattered.

Miss Aylett looked up the embankment from which their car had fallen. Then she glanced at the car, lying wrecked at the foot of the slope.

She shivered, whitening.

"I can scarcely realize that I am living," she said, in an awe-struck tone. "It seems as if I must have been crushed quite into atoms under this mass of timber and iron."

"Don't think of it," he said, vehemently. "Thank God you were spared."

"Why, see," cried Edith, abruptly, "here lies a door with the number of our coupé on it. Could this be the place where we were sitting?"

"Great heavens," cried Brennan. "What an escape!"

An escape indeed! The car had broken in half just where they had been sitting. Had it parted anywhere else, they would both have been killed. Doctor Brennan drew a deep breath. "It was God's Providence," he said to himself. "Nothing else."

Edith, less observant, slipped into the gap, looking about her curiously.

"It is our coupé," she said, lifting aside some pieces of plank. "See, here is a leaf of the Railway Guide you were looking at when the crash came."

"Yes," said Brennan, "and here is a fragment of your pretty gray ulster."

"Oh," suddenly exclaimed Edith, who had still been peering about, as if in search of something, "and here—yes, here it is—I thought I might find it."

"What?" asked Brennan, pressing nearer.

Edith only laughed. She was pulling, a little excitedly, a slender cord, that was knotted about a knob of the iron rack.

"Let me do that," said Brennan, taking the end in his hand. "Why, Miss Edith, it is a strand of your hair." He looked down at her. "Is it the one I cut off at Mürz-zuschlag?"

"Yes," she answered, feeling somehow guilty and confused. "I lost it from my ulster pocket that day."

When he had disentangled the strand, he tenderly straightened the golden threads, and held them out to her.

"You will give it to me now, will you not, dear? Let it be the golden chain to bind my life to yours, Edith."

"It seems to me," she answered, after a moment's silence, during which he waited for her reply, "that if you cared much for me, you would desire a more secure chain—for—for that purpose"—and she smiled roguishly—"than this slippery strand of hair."

"It only needs to be riveted, make it a chain stronger than one of steel."

"How?" she asked, blushing and conscious. "May I show you?"

A still more vivid blush lighted her pale face, but she said not a word.

He took her in his arms and kissed her. Nor did she resist.

And all this, you see, came of a CHAIN OF HAIR.

# IN SUMMER-TIME.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

In summer-time, when bloom is on the rye,
And waves of snow drift down the turquoise sky,
And poppies run, "like torchmen," in the wheat,
What Mercury will bring thee to my feet?
In summer-time.

When purple butterflies sail aimless by,
And blackbirds flute and warble as they fly,
And languid airs blow from the sunland's heat,
Then every thought I have is of my sweet—
In summer-time.

Yet, 'neath thy scornful seeming, what am I?
What is it, that I live or that I die?
And still, methinks, these winds that hasten fleet
From caverns of the northland, white with sleet,
Will bring thee to me, with love's meekness, shy—
In summer-time.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148.

## CHAPTER XX.

DELAY only makes any duty we shrink from the more difficult of accomplishment. Though fully aware of this, Huestice Young hesitated to confirm the rash engagement which he now saw threatened political ruin to a career made brilliant by his own talent, with the social ostracism which the prejudice of opposing races was sure to bring upon him. Beyond this, and in spite of himself, a feeling of loss and sacrifice swayed his heart back to thoughts of Constance Noel. That exquisite inner sense that exists only with rare refinement in men or women, shed its subtle influence through these more worldly considerations. He began to doubt if the haughty bearing, that seemed to repulse his advances, was really sustained by the feelings it seemed to express. That modesty which is the best element of real greatness, had forbidden him to recognize the fact that indifference does not arouse intense feeling of any kind; and that a highly-bred girl like Constance was not likely to waste even a glance of contempt on his companionship with a woman like Mrs. Camp, unless her interest in himself had given a sting of wounded pride to the scorn she had flung upon him that day in a balcony of the Capitol. As if to add to the perplexities of his position, these doubts would crowd upon his thoughts, disturbing them with vague uncertainties; and more than once, he was startled to find that the picturesque beauty of Washanee was crowded out of sight by the form of Constance, as he had seen her before a shadow of discord had ever come between them.

The young man knew that all this was madness: that even if Washanee had never come into his life, there was no certainty that Constance would have entered it. But feelings that wounded pride and resentment had failed to harden into indifference now seemed to start out from their hiding-places, like those mysterious writings that only become visible in the glow of intense heat, and under the very burning of his heart enamel every line of her face upon its surface. He tried to resist this; he arose and walked the room hour after hour, in vain efforts to weary himself beyond the influence of such thoughts; but inasmuch as a soul worth having is stronger than the body, that image went with him into a feverish sleep, which found him prostrate upon a couch at daylight, and haunted his dreams with its sweet invisible presence. Few men have ever undertaken a struggle so utterly hopeless as that in which Huestice Young entered, with all the strength of his young manhood. He was honorable and brave; but how was he to wrestle against the sweet and subtle influence which had stolen into his life, and was weaving itself closer and closer there, even while he thought it perishing under the contempt of its object?

The love that possessed him had imperceptibly become a part of his being. Its very fineness baffled the power of a strong will. He might as well have attempted to wrench perfume from the cup of a flower, as separate his being from that of Constance Noel. Not one man in ten thousand would have suffered as Young did, that night; for out of this number, perhaps no other man would have been capable of the feelings that possessed him. For these natures are not of the million to whom the great secret of the one perfect love is given. Men and women capable of feeling such love are like those rare flowers that grow in the pure atmosphere of Alpine peaks. But they do exist, and to such is given the one glimpse of Paradise that can be found on earth.

When Young dropped into feverish sleep, that morning, it was with a painful consciousness that his love for Constance Noel was stronger than ever, and that it would go with him, whatever else might betide, either as a Nemesis or an angel, through the vortex of life into which he must now plunge with that other one by his side. Had he known what was passing in the great brick house, with the starlight falling adown its walls and on that sea of verdure in the garden, some way of redemption must have been found for two hearts linked together at least by the deep sympathy of pain.

Part of that night, Constance had been lying, face downward, among the pillows of her white bed, like some forlorn creature lost in the snow;



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for her sobs now and then broke on the night like the lost wails of a storm, and shivers ran through her frame, as if a gust of wind were sweeping over it. Such grief as this does not long rest passive anywhere. Directly she was walking up and down her chamber again, weeping bitterly, and reproaching herself for the pride that had driven this one man, who was all the world to her, into an engagement that impended nothing but disgrace and certain ruin.

Could Young have seen this poor girl's face, as she came now and then into the starlight of a window, pale and tremulous with passionate grief, or heard the tones of her voice as they broke forth in bitter self-reproach as she fell upon her knees by the bed, with both hands upon her temples, striving to force back the pain beating there, while her voice broke forth in an agony of distress, no power on earth could have kept those two apart. Position, fame, the brightness of a grand career, he was ready to surrender, that his honor as a gentleman might be redeemed; but not the love of a creature like that. Had he heard the cry that went up as she fell upon her knees, some way of redeeming his freedom would have been found.

"Oh, if I could but save him from this—place him back where he was a month ago, I would give him up willingly; but not to her—not to ruin, disgrace, the ridicule of meaner men. It is well that my miserable pride should be smitten down; well, but oh, how cruel, that this squaw—"

Here Constance covered her face with both hands, and shrunk within herself, ashamed of the bitter feeling that had hurled this term of reproach against Washanee.

"This beautiful, beautiful savage," she added, with generous emphasis, "it was but just that she should be the first to tell me that I have lost him forever and ever."

After this wild outburst of self-reproach, the girl sprang to her feet again, and once more commenced that monotonous tramp in the room, up and down, up and down, till all the strength was smitten from her limbs; and falling upon a seat by the open window, she threw her arms over the sill, and looked drearily down on the crowd of flowers heaped against the garden walls, like ghostly shadows clouded with mist, that chilled her through and through.

After awhile, she fell asleep there, with dew falling on her hair and the flowing white sleeves of her dress.

There in the house across the garden, Washanee lay sleeping on her pile of Mexican blankets, with both hands folded on her breast, and a smile just parting the crimson of her lips, through which you could see a gleam of the white teeth, also parted a little.

## CHAPTER XXI.

He did not come. Washanee had been watching and waiting for her lover all that day, with the restless impatience of a young heart that has not yet taken its first lesson of self-restraint. Hour after hour she wandered to and fro in the apartments allotted to her, arranging the draperies, replacing the barbaric ornaments with which she had adorned them, changing everthing again and again, and pausing to take breath, ordering Wisse to bring in fresh flowers, and busying herself with them as the time dragged on.

Sometimes, as she was weaving a wreath or filling some jar, a step on the pavement or a sound of the door-bell would startle her, and, like a deer in its covert, she would stand among the flowers scattered at her feet, holding her breath, and, with one hand on her heart, listening eagerly. When the sound died away, shadows of touching disappointment settled on her face; still, she sunk into her chair again, and laughed a little as she saw Wisse regarding her with a look of comic interest.

At last, driven by impatience to recklessness, she sat down by a little table where writing materials were placed, took up a pen made from the quill of some raven shot in her native woods, and began to write, rapidly at first, then with hesitation, as if the language she used were insufficient for her thoughts.

"The mocking-bird listens for her mate—far, far from the rose of Cherokee—from the live oak bearded with moss. The woods around her are strange. No magnolia trees shake the breath of their great white blossoms on the wind, drink noonday sunshine, or open their white bosoms to the starlight when dews fall.

"The bird is young—just away from her nest among the roses. Wild with waiting, she hushes her heart to listen for the sweet trills of a love-cry which comes not—which comes not! Her breast throbs with music, but gives forth no singing; for the voices of wild woods are strange to his hearing. She knows no other, and flutters wildly in and out, beating strange leaves with her wings till they tremble and whisper around her."

These were the words that Washanee wrote. It was a relief to her ardent longing that she could give it even this expression. She did not know that her thoughts had dropped into wild rhythm, or that her face brightened up as her pen flew across the paper; but Wisse, sitting



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there idle and seemingly unobservant, saw it all, and the poor little heart in her bosom swelled with slave-like devotion, not the less strong because of her ignorance.

All at once Washanee lifted her head, and a flood of crimson swept her face; for a door had opened, and the old chief came quietly into the room, looking grave and anxious. He saw her blushes and the quick apprehension in her eyes; but he approached the table, and leaning gently over her shoulder, read a line or two of the writing, though she laid her hand over it as he approached, with a faint cry of distress, such as a mother-bird gives when strangers look down upon the eggs in her nest.

The look of trouble on the old man's face deepened as he read the few lines that little brown hand was unable to cover. Many white men might have smiled at the girl's enthusiasm; but Washaning, having known what the one love of a lifetime is, only bent down and kissed her forehead. Then he saw that tears were gathering under her eyelids, and went away, sighing heavily. Scarcely had he gone when the street door opened, and some one came hurriedly up the stairs. The girl caught her breath; but she knew that the footsteps were not those she longed to hear, and shook the tears from her eyes with passionate impatience.

Gray Hawk, after the rude fashion of his people, had come into her privacy without warning or consent. She stood up to receive him, haughtily as an offended queen might have done, and the two confronted each other with something of the savage grandeur natural to them both.

"Yesterday, I was among the trees down yonder, shooting birds. There is nothing else where white men hunt, and rather than sit idle in their lodges, I leveled my strength to that."

"Yes, I saw you—and how your rifle was leveled," answered Washanee, with a slow, scornful smile, that stung the young chief like an arrow, and made his next words bitter.

"Yes," he said, "for once I found better game than birds in the white man's woods, though a chief of the Cherokees scorns to kill foxes in his own hunting-grounds."

"Foxes? You dare to call him that?"

Gray Hawk's lips curved, and his teeth gleamed fiercely through them. He knew by the flash of her eyes, and the trembling of that spirited foot on the floor, that his words had stung the girl.

"What thing nobler than a fox would hide behind a woman to save its own worthless life?"

"It is false. He is brave as a lion. It was I, who flung myself before him. He did not know of your cowardly attempt upon his life."

"Did she know that he was insulting the wife promised to a Cherokee chief?"

Washanee's foot no longer trembled. She stamped it fiercely on the floor; but could not speak; the passion within her was too strong for words. The scorn in her looks stung the young brave like vipers.

"The wife promised to a Cherokee chief?" she said, at last, in a voice made apparently calm by the very force of intense passion. "Who on all the earth has a right to make a promise like that?"

"The assembled chiefs of the nation."

"No, no. The assembled chiefs of all the world have no such power."

Gray Hawk looked at the girl steadily. He knew the power of tribal laws better than she could, and how little regard would be given to the wishes of any woman who rebelled against them. There was something of menace and mastership in his glance, that struck terror to the girl's heart; for she remembered some words confirming this dread, that had at one time escaped her grandfather.

"They have a power that few men and no woman can resist. Had I shot that man down, as he stood with your arms around him, not a chief in all our tribes would have condemned me; for they have promised you to me," said Gray Hawk, speaking firmly and with less passion than he had betrayed at first.

"But my grandfather? He is not among the chiefs who have given me away?"

"He is above us all—our chief of chiefs; but only one in a grand council. To a decision there he must submit like the rest."

"And this grand council has given me to you?"

"It is my glory to say so, Washanee."

"But I do not love you."

Gray Hawk laughed a little.

"We do not ask the women we choose to love us. It is enough that we love them."

"But you—educated better than many whites, brave by nature, generous, I will say that—would not take a wife who did not love you?"

"I would make her love me."

"Not if that wife were called Washanee; not if she loved another man, and could tell you so without blushing."

"I would not let her do that."

"But how—how could you prevent it?"

"If that man should chance to come within our hunting-grounds, he would disappear," answered Gray Hawk, with stern composure.

Washanee shuddered, but spoke again rather defiantly.

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"But what if she refused to go back to your hunting-grounds?"

"Then her grandfather, who is an old man, would be held responsible for taking her among strangers."

"My grandfather is wise, and stronger even in his great age than any brave among you," said Washanee, recovering courage, as she thought of the old man's influence among the Cherokees, which she believed to be supreme. "He will never give me to a man I do not love. Nor would you, Gray Hawk, seek to force me into your lodge, when you became certain that my heart belonged far away, and could only break there."

The young chief turned his head away; the change from vehement passion to persuasions that were almost pathetic touched even his savage nature. Had she always been in that mood, he might have consented to give her up; for it was the grand picturesqueness of her savage blood that controlled him most, as it challenged contest. When she was gentle and caressing, the pride of domination gave way, and he held her of less value. Now that the first storm of their meeting was over, he remembered the suggestion that the old chief had so earnestly made, and yielding to her gentler mood, made some picturesque attempts at pleasing her, and at last went away appeased.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Days passed, and Washanee heard nothing of her lover. At first, the suspense was terrible, and she did indeed seem like a wild bird that had wounded its wings with continual beating. By degrees she drifted into a state of uncertainty and bewilderment. All that Gray Hawk had said of her position with the tribe was slight in comparison with the one great doubt that possessed her continually. Did the man who had professed to love her so dearly, on the banks of Rocky Creek, really mean what he said? She remembered, with a pang of doubt, what Constance Noel had said about the careless habit of love-making, that really was the amusement and zest of social life all around her, and the idea was both humiliating and full of doubt.

Ignorant of the usages of this, to her, new world, she was clouded with uncertainties, and doubtful of all things. Of one fact she was, however, certain, and it was enough to fill her young heart with passionate pain: The man who had, in a moment of reckless admiration, professed to love her entirely and asked her to become his wife, had not sought her presence since his hasty leave-taking that day at her grandfather's door. Then she had carried her new-born happiness to the old man joyfully, as children bring in armfuls of flowers from the meadows; but instead of brightening his face with smiles, her news had only clouded it with anxiety, that almost amounted to dismay. In her doubt and perplexity, how could she go to him, as she might have done only a week before? She saw that the old man was in a state of restless expectancy: that he never smiled, and though his voice had always been full of tenderness for her, it was now depressed and husky, like that of a man suddenly chilled.

These observations brought a feeling of guilty consciousness upon the girl, that grew and deepened every hour; and a sense of inexplicable alienation came between these two, for the first time in their lives. So she kept away from the old man, and scarcely lifted her eyes to his face when they met. She had no more to explain, having once poured out her full heart; but tortured herself with questions that only one being on earth could answer, and he never came.

Why? Was his absence enforced by some laws of etiquette unknown to her? Or had a change fallen upon his love, that absence was intended to express? How could this forest child answer questions like these? How endure the pain of uncertainty, that grew more and more tormenting as time wore on? Only three days had passed, yet they seemed to this young Indian girl like years of expectation and disappointment, ending in a dull blank. She no longer expected the coming of Young, but wandered about the house, or sat by the window, hours together, in listless despondency.

When the first happiness of her love-dream brightened everything around her, the lilacs and snowballs down in the old garden were in the zenith of their purple and snowy bloom, and a rosy light, perceptible only to herself, floated through and around them all. Now, on the third day of waiting, the atmosphere seemed to partake of her depression. Clouds, heavy and lead-colored, hung over the old garden, which they had deluged with rain the night before. The wet ground was littered with a storm of over-ripe leaves. The wisterias that draped the back walls of General Noel's house, overmastering the thick verdure of the Virginia creepers with the azure of their abundant blossoming, had gone out of flower. Flecks of pale yellow, swept from the laburnum trees, were turning to old-gold on the damp earth beneath them.

Beautiful things like these must change, perish, and bloom again, in the great harmony of nature, and perhaps their greatest charm lies in this

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bright evanescence; but to the disturbed fancy of this Indian girl, a blight had fallen upon them, as well as upon herself. Indeed, she had for the time given herself up to the superstitions of the red race to which she half belonged.

As Washanee sat by the window, on the third day, Wisse, who had been regarding her with the affectionate vigilance of a watch-dog, and knew the source of all this misery quite as well as her mistress, formed a sudden resolution. She had seen folded papers come and go in this new home, and could observe that they often brought relief to anxiety, and seemed the means of conveyance for pleasant feelings from one person to another. Why should not the thoughts that had brightened the face of her young mistress, that day when she was so busy with her pen, be carried to the white chief, who might send something back that would make her smile again?

This idea was like an inspiration to the slave, who, in her great devotion to her mistress, and somewhat from the pilfering instincts of her race, had been in the habit of picking up such fragments as lay about the room, and hoarding them in her own particular lair, like a magpie.

Obeying this instinct, this strange creature had carefully folded up the paper upon which Washanee had written, and hid it in an old satchel of birch-bark, with embroidery on it that would have driven our sunflower æsthetics wild, in which she kept her surreptitiously-gathered treasures under the furs.

The bright idea had seized upon her while Washanee, lost in hopeless apathy, sat by the window, looking out upon the leaden day. Wisse said nothing, and moved cautiously, while she laced up her leggings, and twisted the handkerchief, won by persistent importunity from the young mistress, turban fashion around her head.

As she sat on the floor, with one foot lifted to her knee, as she fitted her moccasin upon it, Washanee turned her face wearily from the window, and somewhat surprised by the progress of her slave's toilet, asked what she was doing.

"Well, I s'pects dis chile has hived up long 'nuff. She's bound ter go out an' see what dem pore white folks' niggers am 'bout in de street dar. Hain't seen dis handkercher 'mong 'em yet. When dey does, I s'pect it'll make 'em hop right out o' dar skins. Dat's jes' whar I'se a-goin', young missus."

Washanee smiled, languidly.

"Yes," she said, "it is a long time since you have been out. No wonder you feel restless."

"Which I does, orful," answered Wisse, tugging at the deerskin tags of her tunic.

Washanee soon lost all interest in these proceedings, and fell to her dreamy thoughts again; but Wisse found her way to the street, holding one hand close upon the bosom of her tunic, under which she had concealed the wild attempts at poetry, stolen from her mistress. How and by what instinct this strange creature found the lodgings of Huestice Young, it is impossible for me to say; but as that gentleman was seated at his study-table, forcing himself into the tiresome perusal of a correspondence with a constituency, so full of selfish interests that the very sight of a mail revolted him, the door softly opened, and Wisse crept in; but so noiseless was the fall of her moccasins on the carpet, that he was unconscious of her presence, till the little creature stood close by his side.

"I'se done gone got sumthin' like dem," she said, pointing to the letters which still lay unopened on the table; "only dar ain't no picturs on mine; jes' crinkle-crinkles—like dat."

Here Wisse snatched up a pen, on which the ink was still wet, and rushed a great serpentine dash across a sheet of paper that lay before the young man.

"Where on earth did you come from?" he said, absolutely startled by her sudden appearance.

Wisse nodded her head in the direction of her home, and exhibited the edges of her white teeth.

"'Spect I comes from down dar," she said, with a look full of meaning, which brought the blood into Young's face.

"Well?"

"I'se done gone brought dis; but der young missus don't know nuffin' 'tall 'bout it."

Here Wisse took a folded paper from her bosom, and laid it before the young Senator.

Young turned pale, as suddenly as he had become crimson, when his eyes fell upon the writing; for he recognized it as that of the little poem he had received in the Senate chamber on the day of his first speech.

"What is this?" he questioned, as the paper trembled in his hand.

"Looks like it's paper," said Wisse, at a loss for other explanation.

"But where did you get it?"

"'Spect I stoled it."

"But who told you to bring it here—your mistress?"

"Sure as I live she didn't," answered the slave, with great earnestness; "'fore de Lord, I'se tellin' de truf."

Young made no answer; he was reading the wild love-song that Washanee had written in the passionate unrest of her first disappointment. Strange, uneven, and full of turbulent feeling as they were, the spirit of the lines disturbed

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him greatly. Spite of himself, the feeling that had prompted them made his heart beat and the blood run more quickly through his veins. He looked up, and saw that Wisse was gazing at him with a world of sharp intelligence in her black eyes.

"Tell me, now, where did you get this?" he said, still in doubt of its authorship.

"Done gone an' stoled it from de young missus, dar!"

"From the young mistress? But how came it in her possession?"

Wisse was puzzled; the long word bewildered her. She stood on one foot, then on the other, irresolutely.

"Where did your mistress get this?" questioned Young. "Who wrote it?"

"Did it her ownself; seed her do it."

"What! you saw her write this?"

"Sartin' sure."

Young drew a deep breath. The words of this fantastic little creature were changing all things around him; they had swept away the only evidence he possessed of Constance Noel's interest in himself. If this was the handwriting of Washanee, so was that other poem hidden away in his bosom; so was he made certain that the only love assured to him was that of the young Indian girl. But the poems were so different; how could they have been written by the same person? In his heart Young was striving to keep hold of the one slender thread that had seemed to sanction a belief in Constance Noel's regard for him; but it was breaking in his grasp.

"Tell me," he said, almost pleadingly, so great was his anxiety to know the truth—"tell me how and when you saw the young mistress write on this paper?"

"Well, I reckon 'twas der day when dat sneak Injun, Gray Hawk, cum prowlin' 'bout."

"Then you saw her writing this?"

Wisse nodded her head several times.

"But how came she to give it into your hands?"

"Told yer afore, I stoled it. Seed dat sneak Injun wid his head a one side, eyin' of it like a fox eyes der chicken he means to insume. I seed dat she wuz skeered 'bout his gittin' hold on it, so I jes' slided it away, an' he nebber seed nuffin' more 'bout it."

"But the young lady—your mistress, did she never miss the paper?"

"Sure nuff, but I tole her it wuz done gone an' tared up."

"But how came you to bring it to me?"

Wisse seemed to reflect a moment. The faithful creature had some vague sense of the womanly pride she was bound to uphold, and hesitated.

"Was it because you thought that I was the friend of your young lady, and would be glad to hear from her?"

Wisse shook her head, as if the term did not satisfy her ideas of the position.

"Don't know 'bout fren's. Dat's a white folks' word. De young missus don't eat no more, don't smile no more; but sets dar t'inkin', t'inkin' 'bout sumthin'; an' it jes' seems ter me as if it wuz only 'kase nobody dat she wants ter see comes 'bout. So I 'members dat folks cheer up purty, when dey git papers like dis; and when I seed her eyes lookin' 'round as if she 'spected sumthin' as didn't come, I 'spicioned dat it wuz all 'bout you—an' dat's 'bout all der am 'bout it."

Young pushed his chair back, as Wisse finished her imperfect explanation, and began to walk the room. The girl had given him some enlightenment that made his own course regarding Washanee a matter of self-reproach. The lingering thought that Constance Noel might possibly have known of his love, and encouraged it, was entirely swept away. All this had existed in his own fancy, nothing more. In keeping faith with this beautiful Indian girl, he endangered no happiness but his own; and in sacrificing his own ambitious future, maintained what was dearer to him than political success—his own personal honor; for Young was one of those few men in society who held a pledge of honor to a woman more sacred than his bond for gold to a man. That was not all. If he could not altogether return the passionate love of a warm-hearted girl like Washanee, Young was not a man to accept it as a triumph to his vanity alone; but could well return its devoted unselfishness with the tender gratitude which is better than the love of common men. Perhaps nothing could have appealed to his generous nature more effectually than the enlightenment given in Wisse's imperfect words. He believed her entirely when she told him that her visit to his room came from the promptings of her own quick intelligence, and entire love for the young mistress; and in a quiet way, drew from her a full knowledge of all this brave girl had done or suffered since their meeting at Rocky Creek.

I am much afraid that Wisse wandered off in her narrative of events, after the fashion of her race, just a little, and magnified her own great misfortunes in the swamp, and her losses from that horseback ride, in a way that might have suggested some degree of restitution; for as she prepared to go away, he placed a half-eagle in her hand; which, being a coin of some experience since it left the mint, did not appeal to the

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slave's cupidity as a brighter thing might have done; so not having the least idea of its value, she brought it back to him, and entreated that he would give her a little deer of gilded iron that served as a paper-weight on his table, an artistic treasure worth a shilling or two, for which, however, he refused to receive back the piece of gold, and took some pains to make her comprehend something of its value, all of which she refused to believe; but went away with her eyes dancing with delight, and fastened on the deer.

"Won't dem white folks' niggers jes' howl, when I shows 'em what I'se got," she triumphed, talking eagerly to herself, as she danced her treasures up and down from one hand to the other. "None on 'em ever seed a live deer since dey wuz borned, and won't jes' know what dis scrumptious animal, wid its golden horns, 'mounts ter; but, golly! won't I tell 'em 'bout it? Oh, no!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

WASHANEE sprang to her feet. She had never heard that step upon the stairs before, but knew it from its very strangeness. With a hand pressed to her heart, she turned her eyes upon the door, and listened so intently that the breath stood still beneath her slightly-parted lips.

There was no announcement beyond a gentle knock at the door, when Huestice Young came in, and walked directly up to Washanee, whose hand had dropped away from its nervous pressure on her heart, and was held out to him with a little proud hesitation. Young took the hand gently in his own and pressed his lips upon it.

"I have been occupied—gravely occupied," he said; "forgive me that I did not come before."

Washanee's drooping eyelids trembled, and Young could see that tears were beginning to sparkle behind the black lashes. It grieved him to know how much his absence had troubled her—how deeply she could feel.

"You have been well, I trust, since the day that your slave had so many adventures?" he continued, taking refuge in commonplaces, when he saw how bravely the girl was conquering emotions which shamed her own pride. "My horse, I fear, must have given her a hard run."

"Hi-he-ho! didn't he, jes'?"

This exclamation came from Wisse, who was in her corner, wavering about like a restless animal as she watched this meeting, delighted with her own part in bringing it about; but the moment Young's eyes fell upon her she sank down into a heap of stolid indifference, as if she had never seen nor thought of the man in her life. She had accounted for her long absence from home the day before by piling so many falsehoods on each other that Washanee had lost all curiosity before they were put into form; and Wisse gloried in the secret that made her a sort of accomplice with the white gentleman.

Washanee smiled, and cast a bright look on her handmaiden. "Yes," she said, "Wisse had a terrible experience that day. She does not find sufficient range for her style of horsemanship in your woods."

It is strange that such trivial conversation can, sometimes, be found a refuge for the deepest feelings, and yet seem perfectly natural to the occasion. Neither Young nor the girl who listened to him gave a thought to the words that each of them knew were only veils to deeper and more absorbing feelings which might not be dwelt upon there.

"Is your grandfather at home?" questioned Young, after an embarrassing pause. "I hope he will be able to give me a little time this morning."

Washanee looked anxious, almost startled; for she remembered the persistent sadness that had come upon the old man, and felt a dread of this meeting with her lover.

"He is in yonder," she said, waving her hand slightly toward the door of Washaning's room.

"And alone?"

The girl smiled a little sadly, as she said:

"He is almost always alone now."

Young bowed; and unannounced, as he had entered Washanee's presence, sought that of her grandfather.

The old chief was walking slowly up and down his apartment. He seldom rested long in his chair now, and it stood alone, draped with his red-lined cloak—a bright spot of color in the room, which would otherwise have been dreary enough. As Young entered, the old man gave a start, that seemed to come from a deeper feeling than surprise; for the swarthy color of his face took a tinge of gray, and his eyes had a wild gleam of apprehension in them. Still, the old man was courteous; and if he received his visitor with some accession of the proud reserve natural to his race, it was so blended with the gentleness of civilization that his deportment was rather that of some Spanish grandee than of an American Indian.

Making a grave motion that Young should seat himself, the old man sat down in his own chair, and, with a slight bend of the head, prepared himself to listen.

"You may not think the object of my visit a pleasant one, for I can imagine that few men would

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be willing to give a person so lovely as I find your granddaughter to a comparative stranger; but two days ago, surprised into an opportunity that I hope the young lady will never regret, I asked her to become my wife, and now only wait your sanction to her acceptance."

"You asked Washanee to become your wife, knowing that she belonged to a race which your people are fast driving from the face of the earth. You, a United States Senator, a man of high promise in the nation, come here to ask the hand of a wild Indian girl, born in the forest, bred with children of the forest. Have you considered all these things, and the consequences that may follow your wishes, if I should lend myself to their accomplishment?"

The old man's voice shook as he spoke.

"I should not have come here without such consideration." Young said, with quiet firmness. "All the difficulties that you have pointed out are real enough, but not insurmountable to a strong will and an honest purpose."

"And you love my granddaughter well enough for this?"

"Certainly, or you would not have seen me here."

Young saw a look of doubt in the keen eyes bent upon him, as the old man replied,

"My—my granddaughter, my Washanee, who could help loving her? I need not have asked; but the girl—the child herself—she has had so little time, she is so impetuous. How can it be possible that she has given herself up, heart and soul, heart and soul, to a stranger—if she has, if she has?"

"These are questions you can best put to the young lady. It is hardly to be supposed that I can know more than the simple truth that she has honored me by her choice," said Young.

"But what is it you expect of me?"

"Your consent that I should make your grandchild my wife."

"And nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

"But have you not heard that our tribes are partly civilized, that some of us hold property, and are rich beyond the general wealth; and that it is possible that an Indian chief may have the power of being generous?"

Young smiled, a little contemptuously; but only answered the simple truth, when he said:

"No, I have never thought of that."

Washaning looked keenly at the other.

"But if it should prove that this girl—this granddaughter of mine—could bring you great wealth or strong influence among our people?"

"Perhaps, in that case, I might have hesitated to ask your consent to this marriage, which seems so objectionable to you."

Young spoke a little haughtily. In his heart, he felt that the sacrifice he was making deserved a more cordial acceptance, and all this close questioning irritated his pride.

The old man seemed to recognize the spirit in this reply with increased respect. He stood regarding the Senator, until all his features quivered with emotion; then sweeping one hand across his eyes, he spoke with the abandonment of a man long used to restraints breaking through them with passionate pride.

"Young man," he said, "you are asking the heart from my bosom, the soul out of my being. You ask me to lay all the work of my life, all the hopes of my life, in ruins; but I am ready to do that, if she loves you, and above all, if you love her; but there is much to do before we come to that. Leave me, now—leave me. It is not well that you should witness the weakness of an old man, when the last creature that is dear to him on earth is to be given up. Young man, young man, you do not know what you are asking of me."

"Still, you have not altogether refused me?"

"No, no. Washanee herself shall decide."

Young took leave of the old man, so troubled by sympathy that his face was grave when he entered the room where Washanee was waiting, and Wisse lay apparently sound asleep on her rug.

The young mistress felt the awkwardness of her presence in the room, and had made a strong effort to get her into the street, or anywhere, so that the return of her lover might escape the vigilance of those keen black eyes; but Wisse, considering herself mistress of ceremonies on this particular occasion, had refused to be aroused from a sudden torpor of sleep that had fallen upon her. So she curled herself up on the rug, and regarded what was passing through a narrow slit between her eyelids.

In this way she saw Young put his arm lightly around Washanee's waist, as she stood by the window, and with a scarcely perceptible caress touch his lips to her forehead, a proceeding that failed to satisfy Wisse, whose ideas of love-making were florid as the handkerchief she had lost; but it had a far deeper effect upon a fair young girl who was loitering by the open window in General Noel's parlor, across the garden, and saw the two standing there as if framed in a picture.

As Young lifted his head, he caught one glimpse of a flushed face and the flutter of white garments through the vine-leaves; and absolutely faint of heart, turned away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1—Is a Norfolk costume, for walking. The material is one of the pretty checked camel's-hair woolens now so fashionable. The skirt has a deep kilting, which is mounted upon a deep yoke, at least nine inches deep. The tunic is laid in folds across the front, and draped at the back. The Norfolk jacket has three box-plaits in the back and three in front; turnover collar. Tight-fitting coat-sleeve, with plain cuffs buttoning on the outside of the arms. Side and breast pockets. Twelve to fourteen yards of double-fold material. A plain round waist may be made for house-wear, and as the season



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advances it can be worn under the Norfolk jacket for additional warmth, only in that case the jacket must be fitted over the plain waist.

No. 3.

No. 2—Is another stylish promenade costume, for the early autumn. It is made of very dark-blue cashmere and velvet. The skirt is composed of three deep kiltings, the third disappearing under the blouse bodice. The kiltings are headed with a velvet band two inches wide, finished in front with a metal buckle. The belt and large sash are also of velvet. The bodice is a plain round waist, with a gathered plastron in front, which is simply gathered at the neck, and drawn down beneath the belt. The waist fastens underneath this gathered front. Tight coat-sleeves,

No. 4.

with band and buckle forming the cuffs. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere, and one and a half yards of velvet to match, cut on the bias, will be

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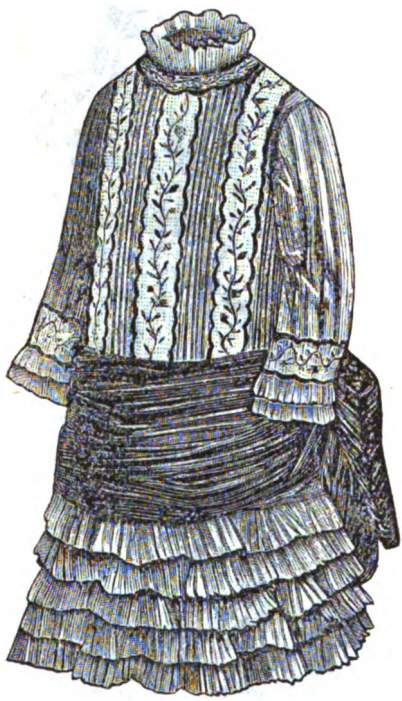
required. Six buckles. If the latter cannot be procured, a flat bow of velvet may be substituted.

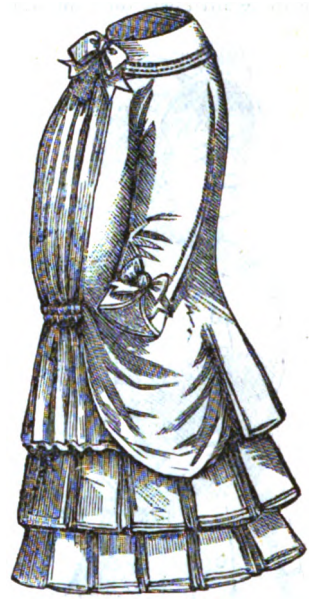
No. 3—Is a walking-costume, for a young lady, made of brown lady's cloth, suitable for the fall months, also for early winter wear. The skirt has first a deep kilted flounce, which is mounted upon a foundation skirt of brown alpaca. This is done to lessen the weight of a cloth costume. Many ladies make such costumes upon an old silk skirt for the foundation; but where that is not convenient, the alpaca answers every purpose. Above the kilt, the front drapery is arranged in deep folds, turning up; these cover the front and side gores. The back drapery is arranged in



No. 5.

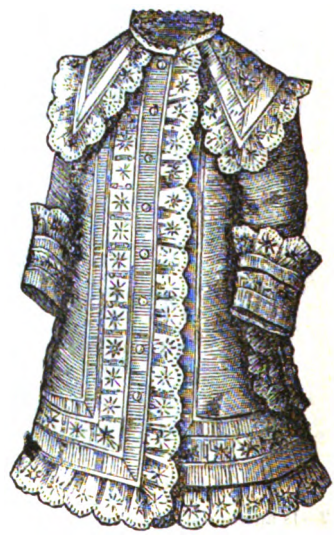
irregular puffs. The jacket is a deep cuirass basque, simply stitched upon the edge, and buttoned down the front with small metal buttons. A plain round under-waist is used with this costume, to utilize it for a house-dress for the winter season. Like No. 2, the outside jacket must be fitted over the plain waist. Seven yards of cloth will be required, six yards of alpaca for the foundation skirt, one dozen buttons.

No. 4.—Another visiting-costume, made of silk and cashmere. The skirt is of very dark-garnet silk, made with two gathered ruffles cut on the bias. These ruffles are mounted upon a foundation lining of silesia. Over the ruffles, a plain skirt of the silk is cut, long enough to half cover the upper ruffle. The edge of this is cut



No. 6.

out in squares, and bound with a bias piping. The tunic is of the cashmere, trimmed on the edge either with a band of embroidery or several rows of braid; or a band of velvet to match may be used. This tunic opens in front, and is arranged



No. 7.—A.

so as to fall in points at the sides. The back is draped in large puffs; the side arrangement is

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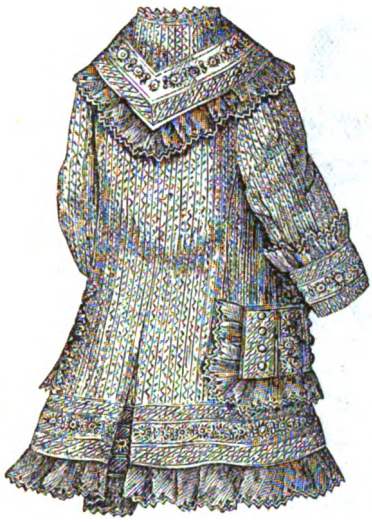
shown in the illustration. The jacket is of the Derby shape, and is made of the cashmere, simply stitched on the edge. Tight coat-sleeves, with notched cuffs to correspond with the skirt. A short pointed basque of cashmere is worn underneath the jacket, for the house. It will have cuffs and collar of the silk, and fancy metal buttons. Ten yards of silk for the skirt. Eight yards of cashmere for tunic, basque, and jacket. The jacket may be lined with silesia or flannel, as preferred.

No. 5.—For a little girl, we have a pretty



No. 7.—B.

French nainsook dress, cut with a long loose bodice, formed of rows of insertion, with fine tucks of the muslin between. The skirt has one deep flounce almost plain, on which are mounted five narrow ruffles, made full enough to be fluted when laundried. Sleeves are tucked lengthwise, and finished at the hand with two narrow ruffles, headed by a band of the embroidery. A wide sash of surah silk is tied loosely around the waist in a large bow at the back.

No. 6—Is a dress of white or colored cashmere or fine flannel, for a little girl of four years. The skirt is formed of two rows of double box-plaits, mounted upon a foundation skirt, which is attached to a petticoat body. The overdress has a plastron front of silk or the material either, which is shirred at the neck and waist, and descends to the second box-plaiting of the skirt. The back of the overdress forms four double box-plaits, and between the side-plaits and the front the material joins the two, forming a panier, as seen in the illustration. A turnover collar, and cuffs to match, are trimmed with bows of narrow satin ribbon.

No. 7.—We give here the front and back view of a flannel paletot, for a baby of two to three years. It is trimmed with Hamburg insertion and edging, so that the whole may be washed or cleaned when required, without removing the trimming.

### LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
| Polonaise, | .50 |
| Combination Walking Suits, | 1.00 |
| Trimmed Skirts, | .50 |
| Watteau Wrapper, | .50 |
| Plain or Gored Wrappers, | .35 |
| Basques, | .35 |
| Coats, | .35 |
| " with vests or skirts cut off, | .50 |
| Overskirts, | .35 |
| Talmas and Dolmans, | .35 |
| Waterproofs and Circulars, | .35 |
| Ulsters, | .35 |

### CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dresses: Plain, | .25 | Basques and Coats, | .25 |
| Combination Suits, | .35 | Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts | .35 |
| Skirts and Overskirts, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Polonaise: Plain, | .25 | Waterproofs, Circulars | |
| " Fancy, | .35 | and Ulsters, | .25 |

### BOYS' PATTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jackets, | .25 | Wrappers, | .25 |
| Pants, | .20 | Gents' Shirts, | .50 |
| Vests, | .20 | " Wrappers, | .30 |
| Ulsters, | .30 | | |

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

## LACE, OUTLINED WITH GOLD THREAD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of "Lace outlined with gold thread." To make it, take a good and rather heavy design, in either black or white lace, and outline the pattern with gold thread. Lace treated in this way makes a very effective trimming for a dress bonnet, or may be used as trimming for an evening-dress.

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# THE "AMY JACKET:" WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, an engraving of a new and very elegant jacket for a young girl, called "The Amy Jacket." Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, containing patterns (full size) by which to cut it out. By reference to the SUPPLEMENT, it will be seen that the jacket consists of five pieces, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
IV.—SLEEVE.
V.—HALF OF COLLAR.

The darts are marked by dotted lines; the back of the collar is indicated by a notch. The letters show how the garment is put together. This pattern, although exceedingly simple, is a very stylish one, and will be in great demand for young misses during the coming season. The jacket may be made in any color, either of cloth or velvet, the cloth ones to be braided according to taste. Pockets and cuffs are to be added, but the form is too simple to require a pattern, and therefore we do not give it.

There are also given, on the SUPPLEMENT, four designs for the Work-Table. They are so arranged as not to interfere with the diagrams for the jacket. Descriptions of them will be found on another page.



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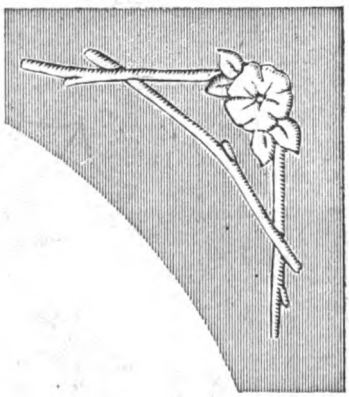
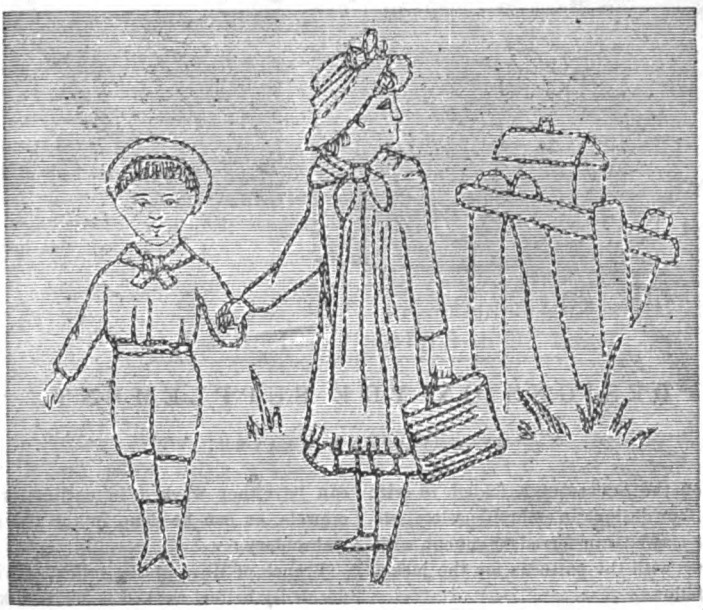
# TWIN DESIGNS FOR D'OYLEYS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, two new designs for d'oyleys, in miniature; and add the details, full size—that is, two corner-pieces and the two centre-pieces.

The groundwork of both is fine cream granite cotton, fringed around the edges, and ornamented with outline embroidery, representing personages that are reproduced full working size in the details. These embroideries may be executed in either rope or back-stitch, with either washing silks of various colors, or with ingrain cotton. The designs for the embroidered corners accompany each d'oyley, one on this and the other on the next page.





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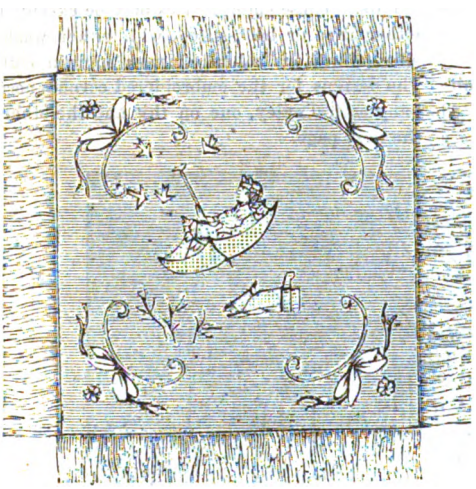

# DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT folded in with this number, four designs in embroidery, etc., etc. These designs may be transferred, or cut out, without interfering with the patterns for the jacket. They are as follows:

Bouquet, with carnation, hyacinth, etc. This can be either worked in outline, with silk or crewels, or can be done in the old satin-stitch embroidery.

Branch of lilies of the valley. This will look decidedly better, worked in white silk, with half of the leaves done in French knots. It would

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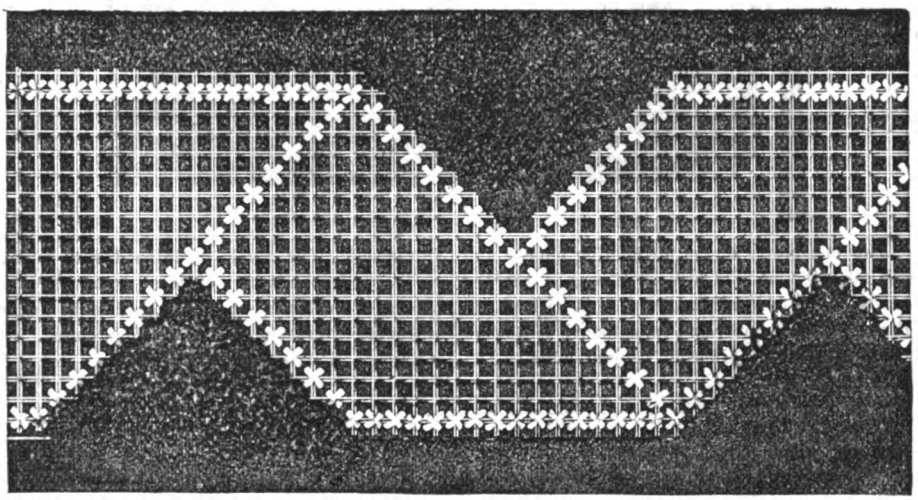
make a beautiful corner for an infant's flannel shawl, or it may be used for a variety of other purposes.

Golden pheasant. This can be worked either in outline or else in satin-stitch embroidery. The head should be a bright-golden color; the neck done in yellow scales, edged with purple; and below this, a cape of olive-green and red feather scales; the body yellow; the wings tipped with purple and red and gold rings; the tail spotted and ringed with yellow, red, green, and purple; the eye should be worked in with beads, a bright ruby bead for the centre of the eye.

Embroidery pattern. This may be done either in white working cotton, on muslin, or in silk, on flannel, etc.

## DESIGN FOR CROSS-STITCH ON CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is suitable as a stripe for sofa-tidies, or for a border around a table-cover, or for the end of a tray-cloth, or around a square mat. Penelope canvas is used. To work the pattern, take dark-blue wool (crewel or Berlin wool), and make sixteen stitches in a straight, horizontal line; then eight stitches diagonally, and again sixteen stitches. These are best counted from the engraving. The whole of this is to be afterwards filled with China-blue wool or filoselle, and the groundwork of the design, represented in the engraving by black, may be filled with terra-cotta red; or the design may be reversed as to color.

## SLIPPER IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, two engravings of a very pretty lady's slipper, in appliqué and cross-stitch, one representing the slipper made up, the other giving the slipper full size. It may be of any colors that are preferred. But the one we engrave it from is of a pale-yellow, and is worked on cloth of that color, with sexagonal appliqué of olive-colored plush. The latter is sewn on, in cross-stitch, with pale-olive silk, and is edged with a border of gold thread and two shades of olive silk in cross-stitch and Holbein work. In the front of the number, we give a section of the embroidery, full size.

If the pattern is worked on canvas, the canvas threads must be afterwards drawn.

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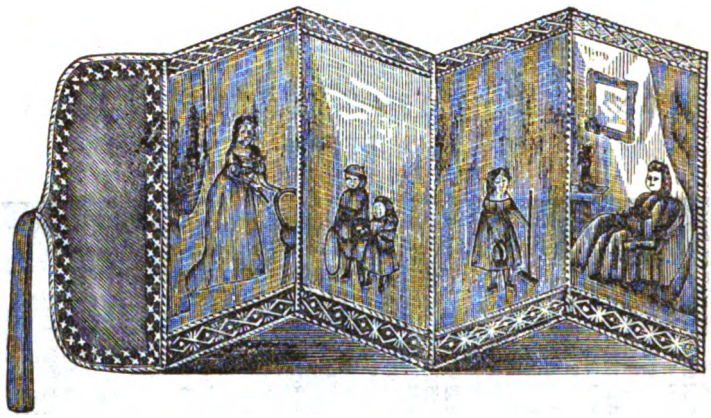
## FOLDING PHOTOGRAPH SCREEN.

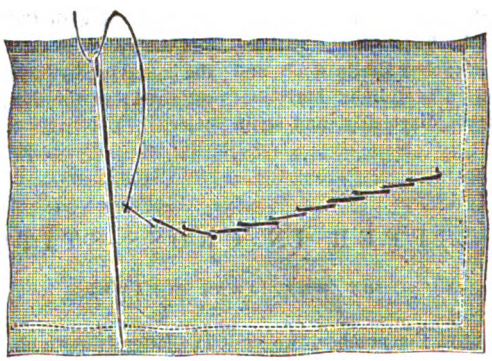
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a pretty screen for holding photos, and can easily be made at home. It is in leaves, the leaves made of cardboard and lined with plush, the edges turned over and embellished with some fancy stitches in different colored silks. The flap is soft. The whole is finished with a silk cord, sewed down with a contrasting-colored silk. Ribbon or an elastic band is attached to the centre of the flap, to fasten the screen when closed. It is an exceptionally pretty affair.

## KENSINGTON-STITCH FOR OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



As so much outline embroidery is done in Kensington-stitch, we are continually asked by new subscribers to describe it. We have more than once described it, accordingly; but we do it again this month. It is a kind of back-stitch; but each stitch must be the same length, as nearly as possible. Great care must be taken in turning corners, in the making of leaves, flowers, etc., etc., so that the stitch should not be too suddenly lengthened or shortened. The finest



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lines are sometimes done in split-stitch, which is only the ordinary stem or Kensington-stitch, but the needle is brought out so as to split the thread, instead of coming out at one side of it.

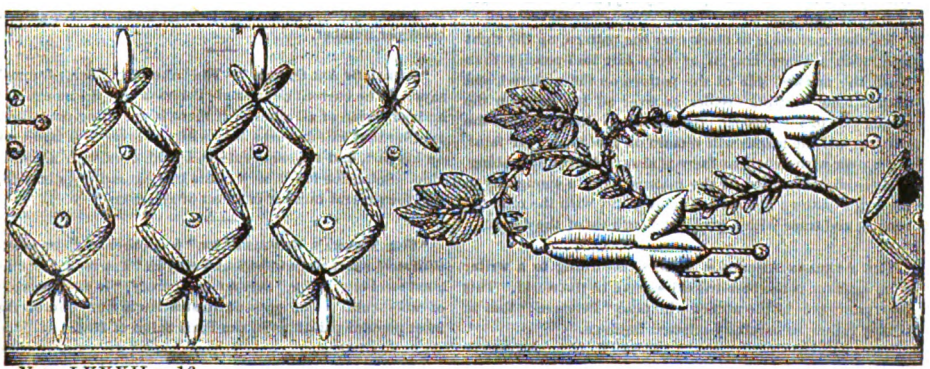
The stitch must be neither too loose nor too tight; when too tight, the work will be drawn; when too loose, it will look very badly worked; the stitch should lie flat. The thread should be short, as the silk or crewel will work rough if too long. The needle should not be too small, as it will pull the work. We give also an illustration, the better to explain the stitch.

Silk, crewel, or working cotton can be employed, according to the taste of the worker, to the material on which it is used, or to the purpose for which the embroidery is needed. Silk, plush, linen, crash, unbleached muslin, or common cheese-cloth, all look well done in the Kensington or outline-stitch. Bright or varied colors are not to be recommended; one shade, or at most two shades of the same color, looks best.

## HOUSEWIFE: WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, above, an illustration of a very new and pretty housewife; and add, below, the detail, viz: the embroidered band, full size. The housewife is in plush, ornamented, as will be seen, with three of these embroidered bands, in contrasted colors. The handles are made of the same cord as that which edges the bag, and the tassels match the embroidery. Any design will do for the narrow band. We have frequently given suitable ones.





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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**French Riding-Habits, etc., etc.**—In our June number, we gave an engraving of the latest style of English riding-habit, accompanied by a reduced diagram, from which to cut it out. We give, in the front of this number, two of the latest French riding-habits. They do not vary much, it will be seen, from English ones. Like the latter, they are exceedingly plain, and made of cloth, either black, dark-green, or dark-blue. The mounted rider wears a bodice with a tiny basque and an upright collar. The other wears a bodice with a point in front and coat-tails at the back, small cuffs with buttons, and an upright collar. The tall hat is almost universally worn in France. In England, and here, the round low one, especially for young girls, has had a good deal of popularity. But the tall hat is altogether the safest, in case of the rider being thrown. More than one lady, in the hunting-field, has had her life saved by her high hat; for if thrown on her head, the force of the blow is generally broken before the hat is crushed in. We also think the high hat quite the most stylish. When we say that cloth is invariably the material for a riding-habit, we should except the riding-habits of the Empress of Austria, which are all made of velvet. Her favorite color is myrtle-green, with gold buttons, another habit is silver-gray, with silver buttons; another, ruby-colored; and another, violet, with fur cuffs and collar. This may all do very well for an empress, but for an ordinary person, velvet, especially with gold buttons, is entirely too pronounced.

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**How To Transfer Patterns.**—A subscriber asks us how to transfer to the muslin, etc., the patterns for embroidery, etc., which we give occasionally on our Supplement. We answer that there are several methods. One is to take paper, a little thicker than tissue-paper, and place it over the pattern; then trace with a lead-pencil. Next, take this paper, and with a large pin pierce holes through the lines drawn; but be sure that they are clear, distinct, and close enough to trace the pattern without trouble. Place this paper over the material, and rub with powdered indigo, or white powder if the material is dark. Then remove the paper, and mark with pencil over the indigo dots. In folding it away, it is well to lay something over the material, as the indigo may soil. Instead of the powder, however, you can use India-ink, mixed until thick enough not to flow readily. In this case, paint over the holes with a brush; and let the paper remain on the goods until perfectly dry, as there is danger of the ink blotting.

Another method is to mark over the pattern, on the right side, with a sharp crayon or very soft lead-pencil; then place the marked side of the pattern on the material, and with a bone knitting-needle, go over all the lines on the wrong side of the pattern, pressing hard. Next, remove the pattern, and the marks will remain on the goods. If faint, mark over with pencil, as there is always danger of rubbing. A still simpler method, if the material is thin enough, is to place the pattern against a window-pane, with the material over it, and trace with a pencil the outlines of the design.

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**The Average American Woman**, according to a writer from London, is the best-dressed woman in the world. This is certainly true of the women who take "Peterson:" that is, if they follow its carefully-selected fashions.

**Game of "Skeleton Letters."** In our April number, we described some round games for children to play at. They have been so popular, that we give, here, a description of another, called "Skeleton Letters." It is a game that calls for a good deal of readiness on the part of one member of the company only, and the very dullest and shyest can join in it. One undertakes to write a letter, leaving a space before every important word: in fact, before every word that is not a preposition or part of a verb; and the greater the number of spaces left in the construction of a letter, the greater the amusement derived from it when finally filled in. Thus, it must be literally a skeleton letter to be effective. It can, of course, be written apparently from "Dick to Harry;" but it promotes more merriment when written by one member of the party to some absent friend or acquaintance, known to all; and it is additionally appreciated when the writer can cleverly introduce the names of those present, or any incidents connected with them that are common knowledge, as to where they have been, whom they have seen, and where they are going; nothing, of course, of a personal or private character. When the writer has completed the draft, he or she asks each of the company in turn for a word, which must be either an adjective, or an adjective made out of a substantive; and it is strange how, on the spur of the moment, out of the whole vocabulary of the English language, what ridiculous words are given: some so poor, some so foolish, while few are pertinent; and it is not seldom that several moments elapse before a word is forthcoming from an unready member of the company, who generally preambles with, "I don't know what to say;" or "What shall I say?" "Say anything," is the retort. When the vacant spaces in the letter are duly filled in, and the letter is no longer a skeleton, but a completed one, the writer reads it aloud, to the general amusement of all present, and the comicality which a word will sometimes give to a passage, or the aproposness or the malaproposness of another, gives a ludicrous turn to the whole. On the other hand, a letter thus written is sometimes a masterpiece of composition, through the words given at haphazard fitting admirably into their places.

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**Single Numbers Of This Magazine** can be had by addressing the publisher. We find that many local agents rather than take the trouble of small orders, say that back numbers cannot be had. This is not so. Either the current number, or back numbers, can always be had. If your local agent tells you otherwise, remit direct to us, and we will send the number, or numbers, postage free. Price, eighteen cents per number.

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**"Ahead Of All Others."**—The Lake City (Mich.) Journal says: "The current number of 'Peterson' for the month has arrived, ahead of all others. If there is one thing more than another that will disgust a lady with her lover, it is tardiness on his part, and the same rule will hold good with a magazine. Subscribe for it, as it is the best magazine published, and the present number is ahead of all others."

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**"For Mamma's Rhubarb Pie,"** is another of those beautiful steel-engravings to be found only in "Peterson." "One good steel-engraving," says a cotemporary, "is worth a score of wood-cuts." Our present illustration is from one of the most popular paintings in the Paris Salon of 1882.



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A NEW VOLUME BEGAN with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish back numbers. *We still continue to offer a choice of three costly premiums for getting up clubs*, of which the principal is the beautiful steel-engraving entitled "Hush! Don't Wake Them," size 20 inches by 16.

*Or, in place of it*, we will give, for a premium, either a PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, or our QUARTO ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, which was so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great.

*It is not too late* to get up clubs for 1882. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive, when desired. *Be particular, when remitting, to say whether you wish to begin with the January number, or that for July.*

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THE GARDENS AT MOUNT VERNON, with excellent taste, are devoted, principally, to the good old-fashioned flowers which grew there in Washington's time, and which survived in country gardens, as we well remember, up to our own childhood. Among them are the crown, rose, damask, cabbage, the velvet, the white, and the maiden's blush, the single yellow, and the rich dark Burgundy, all of them old-time annual June blossomers. Bouncing-Bett, the larkspurs, rockets, ragged-robins, clove-pinks, and carnations, form borders to parterres, and gracefully mingle with the rich green box-edgings, and are even scattered over the grassy lawns, which are freely dotted with marguerites or field-daisies. With similar good taste, the garden of Shakespeare's house, at Stratford-on-Avon, was filled, when we were last there, with the flowers mentioned in his poems, and therefore known to have been cotemporary with him. It is a good sign to see this return to the simple, old-fashioned flowers.

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IT IS NOT TOO EARLY to begin talking, among your friends and neighbors, about subscribing to "Peterson" for 1883. We have made such arrangements, that, next year, this magazine will be conceded to be, *more than ever*, the best as well as the cheapest. Secure your club lists early, and before anybody else can get ahead of you.

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THE PREMIUM ENGRAVING, which we are getting up for 1883, will be *altogether the most desirable* we have ever issued. It is from a world-famous picture, that has never before been engraved; and the subject is of universal interest. Look out for our next number, in which we shall announce by name this great prize.

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"EVERYBODY TO SUBSCRIBE."—The Albion (Ind.) New Era says of this magazine: "The last number is simply perfect. We have often spoken of this magazine as the best and cheapest of the lady's books; and we can only now repeat this praise, and advise everybody to subscribe."

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THE PILLOW-SHAMS, given on the SUPPLEMENTS in the June and July numbers, can be worked in back-stitch as well as crewel-stitch. In fact, the two stitches are, in all essential points, the same. Working them in chain-stitch would make them too thick.

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MAKING MACRAME LACE is becoming very fashionable. To those interested in it, we would say that a little volume, with full instructions and numerous patterns, has just been published by Barbour Brothers, 26 Bank Street, Philadelphia, price twenty-five cents.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*John Inglesant. A Romance. By J. H. Shorthouse.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: MacMillan & Co.*—This is a book which has made a very great sensation. It cannot, however, be called a success, even as a romance, while it has no pretense whatever to be considered a novel. It owes its reputation, principally, to the very subtle manner in which the character of one John Inglesant, a cavalier supposed to be living in the time of Charles the First, is depicted. The salient features of that stormy epoch are also well brought out. In addition to this, the author shows, occasionally, great descriptive powers. The whole tone of the book, moreover, is elevated, even heroic. To thoughtful minds, especially those impressed with the great mystery of life, the book has wonderful fascination. Strange to say, the author, with all his knowledge of the Great Rebellion, makes Lord Byron the commander at the siege of Liverpool. That officer, however, was Sir Robert Byron, the brother of the John Byron, who, A. D. 1643, was created the first Lord Byron.

*Human Life In Shakespeare. By Henry Giles. With Introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A reprint of the lectures on Shakespeare, originally delivered before the Lowell Institute, and subsequently repeated in various cities of the United States. We remember, even yet, the pleasure with which we listened to them, as they fell from the eloquent lips of the speaker; and that pleasure, we find, has been renewed by a perusal of them in this elegant little volume. We commend particularly to our readers the lecture on "Woman In Shakespeare."

*The Stars And The Earth; Or, Thoughts Upon Space, Time, And Eternity. With An Introduction By Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., LL.D.* 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This little treatise appeared anonymously, some years ago, in England; and was introduced to the American public by Rev. Dr. Hill. Its object is to prove that philosophy and religion, when either is rightly understood, sustain and elucidate each other. The book is full of interest of the very highest kind. We recommend it most cordially.

*Bimbi. Stories For Children. By Ouida.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—It is in stories of this description, and in such others as "A Dog Of Flanders," that this author is at her best. The first one, "The Nuremburg Stove," is not only quite original in its conception, but most beautifully told. One wonders, when reading the clear, unaffected English of this little tale, how the same writer could be guilty of the torrent of big words and the turgid bombast that disfigure her more pretentious writings.

*Iris. A Novel. By Mrs. Randolph.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is very much more than an average fiction. The plot is unusually good. The novel, however, really is a novel of character. The two sisters, Iris and Eve, especially, are skillfully drawn and capitally discriminated.

*Hints And Helps For Those Who Write, Print, Or Read. By Benjamin Drew.* 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is especially intended for proof-readers, but will be found useful also to writers for the press, and indeed for those engaged in any literary work whatever.

*Prince Hal; Or, The Romance Of A Rich Young Man. By Fanny Andrews. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This author is already favorably known by her novel "A Family Secret," and other fictions of every-day life. The present story is located in the South, some thirty years ago.

*Taxidermy Without A Teacher. By Walter P. Manton.* 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A thoroughly complete manual for preparing and preserving birds, animals, and fishes. The book is illustrated.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT IS SAID OF "PETERSON."—Of all the magazines published, this is the one that receives the heartiest commendations from the newspapers, as being the one that keeps its promises always, and that is alike *the cheapest and the best.* We have several hundred notices of the July and August numbers before us. Says the Marysville (Ohio) Journal: "The last issue is a gem; the fashion-plate superb; the stories first-class; the number unsurpassable." The Raleigh (N. C.) Age says: "Still ahead in point of excellence: a perfect household treasure: the ladies could not part with it." The Havre de Grace (Md.) Republican says: "We cannot see how any lady can do without it: undeniably it is the best, as unquestionably it is the cheapest, lady's magazine published." The Minneapolis (Minn.) Mirror says: "The fourteen steel-engravings, furnished in the course of the year, are alone worth the price of the magazine; the moral style of its literature, too, is unexceptional: in everything, 'Peterson' is as fine and dainty as ever." Says the Norristown (Pa.) Herald: "Contains better stories than can be found in any other lady's magazine: an important feature is the Paris letters of Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper." The West Point (Va.) Star says: "We have often spoken of this magazine as the best and cheapest of the lady's books; and we can only now repeat this praise, and advise everybody to subscribe." The truth is, the enormous circulation of "Peterson" enables it to give *a better periodical for the money*, than is possible to any other publisher. Those that are cheaper, or as cheap, and even some at a higher price, are mere catch-pennies. "It is its sterling merit, in giving always the best of its kind," writes a patron of twenty years, standing, "that first gave it its ascendancy, and still maintains it."

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THE BAKING POWDER WAR.—The Royal Baking Powder Company is still making enemies among those who are manufacturing and selling impure articles for leavening purposes (and their name is legion), and this fact shows that it is continuing its vigorous work in the interests of the public. This Company set out some time ago to expose the character, and as far as possible to break up the sale, of adulterated baking powders. Having found from an examination of a number of specimens procured from grocers that they were generally of an inferior character—some devoid of all leavening properties, and many of them actually poisonous—it brought the matter before the public, denounced the makers by name in the press, and to the health authorities. The affair was speedily taken up by physicians, Boards of Health, and Legislatures, throughout the country; chemists were employed to make scientific tests of the various powders in the market, and the Government itself directed analyses to be made before it would purchase the supplies needed for army, navy, and Indian uses. The result more than justified the charges so boldly made by the Royal Company. Not only were the majority of baking powders in the market found to be largely adulterated, but many of them were ascertained to contain alum and other poisonous ingredients, to such an extent as to render them positively unsafe for use in human food. The information spread throughout the country, and created a profound sensation. As a result, many of these injurious mixtures were driven out of the market, and the sale of all of them seriously interfered with. No occurrence of recent date has been so far-reaching as this in its beneficial influence upon the public health; and the boldness of the Royal Baking Powder Company in the inauguration of such a warfare, and their energy in carrying it forward with such important results, were universally commented upon and appreciated. In making the charges, they did not hesitate to enter into competition with every other baking powder in the country; and it is a public satisfaction that in all the tests and analyses made, the Royal Baking Powder was placed at the head of the list; and declared by Boards of Health and by the Government chemists, Doctors Mott and Love, to be the superior of all others in strength, and absolutely pure and free from all inferior substances.

In continuing this warfare against the adulterated food, more particularly the alum and otherwise impure and inferior baking powders which unscrupulous manufacturers are endeavoring to force upon the market in this locality, the Royal will undoubtedly meet with the old-time opposition and abuse. We are confident, however, that the public will also appreciate, as heretofore, both the object of the "alum men," and the action of the Royal Company, and award full justice to the company that has so fearlessly stood up for its protection from all such adventurers.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE makes a cooling drink, with water and sugar only. Try it.

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## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. IX.—GENTIAN, BLUE AND YELLOW—GINSENG.

The Blue, Gentiana Catesbæi, grows most abundantly in the grassy swamps of North and South Carolina, though it is found more sparsely elsewhere. It has a stem eight to ten inches high; leaves, opposite, ovate, lanceolate, acute. Flowers, of a pale-blue color, crowded axillary or terminal; corolla, large, plaited, an inch or more in length.

The Yellow, Gentiana lutea, kept in drug-stores, is the officinal medicinal article in general use. In nature, it is a beautiful plant, growing among the mountains of Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain. The root is the part used, and both species are highly tonic, improving the appetite and invigorating digestion. The European species has been known to medical men from the earliest antiquity, deriving its name probably from Gentius, a king of Illyria. The American species is used chiefly in the South, in cases of dyspepsia, debility of the stomach and general system. Mothers can use either in infusion or in tincture with considerable freedom and benefit. The root is sometimes chewed by persons wishing to free themselves from the use of tobacco.

GINSENG—*Panax quinquefolium.* An indigenous plant, annually sending up a smooth round stem about ten or twelve inches high, divided at its summit into three leafstalks, each bearing a compound leaf of three to seven leaflets.

Flowers, small, greenish, in a simple umbel, arising from the centre of the petioles. Fruit, a scarlet berry. Found generally in hilly places in this country. In fact, the Chinese at one time claimed that it possessed "miraculous powers in preserving health, invigorating the system, and prolonging life." These extraordinary medicinal virtues our physicians have never discovered, and have long since concluded that they existed only in the imagination of the Celestials. The root, the part used, is in the green state fleshy, spindle-shaped, size of the little finger, and one to three inches long. We consider the root to possess merely some emollient properties, and of but little value. It is chewed by some persons who have acquired a taste for it, as others do for tobacco, and it is a great pity that all who are not satisfied in chewing toothpicks after meals, should not resort either to the gentian or ginseng roots. For the writer is most thoroughly convinced, from observations extending much beyond the number of years allotted to one generation, that the tobacco habit is the great curse of the country, the great bane to the rising generation. The physical depression it

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causes among the youth, the intellectual weakness of the more mature, and the moral depravity it produces in every period of life—all these dire effects have never yet been told. It is the fostering parent of nearly all other vices, and more especially does it lead to the use of intoxicating drinks. It should create alarm among parents when they see their sons, not yet in their teens, using the vile weed, and the watchful mother should put her foot down firmly upon the habit. And yet we see professional temperance lecturers addicted also to the habitual use of tobacco. "O tempora, o mores!" Alas for the degeneracy of the times! Alas for the depravity of customs!

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.

### No. 170.—LADDER PUZZLE.

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The uprights are words of seven letters each; the right meaning a once-famous lawyer, the left a great name in American history.

The rounds, beginning with the lower, are: 1. To forsake. 2. A rank. 3. To send out.

*Elkhart, Ind.* MARION P.

### No. 171.—EASY WORD-SQUARE.

1. Unadorned. 2. Off. 3. A family. 4. Organs.

*Marblehead, Mass.* GERSER.

### No. 172.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in bad, but not in good.
My second's in hat, but not in hood.
My third is in barn, but not in house.
My fourth is in rat, but not in mouse.
My fifth is in corn, but not in wheat.
My sixth is in hands, but not in feet.
My whole is fruit which melts in the mouth.
It is, as you'll find, always grown in the South.

*Mt. Gilead, O.* MAGGIE SANFORD.

*Answers Next Month.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

No. 165.

Dark as pitch.

No. 166.

Bookcase.

No. 167.

1. Caster, caste.
2. China, chin.
3. Code, cod.
4. Apex, ape.
5. Baal, baa.
6. Cloven, clove.

No. 168.

1. Caroline.
2. Ethel.
3. Eva.
4. Stella.
5. Myra.
6. Inez.
7. Amy.
8. Ida.

169.

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G L O W E R S
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# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS.

*Mutton Cutlets and Tomatoes.*—Trim from the cutlets all superfluous fat, and dip them in an egg beaten up, and some pepper and salt; then roll them in breadcrumbs, and let them rest for a couple of hours. Peel some good-sized tomatoes; make an incision around the stalk end and remove all the pips, taking great care in doing so to preserve the tomatoes whole. Lay them in a stewpan with a small quantity of good stock, some parsley and basil, mixed fine, pepper and salt to taste; let them stew very gently till done. Fry the cutlets a nice color in plenty of butter; arrange them in a circle on a dish, and put the tomatoes in the centre, with as much of their gravy as is necessary.

*To Boil a Leg of Lamb.*—Wash and trim the leg nicely; have ready water that has boiled and been skimmed—soft water is the best. Put in the leg when the water is nearly or quite boiling hot, and remove the scum as fast as it rises. When it has boiled five minutes, throw in the pot sufficient salt to give the water a saline taste, and boil the water briskly until the scum is all removed; then simmer until tender; the water should be kept to nearly boiling heat, and the pot tightly covered all the time. If the amount of water decreases, fill the pot with hot water from the tea-kettle; serve with nice drawn butter, flavored with celery, parsley, and lemon-juice.

### VEGETABLES.

*Baked Tomatoes.*—Take a deep pudding-dish, and butter the inside of it well; first put in a layer of breadcrumbs, then a layer of peeled sliced tomatoes, then a small onion cut very thin; dredge on a little flour, pepper, and salt; now begin with breadcrumbs again, tomatoes, onion, and seasoning, till the dish is full; the top layer must be breadcrumbs, with salt and pepper, and a few small bits of butter over it; put this in the oven; keep it covered with a tin plate for an hour, then remove the plate and let it brown. It does not require too hot an oven. It will take at least two hours to bake. Those who wish can add sugar to suit the taste. It is better to send to table in the dish used for baking.

*Stewed Beet.*—Bake or boil it tolerably tender, and let it remain until it is cold; then pare and cut it into slices; heat and stew it for a short time in some good pale veal gravy (or in strong veal broth for ordinary occasions); thicken this with a teaspoonful of arrowroot, and half a cupful or more of good cream; stir in, as it is taken from the fire, from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of vinegar. The beet may be served likewise in thick white sauce, to which, just before it is dished, mild eschalots may be added.

*"Tip-Top" Potatoes.*—Boil eight large potatoes in their skins, and let them cool. When cold, peel them and cut them into thick slices. Put into a stewpan two ounces of butter in a thin slice, and when it is melted add a teacupful of well-seasoned stock or gravy, a teaspoonful of finely-

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chopped parsley, chopped onion, and a teaspoonful of mixed pepper and salt. Stir these well together over the fire till hot, add the potatoes, simmer five minutes, stir in the juice of a lemon, and serve hot.

DESSERTS.

*To Make Boiled Custards.*—Take a pint and a half of milk, three ounces of loaf sugar, four eggs, a lemon, twelve drops of almond flavoring, a bit of stick cinnamon. Beat up the eggs with their whites in a half-pint of milk separately. Rub two of the lumps of sugar on the rind of the lemon until they are quite yellow; then put the whole of the sugar, the pint of milk, and the cinnamon, into a saucepan. Let the ingredients boil for five minutes; pour out and set aside to cool. Mix quite smoothly one dessertspoonful of maizena with cold milk, add it to the milk which has been boiled. Now mix all the ingredients together, and put into a jug or jar, which should be set in a saucepan of boiling water over a fire; stir the mixture till it thickens; it must not be allowed to boil, or it will curdle. When thick enough, take it out of the water and stir till cool. When cold, pour it carefully into the glasses. Over the tops of the custards may be grated some fine nutmeg, or cover with blanched almonds, cut up in fine shavings. The above quantities will fill from twelve to fourteen custard-glasses, according to the size of the glass.

*French Pancakes.*—Take two eggs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of sifted sugar, two ounces of flour, half-pint of new milk. Beat the eggs thoroughly, and put them into a basin with the butter, which should be beaten to a cream; stir in the sugar and flour, and when these ingredients are well mixed, add the milk; keep stirring and beating the mixture for a few minutes; put it on buttered plates, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Serve with a cut lemon and sifted sugar, or pile the pancakes high on a dish, with layers of preserve or marmalade between them.

*Apple Snow.*—Pare and core tart, juicy apples; stew with just enough water to keep from burning; sweeten with white sugar, and beat perfectly free from lumps; when cold, add the juice of half a lemon, and, for a dish large enough for eight or ten persons, the whites of two eggs; beat the mixture until it is stiff enough to stand alone, and is as "white as snow," and you will have a delicious and elegant dessert; eat with whipped cream.

*Puff Pudding.*—Beat six eggs; add six spoonfuls of milk and six of flour; butter some cups, pour in the batter, and bake the puddings quickly; then turn them out, and eat them with butter, sugar, and nutmeg.

PICKLES.

*Cucumbers, Pickled.*—The small, long kind are best for pickles, and those but half-grown are better than the full-grown. Let them be freshly gathered, pull off the blossom, but do not rub them. Pour over them a strong brine, boiling hot, cover closely, and let them stand all night. In the morning, drain on a sieve, and dry them in a cloth. To each quart of best wine vinegar, put one-half ounce of whole pepper, the same of ginger and allspice, and one ounce of mustard-seed—add onions if agreeable. When the pickled vinegar boils up, throw in the cucumbers, and make them boil as quickly as possible for three minutes—no longer. Put them in a jar with the boiling vinegar, and cover closely. Made in this way, your pickles will be tender, crisp, and green. If the color is not quite clear enough, boil the vinegar over the next day, then pour it over the cucumbers, and cover perfectly tight.

*Tomato Sauce for Bottling.*—Take one gallon peeled tomatoes, four pods of red pepper; cook until tender, and strain through a coarse sieve; then stir in thoroughly four tablespoonfuls of salt, four tablespoonfuls of ground black pepper, three tablespoonfuls of white mustard-seed, half a tablespoonful of allspice, and one pint of vinegar; simmer slowly three or four hours; bottle while hot, and cork tight, and the preparation will keep good for years. It can also be made in winter-time by using canned tomatoes and dried red-pepper pods.

*To Pickle Eggs.*—Sixteen eggs, one quart of vinegar, one-half ounce of black pepper, one-half ounce of Jamaica pepper, one-half ounce of ginger. Boil the eggs for twelve minutes, then dip them into cold water, and take off the shell. Put the vinegar, with the pepper and ginger, into a stewpan, and let it simmer for ten minutes. Now place the eggs in a jar, pour over them the vinegar, etc., boiling hot, and when cold, tie them down with a bladder to exclude the air. This pickle will be ready for use in a month.

*Pickled Onions.*—Peel onions—the smallest that can be found; put in a strong salt-and-water brine for forty-eight hours, then in fresh for twelve hours. Put in jars or bottles, as many as can be packed in; then fill with best vinegar, cold. These will keep for years, and keep white and crisp.

*Tomato Chow-Chow.*—Six large ripe tomatoes, one large onion, one green pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar; peel and cut fine the tomatoes, chop fine the onion and pepper; add salt, sugar, and vinegar; stew gently one hour.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*To Keep Eggs.*—Make a solution of borax, by putting a heaping teaspoonful of pulverized borax to a pint of boiling water; let it stand until it becomes warm, but do not allow it to get so cool that the borax will crystallize; dip the eggs quickly in this, and keep in a cool place. The borax will crystallize around the eggs, keep out the air and preserve them.

*To Take Stains out of Silver.*—Steep the plate in soap lye for the space of four hours; then cover it over with whiting, wet with vinegar, so that it may stick thick upon it, and dry it by the fire; after which, rub off the whiting, pass it over with dry bran, and the stains will not only disappear, but the plate will look exceedingly bright.

*To Prevent Flies from Soiling Picture-Frames.*—Paint the frames over with a decoction of leeks, prepared by boiling three or four in a pint of water. This will not injure the frames, but it will prevent the flies from resting on them.

## FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF WINE-COLORED SURAH AND BROCADE. The skirt is made of the surah, puffed and gathered, with three narrow knife-plaitings around the bottom. The tunic, which is looped back panier-fashion, is of brocade, in two shades of wine-color. The bodice, of surah, is long; but opens at the back to let the brocade come from beneath it, in a puff. It is shirred on the bust, and has a trimming of the brocade. Tuscan straw bonnet, lined with wine-colored surah, and trimmed with feathers of the same color.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE WATERED SILK AND NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is of the striped watered silk, with three knife-plaitings, headed by a ruffle around the bottom. The dress is of the nun's-veiling; round at the waist, and worn with a belt of the watered silk. It opens in front with full revers, crosses diagonally, and is made with paniers. A cluster of buttercups on the shoulder and in the hair.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN MERVEILLEUX. The skirt is puffed at the back, is plain front, and striped with old-gold satin ribbon. Around the bottom of the skirt is a narrow knife-plaiting and a full ruffle. Above this is a wide flounce, laid in plaits, and striped with the old-gold ribbon. Above this flounce is a row of loops of the same ribbon. The upper part of the skirt consists of paniers

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of the black satin merveilleux, edged with guipure lace, dyed old-gold color. The bodice is long, but is slightly full across the chest. The collar, of old-gold, is trimmed with the lace, which also extends down the front of the dress. A cluster of pomegranates on the bodice and in the hair.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESS, OF PUCE-COLORED SILK. The skirt consists of nine box-plaited ruffles. Above this is a tunic, with scarf drapery, which falls over the skirt at the back. A puffing around the hips is held in place by stripes of the silk, which has small polka-dots in it. The bodice is of the silk which has the polka-dots over it. It opens in front, and has a collar of the plain silk laid in plaits.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STONE-COLORED SATEEN. The skirt consists of two deep kilted flounces, which are edged with gay-colored stripes. The scarf drapery, edged in the same way, forms paniers over the hips; and is carelessly looped behind. The bodice is long and plain, and has a scarf mantle, trimmed with the gay stripes, and ties in front. Coarse straw bonnet, trimmed with poppies and blue cornflowers.

FIG. VI.—DRESS OF BLACK AND WHITE SHEPHERD'S-PLAID, FOR A YOUNG LADY. The kilted skirt is in alternate plaits of the plaid—which has a gray effect—and of a gray camel's-hair. The overskirt is of the plaid, which opens in front over the kilted skirt, and of the gray camel's-hair, which forms the drapery at the back. The deep pointed body has coat-basques added, but opens at the back to allow the puffed camel's-hair to show. Cape gathered slightly at the neck. Cuffs of the camel's-hair. Gray straw hat and feathers.

FIG. VII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF FINE FOREST-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR AND GREEN WATERED SILK. The apron-front is made of alternate stripes of the watered silk and of fine plaitings of the camel's-hair. The skirt at the back is of the camel's-hair, in simple drapery. The bodice is of the camel's-hair, with simulated vest, collar, and cuffs of the silk; and a plaited basque is added, to correspond with the front of the skirt.

FIGS. VIII AND IX.—FRONT AND BACK OF HOUSE-DRESS, OF BÈGE CASHMERE. The skirt is in alternate box-plaitings and kiltings of the cashmere. The tunic is bège and blue plaid, and is draped high at the sides. The bodice, of the same material, has a kilted waistcoat, ornamented with straps fastened with buckles. The habit-bodice at the back corresponds.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BROWN CASHMERE AND SATIN. The skirt is of alternate plaits of the two materials. The long coat-bodice is of the cashmere, and has a beaded trimming around the skirt, on the pockets, the sleeves, collar, and down the front. A scarf of fancy material is knotted at the back. Jabot of lace down the front.

FIG. XI.—OUT-DOOR OR HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILK AND SPANISH LACE. The skirt is edged with lace, laid on flat, and opens on the left side, over several rows of Spanish lace. The drapery is full at the back. The bodice is pointed, and has a collar formed of two rows of Spanish lace, which also forms a jabot in front. White chip hat, trimmed with an Alsatian bow of black velvet.

FIG. XII.—FALL BONNET, OF TUSCAN STRAW, trimmed with brown velvet and bird-of-Paradise feather.

FIG. XIII.—FALL HAT, OF BROWN STRAW, trimmed with brown velvet and ostrich plume.

FIG. XIV.—FALL HAT, OF CREAM-COLORED FELT, with cream-colored plush front, trimmed with large yellow roses.

FIGS. XV AND XVI.—RIDING-HABITS. (Elsewhere described.)

GENERAL REMARKS.—So early in the season, there is but little that is new to chronicle. No great change seems possible, when everything is made and worn according to the dictates of individual taste. Even the rich materials, which used to be reserved for the very wealthy, have given place to comparatively cheap ones; and soft woolen goods are, to a great extent, used in the most elaborate dresses. In fact, our designs can almost always be made equally well in silk, satin, velvet, or wool, as may be preferred. Style varies as much as material. Some of the most fashionable French dressmakers, as well as those on this side of the water (who only copy those abroad), make all dresses with paniers, or scarf, or full drapery, while others strictly adhere to long straight lines, and severe-looking redingotes, with but little drapery, but with easy fulness at the back, formed by large plaits. The latter style requires a good figure, but is much better suited to a stout person than the elaborate bunching that is too apt to be exaggerated. The paniers apparently reduce the size of the waist, but increase that of the hips; and should, therefore, be worn only by slender people. As our readers know, the "redingotes" are very long coat-basques or polonaise, which may be fastened down the front, or drawn open over an underskirt or petticoat, as may be wished. They are plain-fitting over the hips, and are but little trimmed.

Some dressmakers make evening-dresses much wider around the skirt than has been the custom of late. In the front and at the sides, the dress falls straight enough; but the tournure throws the skirt far out at the back. This is a new style, but not graceful. Low bodices are more and more worn for evening-dress; but as a rule, they are much less becoming than handsomely-trimmed, open-necked high waists. The pretty thin muslin and lace fichus add very much to the beauty of high-necked dresses. The plain underskirt, with a full wide ruching or plaiting—which is made not to fall flat, but to look very full—is new and popular; but such a trimmed skirt shows the feet much more than one where the bottom ornamentation is flatter, and some thought should be taken as to the size and shape of the feet before wearing the newer style.

All colors are worn—dark-green, dark-red, terra-cotta, dark-blue grays of all shades, as well as browns. In the latter color, care should be taken to avoid cinnamon-color, for it is excessively trying to all complexions. Gray is popular for evening-wear; and one of the prettiest toilettes we have seen for a young lady is of light-gray tulle, trimmed with deep pink roses.

*Mantles and visites* are of all styles. For autumn, black or colored camel's-hair is taking the place of silk and lace for wraps. But few colored figured or brocaded ones are worn on the street; but for driving, they are popular.

*Bonnets*, if new, are mostly of tulle, embroidered with jet, steel, or colored beads; but few new ones are seen. As for this month, straws retrimmed are considered sufficiently good for the mid-season.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The latest mode for making dresses is a very sensible one. It consists in having the corsage of an entirely different material from the skirt. Now, as any skirt, particularly in these days of short dresses, will outwear two waists, it will readily be understood how comfortable, convenient, economical, and therefore doubly sensible, this new style is. The corsages are either long basques, or are made in the style of a Louis XV coat. They may be of any material almost. Brocades, striped satins, corded and stamped velvets, or velvet and satin Pekins, being amongst the more popular. Plain satins are not appropriate for this purpose, however: neither is plain black velvet; though colored velvet waists.

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in contrasting colors to those of the skirts, are sometimes seen. Generally, there is some affinity between the color of the corsage and that of the skirt. Thus, a striped satin merveilleux corsage, in blue and old-gold shades, is worn with a blue skirt; a ficelle-colored velvet, with a cream-tinted surah skirt, etc. Some of the striped satins, that come for corsages, have the stripes running sideways, in the old style that used to be called bayadere; but these patterns are extremely unbecoming, except to a very long-waisted thin figure. The latest combination in these materials is a series of black, brown, and yellow stripes, called "rattlesnake," and really it is ugly enough to represent that venomous reptile. I do not recommend, I only chronicle it. All these various fancy corsages are worn in demi-toilette, or for street wear, being inappropriate for full dress.

Some very handsome combinations are shown in black watered silk, colored satin, and black Spanish lace, for fall visiting and reception-dresses. The deep corsage of watered silk has an under-vest of the satin, just showing beneath the border of the waist in front. The skirt is of satin, composed of a series of plaited flounces, over each of which falls a flounce of heavy black Spanish lace. Rose-pink and rose-crimson are the colors most frequently employed for the satin skirts. Sometimes, a vivid scarlet flounce, with a Spanish lace one over it, alternates with a black plaited one, the corsage being in black satin.

Lace parasols, either covered with ruffles of Spanish or Chantilly lace, or with the cover made entirely of Spanish lace over colored satin, are much in vogue this fall. For very dressy occasions, a parasol in cream silk, covered with white dotted net, put on full, and edged with white lace, is extremely pretty. Umbrellas for ladies' use are of medium size, the handles being perfectly plain and smooth, and in live ivory, with the owner's initials or monogram in colored letters at the top. Showy handles are no longer in vogue. A tiger's claw, set transversely, and tipped with gold, is considered a very stylish handle, and is assuredly a very costly one.

Some of the new styles for making skirts are very novel and effective. One that I saw lately, in pale-blue satin-surah, was composed of three large transverse puffs, which covered the whole skirt from the waist to a point midway between the knee and the hem. From the lowest puff, fell a full gathered flounce of the pale-blue surah, embroidered with dark-blue. Underneath this flounce, to finish the skirt, were set three very narrow plaitings of the surah. The corsage to be worn with this skirt was a deep basque, in solid dark-blue brocade, matching in hue the embroidery on the flounce. Another skirt, in black surah, had the front breadth covered with five plaited flounces, which met side panels in kilt-plaiting. These in their turn met full draperies, which covered the back of the skirt.

We are threatened, for the coming season, with a deluge of what is known as "porcelain goods;" that is to say, the styles and ornamentation of different kinds of chinaware, reproduced in silks and cashmeres. The first of these patterns was shown in batistes and muslins, during the latter part of the summer, crowding out the large Pompadour flowers that were all the rage at the beginning of the season. Ladies showed themselves at the races, or at the watering-places, in Kate Greenaway gowns, all printed with little boys and girls in early English costumes, or in the Zoological Garden costumes, all overrun with elephants, and tigers, and lions, and dromedaries, or with Chinese-patterned muslins, reproducing the scenery and personages of the old blue willow-patterned ware. Now we are to have the Wedgewood cashmere, a dark-blue ground with the Wedgewood-ware personages and borders embroidered thereon in white silk. These are robe-dresses, and will not be very expensive. The same cannot be said of the new chené silks, that are to reproduce the blue-and-white and pink-and-white porcelains, nor the rich brocades, which, on a groundwork of royal blue, will reproduce the designs of the Sèvres medallions, and on white or pale-green grounds the graceful floral patterns of Dresden china. The genuine old brocades are all the rage now for the long coats that are worn with different skirts. The large-patterned brocades, used for furniture coverings and for curtains in by-gone days, are immensely popular for these coats. I cannot say that these showy materials and bright colors are either becoming or in good taste; but they are the fashion, and that is sufficient.

Light lady's cloths, figured with birds or animals on pale-tinted grounds, are worn as costumes. The latest one is in ficelle-color, figured all over with hunting-dogs in full cry, in black silk. The full draperies of the overskirt are caught up at one side with a miniature hunting-horn in silver. I have also seen a dark-red cashmere, figured all over with little black demons: this latter material is to be used for dressing-gowns. Black and silver swallows, on a pale-blue ground, form a much more elegant and tasteful device.

All sorts of soft rich-looking materials will be in vogue for bonnets during the coming winter, velvets and plushes predominating, with felts for undress occasions. Even velvet strings, and flowers in shaded velvets, will be used. Dark colors for bonnets and hats will be the most fashionable, the rich Marie Louise blue promising to be much liked in combination with copper-color.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN HEATHER STRIPED WOOLEN. The trousers are short, and buttoned at the side. The plaited blouse has a deep collar, and is bound with braid, or may be finished by machine-stitching.

FIG. II.—STYLISH MANTLE, FOR A LITTLE GIRL. The under part is a plain paletot, without sleeves, and the cape is slightly draped at the centre of the back with rosettes. This garment may be made of any colored cloth or flannel, but is exceptionally pretty if made of some Scotch plaid. Straw hat, trimmed with surah silk, to match the mantle in color.

FIG. III.—A LITTLE GIRL'S AUTUMN COAT, OF GRAY PLAID. It is laid in plaits back and front, and has shirrings at the waist. A belt is attached where the shirrings begin. There is a double collar, large pockets, and deep cuffs. Gray straw hat, trimmed with an ostrich feather.


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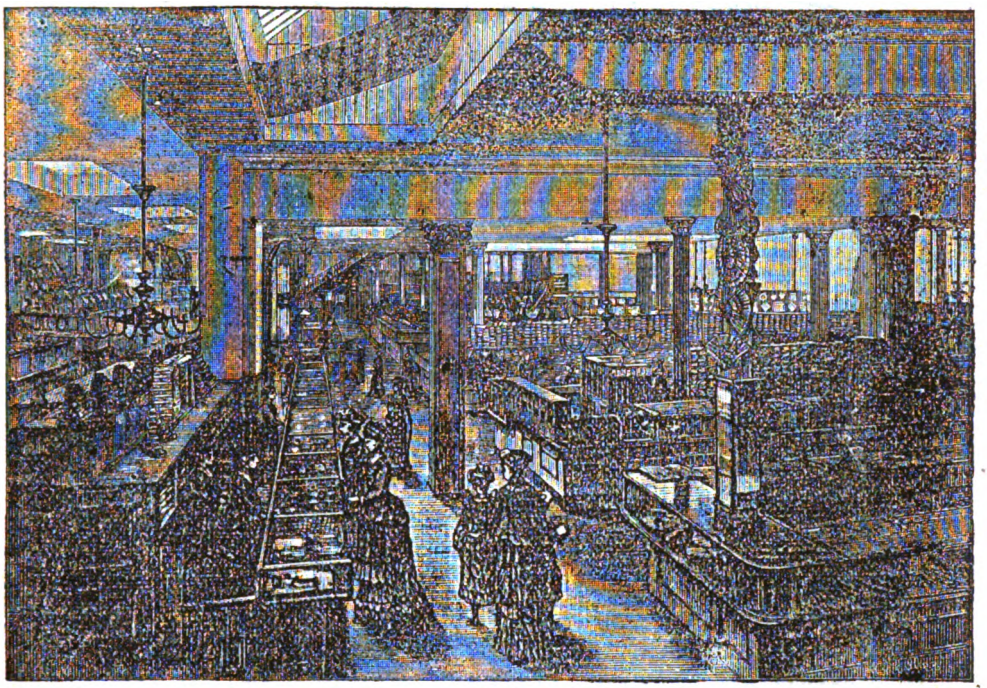

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Fourth—Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs (mostly our own importation), also Collars and Cuffs, made in our manufactory on the premises.

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Seventh—Worsteds, Embroideries, Fringes, Buttons, etc., a large variety.

Eighth—A small section of artistic China.

Ninth—Shoe Department. This is a store in itself; we carry an immense stock of all the latest styles, purchase directly from the manufacturers, and are enabled to fill all orders promptly and at the lowest margin of profit.

Returning on the left side of passage shown, may be seen the main staircase on Thirteenth Street end of store then Telegraph Office, Mail Desk, and lastly a section of our large Notion Department.

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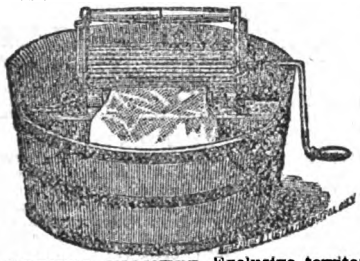

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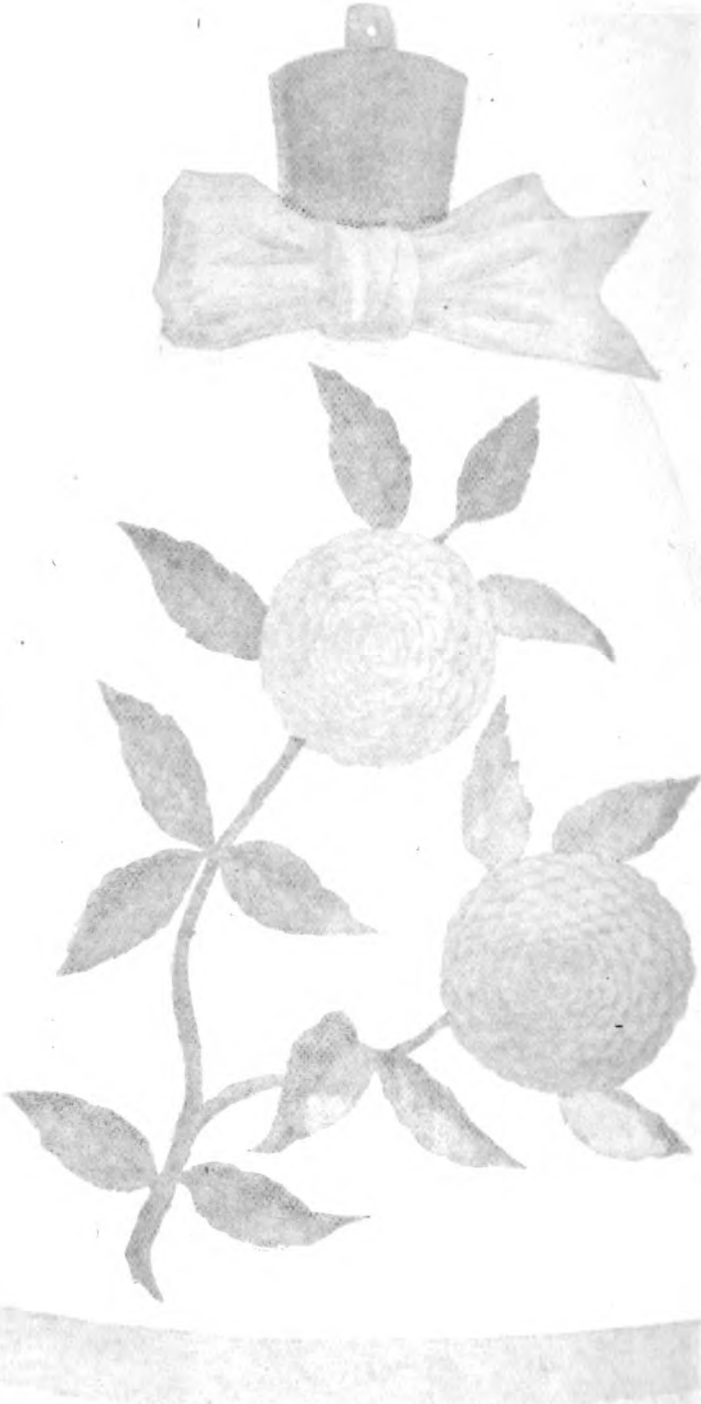

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# Peterson's Magazine,

October, 1882.

EXTRA.

*Classical Designs for Outline Embroidery, on*

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UP THE APPLE TREE. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. HAT.

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FALL CLOAK: BACK AND FRONT.

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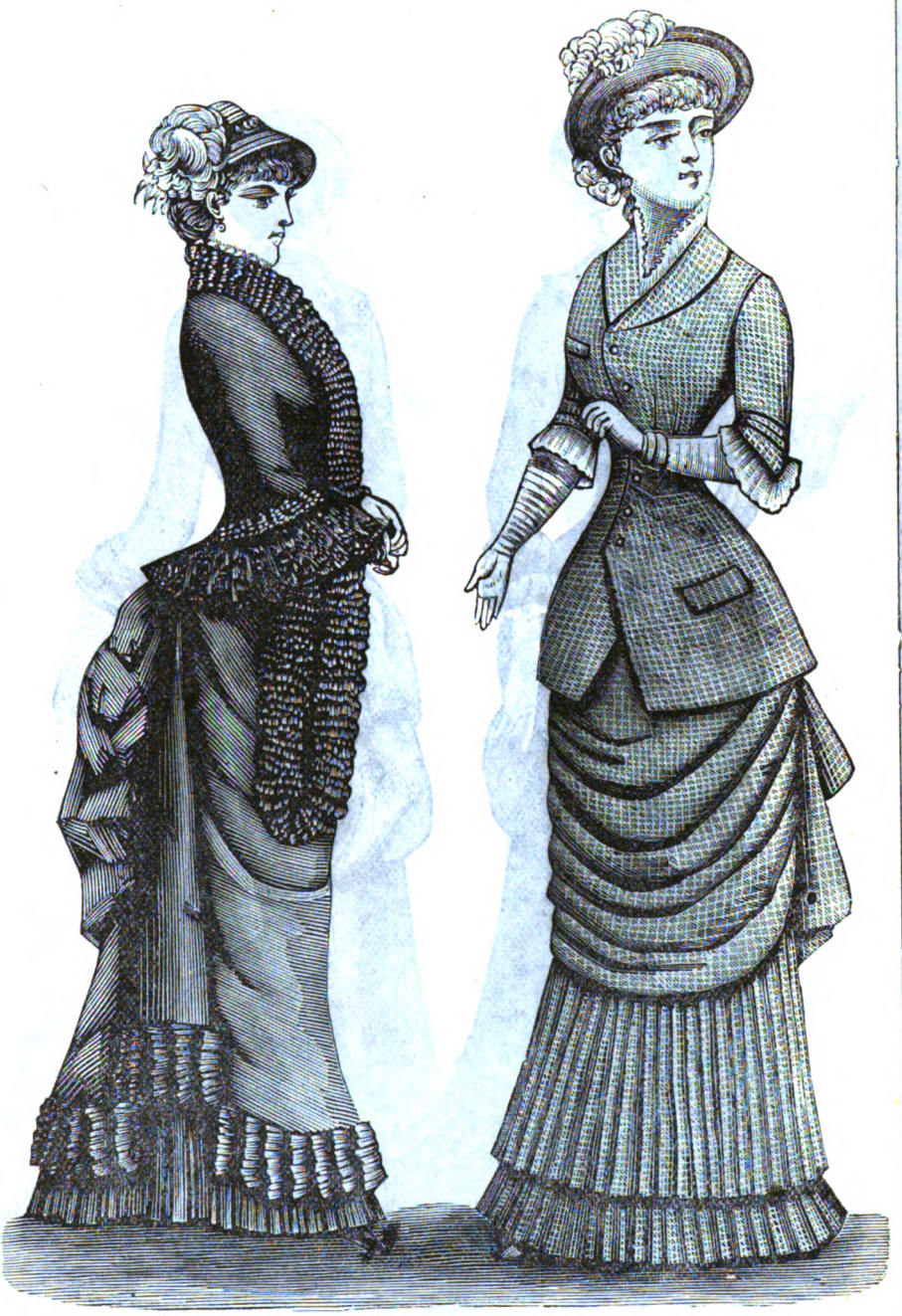

WALKING-DRESSES FOR THE FALL.

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NEW STYLE HOUSE-DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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FALL STYLES FOR HOUSE-DRESSES.

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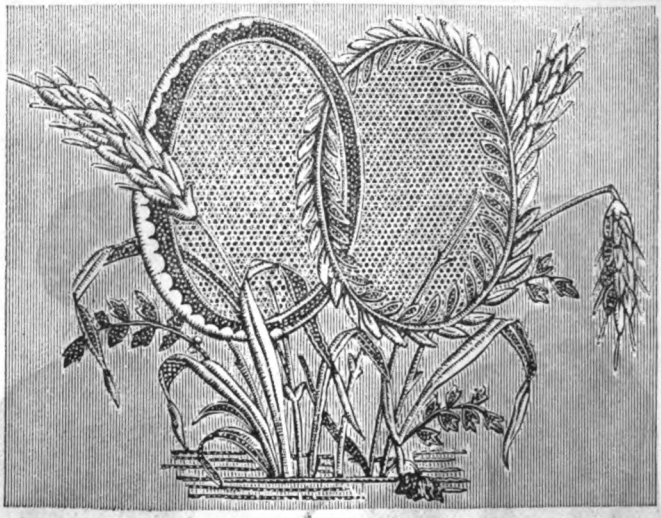

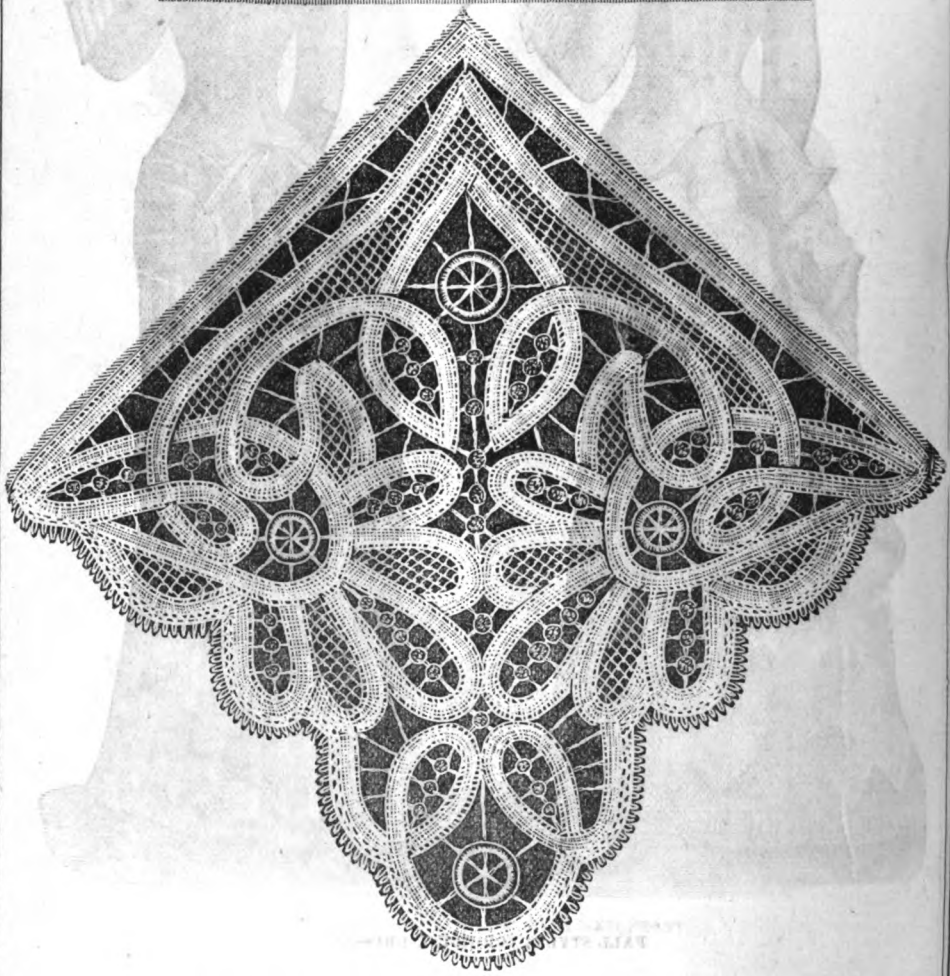

HANDKERCHIEF END. NECK-TIE, IN MODERN POINT-LACE.

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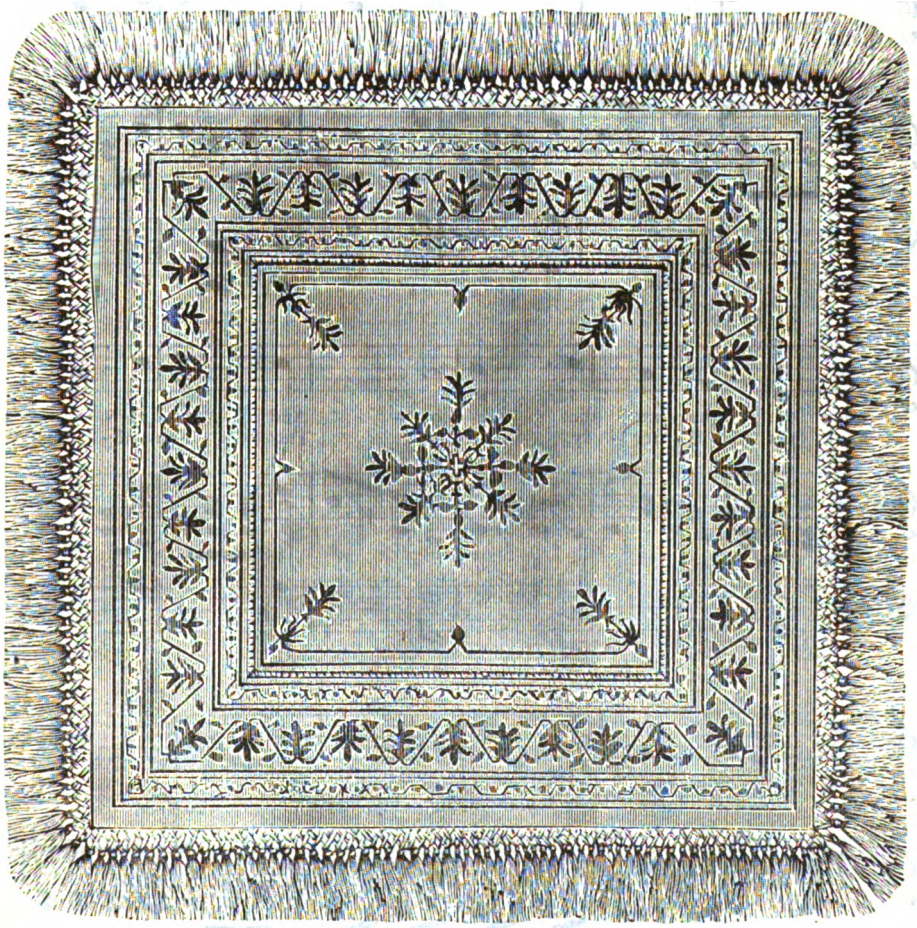
# Marguerite

# Maria



SMALL TABLE-CLOTH. NAMES FOR MARKING.

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# IN THE GLOAMING.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by META ORRED. Music by ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON.

*Andante.*

*cres.*

1. In the gloam - ing oh, my dar - ling!
2. In the gloam - ing oh, my dar - ling!

when the lights are dim and low— And the qui - et
think not bit - ter - ly of me! Tho' I passed a -

*rall.*

shad - ows fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go,—
way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,

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*Agitato.*

When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle
For my heart was crushed with long - ing, what had been could

*con anima.*

un - known woe,— Will you think of me and love me,
nev - er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear,

1st. :S: 2d. *rall.*

As you did once long a - go?
Best for you and best for me,— It was

1st. :S: 2d.

*cres.*

*cres.*

best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

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NEW STYLE FALL BONNETS AND HAT.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1882. No. 4.

## CAIRO AND THE KHEDIVE'S HAREM.

BY ALICE REA.

THE twenty-fourth of March, 1880, is a day I am not likely to forget; for we were speeding, in the "Peshawar," one of the Peninsular and Oriental floating palaces, towards Suez, with that happy hunting-ground of the imagination, the East, almost within our grasp.

Too wise to organize one of those numerous contentious and utterly impracticable parties of "sisters, cousins, and aunts," so often seen abroad, my husband had contented himself with asking one bright handsome girl, an intimate friend, to join us—a most clever, charming companion, whom I shall call Carrie Nugent, in this modest attempt to recall various adventures in which she bore a part.

We certainly made up in enthusiasm what we lacked in numbers, as we stood on deck, looking out at a long range of mountains stretching across the desert, wrapped in a pale pinkish haze, and reaching down to the shores of the Red Sea: the mountains crossed by the children of Israel in their flight from Egypt.

Near the landing-stage, a number of raw Arab troops were encamped. Donkeys were in waiting, to carry those passengers who wished to ride to Suez, three miles distant; and the drivers were shouting out the names of their respective beasts, much to the amusement of the people on board: "Mrs. Langtry," "Mrs. Cornwallis West," "Roger Tichborne," "Newman Hall," and the "Bishop of London;" of the latter it being asserted that he was the "very deuce to go."

It was at Suez that I first encountered Eastern women. My husband and I, before dinner, strolled through the wretched town: a collection of mud hovels, with here and there a minaret striped like a zebra. On a shady walk, we saw a row of native women sitting, each in a single garment of dark-blue cotton, the brown faces partly hidden by a veil drawn across their mouths. The Eastern conception of modesty we found to be peculiar; for here, as at Cairo, and afterwards at Damascus, we beheld, in some cases, the most liberal exposure of bosom; but no sooner did we come in sight than the women veiled their mouths in the utmost haste.

There is only one train a day from Suez to Cairo. The line runs through the heart of the desert, and there is nothing to be seen but sand, sand, sand; an occasional palm tree; and at long intervals, an oasis. As soon as we got into green, cultivated Egypt, however, the scene changed. We swept by fertile fields, mounted



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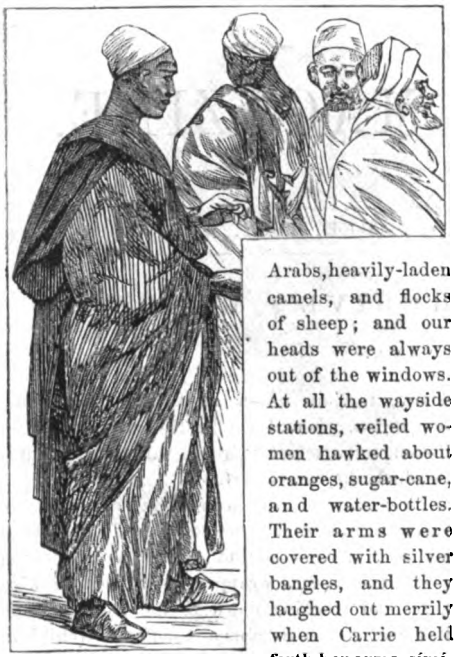
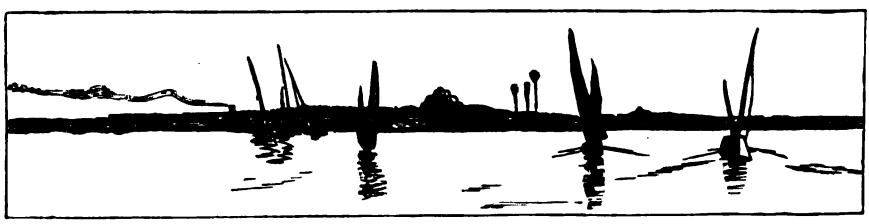


ARABS AND EGYPTIANS.

Arabs, heavily-laden camels, and flocks of sheep; and our heads were always out of the windows. At all the wayside stations, veiled women hawked about oranges, sugar-cane, and water-bottles. Their arms were covered with silver bangles, and they laughed out merrily when Carrie held forth her arms, similarly adorned, for them to notice.

Arrived at Cairo, we put up at the New Hotel, a palatial residence standing in the midst of a large garden filled with tropical trees and plants. The next day, we began our sight-seeing. We went first to see the dancing dervishes, and afterwards the howling dervishes; but they have both been described hundreds of times; and as we found neither a pleasant spectacle, we were only too glad to turn our backs on them. After that, we went the usual rounds: the Coptic Church in the Christian quarter, built in the eighth century, in whose crypt the Holy Family are said to have taken refuge when they fled into Egypt; the mosque of Omar, the largest of the five hundred that adorn Cairo; the Island of Rhoda, where Moses was hid in the bulrushes, according to Eastern tradition, and where there is a Nilometer, an ancient device for marking the rise and fall of the river. The orange-groves were in full bloom—we saw no bulrushes—and we came away laden with great branches of that delicious shrub.

On Saturday, we started off, a party of ten, to visit the Pyramids of Gizeeh, which have been described to any extent already, by far abler pens; so that I shall only relate a conversation we had with the Arabs, which we thought had a delightfully Eastern flavor. As neither Carrie nor I felt equal to "doing" the Pyramids, we took up a position outside, where we had a capital view of the Sphinx and Pyramids, while the more enterprising of our companions undertook the work of exploration. I began to sketch, while my particular attendant—a handsome youth of fourteen, six feet high—held an umbrella over me; and we soon had a large circle of Arabs clustering around us, all gentle and well behaved. We asked why they did not clear away the sand that covered the body and paws of the Sphinx. "Who pay, then?" cried an old Arab, excitedly: "Why you not pay money, and dig out Sphinx much as you like?" "But why should we pay to keep your monuments in order?" objected Carrie: "If we are to bear the expense, we ought to keep them for ourselves." "And you can have them," said the accommodating Arab. "You may take Sphinx



RAILROAD ALONG THE NILE.

—if you can move it," he added, with a grim smile.

At this we all laughed, and Carrie said:

"You think we have nothing to do but to send money here. Don't you know that we are poor?"

"*You* poor? Ha, ha! If you poor, you never come here. Take much money come here."

"I am a poor woman, at any rate," said Carrie.

"You no woman; you girl," he replied, eyeing her leisurely; "you no husband, but you have one this year."

I have never heard that Arabs had the gift of second sight or the prophetic eye, but this prediction was actually verified; for after enslaving half a dozen, including a young Arab sheik, who had already two wives, and formally proposed en-route to Jericho, Carrie fell a victim to the charms of an officer whom she met at Malta,

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and became a wife before the year had run its course.

The burden of the conversation, out of which Carrie had dropped, was now sustained by the old Arab and the umbrella-bearer. The word "Halima" occurred so often, that at last we asked what it meant. "It is the name of his daughter," explained the young man, pointing to the old one. "He not let me marry her, if I not give him £50. I give him £20, and no more."

"He not have my daughter," commented the aged one, with decision.

"Why don't you run away with her?" said I to my young Arab.

"If he do, I shoot him like a quail," said the outraged parent. This threat produced no ill-feeling, and the suitor went off into a fit of good-humored laughter.

"Sing a love-song about Halima," I cried.

"Old man shoot me," objected the lover.

"You like to make yourself ass, I not care; I not touch you," was the contemptuous reply of the father.

"We should like to see Halima. Is she pretty?" asked Carrie.

"She is beautiful!" said father and lover in a breath, agreed for once.

"Go and fetch her for us to see," urged Carrie.

"No," cried the youth, firing up at such an idea; "she stay in her house. If you want to see her, go find her."

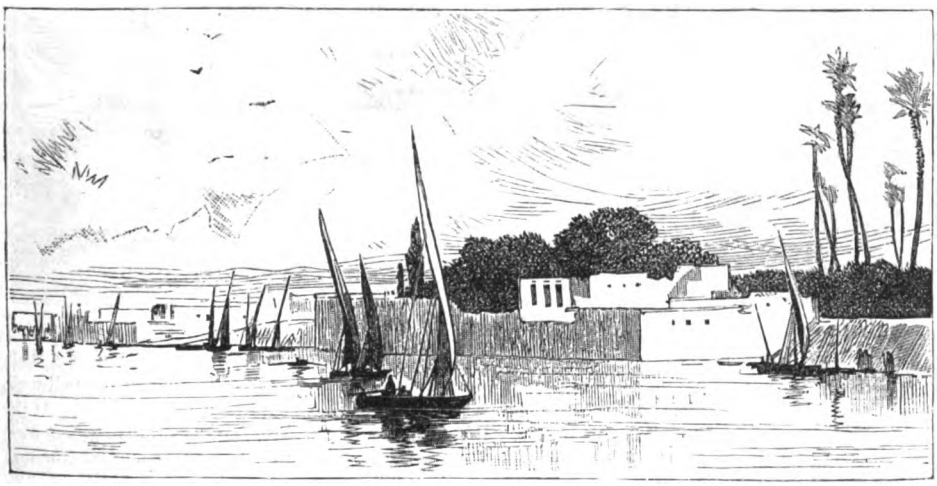
"What you saying?" grumbled the old man. "What Halima to you? She *my daughter*, not your wife."

This was a fact as indisputable as unpalatable, and to effect a diversion, I recommended the father to yield, lest his daughter should not find another husband. But this idea was most indignantly repudiated.

THE OLD ARAB.

"Everyone want to marry Halima. Ten, twenty beautiful rich men would come to-morrow and ask for her."

Our interest in the wooing o't had not flagged: but the sketches were done, and after an interesting visit to some of the tombs belonging to the Memphian necropolis, we mounted our donkeys, rode to our carriages, and drove back to Cairo.



VIEW ON THE NILE

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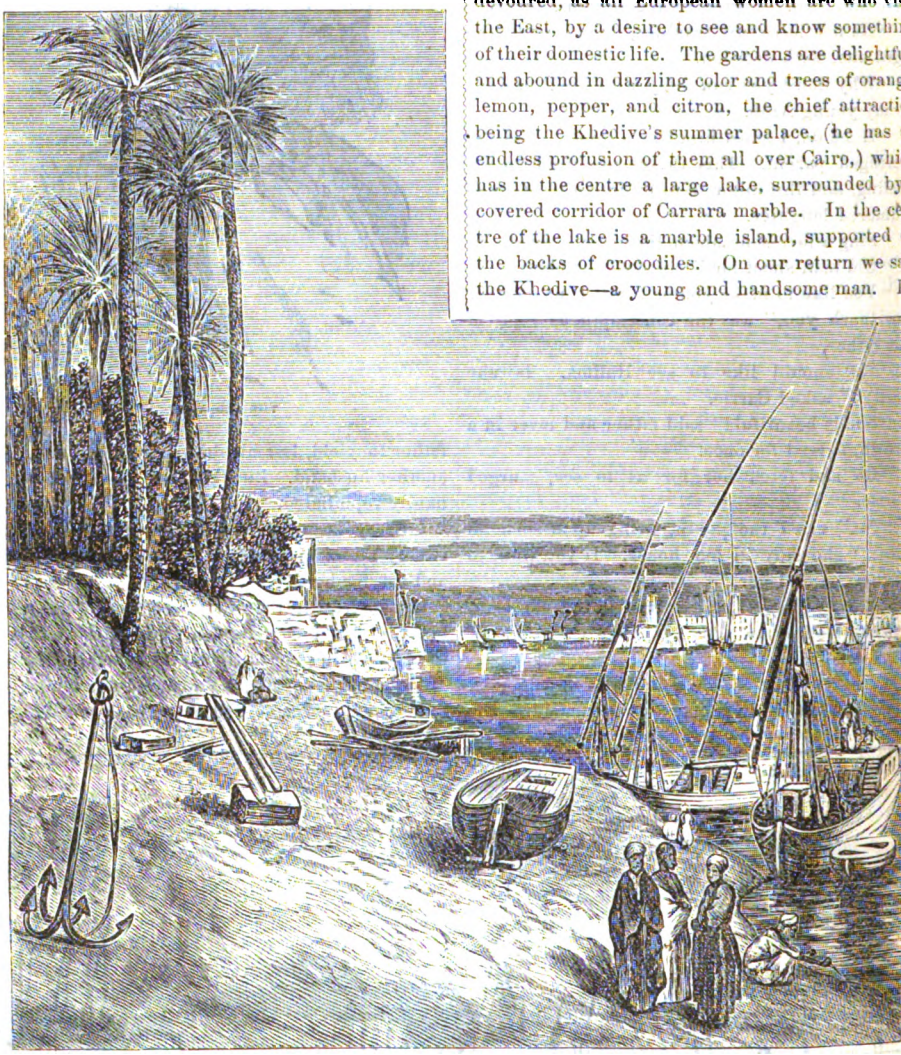
Sunday, the 28th, being Easter Day, we attended service at the charming little English church, near the hotel, and that afternoon drove to Shoobra, the great Sunday drive of Cairo. The road winds through a grove of cactus, with feathery white *sont* trees arching overhead. Every conceivable style of equipage and mount is to be seen. The ladies of the harem appeared in great numbers, driving in broughams, with the blinds drawn half down, and their faces shrouded in the white tulle *yashmak*, which enhances the beauty of their lustrous dark eyes, and tones down other features not so good. They peered curiously out of the carriage-windows, to catch a glimpse of the world from which they are so carefully excluded, and we peered as curiously in, being devoured, as all European women are who visit the East, by a desire to see and know something of their domestic life. The gardens are delightful, and abound in dazzling color and trees of orange, lemon, pepper, and citron, the chief attraction being the Khedive's summer palace, (he has an endless profusion of them all over Cairo,) which has in the centre a large lake, surrounded by a covered corridor of Carrara marble. In the centre of the lake is a marble island, supported on the backs of crocodiles. On our return we saw the Khedive—a young and handsome man. He drove in an open Victoria, accompanied by a gentleman in uniform, and surrounded by an escort of mounted soldiers, followed by several other carriages, containing his attendants. He wore plain clothes, and saluted everyone by touching his red fez. He was then very popular, and said to be reforming Egypt. At sundown, the carriages left the fashionable drive in a rush, headed by the royal suite, and drove pell-mell, as hard as they could tear, back to town. At the entrance to the drive, all the runners or *sais* were drawn up in a line, waiting for their different carriages, which they preceded into Cairo with loud shouts, carrying a long wand in their hands.



THE NILE AT BOULAK, CAIRO.

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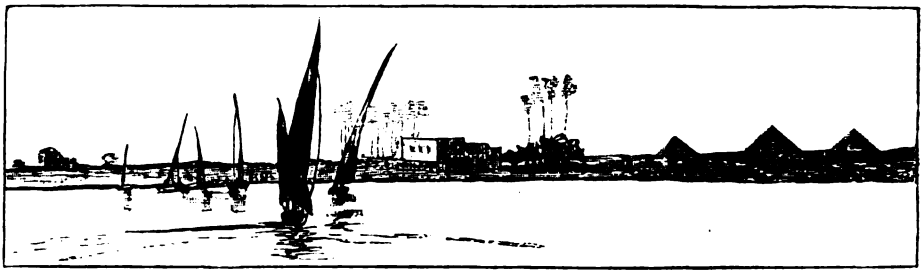

DISTANT VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

and running at a wonderfully swift pace. They are extremely active, never seem to tire, and keep up for hours; but they are a short-lived race. Their costume is gorgeous, and consists of a richly-embroidered zouave jacket, voluminous trousers, and a fez, with a black silk tassel hanging half way down the back.

Monday was delightfully spent at the Boolak Museum, where we saw the most bewildering collection of mummies, sphinxes, scarabei, papyrus, arms, Cleopatra's jewels, and a bust of the Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea. Later we had an interesting visit to Miss Whateley's school for Arab children. She is the daughter of Archbishop Whateley, and has for twenty years devoted herself to the task of educating and converting the youthful Arab; but she told us that where her scholars become Christians, they are compelled to keep it dark, as they would certainly be murdered by fanatical relatives if it were known.

By a great stroke of good fortune, we found ourselves introduced, by a member of the Khedive's government, into the harem of the beautiful Princess Tufika Monsour, a sister of the Khedive, next day. In a half-hour's drive, we reached the palace, in the environs of Cairo. Some black eunuchs opened the entrance-gates, and behind a folding-screen we were received by some white slaves, who took our cloaks and parasols, and showed us into a large corridor. Here a faded French lady, dame du compagnie of the princess, and very gracious in manner, came forward, saluted us, and we then accompanied her to a state drawing-room, leading out of an ante-room. Presently, one of the slaves brought in a silver rack full of cigarettes, and placed them on a table near us, with a round silver tray for the ashes. Several other attendants clustered at the door; one of them holding a tray, with a richly-embroidered flap, shaped something like a heraldic shield, hanging down in front. On it were arranged minute cups of thick black coffee, in richly-ornamented stands. After lighting our cigarettes, coffee was handed, and then the lady-in-waiting murmured "the princess is coming." She came forward very gracefully, and shook hands, after which we all sat down, and the princess lighted her cigarette. Her appearance was decidedly prepossessing: a creamy skin without one tinge of color, dead-gold hair, soft hazel eyes, and a Greek profile, with rather full but well-cut lips. She had beautiful teeth, and a charming smile, which now and again broke into low musical laughter. She wore a black velvet dress, made with an immensely long train; a long, half-fitting jacket, trimmed with a wide band of bronze beading, and a white satin waistcoat. Her figure, like that of most Eastern women, was rather too much inclined to *embonpoint;* but as these ladies never wear stays, take no exercise, loll about on sofas all day, and eat no end of sweet-

GUIDES TO PYRAMIDS.



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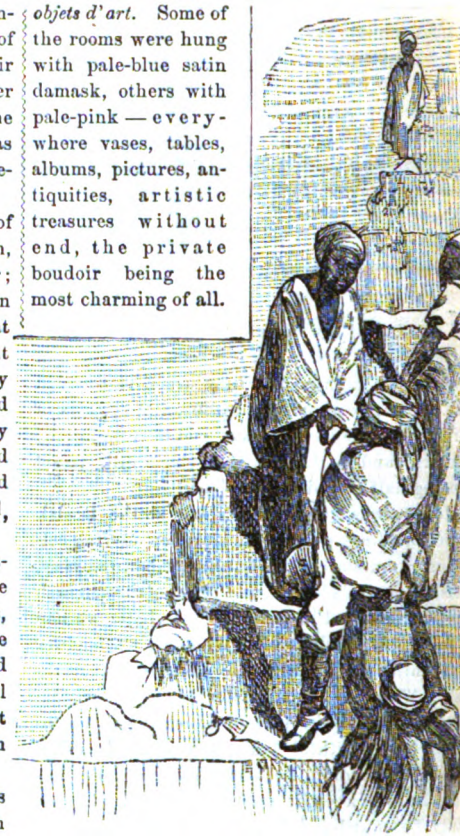
ments, it is not to be wondered at. Her manner to us was quite that of a royal lady; full of hauteur at first: and she surveyed us with an air of scrutiny, as she puffed away lazily at her cigarette; but she gradually thawed, and became genial, and even jolly, after a time. She was very full of fun, thoughtful and intellectual, besides being most communicative.

She told us that she was the second wife of Ibrahim Pasha; that he had married at eighteen, and was left a widower with one son a year later; had remained unmarried ten years, and then made her his wife, when she was seventeen; that she was now twenty-nine. A good deal of light conversation in French followed, when presently three children, with their attendants, passed through the hall, and were called in to see us by their mother. Two beautiful girls of ten and eight years, and a little boy of three, all dressed alike in costumes of a soft, creamy material, elaborately trimmed with white satin.

The girls had splendid hair, which was fastened back with large white satin bows. The eldest was very dark, with enormous black eyes, and considered like the pasha, her father. The second had the lovely oval face, creamy skin, and soft eyes of the mother. Their portraits in oil adorned the walls of the reception-room; but were badly painted, and in no way did them justice.

After the children's departure, the princess kindly allowed us to be conducted all through her private apartments and innumerable boudoirs and drawing-rooms, covered with portraits of the royal family, and filled with a profusion of *objets d'art*. Some of the rooms were hung with pale-blue satin damask, others with pale-pink — everywhere vases, tables, albums, pictures, antiquities, artistic treasures without end, the private boudoir being the most charming of all.



ASCENDING THE PYRAMIDS.

Her dressing-room and bed-room were marvels of elegance. The bed was an enormous one, draped with blue satin, the sheets and pillows being ornamented with lace. We were then shown the Turkish bath, with its white marble floor, and divans covered with Turkish toweling, pretty wrappers hanging on the pegs, and dainty slippers, covered with gold embroidery, standing ready for use. In the second room, there was a large silver bath, with taps and a douche for the finishing process. This led out of the pasha's dressing-room. We returned to the princess, and she led us into another reception-room, looking into her garden, and we sat some time in a fern-filled, shady grotto, with running water pouring down on either side, through which we could see the gardens and fountains beyond. The princess has a great deal of taste, is clever, and extremely well read. She talked most agreeably, and gave us a curious insight into Eastern customs. She said, among other things, that according to their code it was quite shocking for a husband and wife to appear in public together, and that as she and her husband were fond of taking a constitu-

BEDOUIN SHEIK AT THE PYRAMIDS.

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tional, they were obliged to resort to a ruse in order to enjoy it: they drove in separate carriages out four miles in the desert, strolled about until they were tired, and then came home by different routes. We showed her some silver bangles we had bought, at which she looked with an indulgent smile, saying that foreigners were fond of those things—only low-caste women wear them in the East, dancing-girls, and the wives of the *fellahs*. And when we waxed enthusiastic about the magnificence and beauty of the Cairo bazaars, she said that she had *heard* of them often, but had never seen them. We asked if she did not find it excessively tiresome to be shut up like a prisoner from year's end to year's end; and she said that all Eastern women would gladly welcome their emancipation, but that for the present they must submit to their bondage. The princess eyed our toilettes with approval, and declared that the majority of the English women to whom she gave audience appeared in shabby serge traveling-dresses, and large straw hats tied down under their chins. She laughed musically in describing them, and, I could see, thought them remarkable frumps. Before we took our departure, the slaves handed us iced orangeade in large glass goblets, with covers decorated with a deep rim of gold and a coat-of-arms. They handed us, also, towels, elaborately embroidered with white and gold thread, to use after partaking of the beverage. The princess gave us each a cabinet photo, with her autograph in Turkish and French. As we passed out, the slaves held our cloaks across their extended arms, covered with a rich cloth, and we drove back to the hotel, delighted with our three hours' visit to the charming princess.

In spite of the secluded life that Eastern women lead, we were told afterwards, on good authority, that there is an extraordinary secret influence exercised over the state by the harem. All sorts of scandals are rife about the women of highest rank in Cairo, and I suppose the intolerable monotony and *ennui* of their lives gives rise to more or less discreditable adventures. We heard that the Princess Tufika Monsour, when she was a girl, used to bribe her keepers to let her go out and prowl about the streets of Cairo, incognito, à la Haroun Alraschid; and that once, when by the orders of the Khedive a cordon of police was drawn around Shepherd's Hotel, the princess was found conducting a promising little flirtation with some member of the *jeunesse dorée!* Her aunt, the Princess Nazli Hanam, daughter of Mehemet Ali, was celebrated for the number of her cold-blooded murders. She was in the habit of entrapping men into her palace, many of them unwary Europeans; and when she tired of them, had them probably bow-strung, and thrown into the Nile. So many young men disappeared mysteriously, that she at last became too notorious, and had to leave Egypt and fly to Constantinople for protection.

RETURN FROM THE PYRAMIDS.

The next day, a friend called by appointment to take us to be presented to the Khedive's wife: he has only one, it being the fashion among the highest Turkish officials to so far conform to European customs. It was extremely hot, the *khamseen* wind being positively scorching. We

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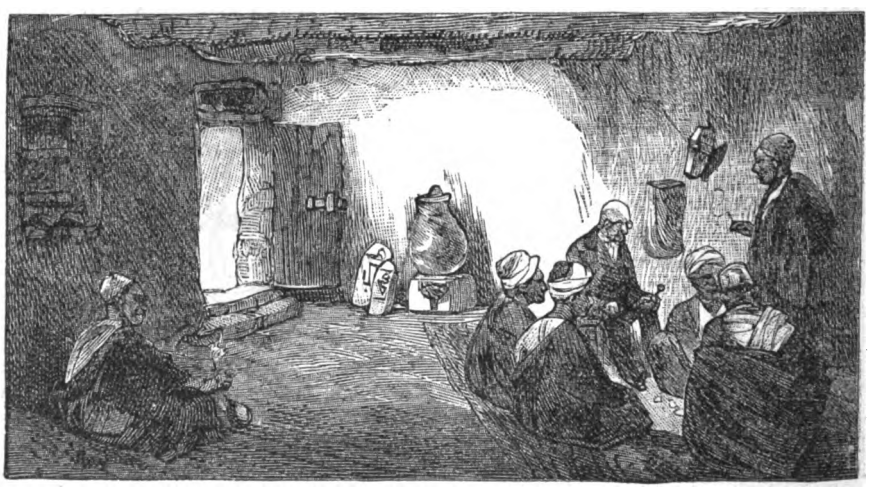
drove through the grand entrance of the Palace of Ismaila, and several courtyards and archways, until we arrived at the bottom of a double flight of marble steps, which united at the top. Here we were received exactly as we had been the day before, and conducted into a large reception-room on the ground floor, deliciously cool and dark—a delightful contrast to the glare outside. Groups of slaves immediately assembled at the door. They wore bright-colored cotton dresses made with flowing trains, loose jackets, high-heeled red shoes, and turbans with feathers and flowers sticking out all around them. When in the presence of their mistress, they stand around in a semi-circle, with folded arms, and eyes bent on the ground. The inevitable cigarettes were handed, and cups of coffee, in stands of filigree gold, thickly set with rubies and diamonds. We were now quite familiar with the routine of Eastern etiquette, and lighted up quite naturally. Not so Mrs. Johnson, a fat English lady who was awaiting her presentation—a representative British matron, who would no more have dreamed of smoking a cigarette at home than of dancing the can-can. It was most diverting to see the poor woman puffing away under protest, coughing and wheezing in the most alarming style; until the lady who was introducing us came to her rescue, and assured her that it would not be an unpardonable breach of good manners to give up the attempt. Soon, a smiling gentle little dark-eyed woman entered—the princess; and on our being introduced, first shook hands, and then salaamed in Eastern fashion by touching her forehead with one finger, much as a groom would do in England. She was dressed in a pink foulard; and like the Princess Tufika, wore scarcely any jewelry—a stag in brilliants as a brooch, and her wedding-ring. This was rather a surprise to us; for with our preconceived ideas of Eastern magnificence, we had expected her to blaze like a chandelier. Her face was very pretty; but her figure had lost every vestige of shape; her arms and wrists might have belonged to one of Raphael's cherubs. She seemed rather shy, and lacked general small talk. She spoke French well, and assented smilingly to the remarks made from time to time, with a "Oui, madame." Presently she sent for a large book of photos, taken up the Nile last winter, when the Khedive made a trip to the First Cataract. We all clustered around, and she turned over the leaves. She also showed us a portrait, painted on ivory, of the Khedive; who is very handsome, and resembles his sister, the Princess Tufika Monsour.

Then she ordered that her two sons should be brought in. Two shy, dark boys, of six and four years, with close-cropped hair and arrayed in knickerbockers, came in, salaamed, and seated themselves side by side on two chairs opposite their mother, who was giving us a touching account of the death of her little girl. They seemed very unhappy and ill at ease, and arose with alacrity when leave was given them to depart. They had an Oxford tutor.

The princess told us that she never walked in the grounds of the Palace of Ismaila, as they were overlooked by certain rooms where the Khedive sometimes gave audience. After staying an hour—to have gone before would have been considered disrespectful—we made our compliments and adieux to the great lady of Egypt, and took our departure.



INTERIOR OF ORDINARY ARAB HOUSE.

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# UP THE APPLE TREE.

BY ALICE I. M'ALILLY.

I CANNOT remember the time when I was not acquainted with Tom. It seems as though I have known him ever since I was born. We played together, long before we were old enough to go to school; and when that important day arrived, we went together, and were firm allies as long as our school-days lasted. After that, Tom still came to see me; and by-and-by, grew sentimental, till I blushingly owned to myself that Tom was my lover.

When Tom was twenty-one years of age, his father gave him a farm, and built him a pretty house upon it. The very next day, Tom came and asked me to be his wife. This occurred early in the spring. The wedding was fixed to take place in the autumn. We planned and were very happy in the pleasing prospect of the future.

The Indian corn was ripe: the crop heavy and fine. But on the very first day of harvest, Tom and I quarreled. You see, Tom came to me, as I was on my way to the spring-house, and began to tease me. I had a headache, and that made me a little cross. "Go away," I said, "and let me alone." "Not until you give me a kiss," he answered, looking as if he had only to ask. I leaned back against the fence, so as to avoid him; but he sprang forward and snatched one. That made me angry. "I will never speak to you again," I said. "Never! Never!"

Tom whistled, softly. "Never is a long time, Bessie," he said, coolly. "People change their minds, sometimes." And with that, he laughed, and walked off, never once looking back.

Now Tom knew, just as well as could be, that I loved him to distraction. He knew, too, that I had just the least bit of temper. He had no business to aggravate me. "It was his fault," I kept telling myself, "that I said what I did." As long as it was said, too, I meant to stick to it.

Nevertheless, I had hard work all the morning to keep the tears back. The hours were terribly long, but noon came, at last; and the harvest-hands came trooping in to dinner, father and Tom among the last, for Tom was helping father that day. Tom spoke to me; but as I made no reply, he paid no more attention to me, and went back to the fields without so much as looking at me. If he had tried to make up with me, or even appeared angry, I could have stood it better. But to completely ignore me!

I had said nothing to mother about our quarrel; and I kept my back toward her as much as possible, so that she should not see my swollen eyes. Once she asked me if I "knew what I was about," when I was vainly trying to make the lid of the coffee-pot fit the sugar-bowl. Late in the afternoon, she asked me to go and pick some apples, and added: "Do hurry, Bessie, for it is going to rain: you had better go to the tree at the foot of the orchard, for it is quite full, and you will be near the machine-shed, so that you can take shelter, in case of sudden rain."

I looked up at the sky, but as yet could see no signs of a storm, for my eye was not as practiced as mother's. But I observed that the cows were coming home from the outlying meadow pasture, and were even now crossing the little shallow river that lay between the home-fields and it. "It is a good hour before their time," I said, "and they have a reason for it. Mother must be right, and I had better hurry."

So I tied on my broad-leafed hat, and took a pail and started, glad of a chance, I must confess, to get out by myself.

I very soon found the tree. The limbs were high, but fortunately a ladder had been left against the tree; and I had just stepped from the last round, when the ladder slipped to one side; tottered for a moment, and before I could prevent it, tumbled to the ground, leaving me up in the tree, fifteen feet at least from the turf beneath.

"How am I going to get down?" I said, dismally. "But no matter," I added, after a moment, "I'll first get my apples, and then think of the other." So I went resolutely to work, and in a short time had filled my pail. Then I sat down, and tried to think of some way out of my difficulty. I looked in every direction, hoping to see some of the men. But they were all off in the hay-field, quite out of hearing. What should I do?

Meantime, the storm that had been threatening all day was rapidly approaching. I was dreadfully afraid of lightning; and when the thunder began to roll, my spirits gave way, and I cried in good earnest. I felt certain that the tree was going to be struck, and I of course killed.

A happy thought crossed my mind, at last. I dried my eyes, and taking off my apron, tied



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it to the pail, which I lowered as far as I could, and then let drop to the ground. Fortunately, it did not upset. I then thought of swinging myself down from the limbs; but the more I looked, the more dangerous the descent appeared. "I may as well be killed by the lightning as break my neck," I said. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

Just then, two or three big drops of rain fell upon my face; and my tears broke forth afresh, till I saw Tom coming through the orchard, with an umbrella and my waterproof. At this, all my pride and anger returned, with some mortification added at being caught in such a plight. Tom, as I afterwards learned, had been to the house, and mother had sent him after me.

He came slowly on, as though it was the most beautiful day of the year; and never once looked up at the tree. But when he got under me, he glanced at my apron and the pail, and remarked, as though to himself: "There must be a woman around here somewhere, judging by the looks of things."

Now at this I was angrier than ever. "He knows exactly where I am," I said to myself, "and does it to aggravate me." At last he called: "Bessie! O, Bessie!" But I never answered. He called and called, half a dozen times; but getting no reply, proceeded to unfold my waterproof, put it carefully around his own shoulders, open the umbrella, and pick up the pail. I could hardly believe my eyes. "I thought she was somewhere near," he said, aloud, "but I find I was mistaken;" and then he coolly started for the house. The rain was coming down in torrents. It was just too much. I burst into sobs.

He evidently heard me, for he stopped and listened a moment, and then called my name again. I bit my lips. Not for the world, I told myself, would I speak. But when Tom took up the pail again, and started once more, somehow, before I knew it, I had cried: "Oh, Tom, do help me down."

He came back to the tree; peered mysteriously up at the branches; shook his head, pretending to see nothing; and then, all at once, as if apparently quite surprised, asked: "Why, is it you there, Bessie?"

Then seeing my disheveled hair, my swollen face, my torn, wet dress, he cried: "Who'd have thought it?" and broke into a hearty laugh; and I could not, for the life of me, help joining him, as I saw him looking up merrily at me. I laughed until I cried again.

Tom soon had the ladder raised up again. "But sit still," he cried. "You might fall, dear." With the words, he hurried up himself; helped me down; wrapped my cloak around me, and kissed me, ever so tenderly. Then with his arm around me, and the umbrella over us both, we walked slowly back to the house. And that was the end of our quarrel; for after harvest was over, we were married, and we have never quarreled since.

Now don't suppose that Tom conquered me. Not a bit of it. No woman ought to give in; and I didn't: that is, not intentionally. I didn't mean to break my word; but somehow, I did, and spoke to Tom, after all: and perhaps it is best for people to change their minds, sometimes.

# A LEAVE TAKING.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

When I am dead, you will not quite forget?
  Dear love, you will not quite forget your own,
Who sleeps so dreamlessly, with silent lips,
Under the flow'rs the gold-bee, droning, sips—
  Low down beneath the grasses tangled grown?

You will not quite forget the loving arms
  That used to creep and twine about your neck,
In those sweet far-off days of love and trust?
Ah! that such love should turn to veriest dust,
  Beyond the thrill of cry, or smile, or beck.

You will not quite forget the clinging lips,
  Rose-red and warm with youth's own royal wine;
Not quite forget the kisses, close and strong—
Ah, God! the rapture staid not over long.
  The worms will not much pity flesh of mine.

Dear heart, when I am dead, through all the space
  Of living you may tread, ah! promise me,
Sometimes you'll think of one who mutely dreams
No dreams beside the unknown waveless streams;
  Whose barque went out upon the shoreless sea.

Alone and earless—drifting, drifting out
  Beneath the sunrise glories of the East;
Think of the drooping lids that veiled the eyes,
Before they opened to the vague surprise
  The king spread for them at the morning feast.

E'en though some fairer head may lie upon
  The throbbing, passionate heart that was mine own,
E'en though some darker eyes look into yours,
And sweeter lips press close with sorceress lures,
  And she has all my kingdom, crown, and throne.

Oh, love, out there beneath the violets,
  Beyond the reach of sin, and toil, and fret,
Will lie the truest heart a man e'er won,
The deepest, tenderest love—unspent, undone—
  Ah! say, dear love, you will not quite forget?
  You will not quite forget?

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# MISS ALDERLY'S LAW-SUIT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

## CHAPTER I.

"I NEVER saw such a lot of horrid old trumpery in my life," said Grace Alderly. "The idea, Julia, of making me climb all these stairs to look at this rubbish. If they were Queen Anne things, now, it would be different: one could make some use of them; but there's nothing to be done with these—nothing."

"Well, I think that old chest of drawers is delightful. Just look at those brass rings, and those impossible claws," returned Miss Southgate.

"It is perfectly hideous," shivered Miss Alderly. "It used to stand in grandpapa's bedroom. I ordered that furnished as a guest-chamber, and the upholsterer sensibly banished this monster."

"I should like to have it in my room," said Miss Southgate.

"I've three minds to put it there, just to punish you, my dear. You thought, at first glance, you had unearthed some treasures; and now that I was silly enough to mount up here—just look at the stains on my dress—you persist in your opinion, from sheer feminine obstinacy."

She laughed, and shook her skirts to get rid of the dust, abhorrent to her orderly soul; and Julia Southgnte laughed too, thinking that it was lucky it happened to be a day when she was in favor, else Miss Alderly's disgust, in all probability, would have procured her a sharp reproof, instead of this good-natured ridicule.

The two young ladies were standing in an attic of the beautiful country-house of which Grace was the mistress; and wherein, owing to certain circumstances, Julia Southgate's position was somewhat anomalous. Her duties were clear and defined enough: she was the governess of Grace's nephew and niece; but then she was also their relative, on their mother's side; and the father had promised his dying wife that her beloved cousin should have the bringing up of the children.

The widower, who was Miss Alderly's half-brother, had gone out to India, shortly after his bereavement; and would be obliged to remain for a couple of years. During this period, his boy and girl were to live with their aunt. This arrangement, natural as it seemed, had not been the result of affection on the young lady's part, so much as a fear that she should lose the companionship of Cousin Elsie Doane, who acted as her chaperon, and managed the household; but whose heart was so wrapped up in the two small people, that, very probably, she would follow them, if they went elsewhere.

So, for nine months, Julia Southgate had lived under Miss Alderly's roof; and as time went on, the sojourn proved far from pleasant in many ways. It was so difficult, indeed, that nothing but her love for the children, and her pledge to their mother, induced her to remain; for Miss Alderly alternated between spasms of affection and sulky ill-nature. But she had learned that there were limits beyond which it was not safe to go with "her dear Julia," as she called the young lady, when the affectionate impulse chanced to have the upper hand. Still, she managed to be as tormenting as only a mean-spirited, narrow-minded person can be. One week, Julia was to behave and be treated as an important member of the family; the next, to be relegated to the school-room, and taught to remember her subordinate position. But Miss Southgate had grown to regard both demonstrations with equal indifference; and was as deaf to Grace's plaintive complaints of her coldness when in a tender mood, as she was to the slights and petty tyranny suggested by a different state of feeling.

This was the first time Miss Alderly had visited her Berkshire home since she left it immediately after her grandfather's death. The house had remained shut up till May of this year, when Miss Alderly, considering that to prolong any sentimental reluctance to return would be a weakness, had it put in order and partially refurnished. Miss Southgate and the children had been established there since the beginning of June; but Grace and her cousin paid a round of visits before coming, and only arrived in the second week of July.

It was near the middle of August, now; and Julia Southgate had found plenty of opportunities and reasons for regretting the early weeks of her sojourn, with their blessed freedom and quiet, though on the whole Grace had shown herself unusually amiable. When she came, she brought with her a bevy of young ladies, who courted and flattered her, making it evident that they



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regarded Miss Southgate merely in the light of a governess, and one sadly spoiled, too; and this disregard of the handsome clever girl kept dormant the bitterness and jealousy which were so often roused in Grace's mind by her friends' admiration of Julia, and their annoying habit of showing that they considered anybody to be envied who had the good fortune to possess her society. Since the departure of her visitors, Grace's good-humor had continued, because she was obliged to depend a good deal on Julia's companionship; and she knew that if she wanted this, she must guard her tongue and her actions.

So the affectionate spirit had remained uppermost; and even when an occasional cloud arose, it was caused by Grace's fears that Miss Southgate did not respond demonstratively enough to her affection; for like a great many thoroughly selfish people, Grace was morbidly sensitive; and often seemed to find as much bitter pleasure in having her own feelings hurt as she took, in certain moods, in hurting the feelings of others.

This afternoon she had been seized by a restless fit. She could neither read nor settle down to her usually favorite occupation of lace-making; and as cousin Elizabeth had gone to spend the day with a friend, she took possession of Julia as soon as the children had finished their lessons and had gone for a "good play" in the orchard with some little visitors.

Finding Miss Southgate anxious to write letters unconsciously rendered Grace the more eager for her society. She finally remembered Julia's telling her of some old furniture which had been found in the attic, and decided this was a favorable opportunity to make a pilgrimage thither, which had resulted in disappointment, so far as the gratification of her taste was concerned.

"I might have recollected there was nothing worth looking at," she said. "This other old trumpery used to stand in grandma's rooms. After she died, grandpa had the things put up here, because the sight of them made him melancholy. It would anybody, I should think. That was her work-table. Isn't it ugly? I declare, one would like to sell the old horrors, just to get rid of them; only I don't suppose any person would buy them. Old rubbish that was in the house when grandma came as a bride."

"I like the cabinet, and your grandfather's bureau," said Julia, not feeling it necessary to be frank, and tell Miss Alderly that she wondered childish associations had not endeared the things to her.

"Yes. The cabinet is rather quaint. I think I will have it put in the library," returned Grace.

"How many stories it could tell," said Miss Southgate, thoughtfully. "There is always something pathetic to me in a bit of old furniture, that somebody has kept from youth to age."

"Oh, yes, and I shall like to have something about that was dear grandma's," said Grace, with a little gush of sentiment, so at variance with the lately-expressed suggestion of selling the rubbish that Miss Southgate with difficulty repressed a smile.

They talked for a little about the cabinet, and Miss Alderly decided to have it removed downstairs, growing quite enthusiastic and poetical as she related certain incidents of her childhood to which the recollection of "dear grandmamma" had given rise. Finally, Miss Southgate opened the chest of drawers. The upper part let down and made a writing-table, showing a row of drawers behind. She pulled these out, one after one, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, here are a quantity of papers—they must have been your grandfather's."

"Yes; but they can be nothing of any importance," returned Miss Alderly. "Grandpa was the most orderly and particular man in the world."

"Then you come honestly by your gifts in that line," said Julia. "I always admire it in you. All the more, perhaps, because I am somewhat careless myself. But you are the most orderly person I ever knew."

Grace smiled at the compliment, which was thoroughly deserved, and replied, complacently:

"Oh, order is the chief of all virtues, there can be no doubt of that."

Miss Southgate thought it could be carried to an extreme; but she did not say so, though Grace often displayed her predominant virtue in little ways very annoying to those about. For instance, if anybody laid a book down for a moment, she would invariably pick it up and consign it to some remote shelf in the bookcase. To move a vase or ornament two inches out of the place where she had elected that it was to stand became a crime.

"Come, Julia dear, suppose we go downstairs. It is nearly four o'clock, and I should like a cup of tea. After that we can go out in the garden," said Grace.

"Hadn't you better examine these?" asked Miss Southgate. "You know, Mr. Crawford asked you to make sure that none of your grandfather's papers had been overlooked. There is just a chance there might be something here which he could turn to good use in your lawsuit."

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"Everything of importance was in the town-house," said Grace. "Mark looked at them all. These are old accounts, and the like. It would be nonsense to bother Mark with them."

"Oh, in his character of lawyer, no work of that sort would bother him," Miss Southgate answered.

"Dear me, how persistent you are," said Grace.

"But you might as well give them to Mr. Crawford, when he comes," said Julia. "The last time I heard him speak of the case, I thought he seemed a little uneasy on certain points. Now these might be, here, just what he wants to insure success."

The suit referred to was one going on between Miss Alderly and a cousin; and if she won it, her already ample fortune would be a good deal increased. But much as she loved money, what she cared most about was defeating Henry Doane, in what she termed his iniquitous attempt to defraud her of her rights.

"Mark is not at all uneasy. I am sure to succeed," she said, without attempting to conceal her irritation. "Perfectly sure. I can't imagine how you could misunderstand Mark's words in that way. These papers are of no consequence whatever. You really must permit me to know better than yourself, my dear Julia. Why, only a little while before his illness, grandpapa told me where he had put all his letters and documents that could ever be needed—not that he dreamed, poor dear, of Henry Doane's attempting such downright villany as he has."

"But your grandfather might have forgotten," said Julia, wondering that Grace could carry obstinacy to such a pitch, when it would have been so easy to examine the papers. "Let me carry them downstairs for you. Mr. Crawford can see them when he comes."

As Julia took up the papers, a portion of them slipped from her hand and fell to the floor. She had caught her dress on the knob of a drawer, and her head was turned away. With a pettish exclamation, Grace stooped to recover the scattered sheets. As she did so, her eyes glanced absently over the topmost page, and a sudden change of expression swept across her face. She bundled the papers together in haste, and said, crossly:

"I will take them, since you insist, though they are of no earthly use."

She took up the pages, so brusquely that one might almost say she snatched them; gathered the whole in the skirt of her dress; and led the way downstairs.

"Shall I tell Victor you want some tea?" Julia asked, as they reached the door of Miss Alderly's study.

"Yes, please," returned Grace, halting over the last word as if it was an effort to pronounce it. "I think I shall drive up to the Broughtons," she added, quite sharply. "It is so poky stopping at home all day without a soul to speak to."

This little ebullition caused Miss Southgate secretly to smile again; for it had not been two hours since Grace had declared that to have "dear Julia's society all to herself was delightful."

"Ah, well, after to-morrow you will not have time to be lonely; for Mr. Crawford comes on Saturday, does he not?" returned Miss Southgate.

"Yes," said Grace. Then irritation at Julia's total disregard of her spitefulness induced her to add: "I suppose he will be glad the Everett girls are gone; but I wish now I had kept them till Saturday morning."

"Oh, you will have a whole day of anticipation, and that is always pleasant," said Julia, laughing, and her obtuse refusal to be either hurt or offended made Grace so angry that she entered her study and shut the door, without vouchsafing any answer.

"She is the most selfish woman that ever lived," thought Grace, as she opened a table-drawer to put away the papers. "So persistent and overbearing, too. The idea of her hunting out these old things. I know they are not of the slightest consequence. I'll burn the whole lot." But she did not look comfortable as she indulged in this reflection; for the truth was, in the paper she had glanced at, her eye had caught Henry Doane's name, and some mention of the land in litigation at present. "I'm not going to bother to read them," she continued. "Grandpapa meant me to have his whole fortune; but Mark is so absurd, that if he could find anything to hinge a scruple on, he'd insist on my giving up the case."

She locked the drawer with a sort of vengeful energy, as if she had caught an enemy in a trap. Then she proceeded to wash her hands and brush her gown, seeking relief from a vague trouble and fear in thoughts of the pleasant days in store, when her betrothed husband would be her guest.

But Miss Alderly was not destined to endure the additional thirty-six hours of solitude; for the gentleman in question was at that moment entering the gates of her domain. Not finding any carriage at the station, Mark Crawford had walked to Redcross, along the sycamore-shaded road. He passed up the avenue, and as the front of the picturesque mansion appeared in sight,

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amid its girdle of trees, paused to look about. He and Grace were distant connections, and he had often visited the place when a boy, having been a great favorite with old Mr. Doane.

Mark Crawford was nine-and-twenty; a rich man; and as a lawyer, already prominent and successful. He had chosen his profession from sheer love of it, and had worked as hard as if his daily bread depended upon his exertions, though perhaps it was fortunate such had not been the case; for he had so many crotchets—I employ the word his friends used when discussing him—that they might have rendered his means of subsistence somewhat precarious. He positively would not accept a case, for example, unless certain that the person seeking counsel had right on his side. Having told you this, you can easily get a tolerable idea of his character, with all its impulsive, enthusiastic virtues, or Don Quixotisms, just as you choose to call them.

He had been engaged to Grace Alderly for a year. The first three months of the latter half of this year had brought sharp anxious fears that he had made a mistake. The succeeding three had brought a still sharper pain; for now he knew that he had done so. But he tried hard to shut his eyes to the certainty, since even if he were to admit it, he should still consider his duty plain. Grace loved him, and no thought of breaking his engagement crossed his mind.

Grandfather Doane had only been dead fifteen months. He had died very soon after he, and Grace, and Cousin Elizabeth, came back from a three years' trip in Europe. Grace had grown so pretty, and gained such fresh ease and charm of manner, that Crawford was pleased and attracted. Grandfather fancied his satisfaction meant more than it did, and so showed clearly that the strongest desire of his affectionate heart was to see the young pair married; and he let Mark see that he believed Grace, on her side, was quite ready to gratify his wishes.

Then the old man died—died suddenly; and after that, Grace was ill. She believed, and so did her friends, that watching and grief had brought on her illness. But in reality it was a fever, caused by a neglected cold, and aggravated by a general tendency towards torpidity of the liver. And when she began to get better, she was so pretty in her mourning, so dependent on Mark in her loneliness, that almost before he knew it, they were engaged, though Grace's rigid ideas of decorum prevented any idea of their marriage until "poor dear grandpapa" should have been dead eighteen months at least. Decorum was Grace's favorite goddess, next to order, though when her temper mastered her prudence, she committed terrible sins against her deity. Indeed, if either Cousin Elizabeth or Julia Southgate had chosen to speak, they could have told of scenes and ebullitions of rage on Miss Alderly's part which would have warned the young man he was still unacquainted with many peculiarities in his betrothed wife's character.

As Mark approached the broad verandah, a great raven came hopping slowly down the steps, and stopped a few feet off, regarding the visitor with indescribable wickedness and craft.

"So you are alive still, Crony," said Crawford.

"Alive still," repeated the raven, in a hoarse, croaking voice. He had a way of echoing portions of people's remarks, that was quite startling. He had been brought to Grandpapa Doane, many years before, from Germany; was a wonderful bird for intelligence; and as abandoned an old sinner as if a human being; a glutton, a thief, and everything else bad, though his amusing tricks were legion, and his command of language—especially bad language—a marvel.

"You look as wicked as ever, Crony," said Mark.

"Wicked as ever," repeated Crony. Then he burst into a hoarse laugh, and turned a summerset, as if delighted by the contemplation of his own depravity. When he had recovered his equilibrium, which he did with singular agility, he rapped out an awful Teutonic oath, and trotted gravely off.

Mark Crawford's laugh rang up into the great entrance-hall, and reached Miss Southgate's ears just as she gained the foot of the stairs. She moved forward, peeped through the green blinds, and saw the guest approaching. At that moment, little Elsie came running along from the back of the house. Now Julia was one of those fortunate people who can think quickly, and she recollected that neither she nor Elsie would be forgiven by Grace, if they were the first to receive Mark Crawford's greetings. So she turned to the child.

"Run upstairs, and tell your aunt there is a visitor coming," she whispered.

The child scampered away, meeting Grace at the top of the landing, as she emerged from her room.

"A visitor. a visitor!" shouted Elsie, as she got up to her aunt; but unfortunately she set her foot on the train of Grace's gown, and the gathers gave way as the wearer tried to move on.

"I trust you are satisfied with that lady-like exploit, my dear," Grace said, in a voice of cold scornful reproof, worse to the sensitive child than a blow.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to," cried

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Elsie; and in her haste she missed her footing, and would have fallen, if Miss Southgate had not at that instant luckily got near enough to catch her.

Mark Crawford crossed the threshold in time to hear Grace's encouraging remark. He saw Julia Southgate slip, and clutch at the banisters for support. Grace shrieked, and stood helpless. Elsie howled like a dervish. Julia, in her effort to save the child, slid down two of the stairs; her ankle turned under her; and the sharp pain caused a blind, deathly sickness, which left her just conscious that Mark Crawford had caught her in his arms, and was calling to Grace to bring some water.

## CHAPTER II.

For the next ten days, Miss Southgate was confined to her room. At first, Grace was full of sympathy. But Mark and Cousin Elizabeth showed too much interest in Julia for her own to endure long. Indeed, she soon began to feel secretly irritated, as if the accident had been Julia's own fault, and brought about for the express purpose of appearing interesting.

By the time Miss Southgate was able to join the family circle again, a little party of invited guests had arrived; and as they were personal friends of hers as well as Grace's, her society was a great deal in demand; and her wit and accomplishments put her more in the foreground than Miss Alderly found agreeable. She could not help liking Julia, but she was envious and jealous.

She found a great many opportunities of tormenting, and Julia at last hardly knew which she dreaded most: Grace's pathetic complaints over her coldness and insensibility, or the covert sneers and taunts of which she was the object.

Mark Crawford was rather grave and silent in these days, and everybody remarked that he was not looking well; but he had the excuse of having been overworked for some months past, and declared that all he needed was a little rest. He had no desire to be left alone with Grace, so he encouraged her idea of persuading her visitors to prolong their sojourn; and for several weeks the house was quite gay, and all sorts of expeditions and pleasant amusements were devised to fill up the bright sunny days.

More and more plainly the fact impressed itself upon Mark Crawford's mind that he had made a terrible mistake, which it was now too late to set right. He did not love Grace, and her affection for him was so jealous, that it offered slight hope of happiness. She was capable of being annoyed, even if he showed too much fondness for her niece and nephew.

But Mark, day by day, had sufficient annoying and disquieting discoveries forced upon him to afford food for much troubled reflection. Any person living in the house with Grace soon perceived that her amiability was a very thin veneering, which cracked on the slightest occasion. She thought vigorously enough, but in a miserably narrow round; and prided herself, as small-minded people usually do, on the unchangeableness of her opinions.

But next to her absurd jealousy, the thing which disturbed Crawford most was a manœuvring, managing spirit, and a habit of indulging in petty artifice to attain her ends. She was not exactly untruthful; she would have thought that wicked. But he used occasionally to wish she would tell a downright lie. There would be some possibility then, he thought, that she would for once perceive she had done wrong. That she was always in the right, Grace Alderly had quite convinced herself.

He had made a mistake, he saw—a terrible, terrible one; and as the weeks went on, and Grace's increasing jealousy of Julia became more openly displayed, he opened his eyes to a fact of which, except for his betrothed's own conduct, he might have remained in ignorance. This was that here was a woman whom he really could have loved. Mark was startled, horrified, when the idea first forced itself upon him; but his involuntary sin went no further, to his knowledge: he had no idea he really did love her.

His destiny was settled. He must make the best of it, he said. He believed that, dreary as the future looked, it would grow more endurable as time elapsed, if only Grace would cure herself of certain errors—at least, try to do so. But, alas! he feared this never could be.

"Tell me my faults," was a request often on her lips; and though Mark had no desire to stand in the position of Mentor, he used sometimes to comply; then she immediately began to prove that whatever failings she had, she was guiltless of those he named, and would wax captious or injured according to her mood.

September had come. The visitors were gone. Mark was to remain a couple of weeks yet. Then his business would call him back to town. Grace could not lament, this time, that he neglected her for his affairs, because he was going to work in her behalf. The often deferred and long drawn out suit between her and Henry Doane would come to trial early that autumn, and Mark was her lawyer. The case involved property worth at least a hundred thousand dollars; but everybody who knew Crawford was perfectly well aware that the fact of his being

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Grace's promised husband had nothing to do with the matter. He would have refused unhesitatingly to act, unless thoroughly convinced of the justice of her cause.

Meantime, the discovery of the papers in the old chest of drawers had passed from Julia Southgate's mind. A few days after her accident she had mentioned the documents, when she and Grace were alone in her room; but at her first words, Grace began to laugh and teaze about her fondness for finding romances.

"So they were of no importance?" returned Julia. "I am disappointed. I hoped Mr. Crawford would find something that might be of use."

"Mark is not fond of diaries," said Grace.

Julia asked some further questions; but though Miss Alderly did not exactly say she had shown the papers to Crawford, she gave Julia the impression that she had done so, and that they had proved to contain nothing which had any bearing on the law-suit.

Grace herself dismissed the matter from her thoughts. She had never looked at the documents, after her one glance at the sheet which had startled her. She told herself that there could be nothing of consequence. Grandpapa had said, over and over again, that he meant to leave her his sole heir. Henry Doane had no grounds for bringing this iniquitous suit. The paper she had glanced at seemed to be an unfinished letter from her grandfather to Doane. Perhaps the old gentleman had at one time felt inclined to promise Henry a remembrance; but he had altered his mind. She did not wish to read the epistle. It would be nonsense to show it to Mark. After Julia's mention of the papers, Grace entertained a passing thought that it would be better to burn them. But she shrank from this idea. It involved a suggestion that she was not thoroughly satisfied that the documents were valueless; and in order to be at peace with her own conscience, she must believe herself so.

She felt confident that her hint, that Mark would laugh at her fondness for romance, would keep Julia from mentioning the discovery; for she knew that Miss Southgate was aware of her own weakness for romantic things, and hated to have it brought against her.

So all these weeks passed, and nothing was said or thought about the papers. One afternoon, Mark established himself in the library to write some business letters; and as Julia had gone out with her charges, and Cousin Elizabeth was lying down, Grace, thrown upon her own resources, went up to her room, to wait till Mark had finished his correspondence.

But Julia's ramble with the children had been cut short by their meeting two small neighbors at the gate, on their way to the house to pay a visit. So Miss Southgate returned with the little party to the garden; had the dolls and other toys carried into a shady arbor; and then she left the group to amuse themselves.

She entered the library, supposing that Grace and Crawford had driven over to the village, and did not perceive Mark's presence till she had traversed the whole length of the great room, and reached a recess at the further end.

"Why, you startled me, Mr. Crawford," she said. "I thought you had gone out."

"No. I had some letters to answer," he replied. "I have been longer than I meant. I hope Grace is not utterly out of patience. Where is she?"

"I don't know. I have just come in."

"If you were very good-natured you would find her, and ask her to be patient, just for a little. I have finished all but this letter. I must retain a copy, and your feminine writing-apparatus contains no proper ink or paper. But tell Grace I'll soon be done."

"I'll do better than that," Julia said. "Unless the letter is private, I will copy it for you."

"Oh, I couldn't think of troubling you," he answered.

"I insist on doing it," Julia said; "that is, if it is a letter you can confide to an outsider."

"Oh, it is not private," he rejoined. "It is only to one of my clerks. Henry Doane wants to put off the suit again; but I'll not have it."

"He has managed to make delays enough, I should think," said Julia. "I suppose you feel certain of winning?"

"Confident, but not certain. Only I am sure, of Grace's right," said Crawford. "There is a hitch, however. I have never told her. There are some papers which I cannot find; but I hope to succeed without them."

"What a shame that my discovery led to nothing," exclaimed Julia. "I refer to the papers I found in the old bureau."

"Papers?" he repeated. "I never heard."

Julia now perceived that Grace had not told him. She stopped. As she stood irresolute, and Mark began questioning, Grace entered the library. Grace had come in a bad humor, too. She had fallen into a doze in her chair, over a book; and when she wakened, discovered that the half-hour, at the expiration of which Mark had promised to call her, had nearly doubled.

As she crossed the room, she heard the voices of the pair. Mark had not been dilatory on account of his letters. He had allowed Julia Southgate to detain him—yes, had actually kept her, Grace, waiting, while he talked with that

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bold girl, who had lately done everything in her power to engross his attention.

Grace Alderly rushed into a cold fury. Another instant, and she would have swooped down and treated them to a scene which would have proved to Mark that, until then, he had never really known her entire character. But as she stepped forward, she heard him say:

"What papers did you find? Grace has told me nothing about any."

"Not worth speaking of, I suppose," returned Julia. "She told me they proved to be only some old letters and journals of Mr. Doane's."

"Still, I might as well look at them," he said. "Very likely she is right, and they are of no consequence. But there might be some trifle that would escape any but a legal eye, which I could turn to advantage."

Grace Alderly stole softly out of the library, and ran upstairs. Never in her whole life had she been more angry. She did not admit to herself that she was afraid to let Mark see that unfinished letter which lay among the papers. She only thought that Julia had been impertinent, and had deliberately meant, if possible, to make difficulty between Mark and her.

"He shan't have it," she thought. "I know it isn't of the slightest importance. But Mark is so ridiculous! I believe that wicked, unprincipled girl got a sight of the letter, that day. She knows how crotchety Mark is, and hoped to worry me. She tries, in every way she can, to do it. But my eyes are open at last. To stand there, looking at him, as she did! The flirt—the sinful, odious creature! She shan't stop in my house. I'll write Walter so. The children may go, first—and Cousin Elizabeth, too. I have borne enough, been insulted enough!"

She would burn the papers, and be done with them: a lot of rubbish, of no account whatever; Julia Southgate should not give Mark a chance to teaze her through them. That was what the wretch wanted! Grace was too full of this thought, too eager to thwart her enemy, as she termed Miss Southgate in her jealous wrath, to reflect upon the full significance of her determination. It was only a letter—a letter grandpapa had written in some momentary return of his old affection for Henry Doane. Reflection and fresh discoveries in regard to the young man's character had prevented his sending the epistle.

Luckily, there was a fire in the study next her dressing-room. As she hurried upstairs, she recollected having fastened the door. She passed on to the next, crossed her dressing-room, and entered the study, bolting the door of communication between the two chambers.

She unlocked the escritoire in which she had put the papers; took out the package, and laid it on the table. Her first impulse had been to burn the whole, and tell Mark she had done so; but that might vex or render him suspicious: he should be free to examine the documents after she had made away with that one letter.

She was just untying the bundle, when she heard Julia's step in the hall. Julia was coming to tell her that Mark was waiting. Well, he might wait. He should know, too, what she thought of his behavior: stopping to talk with Julia Southgate, instead of hastening upstairs, as he promised to do, after finishing his letters.

The string had got into a hard knot. She caught up a pair of scissors and cut it. At the same instant, the study-door opened, under a sudden push. Julia entered, saw Grace, and called:

"Oh, there you are. I was coming through to knock at your dressing-room. How this door sticks. The lock must be out of order."

Grace had not slipped the bolt full into place, and it had yielded under the pressure of Julia's weight flung suddenly against it. Before Miss Alderly could speak or move, Julia caught sight of the papers, and cried:

"Why, you had just remembered them. How odd! I happened to mention them to Mr. Crawford, and—oh, here he is."

She looked back over her shoulder, as she spoke, and added, laughingly:

"Here is a case of what the transcendentalists would call a brain-wave. Grace had recollected the papers and taken them out while we were talking of them."

"Oh, these are the papers," said Mark, entering. "Let me see what they are, Grace. You had forgotten them?"

It was all the work of a moment. Grace had not spoken or stirred. Mark extended his hand to take the package.

But the imminence of the danger restored Grace's presence of mind.

"I put them here, and never remembered to look at them," she said, quite regardless of her contrary statement to Julia. "We can do so, Mark, when we come back from our drive. The horses are waiting. For that matter, so have I been, for a full half-hour and more."

Then the two looked at her. Her face was pale and her voice sharp. But her well-known temper prevented either Mark or Julia suspecting that her agitation had any other cause than anger.

"I beg your pardon," said Crawford. "My letters kept me longer than I thought."

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"I don't know how it could have been your letters, when you were occupied in discussing my affairs with Miss Southgate," retorted Grace.

Julia turned and left the room without a word. As she closed the door, Mark said:

"How could you be so rude, Grace? You didn't think how it sounded, I am sure. Go and tell Miss Southgate you did not mean it."

"I shall tell her nothing of the kind. I did mean it," cried Grace, partly impelled by anger, partly by a quick thought that, if she could enrage Mark, he would walk out of the study, and leave her free to destroy the paper. "I have borne enough from Miss Southgate. To be kept waiting, while you amuse yourself with her coquettish airs and graces, is more than I am prepared to bear."

"How can you be so childish?" Mark began. Then he stopped, remembering that it was useless to expostulate with Grace when she was fretful or cross. Argument or reproach would only render her more obstinate.

"Well, so you found nothing of importance in the papers?" he asked, in order to change the subject.

"I tell you I never looked at them," returned Grace, pettishly.

"Then let me now—"

"And so keep me waiting another half-hour? They are just some old letters and journals. You can examine them later."

He laid his hand on the parcel. She stepped back, and dropped it into the open table-drawer. Some of the sheets fluttered to the floor. Before she could interpose, Mark picked them up. She tried to take them, saying:

"Now don't begin to read, else we shall not get out at all."

But he put her hand gently aside, and Grace saw that he held the very letter she had meant to burn. She attempted to snatch the sheet, laughing nervously. But it was too late. Mark's eyes glanced down the page, and he uttered a low exclamation.

"What have you got—what is it?" moaned Grace, again attempting to seize the paper.

"Wait a moment—this—"

"I won't wait," she broke in, half beside herself with rage and fear. "Give it to me. You have no right to look at grandpapa's old letters, till I have seen what they are."

"I am very sorry, Grace," he said, slowly. "But it seems as if we have both been mistaken. I'm afraid there's a terrible disappointment in store for you."

"A disappointment? I think you must be crazy," she cried, now snatching the paper, and so lost to all self-control that before she knew what she was doing she had begun to tear it.

"You must not do that," Mark said, pityingly. "Let me have it, Grace—I hate to tell you, but I am afraid you must make up your mind that, morally, Henry Doane has right on his side—your grandfather meant to leave him the farms."

"It isn't true. He shall never have them," cried Grace. "Never, never—there's no proof—"

"There will be, for you and me, if this letter proves to be what I think it," he said, sternly.

Grace's frightened eyes faltered and sank beneath his. She tottered into a chair; gave a despairing groan; tried to speak; and then stopped, choked by a burst of hysterical weeping.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# TELL-TALE THRUSHES.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

The soft full moon swung low in the sky,
And the dew gleamed out in the grasses;
The silvery leaves, on the aspen trees,
Were ashake where the south wind passes:
And my lover stopped in the clover walk,
His eyes like the stars were gleaming,
And I went on with my idle talk,
But idle only in seeming.

He caught my quivering hands in his,
In a clasp that was firm and tender;
And he bent till his face had touched my own.
Lo! my heart made a full surrender;
For he murmured words that were soft and low—
Oh, the summer night and its glory—
And the winds went whispering to and fro,
As I listened to the old sweet story.

He held me close that I might not go,
And he cried "ere my heart be broken."
For how could he know that I loved him so,
When never a word was spoken?
Oh, the dewy breath of that summer night,
And the exquisite air around us;
As the moon shone out from a silvery cloud,
And the glimmering stars that found us.

I caught my breath, as I answered low;
For he heard my heart's loud beating.
Ah! who should tell what the answer was?
But a night-bird fell to repeating,
In the hedge close by, till my cheeks were red.
Ah! the wakeful ear of the thrushes.
And he told every word that my lover said,
To his mate in the hawthorn bushes.

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# NAN'S MASQUERADE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

"Now!" Margaret drew her mother's chair to the window overlooking the lawn, and said, "Now, you have nothing to do but to rest, little mother, for the remainder of your life."

Mrs. Marcy smiled a little and looked around her with a sense of comfort, which she instantly checked with a shudder. Had she forgotten? She had been a widow but for one short month. But while she had lain so ill during that month, Margaret, according to her nature, had worked off her own grief. She had bought this large cheerful house on the shores of the lake, furnished it in the warm bright colors which her mother loved, and to-day they had moved into it out of the great gloomy Marcy mansion in town.

"I am afraid your father would think it very frivolous. He always preferred grave, dark furniture in the house in town," said the mother.

"It was a jail," cried Margaret. There was an awkward silence. Nan, a quiet little girl of fifteen, glanced up from her book with a quick look of rebuke. Margaret impetuously threw herself down beside her mother. "Surely, at your age, after all your life of drudgery and self-repression, mother, you may have a few years of comfort. Surely my father knows better now. He will have learned something which he never learned here, where he is gone."

"He needed to learn nothing, Margaret," cried the widow, passionately. "Never was a woman better loved than I."

Margaret gazed hopelessly at her. She longed to say that her mother should have a better love now than that of the dark, silent, moody man who had chilled the life out of both wife and children. But even her energetic tongue felt just now that there was a time to keep silence. She stole away, and worked off her excitement in ordering a delicious supper: while Nan laid down her book, sat down by her mother, and silently stroked her thin fingers.

"There is no reason," Margaret argued to herself, as she dressed the salad and trimmed the table with flowers, "no reason whatever why mother should not be happy. She is her own mistress, she has an ample fortune, and nobody to worry about but Nan and me. And George." This supplementary word came with a shy blush. George Deacon was a rising lawyer in Cleveland: Margaret's affianced lover.

"There he is," she cried, as the gate clicked, flying to the mirror to roughen the fluffy hair about her rosy face.

"Mamma is not perfectly happy, after all, George," she complained, excitedly, as she met him. "And the house looking so lovely. I left her with Nan, crying, just now."

"You must give her time, Margery," he said, with a look of concern. Deacon had a strong sensible face; but there was a singular capacity for tenderness in it, which Margaret had never yet fathomed.

Mrs. Marcy turned to meet him with a smile. Nan ran to bring his chair. The frank, cheerful young fellow had brought a wholesome breath of outdoor interest into the lives of these three lonely women.

As they sat at supper, a few minutes later, the gate clicked again, and the servant entered.

"A gentleman on business, madame."

"Give it to me, Sarah," interposed Margaret, putting out her hand. "A workman with a bill, no doubt, mamma. I will see him. I shall return in a moment."

As Margaret crossed the hall she glanced at the card:

WILLIAM FARGO,
Attorney at Law.

A small man, dressed with excessive neatness, stood waiting, hat in hand. The neatness aggravated her. "I am Miss Marcy," she said, curtly. "Mrs. Marcy can see no strangers. She leaves matters of business to me."

"Ye-s?" he said, hesitatingly, with a narrow evasive eye. "She leaves business to you, miss, eh? Very nice, I'm sure. Very filial in you. But this is so important a matter, and so peculiarly concerns your mother—"

Margaret seated herself, and motioned him to a chair. "I propose to stand between my mother and all annoyances. I should prefer to hear your errand before it is brought to her."

She was very pretty, and very full of self-importance, from the pigeon-like posing of her head to the foot peeping out from dainty flounces. The man before her recognized all the prettiness and daintiness and vanity, but they seemed to disconcert him strangely. He looked at her with genuine annoyance, drew out his note-book, thrust it back, and blurted out:



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"Miss Marcy, it is impossible to talk to you about this thing. It's bad enough for the old lady. But for you—I simply can't do it."

Margaret was completely shaken out of her pose.

"What is the matter?" she cried, standing up. "Is it money to be paid? You look as if you had come to accuse me of a crime."

"You? No, not you. I beg of you, don't talk so loud, Miss Marcy—there's no use in bruiting this matter about before the time. No, *you* have committed no crime."

"What do you mean? What does he mean, George?" flying to Mr. Deacon, who entered the room in search of her. "He is hinting at crime. It is mamma. He wants money."

"One moment, Margaret. I know this man," replied George, quietly. "Good-evening, Mr. Fargo. May I ask your errand to Miss Marcy? She is needlessly alarmed by it."

"Ah-h, well, I don't know about that. Sorry to frighten the young lady. It was her mother I came to see. She would have it. But as for the alarm being needless, I don't know about that. It's a very serious matter, Mr. Deacon, to the whole family."

"I am included in the family. You can state it to me without reserve," said Deacon, quietly.

"Before—these young ladies?" glancing at Margaret and little Nan, who had followed him into the room.

"Whatever concerns my mother's happiness comes first to me," said Margaret, in the dramatic tone habitual to her.

The attorney shifted his feet uneasily. "Very well; as you choose; here goes," he said.

"These young ladies are the daughters of Lewis G. Marcy, deceased? Yes? Their mother is commonly known as Catharine J. Marcy, *née* Bright, who married Lewis G. Marcy in July, 1853? Yes? So far, so good. You agree with me to that point? But when I tell you," tapping off each word with his pencil-case on the table, "that Lewis G. Marcy married another woman, Virginia Hewlett by name, in 1849, and that that woman with her children is still living; has never been divorced from him: that she is his legal wife, and that her children are his legitimate children and heirs-at-law, you will probably not agree with me so readily? Ah-h?"

"I—I don't understand," gasped Margaret, who never in any emergency was an instant silent. "Lewis Marcy was my father."

"Very true, miss. Very true," said the little man. "Only, you see, these other children had the honor of calling him father before you. An advantage in time—nothing else, I assure you; otherwise, they are a very ordinary lot."

"George," flamed Margaret, who now fully comprehended the position. "Order this man out of my mother's house. How dare he come here to accuse my father of such a crime?"

George Deacon had been steadily watching the intruder since he opened his case. His perceptions were electric in their keenness, and the accusation, incredible as it was, startled him with a sudden conviction of its possibility. Fargo held a reputable position at the bar, and was both too shrewd and too honest to tamper with a blackmailing operation. Doctor Marcy, too, though in all essentials a fond husband and father, had been a moody, reserved man, "precisely the one," thought young Deacon, "to have a skeleton hid in his closet. But not one like this." He took Margaret by the hand, wishing heartily her pretty uneasy head was up on its pillow. "This is all an absurd mistake, of course, Margaret," he said, cheerfully. "Mr. Fargo and I can look into it together. If you will retire, it will expedite matters very much."

"No, George, I will not go. I am quite competent to conduct the inquiry," stiffening herself, while her chin trembled and her fingers twisted together helplessly. "Why, it is my father's character that is at stake. You do not understand what he means. If there is a woman who claims to be papa's true wife, what is my mother? What has she been all this time? What am I and Nan?"

"Very true, very true, miss," cried Fargo. "But one point the young lady don't make—the property. Mrs. Virginia Hewlett Marcy claims the whole estate: one-third as her dower; the remainder goes to her son as sole surviving child of the deceased. Legitimate child, I should say," coughing behind his handkerchief.

"Then mother is not only disgraced, but a beggar?"

"You put the case roughly, ma'am," said Fargo, "but your mother, we claim, is not entitled to a penny of Lewis G. Marcy's money, as he failed to provide for her by will. He died intestate. Perhaps," he added, after a moment's pause, "as you are all women together, you can compromise the matter with Mrs. Hewlett Marcy. She may allow you something."

"Oh, then you do come for a compromise. It's a case of hush-money, after all," cried Deacon.

Fargo whirled on him sharply. "Now, Mr. Deacon, I am a man of business; so are you. I have temporized with this lady because she is a lady. But I wish you to understand that my client has a clear indisputable case. If it had been a job of hush-money, I never would have touched it for her, and you ought to know I would not. If I could have ten minutes with

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you alone, I could put a statement of the matter before you, with our testimony and evidence. It is all in shape."

Deacon hesitated. Margaret turned her lovely, tear-dabbled face from one to the other. "Explain what he says to me, George."

Little Anne came out of the corner, a little more still and dark than usual.

"No, Margaret," taking her sister's arm. "You and I will go out now. But, George," turning to him, her childish voice broken, "I want you to understand, no matter what proof he brings, that this woman's story is a lie. I know my father; he could not do this thing to his wife and daughters."

"I know that he did not, Anne," said George, as firmly as the child.

Fargo watched him as he led them out, and then closed the door behind them.

"It is very well for you to profess faith in the old gentleman when they are by, Mr. Deacon, but you and I know men. Now I shall show you what manner of man this was."

He sat down by the lamp and opened his notebook.

Outside, Margaret shivered and sobbed and wrung her hands, but said nothing.

"Don't, Margery," said Nan. "Talk, cry—do something. It is not like you to be silent."

"Like me? It is not me. Why, child, if this is true, mother has no name, no place anywhere. You and I are the children of shame. The clothes I wear are not mine; they belong to that other woman—my father's wife. We shall not have a roof to cover our heads. And I—oh, Nan, I must give up George."

"Give up George? Not marry him?"

"I will never marry him to bring disgrace on him."

Nan's countenance clouded.

"George would not care for disgrace," she said; "But of course you can't afford to marry for years to come, if this woman makes the court believe her falsehood." With which cold comfort Nan betook herself to her mother.

She found her with her husband's photograph in her hands, poring over it, as was her wont before she slept. No doubt the poor lady had found the living man a sour and grumpish companion through many a long evening; but she could put now into his painted lips all the happy foolish talk, all the tenderness she had coveted these many years. She drew little Nan to her side, looking fondly at the dark, sad, misanthropic face in her hand.

"I wish you could have seen your papa as he was when I first knew him, Anne," she said. "So cheerful and witty. Never fond of a crowd, but the best of good company alone with his intimates. When he first came to Cleveland, too, his hair was black and his step light as any deer."

"Where did papa live before he came to Cleveland?"

"I—somewhere in Louisiana. His family were Southern. But he never told me much about his early life. There was a little talk once about his sister coming to visit us; but it passed, and he told me afterwards she was dead. I could not ask him any questions. About a year after we were married he lost all his cheerfulness; he was not like the same man, Nannie, after that."

"What was the matter, mamma? Business?" asked poor little Nan, with the feeling of one who digs among graves not knowing what horror the next spadeful may bring up.

"No, there was no difficulty about business. Your father always had a large income. We never spent the half of it. Neither was it laid by. Some meddlesome people, my Cousin Philip for instance, used to urge me to find out how your father used it. Philip hinted that your papa gambled his property away. I never spoke to Philip Deffling after that day," said Mrs. Marcy, her face flushing angrily.

"Then—then it was not true?"

"Of course it was not true. Your papa had not a vice. But it *was* strange," she added, thoughtfully. "Thousands at once would disappear. I think it was charity. Some secret charity," with an affectionate smile. "But the money did not trouble me. If only he had ever thrown off his trouble."

Nan took the hand which was smoothing her hair in hers. Her mother, like Margaret, talked out her heart when in grief, and Nan was always the silent comforter. But to-night the child answered, eager and curious.

"Did you never know what the trouble was, mamma?"

"Never. I used to think I would ask. But I never could come close enough to him. I fancied sometimes he had committed some fault when he was a boy—I'm sure it could not have been very much of a fault—and that it preyed on his mind. Nothing could be more regular or quiet than his life. But he always seemed as if he had lost all heart and hope in it."

"And you had no clue whatever?" persisted Nan. If there were but a hint of any fault—the gambling her mother dreaded—any key but the one, to open this secret.

"N-no. Your father used to receive letters in a woman's hand, that he burned often without

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reading. I think they were from his sister. She was not a pleasant person, I suspect. I will go to bed now, Anne. Why, how cold your hand is, my child. I have kept you kneeling here too long."

Mr. Deacon gave the girls but a brief synopsis of the proofs which Fargo had in his possession. His client was somewhere in the city; and she had employed two of the best counsel in the Ohio courts. Fargo's business was to submit the case to Mrs. Marcy, and propose an amicable adjustment without a law-suit.

"That means that we are to give up everything to this impostor without a struggle," cried Margaret, indignantly.

"Something of that sort," said Deacon. "I told him, of course, that we would fight every inch of ground."

"Right. Did not he see the folly of trying, George?"

"No. The fact is, Margery, they have a strong case. We may as well face the truth. The woman has the certificate of her marriage to your father in 1849. She has proof of checks presented by her in every successive year, drawn by him and made payable to her in the name of Virginia Hewlett Marcy, proving that she was supported by him during the whole of that time."

"Well, but, George, don't you see how she condemns herself? If papa gave her money, she knew where he was; and if she knew that, she would have forced him to acknowledge her as his wife."

"Not if he paid her to keep quiet. There are some women who can be bought, dear, and this one, it seems, is not ashamed to own herself one of them. The son, too—"

Mr. Deacon's face reddened.

"There is a son. I had forgotten," said Margaret. "What of him?"

"This is his likeness," drawing out a card photograph.

"It is papa," cried Margaret, flushing painfully.

"It is more like him than either of his daughters. No matter. We will keep up heart, my darling. Whatever comes, you are mine."

"Never, never. I will never go to you with disgrace and shame as my portion," sobbed Margaret.

George kissed her for his only answer; but he carried a heavy weight out of the house with him. He had scarcely a doubt remaining of Doctor Marcy's guilt. He was just struggling into a small practice. How soon could he lift the weight of three utterly helpless, penniless women, used to every care and luxury?

Three weeks later, Mr. Deacon came as usual to report progress to the two girls; for as yet they had succeeded in concealing the whole matter from their mother. Mr. Farnham, a skilful lawyer and a friend, was their counsel with George. So far, the case had been kept out of the courts.

"We are throwing every obstacle in the way of Fargo and his men until we find some trace of your father's early life. He was singularly reticent on all points of personal history."

"I have no doubt this woman has known him, and patched up her story from her knowledge," said Margaret.

"But how are we to compel her to give us her secret?" laughed George. "That is her capital—her stock in trade."

Nan stepped hastily forward, her dark face lighting. "Where does she live?" she asked.

"I do not know. She comes to town once a week, calls at Fargo's with her son, and disappears mysteriously. A singular high-shouldered female, with a wart overhanging one eye. Tomorrow morning she will be due at Fargo's. He is to bring about an interview between her and me."

The next evening, George came as usual; but he was depressed and anxious. "I cannot imagine," he broke out, "what charm that woman ever possessed for a man so fastidious as your father."

"Oh, George! You do not think—you do not believe her story?"

"No, of course I do not. But Margaret, Mr. Farnham does. He says he sees no loophole of escape for us. She proves not only the marriage and the support, but that he was seen with her in Cincinnati within two years, was recognized by acquaintances on the street as Doctor Marcy, and introduced her to them as his wife."

"My father was in Cincinnati last spring," said Margaret, feebly.

Deacon made no answer. "Where is little Nan?" he said, presently, in the tone with which one turns to ordinary subjects while a corpse is in the room.

"She went this afternoon to spend a week in the country with a friend. The child is not well."

"No, but it was not like her to leave you to bear this alone."

Mrs. Virginia Hewlett Marcy boarded the Western train that afternoon, and just after she entered it, a thin, shabby little woman hurried in from the platform and sat down in the rear of the car. It was near night when Mrs Marcy left the train and took her way up the streets of a glaring railway-station village, where wooden

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villas, painted a bright yellow, hovered over stretches of mud, pokeberry bushes, and Jamestown weeds. The little woman left the car also, and with her patched black valise put up at the hotel for the night. The next morning, she tapped faintly at Mrs. Marcy's door. That lady was dressed to go out. She wore a coarse purple lawn dress, abundantly shirred, puffed, and looped back. Garnet ear-rings dangled at each side of her long horse-shaped jaws. A mere tuft of a hat, like a yellow wing, rested on a mass of jetty oily curls. When she talked, her hands waved, her ear-rings jingled, her curls nodded; but her eyes remained fixed on yours, immovable beady points.

"I see," said the shabby creature at the door, "that you have an upper room to let, and I thought—"

"Oh, if it's the upper room—I thought you might have come to see me concerning crochet work *and* appurtenances. I've been in that business. Or a subscription to Hillyard's Spiritualism, the Religion of the Future. I carried that stock from door to door for a year. No? Perhaps you'd like a copy. I have a few yet. I'm only allowed four per cent. A book which regenerates the heart, elevates the soul, and restores the hope of immortality to the atheist. Room, is it? Room is ludicrously cheap. Five a week. Double closets, fine view, and privilege of bath-room, and intercourse with Christian family. You have references, *and* the ready money? I am especially in need of ready money. I have given up the agencies and trade on account of—of other pursuits which will pay better—oh, yes, they'll pay better," going up the stairs with a shrill laugh, at which her hearer shuddered. "How's eight thousand a year for pay, heh? Yes, I've given up the agencies to other parties. You like it, heh? Ready money, too? Well, this is what I call business, and sharp on the trigger, too. Seamstress, heh? Well, you can take possession when you like."

The seamstress deposited her valise on the bed, and locked the door. "My father never married that woman—never married that woman." She trembled with the certainty, the joy of triumph, and then the child, for she was but a child, began to cry. What desperate thing was this that she had done? Mrs. Marcy had sheltered the girl in an old-fashioned seclusion; she was playing the spy, the eavesdropper, in the house of a vulgar adventurer.

"For you, mamma, for you," she sobbed, sitting on her cot. The courage of adventure rose again presently, and she went down the stairs, a jug in her hand, for water. Her hostess appeared.

"Come in, Miss— I forget the name—"

"Anne."

"Miss Ann. This is my son, John Stuart Marcy," filliping her finger towards a heavily-built man on the hair-cloth sofa. Nan turned and faced a coarse likeness of her father, a blurred photograph of his features with the life taken out. She was prepared for this meeting, and bowed calmly.

"Your son is in business?" she asked, trying to imitate Mrs. Virginia's rasping tones.

It needed but a touch to swing his mother off into a shrill oration. She had learned the trick of keeping her wind in words, while carrying on her trades from door to door.

"Not to say business, nor yet profession. He is not college-bred, neither is he endowed with a diploma. But for mental force, (as shown in church meetings, in his power in prayer,) there is not his conqueror in the State of Ohio. When means, Miss Ann, were a certainty, he was engrossed in the shirt and also in the confectionery business. Now that means are not a certainty, he lies dormant. We all lie dormant. 'Before dawn comes the darkest hour.'"

"Your tongue would wag if it cut the rope of your own gallows," said the man, brutally, as he rose and went out.

The woman looked after him as though he had struck her, and remained silent for full two minutes. Then she burst out again:

"He don't mean it. Why, he knows the sacrificial efforts I'm a-making for him. I've supported that boy since he was born. Mostly by talking. Virginia, 'your talent for language is exceptionable. Use it.' I've not hid it in a napkin."

"But," said Anne, her mouth growing parched, "your husband? Did he not help you support your son?"

The woman turned a fierce suspicious glance on Nan's face, then tossed her chin.

"My husband was a no-account helpmate, and that's God's truth about him. You're going upstairs, heh? Call in often. I like to hear you talk."

A week passed, but Nan's watch was fruitless. She saw by the county paper that suit had been brought for the recovery of the Marcy estate by Mrs. Virginia and her son. The community that had known her father was shaken to its foundations by the news. Every atom of proof was canvassed at length. The weight of evidence was acknowledged to be on the side of the impostors.

She went down that evening, and sat sewing with them. "I'll try to bear it once more—for mamma," she said to herself, as if it were a

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prayer. She did not feel as if she could ask God's blessing on her trick. The child's strength was worn out by the nervous strain.

"I must go to-morrow," she said. But Mrs. Virginia paid no heed. She had the newspaper, and was jubilant.

"Hear this trial," she said. "It's exceedingly interesting. I know the parties intimately," beginning to read in a nasal tone that shook with excitement. "Hear this: 'The chain of proof seems to be complete. The new claimant is probably a woman whom Doctor Marcy married in his callow youth, but with whom he was unable to live. In an evil hour he yielded to temptation, and married a lady suited to him socially and mentally.' There's a great deal of compassion spent on this delicate second wife. But there's the proof," tapping the newspaper with shaking fingers. "I'd like to see what suspicion they can find against Virginia Hewlett Marcy's claim."

Nan, pricking her fingers at her sewing, saw but one opening for suspicion. Why did this woman and her son remain sixty miles from Cleveland, under an assumed name?

The room relapsed into silence. The woman, by the flaring oil lamp, read and re-read the account with fierce interest, following the column with her finger; her son sat and dozed stupidly in his chair. Nan had risen to go to her own room. The next day she would go home, and confess what she had done. She was defeated.

The outer door was pushed open, and a man stood hesitating on the threshold. Her father—older, sodden with drink, and degraded. She ran towards him, drew back terrified, dazed.

"Jinny," he called, looking around.

"You here! My God! Do you want to ruin us?" cried Nan's landlady, advancing.

"I came up from St. Louis to-night. You'd left me out of your plans! When you and John have got Lewis's money, what are you going to do with *me?* You owe something to your husband and father, anyhow."

Nan slipped out of the door. She did not tremble now. Her nerves were like steel as she hurried down the street.

Mr. Deacon, bidding Mary good night, ten minutes later, received a despatch:

"Come at once. Bring warrant to arrest my father's brother, his wife and son.

ANNE MARCY."

He looked at it in idiotic bewilderment. "I thought Nan was weaving dandelion rings in the country. But I'll go."

The story is soon told. Lucius Marcy had been a gambler and a drunkard, a dead weight which his brother had patiently borne for years. When Lewis was dead, and that source of revenue was cut off, Mrs. Virginia concocted the plan, which she had so nearly carried out, of passing herself as his legitimate widow. The similarity of names made the alteration of the certificate easy, and the startling likeness of the dead man to his brother completed the rest of the proof. In two days the trouble was swept from their sky, and only sunshine was left.

Then, and not until then, was Mrs. Marcy told of the precipice on which she had stood. She received the account with her usual gentle placidity, patting Margaret's head as she lay sobbing on her bosom.

"Do be calm, my dear. Why, it is nothing. There was proof sufficient. I could have told you, at once, your papa never was attached to anyone but me. He told me so frequently."

## "SOMEBODY'S COMING."

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

"SOMEBODY's coming, you say—I see
That accounts for the deepening flush
Gathering fast on a blooming face,
Ever ready to smile or blush.

Somebody's coming to-night? Ah, yes!
That accounts for the love-lit spark,
Hiding deep in her flashing eyes,
Veiled with their lashes, long and dark.

"Somebody's coming" The restless feet
Seem akin to the thistle down;
Nimble fingers the tresses weave,
Decking the head with its braids of brown.

Spotless collar and dainty cuffs
Grace the neck and the snowy wrist,
Now she will fasten the scarlet knot,
Fast with the hand the "Somebody" kissed.

"Somebody's coming." Her lips are mute,
Aye, but a song leaps up in her heart,
Wedded to music that Eden first heard,
Where is the lover that sings no part?

Cold, did you say? Yes, the wind is cold,
See how it tosses the snow-wreaths white!
But there are roses that June doesn't wake,
And in her heart it is summer to-night.

"Somebody's" late, and a tiny frown
Gathers its forces to hide a tear—
Hark! wasn't that a step in the hall?
Yes, indeed, and "Somebody's" here.

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# OUT OF THE SHADOW.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 211.

## CHAPTER IV.

JULY 9th.—Let me write, here, the truth, while as yet I am calm enough to do so.

If I delay it, if I do not find relief, I shall go mad—yes, mad—with this horrible secret.

The opening of the door was an easy matter enough, involving merely an early walk to the village, and the purchase of a bunch of skeleton keys from the old blacksmith there. With these I returned to the house. But it was not till afternoon that I was able to elude the eternal vigilance of Mrs. Ray, and seek my husband's apartments. The first key that I tried did not fit, nor did the second; but the third, after awhile, turned in the lock, the door swung open, and I entered the mysterious room.

It was very small, a mere dressing-closet, in fact; and such, I afterwards learned, had been its original destination. A large arched window occupied one end of it. The furniture consisted of a single arm-chair, placed in the middle of the carpeted floor, and a low table, with a cover of exquisite needlework, and strewn with sundry articles, which I did not then stop to examine. On the wall opposite to the door by which I had entered hung a large painting, a life-size, half-length portrait, which at once attracted my attention and absorbed me.

The picture represented a young and beautiful woman, in a dress of black silk, glistening with jet. A Spanish mantilla veil of black lace, looped back with a single deep-red rose, shaded her graceful head. She stood, half turning away, yet with her face towards the spectator; and with a life-like glance, full of fascination and witchery, in her large, velvety dark eyes. One slender hand, sparkling with diamonds, held together the folds of her veil on her breast; the other, drooping at her side, clasped a half-open fan of black and gold. But the strangest part about this portrait was the wonderful likeness which it bore to myself. For an instant I thought it was indeed my own portrait, but a second glance dispelled that idea. For the original of the picture must have been a much older woman than myself, when it was painted—five and twenty years old, at the very least—while I was but just seventeen.

In my bewilderment and astonishment, I turned to inspect the articles on the table. They were but few in number, however: a broken ivory fan; a solitary white glove, slender, small, and shapely; a withered rose, dry and brown as an autumn leaf; and a lace-bordered handkerchief of filmy texture, bearing in one corner the letter P, surmounted by a coronet, and with a breath of perfume still lingering in its folds. Such were the trifles that strewed the dainty cover of satin-lined Valenciennes. I turned from these things impatiently. Jealousy, fierce, cruel, agonizing, was waxing strong within my heart. Who was this woman, whose painted image smiled upon me from the wall with such mocking likeness to myself? Was this the Inez of my husband's outcry?

As I stood, transfixed in contemplation, I heard a sudden step, and looking around, I beheld Mrs. Ray standing in the doorway, and gazing upon me with dismay.

"Enter," I cried, "enter, and tell me who this woman was—or is? What was she to my husband? Why is her picture here? And how comes it that the picture looks like *me?*"

Mrs. Ray drew a long breath, and gazed on me for a moment in silence.

"Child," she said, at last, "it would have been better had you never entered here, or at least not yet. But the mischief is done. If you are wise you will come away now—"

"No, no," I cried, shaking off her gentle clasp. "Tell me—tell me all. Who was that woman? Where is she now?"

"She is dead."

The answer quieted my excited nerves by its calm brevity, as much as by what it told.

"Dead! Then I need fear her no more. But go on. Who was she?"

"She was a Spanish lady, a great beauty, and a great coquette as well. For five long years she kept my master in her chains. He was poor then, with no hope of succeeding to the Verney baronetcy or the estates; a dreamy, poetic, intellectual young man; and she played with him as a cat plays with a mouse. I do not think she ever had any idea of marrying him; but his blind devotion pleased her, and she liked his atten-



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tions. At last she married another. Her husband was a great Spanish lord, the Duke de Palma. Her marriage nearly broke my master's heart; the more so as, just three months after it took place, he fell heir to the Verney baronetcy and estates. But it was worse when she died, which she did about two years ago. I thought he would never recover from the blow. She had been writing to him in her winning, fascinating way, and when she came to London she sent for him to come and see her. He went, and the old witchery was as strong as ever. He went out in society with her, and was very devoted. But right in the midst of the season, she died very suddenly, of some affection of the heart it was said. It came near killing my master, and I think he never got over it, till he saw you."

Ah! I knew now why he had married me. It was, I said to myself, to have a better likeness of the dead woman before his eyes than the artist's pencil could create. For this I had been dressed and educated and trained; for this I had been taught to imitate her step, to wear her garments, to sing the song she had been used to sing. Not for myself had I been married, but because I looked like another. Instead of being first, I was second.

The fierce Spanish blood burned hot within my veins at the thought. I broke from Mrs. Ray's restraining clasp, and darting past her, I hurried upstairs to my own apartments. There I took refuge in my bedroom. I locked the door, and then gave vent to all the mingled emotions that were struggling for mastery in my soul. Long and passionately did I weep, but there was more of indignation than of sorrow in my tears. At last, I dried my eyes.

My decision was now soon made. I would no longer remain in the false position in which the infatuation of my husband for his dead love had placed me. I would go away. I would flee from my new name and my new life, and become once more Dolores the wanderer, Dolores the martyr it might be, but Dolores the dancer—never. From that degradation, at least, I was free. I would go to Paris. But not to seek out my old friend, M. Mazille, who had, as he wrote me, quitted the life of a strolling musician, and had got employment as under-violinist in one of the minor Parisian theatres. No! I would never let him know how I had been deceived. But I would go to Paris, because I had heard that one could hide one's self in a great city better than anywhere else.

This resolution taken, I was impatient to put it into execution. But I was forced to wait till nightfall, so as to leave the house unnoticed. So, to pass away the time, I busied myself with my few preparations for my departure. I had enough money for my journey, and to support me for awhile afterwards. My dresses, my jewelry, all the paraphernalia belonging to Lady Verney, or rather to the image of the dead Duchess de Palma, I meant to leave behind. One thing alone I took possession of, with intent to take it with me; it was a fine miniature portrait of Sir Edmund. For, in spite of pride and indignation, and bitter, burning resentment, I felt that I still loved him—tenderly, passionately, but alas! hopelessly.

When all was ready, I sat myself down to pen a few farewell lines to him who, whatever his wrongs toward me, was still, in the eyes of the law, my lord and master.

"Farewell, farewell," so ran the lines, my passionate pen almost rending the paper as I wrote. "Seek, in the masterpiece of the painter's art, a consolation for the loss of that more life-like image of your dead love which you have striven to possess at the expense of such cost and so much toil. Learn that the image has a heart, a brain, a will, and cannot consent to be tutored and trained into the likeness of the false-hearted coquette whom you have loved so unwisely, and so madly mourned. I go to resume my own individuality, through my olden life—for a Lady Verney could never stoop to be a public dancer—the richer in mind, it may be, but far sadder in heart than when you brought me hither. For the wealth of knowledge you have bestowed upon me, in this year's training and instruction, I thank you; for the wrong that you have done me in making of me but the lay figure for your unconquerable love for another woman, I may some day pardon you, but I cannot now. Henceforth, I trust, I implore, that you will leave me to work out my own destiny, in my own way. To-night, Lady Verney dies, and from her ashes there arises into new life Dolores, once the strolling player. But do not fear that I shall ever forget that I bear your name; its honor is as safe with me as if I still claimed it. I leave you free to mourn over the past, and to weep for your buried Inez. I go to shape for myself a new and less unreal life, where I shall be a true, living woman, and not, as I have been beneath this roof, only a shadow—a shadow of the dead!"

A distant clock struck midnight as I ended. I folded my shawl around me, and leaving the letter on the table, I stole softly and noiselessly downstairs. The household was wrapped in sleep. No voice was raised to call me back, no hand was stretched out to bar my departure. I unbarred the great hall door, and closing it gently behind me, I passed out into the night.

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## CHAPTER V.

DECEMBER 12th.—I resume my journal, after a long interval.

I have only a vague recollection of what followed my flight from Verney Park. I remember catching the train near there. But I have only a vague remembrance of it. My brain was on fire. My pulses throbbed to madness. My mouth was parched as if by lightning. A wild fear possessed me that my flight would be discovered, and that I would be pursued. But I resolved, if overtaken, never to return. And yet I could form no plan of resistance. I think I was on the verge of insanity, during that period.

It was evening, a dark rainy night, when I reached Dover. The boat for Calais was just about to start. I hurried on board, with the rest of the passengers by the express train, drawing my veil closer around my face, and trembling when any person brushed against me, lest it might be an officer sent to arrest me. I only breathed freely when I heard the paddles of the steamer revolving, and saw the sea churning behind us, as we stood out into the stormy Channel. When we reached Calais it was pitch dark. I struggled on shore, and hid myself in the first compartment I could find in the train for Paris. Not till we arrived in the great city, and I found a *voiture*, and was being rattled over the streets, did I breathe freely again.

The gray dawn was just breaking, when I reached a lonely street in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where I hoped somewhere to find a refuge, hidden from all the world. I might have gone to the Latin Quarter, on the other side of the Seine, and to good, kind, dear old Monsieur Mazille; but I feared, as I have already said, that, he would betray me; and so I resolved to adventure fortune alone. I had, in my purse, about thirteen pounds still remaining. That would last a long while.

Alas! how little I knew. I found an obscure lodging, and lest I should be traced, moved the next day to one even more obscure. I began, at once, to look for employment. But I will not dwell on this episode of my life. I will tell it, on the contrary, in as few words as possible. I soon discovered that amid the tens of thousands of skilled workmen who struggled with each other for a livelihood in the great modern Babylon, an unskilled one like myself had no chance whatever. Day after day I wearied myself in walking to and fro, seeking employment: night after night I lay down exhausted and hopeless, having had no success. Finally, I came to my last Napoleon. When that was gone, as I well knew, I must starve. Ah! I began to despair.

I now restricted myself to one meal in every twenty-four hours, and made this meal of dry bread and water only. The days crept by. I became more and more hopeless, probably because I grew more and more weak. One morning, on waking, I thought, "how useless to continue this struggle—why not lie here and die?" Turning on my pallet, I sank, after awhile, into a stunned and almost death-like sleep. It was nearly dusk when I awoke again. The pangs of hunger began, by this time, however, to assert themselves. The instinct of life, exhausted as I was, had not been quite extinguished. I had still a few sous left in my purse, enough to buy a loaf of bread. "I will go out," I said, "and get my last meal. Then I will come back to die—yes, die, by slow, lingering starvation." I thought, for an instant, of the Seine, as a last resort; but the temptation was as instantly rejected; to drown myself would be cowardly. Whatever came, I would not commit suicide. I could die by slow martyrdom, but not by my own act.

At first, when I got up, I could scarcely stand. This made me realize how weak I was. With difficulty I dressed myself, and crept downstairs, for my room was up six flights, away in the attic. The porter looked curiously at me as I went out, attracted, no doubt, by my pallid face and tottering steps. I had walked but a little while, when I was forced to sit down to get breath. Rising, after a short interval, I struggled on. The baker's shop, for which I was bound, was still some distance off; and I thought I never would get there. Suddenly, I remembered that I had to mount the stairs, the six weary flights, on my return. I said to myself: "Oh! it will be impossible." This last reflection proved the final blow that shattered my little remaining strength. I felt my brain reeling; I caught at an iron railing for support; everything whirled around me; I said to myself, this is death; and with this thought, not an unwelcome one, alas! I sank to the pavement.

When consciousness returned to me, it was, at first, only in the vaguest way. I was sensible of lying in bed, in a strange room, and one both spacious and elegant. I heard whispered voices about me. But when I tried to think where I was, and how I came there, my weak brain gave way again. Three or four times, in perhaps as many days, this semi-consciousness came back, to be followed by the same dizziness, the same utter blank. At last I began, in a dim way, to recall the past.

I was trying, one night, to piece together odd bits of memory, when I heard a whisper, as if some person was speaking, far, far away—miles

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distant, indeed. If the reader has ever suffered from the delirium of fever, he or she knows what I mean.

The voice said;

"How is she now? Will she live?"

"Hush!" was the response; I suppose from the nurse. "The doctor says the slightest agitation would cause a relapse. You should not have entered. I will come out into the hall and speak to you. Go, go."

Then I sank again into forgetfulness. For, even as I listened, the room began to whirl, and the effort to hear if any answer was returned, ended in total loss of consciousness.

## CHAPTER VI.

It may have been one day after this, or two, or even more, when I heard a conversation again at my bed-side. I had been getting steadily better, was able to take considerable nourishment, and talked of trying to sit up for a few minutes the next day. I had often asked the nurse where I was, and how I came there, but she had answered that I was too weak to talk. Neither then, on that first day, nor afterwards, though I continually recurred to the subject, would she give me any satisfaction. The hour was now deep into the night. I had been asleep, and I suppose was still considered so by the nurse, who sat and slumbered in a chair near the head of the bed. A solitary candle burned in the room.

There were two voices, both those of men, speaking at first; and afterwards the nurse joined in. One of the voices was strange to me; it was, as I afterwards discovered, that of the doctor; the other seemed to me familiar, though I could not locate it exactly.

"Thank God for what you tell me, doctor," said this voice, at last, with much emotion. "Thank God that she will live."

"Yes," replied the doctor, taking a pinch of snuff, for as he stood at the foot of the bed I saw him distinctly. "But it was a close shave. Nothing like scientific treatment—nothing like scientific treatment: the brain would have been wrecked forever, otherwise."

"Then you think her's a very excitable temperament," replied the other, the voice coming from behind the curtain at the head of the bed, and the speaker being invisible to me. "I am not to blame for what happened?"

"Not in the least. Cease to distress yourself on that score. Yes! excitable, very excitable," another pinch of snuff, as he calmly regarded me. "Yet not so as to amount, in normal health, to disease: on the contrary, only such as to render her more brilliant, charming, engaging. Your dull women are terrible," with a shake of the head. "It was nothing in what you did, or left undone; it was no permanent disease of cerebral tissue; it was simply protracted solitude, and the introversion of mind caused thereby, fired into exaggerated emotion by the discovery of the strange facts you tell me." And the old physician looked sagely around.

"You relieve me greatly," was the answer, in a voice that shook with feeling. "What I did, was, as I thought, for the best; but she misapprehended things; and hence this—this—"

"Catastrophe," suggested the little doctor. "Not tragedy, only catastrophe."

I had been lying with my eyes closed all this time, except, once or twice, when I stole a stealthy glance at the doctor. I was simulating sleep.

"Hence this catastrophe—thank you for the word," went on the speaker at the head of the bed, in a tone of the most polished courtesy. "From the very first I loved her, whose life, as you say, you have just saved. Her extraordinary likeness to another was what at first captivated me. But she ought not, it seems to me, to have been hurt at this—"

"She would not have been," interposed the self-satisfied little man, "if she had not been morbid, temporarily morbid." And I heard him softly tap his snuff-box again. "No woman should be offended at such a thing, any more than at being loved at first sight for her beauty."

"Certainly. I never thought she would consider it an insult. Who can tell why we love? What attracts one has no influence over another. I had been attracted, years before, by a face strangely like this; but my idol had proved hollow; she deceived me; she was false to the core, as I found out too late. This face, while like the first, appeared more truthful. It was the other face, with a more spiritual expression—"

"Just so," interrupted the irrepressible doctor, and I heard the snuff-box tapped again, "a more spiritual expression."

"I was tired of women of society. I said to myself, here is one of virginal freshness. I will secure her by marrying her, if she will consent. Then I will educate her. She shall be kept away from the hollow world. I will have her taught the very ways of my early idol; she shall at times even dress like her. A romantic dream, you will say—"

"Not a bit. Very natural. The thought, permit me to remark, of a true idealist."

"That was my purpose—nothing more," said the other, quietly. "In justice to myself, I strove, more by instinct, however, than from any other cause, to keep this former history from her;

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and it was only by accident she discovered it. I remained away from Verney Park, in pursuance of my plan, visiting her only once—"

"Ah! there, permit me to say, you made a mistake. Women like to be persistantly wooed. You were too Quixotic. Young, handsome, rich, titled—*Mon Dieu*, what a blunder!" And the doctor threw up his hands in despair.

"Well, those were my motives. They were well intended, even if they were mistaken. It seems that she totally misapprehended them. She thought I did not love her, and never would love her; that it was a dead woman I loved; and that I was making a mock of her. Her pride, and she has the pride of the bluest of the blue blood of haughty Spain—"

"Undoubtedly. She must be of ancient race, my lord, though as yet we don't know it—"

"Her pride revolted at this, and so she resolved to fly. Fortunately, a telegram caught me in Scotland, and I came at once here, thinking that she would seek refuge in Paris. Verney Park lay in my way, and I stopped there, but only long enough to learn what I have told you. There I found the letter which she had addressed to me—a letter full of jealousy and anger. That letter laid bare the secrets of her heart, and explained, as nothing else could have done, her flight. Poor, hasty, misjudging child! Yet noble, passionately grand also; a true woman; and as just as noble. Ah! my good doctor, when she is really strong again, when I am allowed to plead my cause in person, something within me tells me I shall prevail; and then, then, there is nothing I will not do to all these good people to show my gratitude. I have looked forward for months to the time when her education would be finished, and when we could be happy. When I received that telegram, when I feared for awhile that her brain might have given way, or some tragedy might happen to her in her flight, I felt as if life and hope lay shattered and wrecked around me. Then, when I came to Paris, and found no trace of her, I almost went mad. I had been sure that she would go to her old preceptor. No one can ever know the agony I suffered, week after week, while we sought for her in vain. At last, as you know, Monsieur Mazille, by the merest accident, found her dying in the streets, and brought her here. You have saved more than one life in saving hers, doctor."

## CHAPTER VII.

I COULD endure no more. I had long been fully aroused and awake. My brain was never clearer than now. I had smiled to myself at first, at the eccentricities of the old French doctor; then again at his transparent flattery; but I soon forgot all this, and indeed everything else, as the conversation went on. I listened, absorbed, to the defence my husband made of himself. His words put an entirely new aspect on his conduct and on my true relations to him. Ah, how I loved him! It was impossible not to believe him sincere, when he said that he had loved me from the very first. My heart beat wildly. I began to see my behavior in a new light. Instead of my being his victim, he was, in a sense, mine. He had sacrificed much for me; I had sacrificed nothing for him.

All my pride, all my resentment, was gone. I half rose from my pillow.

"Sir Edmund," I said, feebly. "Sir Ed—"

I never finished the word, for, at the sound of my voice, the figure at the head of the bed started forward. I reached out my arms, and in another moment, I was clasped to my husband's heart.

"Can you forgive me?" I whispered, faintly, with a great sob.

"Forgive you?" His voice was choked, as he spoke. Mastering his emotion, he cried, kissing me again and again: "I have nothing to forgive. I have only, and all the time, to thank God you are alive, and that I have found you."

That is all I remember. They told me, afterwards, that I fainted, and that, at first, they feared I would never come to. Joy, you see, is sometimes almost as fatal as sorrow.

When I regained my senses, there was no one in the room but the nurse, who, seeing me attempt to speak, put her finger to her lips. Weak as I was, however, dizzy as my poor brain remained, I managed to whisper, "Is it true? Or is it—all—a dream?"

"It is true, my lady. It is no dream. Sir Edmund will come, early to-morrow, if you are well enough to see him. He worships the very ground you tread on. That you may be well enough, you must drink this, without a word, and try to go to sleep." She presented a draught, as she spoke, which I quaffed, with a sigh of blissful content, and then sank back, and, worn out as I was, fell asleep, almost before touching my pillow.

When I awoke, in the morning, the fresh, cool breeze was fluttering the lace curtains. On a table, near at hand, was a vase, with a bouquet of rare flowers. Oh, how sweet everything seemed.

The nurse was instantly at my bed-side.

"You are quite yourself, to-day, my lady," she said. "Your eye is bright; the wan look is gone from your face—and actually, yes, actu-

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ally," for I blushed with happiness at this praise, "there is color in your cheeks. See what beautiful flowers. Sir Edmund sent them," and she brought the vase to my bed-side, for me to enjoy their fragrance more fully. "When you have had some breakfast, and have got up, and are nicely dressed in that pretty wrapper there, we will have him in. Shan't we, my lady?"

I have little more to tell. The interview with my husband, with its mutual explanations, is too sacred to describe.

Two days later, when I was comparatively strong once more, my old preceptor, Monsieur Mazille, came to see me.

"I would not come before, my dear," he said, "because I knew you were still weak. But thank God all is well now. *Mon Dieu!* what a chase you gave us, though. For weeks we did nothing but look for you. We had all the most expert detectives of Paris at work, but they could find no clue to your whereabouts. All they could discover was, that a girl resembling you had arrived at Paris the night but one after you left Verney Park; but the name sent to the police was not yours," (I had given a false name, and passports, at that time, were required no longer,) "and the day after, you had changed your residence, and, in spite of their regulations, had managed to break the clue. I don't think much, myself, of their vaunted police," said the old professor, snapping his fingers contemptuously. "Sir Edmund came on, too, and joined in the search. His headquarters were here, in the Hotel Bristol, and he spent money like water; but it was of no use. We began, at last, to despair, and to think you had gone somewhere else, when, one day, visiting your first lodgings in the Faubourg St. Antoine, or the lodgings the police had suggested might be yours, in hopes to pick up some neglected clue, I came on a crowd, near the well-known corner, with its little turreted house, close by where the Duke of Burgundy was assassinated, more than four hundred years ago. 'A girl has fainted,' said one, 'and she looks starved, too.' My heart gave a great bound, for my instinct told me it was you; and sure enough, it was our long-lost darling, and literally, literally, as we found, nearly starved to death." And the dear old man broke down in great sobs.

November 10th. Nearly a year has passed since my last entry in this diary. I sit at my window, and look out over the green slopes of Verney Park, to where, in the moonlight, the deer steal out from under the great oaks, look about them timidly for a moment, and disappear in the shadows. Soft and low, on the still night air, I hear, from an open casement in a side turret, the notes of a violin, and I recognize the touch of my old master, Monsieur Mazille, who, ever since my reconciliation with my husband, has lived with us here in England. The air he plays is so dreamy, the landscape is so vague, that I half think the whole is a shadow, and that I and my life are shadows too.

But no! for at this instant a hand is laid tenderly on my shoulder, a living voice chides me for sitting uncovered at the window in the night air, an arm glides around my waist, and a kiss falls, soft as a rose-leaf, on my brow. It is Sir Edmund. It is my husband.

I look up at him, and our eyes first, and then our lips, meet; and my soul murmurs within me, "Yes, thank God, it is real. I am Out of the Shadow."

## SINCE I SAW THEE.

BY AURORA VANE.

Flower-starred and perfume-laden
  Years have fled on shining wings,
Since those days so fair, so radiant,
  In the freshness of the spring,
When thy sweet smile won my fancy,
  And thy soft voice thrilled my heart,
And we vowed that nought but heaven
  E'er should tear our souls apart.

Ah! thy smile was like the blooming
  Of the flowers, fadeless, fair,
That adorn the heavenly city
  With their beauty, rich and rare;
And the memory of its brightness
  Soothes my weariness and pain
In my dreaming, and the beauty
  Of the spring returns again.

Though stern fate for aye hath broken
  Cruelly all tender ties,
Yet forever from its ashes,
  Phenix-like, doth hope arise.
If we do our duty promptly,
  Ever through life's shine and gloom,
God will give us back the bright days
  Fraught with loveliness and bloom.

If, perchance, thou first may wander
  O'er the tide of death's dark sea,
Where the shining portals open,
  Will you pause and wait for me:
That together we may enter
  In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest?"

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# DOLORES.

BY PAULINE METCALF.

JACK DEVINE had left Oxford; spent a season in London; had flirted in Paris: yet no woman had ever yet touched his heart. Nevertheless, he was engaged to be married. His father, old Lord Devine, and their next neighbor, Sir James Houghton, had put their heads together, and decided that Houghton Abbey and Devine Court lay too close together for the estates to be parted, and as Jack liked Miss Houghton, and thoroughly respected her, and had no special objection to the union of the estates, the engagement was settled.

The wedding, however, was not to take place until Miss Houghton was twenty; so having a year and more of bachelor freedom before him, Jack went to the United States; hunted awhile in Colorado; and finally drifted down to Mexico. Not the Mexico of to-day, however, with its army of engineers, its railroad and American inventions; but Mexico eight years ago, at that time as romantic a country as traveler could find.

The last rays of the sun were dying in the west, as Jack found himself, late in January, on the Pasco de la Reforma, in the old city of Cortez. The wind came fresh from the mountains; little twittering birds were seeking their nests in the old aqueduct; and carriages, filled with dark-eyed donnas, were beginning to roll over the uneven pavements. The cathedral clock sounded seven loud, deep strokes, startling a flock of birds that were twittering on the tower, their little dark bodies defined against the pale yellow of the sky, flying upwards like sparks from a forge. Groups of queer-garbed, heavy-eyed people passed on their way to the Plaza, where soon the stone seats would be filled with picturesque groups, slowly discussing the last bull-fight, in soft Mexican gutturals.

Devine sauntered through the Pasco, past the queer, dignified old houses, each seeming older and more uncomfortable than its neighbor. The languid slumberous air seemed to act on his brain like some soft, soothing spell; each group, with its changing lights and shadows, each stately house, seeming to bear promise of some romantic history. The twilight was falling rapidly. Overhead two or three stars shone with a soft gleam in the sky, that was of a deep dusky-blue overhead, but showed pale silvery-yellow between the arches of the aqueduct.

Suddenly, a man passing, stopped and looked earnestly at him.

"Why, Devine," he cried, and then Jack recognized a young American with whom he had shot buffaloes in Colorado the year before.

Questions and answers were rapidly exchanged, and after a stroll and friendly cigar together, they parted, Devine having first accepted Helmar's invitation to go down into the country with him, to one of those old haciendas, that are more like mediæval feudal strongholds than nineteenth century houses.

Early the next morning, therefore, they started. The light was just beginning to break over the the hills; and the trappings of their horses, heavy and cumbersome, clanked and flapped with every step. All day long they rode, save at noon, when a halt of a few hours was made under a group of dark-trunked Fremos trees. The rays of the sun seemed to come straight from above on the hot dusty road. The cactus flowers blazed like coals of fire, the dull, misty leaves making an effective setting for their burning beauty. The diligence passed them, heavy and lumbering, full of passengers bound for a Fiesta in the city: the women gay in bright red and blue dresses, the men with spurs, huge sombreros, and dark heavy faces.

It was not until the moon was creeping up into the cloudless sky, that they saw the lights of the hacienda shining in the valley below. Entering the inner court or *patio*, Jack found himself presented to his host, Señor Don José de Ramos, and was soon made to feel that the house and all it contained was at his disposal. When he went to bed, he had to pass along the *corredor* or gallery, the moonlight bringing in strong relief the pillars and vine shadows on the white floor; and he said to himself, "How novel, how unreal: one scarcely knows where reality ends and dreams commence."

Early next morning, he was awakened by the sound of a woman's voice singing a low plaintive melody, in the court below. Hastily dressing, he stole out into the gallery, and peeping through the screen of vines, saw a picture that he never afterwards forgot.

Leaning against an old stone fountain, her head slightly upturned, stood a girl. And such a girl! She was not more than sixteen, but it



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was sixteen years spent under a southern sky. She was tall and slender, yet with a figure full and graceful; her face was a pale creamy tint, perfectly oval in form; she had large, black-lashed gray eyes, and the full, curved red lips that painters give to Cleopatra; and she stood there with that indolent grace of repose that you find only in Mexican or Creole women. Nearly half a hundred doves from the granary tower were circling around her: and the girl's tall, slender, white-robed figure; the tender green of the grass at her feet; the background of dark stone; the deep blue of the sky overhead; and the flashing wings of the doves, all made a picture beautiful beyond description.

A call, from within the broad open door, made the girl drop the copper vessel that she held in her hands, and disappear. "Who could she be?" Devine turned with a sigh. It was just in time to meet his friend Helmar, who was leisurely strolling down the corridor, on his way to breakfast.

The dark-eyed girl did not appear here, and Jack began to think she was a stranger, but at dinner she came shyly in, and was presented as Señora Dolores Morela, the niece of the host, and, since his wife's death, the head of the house.

She disappeared directly after the meal; but Jack, seeing Helmar and Don José eager to begin their business discussion, strolled out to view the beauties of the night, and with the faint hope of meeting Dolores. The moon was not yet risen, and in the darkness he could only trace the outlines of the outlying buildings of the hacienda; but following the path that led from the general entrance, he soon came to the wall that bounded the outer court, and here suddenly stumbled against a white figure that was leaning against one of the stone posts.

Apologizing, he made some careless inquiries about the different features of the landscape, and after a visible effort to conquer her shyness, Dolores offered to show him some of the beauties of the place. It was too dark to see her face, but the tall *svelte* figure, moving with perfect grace, and the soft low voice, had an indescribable charm for him, and aroused all his artistic enthusiasm. He learned that her father had been a general during the Mexican war, and dying, had left her in her uncle's care. Of her simple, uneventful life, she spoke frankly, betraying a combination of ignorance and innocence delightful to the *blasé* man of the world.

Why need more be told? Before the week was ended, they had met four times in the gardens, a state of things only possible in this household, where Dolores was without the surveillance of an older woman, and Don José was too much occupied with Helmar and their business schemes to pay much attention to his dark-eyed niece and the handsome young Englishman.

Brought up in the strictest seclusion, lovers a thing unknown, yet affectionate, eager, trusting, and passionate, love was a lesson easy for Dolores to learn. She invested Devine with the gifts and graces of a prince. He was the hero of all the tales of her youth. On his part, Jack felt that for the first time in his life, he was in love. On the gallery, in the hot sensuous morning, when the hammock swung lazily to and fro; in the saddle, during the long sunny afternoons, when, in dark habit and broad-leaf hat, she showed him fresh beauties of forest and stream; discovering to him her "swan's nest among the reeds," or leaning on the basin of the fountain, watching the moonbeams play upon the water, the light bringing out each curve of her perfect face, each soft gleam of the dark eyes. At all these times, in all these situations, she seemed to Jack the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, and he said more than he had ever meant to say to any woman.

One evening, he found her dancing the Bolero on the lawn, with her little nieces, in the twilight, the last rays of sunlight lingering lovingly on her upturned face and uplifted arms, each motion a study for a painter. He watched the dance to its close before he spoke, for bad news had been brought to him that afternoon. A telegram, sent to the city, summoned him back to England. His father was ill; return was imperative. He must wake, he felt, from the dream he had been dreaming, and go back to reality. Yet he shrank from it, none the less.

He came up to her, as she sank on the grass, flushed and panting from her rapid exercise; a faint color in her usually pale cheeks; soft languor in her dark eyes. Never had she seemed so sweet, so desirable, as now, when he must leave her; when he must go, with love in his heart, yet love that his tongue must not speak.

It did not take long to tell her of his telegram, and consequent change of plan.

"We start in the morning," he said. "News from England summons me home. I must say farewell," and, with an assumption of cheerfulness, he added, "Will you miss me, Dolores?"

"Yes," she said, simply, "I shall miss you very much."

She turned, as she spoke, to walk back to the house. The faint flush had died from her cheeks, and the pale, pure face was almost ghastly in its pallor.

"My father is very ill," he said, walking by

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her side, "and he is an old man; so I must go. We will start early in the morning—will you wish me God speed?"

She turned and put her soft hand in his.

"God speed," she faltered, and then the dark eyes, too innocent to hide their secret, looked into his, and all thoughts of right or wrong were "whistled down the wind," and he stooped and kissed her.

"I love you, Dolores, I love you," he cried.

The wind sighed among the branches; some clouds were drifting across the sky; a storm was rising. She shivered slightly, and drew herself away. Lights were twinkling in the house; these reminded him how soon he must start.

"Listen, Dolores," he said. "To-morrow, I must start for England. I love you, dear, more than I ever thought to love; but—I am engaged to be married. Hush! don't speak. I will go back; I will see her; I will tell her I have found a girl who has made me forget prudence and honor, and whom I loved in spite of myself; and then, dear, I will return for you—for—for I love you, Dolores."

"No, you will not come back for me, Mr. Devine," said the girl, freeing herself with one strong effort, and rising to her full height. "You never will come for me." She took a step forward, and the slim figure seemed to grow even taller. "Do you think," she said, the low voice vibrating with passion, "do you think I am the kind of woman to rob another of her lover? Would you be happy if you broke your word and took me that way? Do you think I want a love that comes against the better judgment—a short-lived passion that will burn itself out in six months? I am young, Mr. Devine," the girl went on, "but I know what honor is, and I never would break my word." She held out her hand as she spoke. "Good-by, good-by," she said, her breath coming quick and fast.

He seized the hand, he poured out words of incoherent pleading, he declared again and again that he did not love his promised wife. But Dolores was firm. Only once, when, stung by her coldness, he said, "You act well, if you do not love me," the white lips quivered, and the dark eyes turned to his upbraidingly; and Jack knew, after that, how much she loved him; but knew also the firmness of her character, which, stronger than his own, would sacrifice even love to its sense of right.

They parted at the foot of the great staircase, and the next morning, Jack left long before daylight. The torches of the servants cast queer, flickering lights and shadows in the old courtyard; and Jack looked up, half hoping to see some signal, a wave of the hand perhaps, from the corridor. But though he saw nothing, Dolores was there watching, her face pale with tears; for she had not slept all night.

At the City of Mexico, Jack found letters for him. When he reached England, it was to learn that his father was dead, and that he was now Lord Devine. Once, Jack wrote to Mexico, but he received no answer. So by the time the year of mourning was out, Catherine Houghton became Lady Devine.

Men call them a happy couple. Well, perhaps they are—if contentment is happiness. But there is one spot in Jack's heart that his wife has never found, just as there is a sketch in his desk which she has never seen.

The latter is the picture of a girl, holding a copper dish in her hands, with white doves' wings shining against the deep blue of a southern sky. A girl with soft dark eyes, and a pale, pure face—the girl he loved in Mexico.

# THE LOST GIFT.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

So gay and light, her eyes so bright,
They called her merry Kate;
You cared not what the hour of night,
If she stood at the gate.

If you were racked on fortune's wheel,
She soothed with finest skill.
Yet never were you made to feel
Subject to her sweet will.

Yet she who cast these pleasing spells,
Goes all the weary day,
From early dawn to evening bells,
With scarce a word to say.

On last Forefathers' day, a ship,
While coming up the sound,
Bound homeward from an outward trip,
Was wrecked, and all were drowned.

A rumor flies, if it be true,
The captain's second mate,
Who perished with that fated crew,
Would soon have wedded Kate.

However that, her smile is strange,
And oft she droops her head,
And if you note the weary change,
She says the gift has fled.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881 by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 227.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

A FEW hours after Huestice Young left Washaning's lodgings, the old chief passed through his granddaughter's room. When she heard his footsteps, the girl turned her face to the window and looked out, that she might conceal the flush of great joy that had made its heaven in her face; but the attitude, and one glance at her profile, were enough to urge forward a purpose which was literally driving him on to the completion of a destiny from which every thought of his brain and impulse of his heart rose up in earnest revolt.

This old man had made a promise in his earlier manhood, which he was now about to complete, at the cost of everything that had been made dear to him in life. Out of his savage creed, he had brought the one great element of truth, pure and simple, as it is seldom found in civilized life, or among his people, now that half-civilization has taught them how to deceive.

Pale with emotion, and trembling in all his aged limbs, as fear could never have shaken him, the old man passed through the room in silence, and, descending to the street, walked to the door of General Noel's mansion. When he stood before the colored person who held command in the hall, that functionary seemed to hesitate, and was about to announce that his master was out, or engaged; but Washaning quietly passed him, as if unconscious of all impediment, and made his way into the library, where the general was busy among his papers.

The Senator arose, as his strange guest entered, a little surprised; but more than courteous in his reception of the old chief.

"I am glad you have come," he said, resigning his own easy-chair, and helping himself to another. "I have been wishing to see you again—for our first interview has brought back so many thoughts of that one period in my life, that I am anxious to know more."

"It is that you may know more that I have come," said Washaning, seating himself, and turning his eyes full upon the general; "the time has come when there must be no secrets between us."

Noel was surprised, both by the words and the deep feeling that shook the old man's voice. He had known something of the Indian character in his early life, but never had witnessed in any savage, emotion so impossible of repression.

"It is a painful subject, both for you and me. I have been dwelling on it, during the past few weeks, with more sorrow than you will perhaps believe. Those few months taken out of my life have always seemed a period set apart from my real existence—I was a very unhappy man; misunderstood, even persecuted, by my own people—a desperate man, thwarted in my affections, disgusted with public life, ready to bury myself forever in the deepest wilderness. It was fortunate for me that, in this mood, I fell into the best phases of your life beyond the borders—that I could slake the ambition thwarted by my own people, on the war-path, and share the free wisdom of your council-fires. In the deep wilderness I found one friend, strong enough and willing to live with me through the brief season of madness that had driven me to the woods, and aid me with his wiser counsel, when the whirlwind of excitement had spent itself, and a longing for useful action came slowly back."

Here, General Noel, who had yielded to the kindly impulses of his nature, till a mist came into his eyes, and his voice had some of the eloquence that had made him a power in the Senate, leaned forward and grasped Washaning's hand between both his, full of gratitude, that sometimes does live, in spite of obligations, even with our public men.

But the old chief's hand lay cold as ice in his grasp.

"You made me a chief of the most powerful tribe of your people—next to yourself in consequence."

The old man bent his head.

"When I became insanely in love with your savage life, ready to outride and outfight the bravest of your braves on the plain or the war-path, you kept me by your side, checked the mad fever in my veins, made me remember what was good in the people I had left, held me back from the perdition I was ready to plunge into. I say



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to you here, Washaning, what I have often wished that you might know—if I am anything to my country now, if I have ever had the serene happiness of a home, of love, of children, and of power among the people of my own race, it was your kindness, your wisdom, that gave them to me; for to all these things I went into the world again a changed and a better man for having known you."

Washaning wrung his hand slowly but firmly from the general's grasp.

"There was one thing more that I gave you," he said, in a voice so low and hoarse, that a man six feet away could not have heard him.

Noel lifted both hands deprecatingly.

"I know! I know!"

"I gave you my heart, my soul, the very blood in my veins."

"There is no need that you should say this; I feel it more keenly than you can."

"More keenly than I can?"

Washaning broke off here, and a faint bitter smile stole across his lips.

"No; I should not have said that; she was all the world to you—and to me. Oh, believe it, for all that time your daughter was dear to me as my own life. I loved her! I loved her! In all the madness of my fever, she was closer to my heart than any woman ever has been or ever can be. Had she lived, not even the woman who had seemed to fling away my love, and thus had driven me into the wilderness, could have separated us, for she was my wife, my own most beloved wife—the brightest and most enthralling creature that ever lured a man out of his misery.

Washaning's eyes filled with tears, those slow tears that never fall but touch the beholder with inexpressible mournfulness. He reached out his hand, grateful for the deep feeling with which Noel had regarded even the memory of his Indian wife.

"She was my only child, and she loved you."

"But in that I was blameless. You may have thought that I took advantage of your kindness to win her, but I had no such design at any time. Her love was given to me as rain falls upon the leaves of a parched tree. Under its influence, I felt the passions that another woman's seeming scorn had trampled down, starting into life again with the reaction of more intense vitality. I tell you, Washaning, that no man of your race, or mine, ever loved a woman better than I loved your daughter, when you gave her to me—not as other chiefs received their wives, but according to the laws of my own nation. You insisted upon that, but I would not have taken her in any other way."

"No; it could not have been otherwise with a child of mine. Some few things I had learned among your people. The laws of marriage, that sanctify the love of one man and one woman, were a part of them. In every sense of the word, my daughter was your wife. It could not have been otherwise."

"Nor did I ever wish it. When the wild desire for savage life lost its picturesqueness, and the force of old associations grew stronger and stronger upon me, this one love kept me among you; and it might have been so always, had I not heard that enemies I had left behind were blackening my fame, and even explaining my retreat from the world by assaults on the reputation of a lady, blameless in everything of which they accused her. I had formed no resolution to leave your people, least of all to abandon my wife. At times, I had indeed thought that she might be won, even with your consent, to come with me into my own world, where she would have found no unworthy position, and share with me such fortune as exertion might earn; and when I left the tribe and came eastward so suddenly, it was with the full intention of preparing a home for her among my own people. For this purpose I remained away longer than the time in which I had promised to return. By persistent energy I had reinstated myself, and silenced the slanderers of an innocent woman. In one week I should have been on my way across the Mississippi, when your letter reached me. One line in it was enough—my wife was dead."

As Noel said this, his arms fell upon the table, his head sank upon them, and, for a time, the papers littered there shook to the trembling of his frame, as if a sudden gust from the open window were stirring them. As this strange passion of grief swept over the man, Washaning sat regarding him with wistful interest; then there came into his eyes a look of compassion that softened the entire face, as he leaned gently forward and touched Noel on the head, as he might have reassured a son of his own.

Noel felt the touch, and lifted his face.

"Tell me about her—tell me everything; I had not the courage to ask before. Did she speak of me often?"

"At first, very often—how could she help it? Were you not the very breath of her life?"

"At first—only at first?"

"After she saw the letter that came to you, in which you were called upon to go back, in order that slanders regarding some lady you had loved might be refuted, and she knew that, in response to it, you *had* gone back, she never spoke of you."

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"She saw that letter?"

"You had left it carelessly in her lodge."

"Great heavens! and she believed it was only that which took me into the world again?"

"What else could she think?"

"But I wrote—I explained."

"She never got the letter. No word from you came back to the nation, until she had been taken from it. Day after day she watched and waited. If a traveler came to the tribe, she was restless and burning with fever till it was certain that he brought no tidings from you. Then she would sink into despondency till another came, all the while growing thinner and whiter, till she wandered about her lodge like some ghost, seeking the way to its far-off hunting-grounds. We strove to cheer her, to bring her back to life; we told her that in the spring-time you would be sure to come, and take her out among the prairies, where she could visit other tribes, and learn for herself how grand and large the world was; but it was like promising rain to the thirsty earth when no cloud is in the sky. She did not believe us, and, without faith, what is love but a pain?"

"Great heaven! and what is pain compared to this?" cried Noel, starting from his chair, seizing the linen on his bosom with a grip of agony, and pressing his hand hard against his chest. "That all this should be, and I not know it. Go on! go on! I can bear it now."

The excited man threw himself back in the chair he had left, and let his hands fall loose and powerless over the carved lions' heads that stood out, open-jawed, from the cushioned arms; drops of moisture stood on his upper lip and forehead. For once, all the strength of his manhood was gone. He could but listen, and gird himself to suffer and be still. Washaning did not speak; he saw the anguish his words had given, and would gladly have softened it; but worse was yet to come, and the old man hesitated.

"Well?" said Noel, weary with pain, "well?"

"In this way," said the old man, scarcely above his breath; "she faded out of life, sad, quiet, and never complaining, for she had all of her mother's sweet gentleness, until her child was born."

"Her child? Her child? Old man, what are you speaking of? How dare you attempt to put this new agony on me? Oh, it is worthy of a savage—of a savage that, in the secret of his intelligence, has learned more cruel torture for the soul than pine torches and tomahawks ever gave to the body. I will not submit to have my heart hacked to pieces in this way."

Again, Noel was on his feet, fierce with rage. He fully believed that the old chief found a barbarous pleasure in mocking him; but Washaning sat in his chair, more calm than he had been during the whole conversation. That which he would rather have died than say had been uttered; the secret that must separate himself from Washanee was in the keeping of another. He had nothing to guard now, and the last hope of his life had merged in that one sentence.

"It was this I came to say to you," he said, with gentle firmness. "Reflect a moment, and you will find that if there is torture for anyone, it is for me—who in saying this give up my only child to you and your people a second time and forever."

The old man's voice faltered with these last words. He seemed that moment to comprehend entirely the awful chasm they had cut through his life. His face grew more and more ashen. His eyes, usually so bright and piercing, were half closed; he leaned back in his chair, for the moment a poor, helpless old man, bereft of everything. Yet there was a gleam of pity in his face for that other man, who stood with one clenched hand pressed down upon the table like iron, asking questions with his eyes that his lips were powerless to utter. Slowly, Washaning could see that with him the truth was forcing itself into belief. A strange wild brightness came into those questioning eyes. The firmly-closed mouth parted a little; he stood up more firmly, and folded both arms over his bosom.

"If this is not savage cruelty, it is more than Christian kindness," he said. "Have pity on me, Washaning. My old friend, have pity on me. This child of mine—is she living?"

"She is living."

"And I have seen her?"

"Yes, you have seen her."

"That wild beautiful creature—unlike her mother, but with all the subtle influence of her beauty. That it was which touched me so. I remember when she came and seemed ready to kneel at my feet, I longed to take her in my arms and hold her there. Something in the voice, in the softer glance of her eyes—how can I tell in what the influence lay? Then, it seemed to shame the dignity of my age. Now, it only brings back the sweetest memories of my youth. Washaning, my old friend, I think you have made me, in one short hour, the happiest and most miserable man alive; but all this bewilders me—I cannot realize that this girl is mine—that she comes like some angel out of my youth to bless me. I did not think that anything could so lift me out of the common groove of life, and throw me back into the romance of those old days. But you do not speak. I forgot how much this reve-

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lation must have cost you; tell me that it is not so very hard as it seems; and remember she is yours, yet yours as well as mine. We will consult together, and try to make her happy between us. You have known her longest, and shall point out the way."

Washaning did not answer. The heart lay heavy as lead in his bosom. This man's newborn joy seemed a mockery of his own bereavement.

Still, General Noel walked up and down the room, uttering snatches of the thoughts that went swaying to and fro in his mind at random; for as yet there had been no time given him for reflection, and he was only possessed with a romantic idea of the truth. After awhile, the keen intellect of the man would suggest many doubts and obstacles that must be very difficult to reconcile with his way of life or the ambitious projects that grow and thrive in the paths of great leaders, to which the most sacred affections are sometimes made subservient. But the time for this had not yet arrived, and for awhile this proud and most aspiring man gave himself up to the happiness of a great surprise that had no calculation in it.

"Now," he said, seating himself again, and wondering a little at Washaning's continued depression, "I can bear to listen to all you can tell me of my wife. In dying, did she send me no message of love—nothing by which I may know that she was thinking of me kindly, at last?"

"Yes, she sent many a message of affection, and some wishes regarding her child; but seemingly with little hope that they would ever reach you."

"Tell me what she said of the child. The rest I cannot bear, just now, especially if it is sorrowful; you can give it to me by-and-by, when we are more calm. But the child—this strange, beautiful girl—tell me all that she said, all that you know about her. Were you carrying out her wishes in keeping me ignorant of her daughter's birth?"

"Yes; it was her wish that Washanee should remain with the Cherokees, and hold her place as the daughter of a chief among them. With her dying hands she laid the infant in my bosom, and gave her to me entirely. Still, because of the white blood in her veins, and the traditions brought by her mother from the east, the wish that her child should know something of civilized life was strong within her, and I promised that when Washanee should approach woman's estate, and might wish to know something of her grandmother's people, I would bring her here among them, and having educated her befittingly, allow her free choice of the race she might prefer to live with."

"This promise you have now performed, and the girl is in a position to make her own selection. That may bring some conflict of wishes between you and me. Of course, I shall wish my daughter to remain with me, while you, I fear, would prefer to have her a sort of wild princess of the prairies. I can hardly question that her choice will be in favor of the mother's race."

"It is already made," answered Washaning, in a low voice, so full of pain that it disturbed the man who listened to it; "but for that I should not have been here, and you might never have known of the daughter I have just given up. Had Washanee been true to our people, and content to accept the life followed by her grandmother, she would have held the place of a queen over all the Cherokee tribes, with an endowment of wealth that labor and thrift will yet win from our lands, and under the harvests that agriculture will give us when our people learn that labor can be made more honorable than fighting. I know that vast resources of wealth are lying, which even the wise men of your great nation are but just beginning to comprehend. When the power of science can be brought to bear upon the resources of the wilderness, a chief of the Cherokees will hold no despicable dominion."

"And all this my girl is willing to surrender that she may live here, with her father," said Noel, with so much exultation in his voice that the Indian shrunk from it as if the point of a knife had entered his bosom. It was hard to hear the young creature who had been a part of his own life thus claimed by another, almost while the breath of sacrifice was on his lips.

"As yet, Washanee does not know that she has a father living," he answered.

Noel's countenance fell.

"Then, under what influence has she made her choice? I cannot understand."

Washaning hesitated; a fine sense of honor, and that finer delicacy which hesitates to touch the secrets of a woman's heart, kept him silent regarding Huestice Young.

"Something there must be that could induce a girl to give up so much that she thinks herself born to, besides an intense love of society as she finds it here," continued Noel, rendered suspicious by the old man's hesitation.

"Washanee will be called upon to make no sacrifice, except that of her nationality—and—the old man who has loved her so."

It was difficult for the chief to maintain the

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stoicism of his race as he said this, and General Noel, having once given way to a burst of natural feeling, was quite unwilling to resume the excitement which had shaken him so completely out of his usual dignified poise.

"This wealth underneath your lands," he said, hurriedly: "I can imagine its nature; these mineral deposits are making some stir among our speculators. I fancy you are not the only man who holds the secret of their existence. Very likely this new treaty the Government is busy about has its foundation in something of the kind. Caleb Stewart was here this morning, anxious to get my influence. I begin to understand. But all this, if it can be saved from the harpies, will only affect my daughter's interest if she returns to the Cherokee nation and marries one of its chiefs."

There was a faint tone of displeasure in the question, that brought a flash either of resentment or scorn into the old man's glance.

"Washanee will not depend upon the property of her nation for a dower that should satisfy the greed or ambition even of a white man," he said. "The secrets which science can help us to discover have been revealed to me many years ago. All that time, I have known how to force gold and other precious things from the hiding-places of nature, and to secure them for her, in spite of the power of treaties or the rapacity of traders. This treasure was found in the great wilderness far westward of the Cherokee lands or any other reservation. It is mine, and Washanee is the only living creature that has my blood in her veins. She will not count among you white people as a beggar."

General Noel colored almost angrily. He knew that the selfishness of his thoughts had been read, and a vague feeling of antagonism began to throw a chill over the romantic excitement, that was already fast subsiding in this successful man of the world.

Washaning felt this, and rose to depart. The strain upon his nerves had been terrible, and, as he went downstairs, the potentate in the hall remarked to himself that the chief had seemed to get a stoop in his shoulders since he went up.

## CHAPTER XXV.

A PAGE, who had been loitering near the door of the Senate chamber, came up to Huestice Young's desk, and presented a card, on which was a lady's name, and two or three words, urging reasons for an interview. This was Young's first session, and he had not yet learned the polite way of being rude to any woman. So he took the card, and went out, rolling it carelessly between his thumb and fingers; for he obeyed the summons with great hesitation, and just a sort of grudge against the sender, because of the scorn she had once brought upon him from Constance Noel.

Mrs. Camp was waiting for him in the library. She had drawn a chair to one of the tables, and with a grandly illustrated book before her, was so occupied by one of the pictures, that Young supposed himself unnoticed, till he stood close beside her. Then she gave a little start, uttered an exclamation of tender delight, and reached forth her hand, with the timid grace of a child.

"You are so kind to have come; I hardly expected it, for you must have found me awfully troublesome of late; but really, things do happen so, that, now and then, one has need of all of one's friends."

Young made some suitable reply. Though he had no regard for this graceful little butterfly, it was difficult to repress her flatteries, or really dislike a creature who embodied intangible caresses in all her seemingly careless words.

"People are looking at us, and will think all sorts of things; besides, they have such artful ways of gliding up to listen. Suppose we take a little turn in the park. Greenaugh's Washington is always a good excuse—the white monster—though some people pretend to like him, now that he is out of doors."

As she spoke, Mrs. Camp took up her parasol, and, without seeking further approval of her plan, led the way out of the library, and across the rotunda into the park, then crowded with fine old forest trees, and carpeted with turf, green as emeralds, on which the statue of Washington sat enthroned like a colossal god.

A garden-seat was near the statue, in which Mrs. Camp placed herself, partially concealed from the Capitol by the branches of an elm tree, that swayed between her and the marble building, like floating banners. She understood the capabilities of the position well, having tested every place in the park, at one time or another, with great circumspection; for, butterfly as she was, Mrs. Camp had a sharp eye for business, and when there was no convenient shade, could manœuvre her parasol with such dexterity, that few people ever saw her face, unless such inspection was perfectly agreeable to her.

Just now she opened her pink parasol, and held it up, like a flower, in the cool shadow of the elm, advanced a dainty foot out upon the turf, and huddled the folds of her dress together, that the young man might find a place by her side.

"Isn't it delightfully pleasant?" she said, turn-

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ing the ivory handle of her parasol in her hand till pink shadows fluttered like rose-leaves all around her. "I hope you find it so; for I am awfully anxious that you should be good-natured, and do everything I want. Will you, now?"

"I am afraid that must depend on the merit of the thing you may happen to want," said Young, flattered, in spite of himself.

"Don't—don't—nobody says such things to me. So long as a dear friend asks for a thing—and the friend a lady—what is the use of talking about merit? That lies in doing just as she wishes, and you are going to do that—I know you are!"

Here Mrs. Camp laid her hand, cased in primrose gloves, caressingly on the young man's arm, who allowed it to rest there, much to the lady's disgust.

"You have not yet told me what you want," he said, smiling down upon her, a little loftily; for though he had no idea of permitting her infantine pretence to control his judgment, this sort of thing was rather agreeable to him than otherwise—a state of mind he excused to himself by a belief that he was studying character.

"Well, if I must tell you—dear me, how I hate it—nothing but a wish to help these poor savages would have induced me to ask favors of anyone—most of all, of you—"

"Why not of me, if I have the right to grant them?"

"Oh, I can't begin to tell—only it would be easier to speak to anyone else in the wide world, but I always have been, and always shall be, a martyr to friendships, and these Cherokee Indians really are in such need of help from the Government, their lands are so barren, you know, and game is getting awfully scarce. Their best friends cannot make out how they will live if this treaty does not go through."

"Ah! it is the Cherokee treaty you are anxious about. I had no idea that you could be interested in that," said Young, really surprised.

"Interested—oh, no! how could I be interested? It is only the poor Indians I am thinking of; there is so much civilization among them already—if they only had a large tract of land given them further west, and money down, with annuities and such things, it would be a good thing for the Government as well; for people could be found to buy the land they give up, and everybody would be satisfied."

"You seem to have given the subject a great deal of consideration."

"Oh, yes; when I set my heart on a thing, it makes me quite energetic, and I have just tormented it with these poor Cherokees. Indeed, if something is not done for them, I shall be tempted to go out as a missionary—"

"You—a missionary!" exclaimed Young, laughing.

"A missionary of education. I'm not good enough for anything more than that; but what little I can do is no more than my duty. That is my excuse for appealing to you."

"But the treaty is not yet before the Senate."

"No; but it will be—that is, if you are kind, and help it along, just the least bit in the world. The treaty is all arranged. I happen to know that; for there is a charming young Indian in the delegation, who tells me everything—so picturesque! They call him Gray Hawk—a sort of bronze Jupiter, and the second chief of the whole nation. He is ready to sign the treaty, and so are all the rest, except one old man, a chief above them all, who is obstinate as a mule, and threatens to thwart the whole thing. A spare old man, who stands upright as a dart, and has any amount of fire in his eyes. I saw you speaking to him at Mrs. Forbes' reception, and people say you visit his lodgings, and could influence him to anything. If you only would persuade him to sign the treaty, and then help get it through the Senate!"

Young arose from his seat, and stood looking down upon the pretty temptress, smiling, but inwardly offended. He knew that resentment would be quite thrown away on a creature like that, and only said:

"I understand what you wish sufficiently now."

She looked up, and her blue eyes were full of sharp questioning. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she said, slowly, and with downcast eyes:

"The lands will be taken up by a company, more than eager to help the Indians. The Government will lose nothing, and I am told there are choice bits, worthless for cultivation, and absolutely of no value to the poor savages, out of which those who help the thing forward can make fortunes."

"Ah!" said Young, "I understand."

"And you will help us?" questioned the lady, breathless with anxiety.

"I will not permit myself to answer you now. There is an important measure before the Senate. Pray excuse me."

The young statesman's voice trembled. He had not learned to receive such propositions as these from female lips without loathing; but neither could he force himself to rebuke the mercenary temptress as she deserved; so he went

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away, wondering if this creature could belong to the same sex as Constance Noel, and the noble-hearted young savage to whom he had that day engaged himself.

After he was gone, Mrs. Camp sat some time under the elm tree, anxiously doubtful of her success with the young Senator, but so self-sustained in her vanity, that, after a few minutes' reflection, she felt quite sure that her object had been attained.

"Of course, he had to look indignant, or intensely unconscious. They all do—but when I see him next, he will tell me that he has done my behest, all out of regard for me. If there is wrong in it, I must take the blame, being irresistible, even when his conscience is concerned. So I readily take the thing on my own shoulders—another sin more or less makes so little difference, I do not mind it."

As Mrs. Camp sat there under the pink and green shadows, a man came stealing around the statue of Washington, as if he had been some time behind the ponderous pedestal, and seated himself beside her.

"I thought that you would be somewhere about," she said, drawing the foot so long on exhibition under her skirts; for she was rather tired of the pose, and knew that it was too familiar for effect on the man who had placed himself beside her.

"Well," said Stewart, searching her face with his bold black eyes. "Well?"

"What do you think?" she answered, closing her parasol, and smoothing the silk with her gloved hand. "Do I look like a woman that could fail?"

"You look like an angel."

"There, there!"

"Well, like a charming woman—just what you are. So you have brought the young orator to terms? Tell me all about it."

"Not here," answered the lady, glancing toward the Capitol.

"Why not?" questioned Stewart, hurt in his vanity, though his preference for the woman had almost reached a stage of dislike. "Why not? You have been sitting with that Senator fellow half an hour, in full view of the Capitol, and all the swarms that hive in it."

"Not quite; the elm branches screen one a little; besides, that is different. To be seen chatting cosily with a leading Senator bespeaks intimacy, and a certain amount of influence; but you—well, never mind. Call on me an hour hence."

Here Mrs. Camp opened her parasol and sauntered away from her half-baffled coadjutor.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

There is nothing that can arouse the temper of a proud man more completely than the insult to his honor offered in a base proposal. When Young left Mrs. Camp, hot blood had mounted to his face, and he trod the earth as if he longed to stamp upon it.

"This to me—to me!" broke aloud from his lips. "But that she is a woman, and a weak one, I could have given back insult for insult. Thank Heaven that I had the grace to refrain; but if it had been a man—if it had only been a man!"

Even in his seat, the remembrance of this sweetly-worded proposal unfitted him for the business of the Senate, and he sat there preoccupied, with a flush of shame about the eyes, and his firm mouth set in growing anger, that anyone should have dared to so palter with his integrity.

When he reached home, after the session, this feeling was strong upon him. The week had been full of excitement for him. Doubt, self-condemnation, and a sense of honor struggling against the inner consciousness of a love that must be sacrificed, had sometimes almost shaken the strength of his manhood. With a firm will he had silenced this chaos of feeling, taken his resolution, and given himself up to the calm of a fixed destiny. But now this groveling insult, offered from the smiling lips of a woman, had thrown his whole nature into revolt, and when a knock came to the door of his room, he answered it impatiently, and looked toward the entrance as if he expected the intrusion of some new enemy.

But all this changed when he saw Washaning standing on the threshold, no longer erect, no longer keen-eyed, but with that dull, heavy look of sadness in his face and whole appearance, that seemed to have aged him greatly in a single day.

Young was touched by this change in the old man, and came forward to receive him with a look of cordial welcome.

"Come in," he said, "come in. You look tired; the stairs are hard to climb, and the day warm; but here is an easy-chair to rest in, and a breeze comes through the window, cool and fresh from the Potomac."

Young wheeled an easy-chair toward the window, as he spoke; but Washaning rejected it with a movement of the hand, while he took one of those commonplace cane-bottomed chairs, that only admit of one position, stiff and uncomfortable as themselves.

"I have come," he said, lifting one thin, bronzed hand to his forehead, as if his brain

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ached under its load of thought, "to answer your proposal for my granddaughter, and to tell you why it is impossible for me to act upon it as you wish."

Young turned suddenly. The heart in his bosom gave one quick leap; but he tried to compose himself, and succeeded somewhat.

"I did not expect this. When I spoke with you there seemed to be no real obstacle in the way," he said. "Has anything new arisen? Does the young lady herself object?"

"No, no! With her own lips, and of her own free will, Washanee has accepted you, and she is not one to hesitate and reconsider; but the girl is given up to circumstances of which she is herself ignorant. My authority over her ceased this morning."

"Your authority ceased?"

"Yes; for then I gave the child up to her father."

"Her father? I thought you were her only relative."

"I was—I was—but she is gone from me forever; from her father's own hands you must receive her, if at all."

"But who is her father?" faltered Young.

"The man known here as General Noel."

"General Noel — Washanee General Noel's daughter—impossible!"

Young had lost all self-possession now; surprise swept the color from his face and held him motionless.

"You seem to be in earnest. But how can I accept this?" he said, at last: "Great Heavens! the thing is impossible."

"Still, it is true."

"But Constance—Miss Noel is his daughter—his only daughter; he has told me so with his own lips more than once. She believes it—the world accepts her as such."

"He believed this—the young lady still believes it; but no less is Washanee, my granddaughter, his child."

"But how—but how?"

"Because he was married to my only daughter three years before the young lady known as Miss Noel was born."

"Married? Where and when?"

"Twenty-one years ago, in the lodge where her mother died."

Young drew a deep breath. Even yet he could not accept the truth. It seemed impossible.

"And General Noel admits this?" he said, at last.

"He does."

"But General Noel married a lady of his own State. It was an attachment formed in his youth; some romance gave it peculiar interest. I do not remember the particulars, but there was something out of the common way that people talked about. I cannot doubt what you tell me; but how is all this reconciled?"

"I have told you all that comes within my own knowledge; the rest he alone can explain."

Young took the chair Washaning had refused, and tried to collect his thoughts. The old man's story was so plain and truthful, that he could no longer doubt it; but he was greatly disturbed. New complications seemed to entangle him in a network of romance, perhaps of dishonor, which might touch alike the two women who had been so strangely enwoven into his destiny.

"Tell me," he said, turning to the old chief, "how long was General Noel with the Cherokees?"

"Less than a year. We made him a chief. I gave him my daughter, but in a few months he left us, and she died."

"Ah!"

"And he never came back."

"In all these years has abandoned his daughter to your care, keeping her very existence a secret!"

Young spoke with some bitterness of condemnation. To him this seemed like cowardice.

"He did not know of her existence," said Washaning. "Why should we tell him of his child, when the mother's heart was broken?"

Young regarded the old chief with deep commiseration; and when he saw the gloom that is more sorrowful than tears in the old man's eyes, turned away and looked out of the window, perhaps to hide the tears in his own.

When he turned again, Washaning had risen from his chair and was ready to depart. The young man held out his hand.

"This has been a painful crisis for you," he said. "I only wish there had been no need of it. Much rather would I have received my wife from your hands. Tell me, does she yet know that General Noel is her father?"

"She knows nothing—wrapped up in the intense happiness of a first, and with such as she, only love, my girl has no thought of the anguish it will cost—of the hopes it has killed—nor must she ever know how surely it will bring one life to the end. We Indians have learned from our fathers how to conceal and how to endure. This is what gives us courage to shout war-songs from the smoke of a death-fire. It will give me courage now; for I am going to tell her that she is henceforth to be parted from her old grandfather and his people forever."

"That will be a painful duty; be assured that I feel for you," said Young; "all the more because it will grieve her."



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"Yes; she will suffer. The arrow that cleaves my heart will wound hers."

The old man went out into the corridor that ran along that wing of the hotel; and Young stood at the door, watching his slow heavy progress, troubled by his evident suffering, and greatly excited by the news that might so nearly affect his own future. As he was about to close the door, a group of Indians came through a passage leading to the great staircase; and hurrying forward in considerable disorder, met Washaning half-way down the passage. There seemed to be some delay—a confused sound of entreaty or expostulation—in which Caleb Stewart joined in low-toned argument; then the whole body of delegates turned into a recess that led to the apartments of Commissioner Keen.

"The hounds! They have run the old man down, when he is least able to contend with them," Young exclaimed, in a burst of honest indignation; "but they must come before us. Then we will find some way of shaking up this miserable fox hole."

With these thoughts passing through his already agitated bosom, Young shut the door and locked himself in.

Caleb Stewart and his adroit confederate, seated so calmly in the great easy-chair in his own room, had indeed fallen upon the old chief in the moment of his deepest distress, when nothing seemed worth caring for but the girl he was about to resign forever.

As the delegates swarmed into his room—all ardent young men, full of fiery impulse, and incapable of cool deliberation—Keene wheeled his chair around, as if taken by surprise, and received them seated, while they all stood around him, with more than usual animation in their bronze faces. Washaning, however, stood apart; and with his arm resting against a corner of the mantel-piece, watched the proceedings.

Stewart leaned down, and whispered a few words to Keene.

"She has seen the young Senator you were afraid of, and the old fellow has been with him more than an hour. That will make things all right, and we can go ahead." Then, as if continuing a very different sentence, he added aloud: "All the points that our friends here contested have been considered, and most of them conceded. Nothing is wanted now but the signatures, and our friends are all here ready to sign."

Keene gave a quick glance around the circle of dusky faces; then stooping his head as if reading the document placed before him, murmured:

"Whiskey?"

He was answered in a voice quite as cautious.

"No, punch—mild as milk and strong as wild fire. They are beginning to fight shy of the other."

"Ah! hum. Yes, it makes all the points clear enough: just a word changed here and there, but only for the benefit of our friends, and I should consider the document particularly well drawn," concluded Keene, giving his observations louder and more distinctly as he went on reading the paper he had himself drawn up with especial care, and could certainly praise or blame better than any other man. "Now who will sign first?"

The young chiefs looked around at Washaning, who stood leaning against the mantel-piece, with strange light in his eyes, and his mouth firmly set, but did not move.

"Give me the pen. I will sign first," cried Gray Hawk, taking up a pen and dashing it down in high disdain. "Give me an eagle's quill. These things are only for Indians who make crosses. I can write. Give me an eagle's quill."

One of the middle-aged Indians, who had come in full savage costume, plucked the single eagle's plume from his hair and handed it to the haughty youth, who passed it to Keene, with the pride of an emperor.

"Sharpen it with your knife," he said. "Cherokee braves shoot arrows, but do not make them."

Keene dexterously cleft the quill, sharpened its point on his thumb nail, and handed it with a sycophantic smile to the young man, who dashed his name across the treaty, and flung down his pen, with a look of defiance at the old chief. Directly the others crowded one by one to the table, and in some rude fashion signed their name to a treaty that was intended to despoil them of half their possessions. Then all eyes were turned on Washaning, those of Keene and Stewart more anxiously than the rest.

"You also will sign? See, I have reserved a place for your name at the top, where, of course, it belongs," said Keene, deigning to rise from his chair, and offer the eagle's quill to the old man, who looked Keene steadily in the face, but said nothing.

Stewart watched the two anxiously, and his face lost a portion of its color.

"Surely, you will sign like the rest?" he said, with silky persuasion in both voice and manner.

"No, I will not," answered the chief; and turning from the mantel-piece, he walked slowly from the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# PIN-MONEY.

BY FLORENCE H. SEWARD.

"PIN-MONEY, indeed," cried Hermon Senterton. "My wife's too sensible to think of a separate purse."

"The time will come, my dear fellow," answered Warren Umbolt, "when even your wife will become like unto others of her sex. This having to ask, perhaps beg, for every cent a woman expends, is galling in the extreme."

Hermon Senterton smiled complacently, as he replied:

"I believe Mrs. Senterton has as yet had no reason to complain of penuriousness on my part."

"Very easy to believe," answered his friend, nothing daunted, "judging from her wardrobe, which is the admiration and envy of every woman in the city. Yet, notwithstanding all that, if ever your wife should ask you for pin-money, don't glare at her as if you thought her crazy, but do the handsome thing by her; 'tis her due. But I must really be going. Good-night." And Warren Umbolt sauntered down the steps; for this conversation had taken place at the front-door of his friend, after an evening spent at the Sentertons'.

Young Senterton laughed softly to himself. As if he did not know To be sure, he and Nellie had been married but a few months; but if a woman was disposed to be extravagant—pin-money meant extravagance, according to his idea of things—surely the cloven foot would have made itself manifest before this. No! Other men might talk as they pleased. They did not understand the management of such matters, that was all. He sighed pityingly for his misguided friend. "Poor fellow, I had no idea he was henpecked."

Meantime, there had been a listener to this colloquy. It was no other than Senterton's young and pretty wife, who, after parting with her husband's guest, had gone upstairs to her room, where, sitting by the open window, for the night was warm, she had been an unintentional auditor of her husband's remarks. A curious smile came over her face, and she nodded sagaciously to herself, saying: "Oh, very well," but that was all.

But the next morning, after breakfast, she said, as if casually:

"Hermon, can you let me have three cents, please?"

"Three cents?" he echoed, staring in amazement. Nellie was equipped for a shopping expedition, and he was expecting a request for as many tens of dollars, at the very least.

"Yes, dear," she answered, with a look of innocence. "I want to mail a letter. Oh, yes, and my car-fare. I had almost forgotten that. It will be ten cents more, and—I believe that is all." She said this slowly, as if trying desperately to recall something she had forgotten. "Well, perhaps you had better give me a quarter of a dollar. I can bring back the change to you, you know, when I return."

Hermon Senterton, like one in a sleep, mechanically counted out several pieces of money, large and small, and handed them to his wife, who, selecting the smallest, said demurely, as she tied it in the corner of her handkerchief, "I think there will be five or ten cents that I will not need; but I will be careful not to lose whatever it is."

He watched the pretty white fingers knotting the delicate lace about the diminutive coin, in stupefied amazement; but managed to articulate:

"Why, Nellie, where is your purse?"

"My purse, dear?" and the little head went back, with a gesture of insulted dignity. "I hope I am too sensible to think of such a thing as a separate purse."

She hurried from the room as she spoke, and in the hall crushed her handkerchief frantically into her mouth. Then, when out of doors and hearing, merry peals of laughter broke again and again from her lips.

That evening, after dinner, there was a charming "love, honor, and obey" look resting upon Nellie Senterton's face, as she placed a ten-cent piece and two coppers in her husband's hand.

He took the money without comment; for a ray of light had flashed on him during the day. "Little witch! Does she think I am to be outdone in that way?" he said to himself.

Nellie, charmingly frank and sweetly innocent, meantime, went on with her "experiment," as she called it to herself. She played her part so well, that her husband, although provoked at times almost beyond endurance, gave up his original suspicion that she might have overheard him. "No," he said, "she is as simple and frank as a child."



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Day after day, however, the play went on. At length, even her husband began to tire of it. One morning, Nellie was going out, and wanted a few cents. "Only a few cents, dear," she said. "I will be sure to hand you the change."

He looked at her in real pity. There was something so humiliating in her beseeching attitude and plaintive voice, that he sprang to his feet, exclaiming fiercely: "Mrs. Senterton—my dear Nellie, when is this going to end?"

Nellie had been preparing for something of the kind for nearly a week, and yet she was now so startled that the quiver upon her lips was not in the least affected.

"What thing, Hermon?" she asked, tremulously.

"This endless cry for money."

"Why, Hermon! Have I been so very, so very extravagant?"

Her husband was not in the habit of using expletives, but he broke out now, hotly:

"Deuce take it," he cried. "I really believe you have been to me at least a hundred times within the last ten days; and I do not think your entire expenditure during that time has exceeded fifty cents."

"But, Hermon, do you think any true wife will ever object to going to her husband for money, or giving him her reasons for wanting it?"

Her voice was sweetly deprecating, the eyes she raised to his very earnest, and Hermon Senterton, poor idiot, walked straight into the trap laid for him.

"This thing of having to ask me for five cents now, ten cents this afternoon, and fifteen cents to-morrow, is ridiculous, as I've said before. Can't I just as well give you fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred dollars, to spend as you see fit?"

He drew out his pocket-book, as he spoke. But she motioned it away with a gasp and gesture of well-affected horror. "My dear husband," she cried. "Pin-money, indeed. I—"

"Hang it all, is that what you ladies call pin-money?"

"Yes, Hermon, just exactly," answered Mrs. Nellie, coolly; "and I am too sensible a woman to think of a separate purse. I—"

"Nellie!" and he crushed a roll of bills down into the saucy mouth. "There—take it—and let's hear no more about it."

She caught his hand, and held it tight between her own.

"But, Hermon," she said, and her eyes were dancing now, "you did glare at me, as if you thought me crazy—"

"You witch! I ought to tie these bills into a rope, and hang you—"

"Do it, sir," she cried, laughing tauntingly, as he approached her, and then she was very quiet for a moment; for he was holding her tight, and stooping over her with his face very close to hers.

"Only, Hermon," she said, presently, very softly, drawing away from him that she might look up into his face with her laughing eyes.

"Well, little girl?" and he bent his head lower, to catch every word.

She was a woman, and to save her life could not have helped a last parting shot.

"Nothing, dear. But if I were you, I would never tell Warren Umbolt I gave my wife PIN-MONEY."

# ANY TWO.

BY PERCY LARKIN.

BECAUSE unto each other true,
They met as all the world may do.
He raised his hat, she bowed her head,
Without a word by either said.
A moment paused—then swept apart,
With placid face and bursting heart.

He heard her heavy shining dress
Rustle in lingering gracefulness.
It touched the outline of his feet,
As hands of cautious strangers meet.
It slipped away from sight and sound
As love, in early manhood found,

From heart and life, all shining, slips
A pallor crept about his lips;
A shadow swept adown his eyes,
Dim as the South of summer skies.
"All that in love's sweet prophecy
I once foretold for her should be—

"Of beauty, stateliness, and grace—
Has passed this day before my face;
Athwart the void in which I lie
Has flashed the spirit of her eye.
One look, alas! one look on me
Creates anew my misery."

Ah, me! ah, me! and what of this?
They are not few who, meeting, miss;
Or, sadder still, their life's great bliss
Sell, Judas-like, with parting kiss.
*N'importe! n'importe!* since fate decrees
Some lives be lost—ah! why not these?

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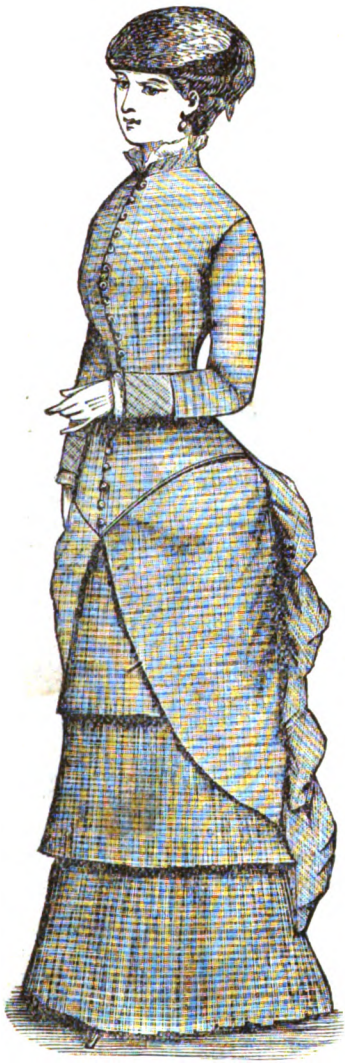
# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of checked woolen serge. The skirt consists of three kilted flounces, mounted on a foundation skirt of alpaca, in color corresponding with the check. This



No. 1.

No. 2.

foundation has a narrow facing on the outside of the check. The upper flounce ends where the point of the bodice begins. The tunic opens in front, and is simply hemmed on the edge. The back is arranged in large and irregular puffs, which are fastened permanently to the under-



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skirt. The upper flounce is discontinued at the sides. The bodice, which is a simple cuirass waist, is cut in a point in front, and two double box-plaits form the tail of the basque. Standing

No. 3.

collar, and tight coat-sleeves with cuff, cut on the bias, completes this stylish and useful costume. Small ball buttons are almost exclusively used upon walking and home dresses. Ten yards of double-fold goods will be required, if the goods measures forty-eight inches in width; narrower material of forty-two inches will require twelve yards. Two dozen buttons. Six yards of alpaca for the foundation skirt.

No. 2—Is a new model for a suit of fine French cashmere, in any solid dark color or black. This skirt is likewise mounted on a foundation lining of either crinoline or muslin, which is faced on the outside as deep as the first plaiting. To make the skirt, cut first the lower flounce five inches deep, allowing three times fullness; hem the edge, and kilt-plait four inches deep; then make five rows of gauging—this flounce goes around the entire skirt. The next two are of the same depth, and made in the same way; but are only placed across the front breadth, extending a trifle over the sides. The upper flounce has seven rows of gauging. Each flounce, as it is put on to the foundation, should be faced at its head with the cashmere, so that the next kilting may be over the facing, and not showing the muslin foundation. To make the whole front of cashmere adds so much to the weight of the skirt,

No. 4.

that most dressmakers arrange this kind of trimming as described. The drapery at the back consists of one width of the cashmere, cut straight and long enough to allow for draping

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gracefully. It is gathered at the bottom, and sewn on the under side, and then turned over and arranged in puffs, being fastened at intervals to the under foundation to keep them in place. The bodice is a long coat-basque, edged with a knife-plaited ruffle, corresponding to those upon the skirt. The shoulder cape is adjustable and worn at pleasure. It is likewise edged with a plaited ruffle. The same finishes the neck of the bodice. The cape is tied with a bow and ends of narrow satin or watered ribbon. Tight coat-sleeves with close cuffs, simply trimmed by buttons. Ten yards of cashmere, and two dozen ball buttons will be required. Very dark-garnet and invisible green will be fashionable colors for this season.

No. 3—Is only suitable for a young girl, and may be worn either for a house or walking-

No. 5.

toilette. The material is camel's-hair or light lady's-cloth. Our model is seal-brown cloth. The skirt is kilted the entire length, and mounted to a deep yoke, made to fit tight around the hips. The basque-bodice fits close and meets the top of the kilt. It is trimmed by folding the wide silk scarf in three deep plaits; the ends are knotted in front. Some girls prefer to have the scarf tied

No. 6.

at the back; that is a matter of taste entirely. In our model, the upper half of the sleeve is puffed just above the elbow. This is quite new, but only becoming to a very slight figure. We should advise the simple tight coat-sleeve. A smaller scarf of the same silk (which may be plain, plaided, or in stripes, of either plain or mixed colors) is knotted around the neck, and the ends tucked into the front of the bodice. For this suit six to seven yards of cloth will be required.

No. 4—Is a home-toilette, of soft surah silk or satin, or the plaitings of the skirt and the bodice may be of silk or satin, and the tablier and drapery of some soft clinging woolen material of the same color. Two knife-plaited ruffles trim the underskirt. The tablier is very much wrinkled across the front, while the drapery at the back is arranged in irregular puffs. The front of the bodice is pointed, and the back forms three long loops, which are lined with a contrasting color. The cuffs, edge of the bodice, and the collar, are lined to match. Ten yards of surah

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silk and four yards of double-width woolen material will be required for this costume. In light color and material this would be a very pretty model for an evening-dress.

No. 5—Is a paletot, for a little girl of six to eight years. It is made of a fine pin-checked cloth, double-breasted, and the back forms two hollow box-plaits. Under the rolling collar, the shoulder cape is buttoned, which is adjustable and worn at pleasure as the season advances.

No. 7.

All the edges of the garment are bound with a silk braid. Large bone buttons are used for the front, cuffs, pockets, and two are placed on the back plaits. This same model, for a child of four years, may be used, made of self-colored basket flannel, and the cape trimmed with Russian lace or English embroidery.

No. 6.—For a boy of three years, we give a blouse-frock, made of serge flannel or poplin. It is simply plaited in three large box-plaits back and front under a wide waistband, to which is attached a plaited skirt. Deep turn-over collar. Collar, cuffs, and waistband trimmed with English embroidery.

No. 7—Is a new model for a capote, of écru surah silk, for a young girl of ten to twelve years. Procure a little cap-frame, of the requisite shape, or as near this as can be had; cover the crown by plaiting the silk as seen in illustration, then line the face on the inside with the silk, put on slightly full at the edge; then cover the outside of the face with two fine knife-plaitings of the surah. A large bow, made of loops of satin ribbon, is placed upon the right side. Strings may be added if desired. These little poke capotes are very pretty and becoming to young faces. Made of white muslin, they are charming for summer wear.

### LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

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In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

## HANDKERCHIEF SHIELD, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a "Handkerchief Shield." These shields are embroidered, and carried out with net appliqué, Brussels net being the best for the purpose. The designs are worked with fine embroidery thread.

On the same page, we give a design for a cravat-end or necktie, in modern point lace. To those who understand how to work in point lace no description is required. To others, the description would take more room than, this month, we could give, as most of it would have to be elementary.

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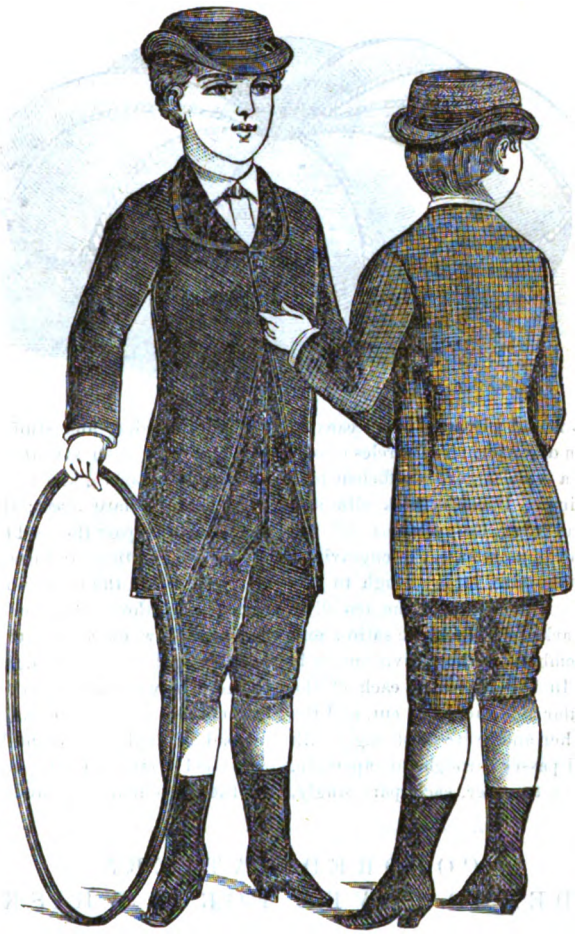
# BOY'S SUIT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, illustrations (back and front) of the latest style for a Boy's Suit. Folded in with the number is a Supplement, with full-size patterns by which to cut it out. The suit is for a boy from eight to twelve years, according to his size; and consists of the coat, waistcoat, and pants. The most stylish material would be a pin-checked cloth or cassimere; but any warm woolen material would do, according to the taste of the mother.

The Coat consists of four pieces, as will be seen by referring to the Supplement, viz:

I.—Half of Front of Coat.
II.—Half of Back of Coat.
V.—Half of Collar.
VI.—Half of Sleeve.

The Waistcoat consists of two pieces, (see also Supplement.)

III.—Half of Front of Vest.
IV.—Half of Back of Vest.

The Pants consist also of two pieces, (see again Supplement.)

VII.—Front Half of Leg.
VIII.—Back Half of Leg.

In addition there is (see Supplement) the waistbands for each of these, viz:

IX.—Waistbands.

The flap for the pocket of the coat is marked and put in the proper place. The edges of the coat, the waistcoat, the collar, the pockets, etc., are all trimmed with fine worsted or silk braid.



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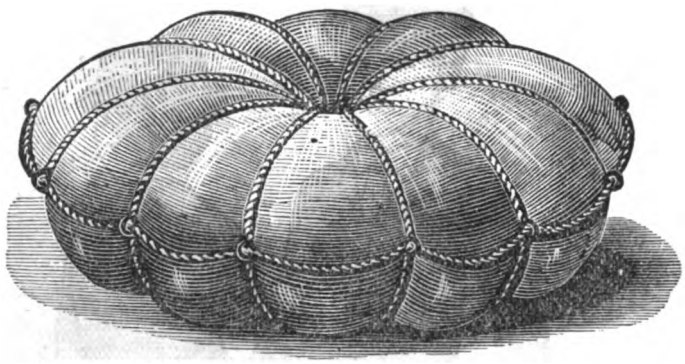
# A FOOT OTTOMAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Two round pieces of stout canvas, each half-a-yard in diameter. Two circles of old-gold-colored satin a trifle larger. Sufficient hair or wool for stuffing. Enough thick silk and wool cord to wind over the sections of the cushion and around it, as seen in the engraving; ten brass rings of one size, large enough to slip the cord through. The places of the ten divisions should be marked off upon the satin; and if it is desired to embroider these divisions, it is now to be done. In the centre of each of the four pieces, a circular hole should be cut, and the pieces joined together and overcast strongly with thread, as the cord passes through this aperture. Then sew the pieces together, each part singly, around the edge, and stuff this so sewed very hard indeed; then sew another space together, and stuff as before, and so on until the whole is stuffed into a hard mass; then sew the remaining part; then pass the cord through and through the centre aperture, and draw it tightly into the shape shown in the engraving. After the cord is fastened in the centre, and also sewed around the edge, sew on a ring to each division, pass another cord loosely through each ring, and let the cord be well fastened, the two ends together, but not on to the ottoman. This cord serves instead of aught else to pull the ottoman about. Any stool or ottoman can have a cord so arranged for the convenience of handling.

# COLORED PATTERN: EMBROIDERED COVER FOR A WHISK BROOM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

One-quarter of a yard of crash, one skein of yellow-colored filoselle, one skein of green crewel, one skein of light-brown, and one yard of yellow satin ribbon No. 7.

Cut the one-quarter of a yard of crash in half, and after having transferred the pattern begin the work by doing the stems and leaves first in Kensington-stitch. In our model, we give only one shade of green for the leaves and stems, but two are more effective. Then for the oranges, which are purely conventional: Begin in the centre with three strands of the filoselle, (that is, divide it three times,) and work in the same stitch, making the stitches lie as closely together as possible. Be careful to keep the shape perfect as you work round and round. After the embroidery is completed, press it with a hot iron over a damp towel, then out of paper cut the shape of the whisk you have to cover, and cut the embroidered half and the under side after this pattern. Stitch them together and bind the lower edge. Now slip it over the handle, and tie the ribbon in a pretty bow on the outside, as seen. Great care must be taken to make the work neat and shapely, also in fitting the cover to the broom, as everything in this kind of work depends entirely upon the manner in which it is done.

We give the pattern in full size for the work and for the whisk.



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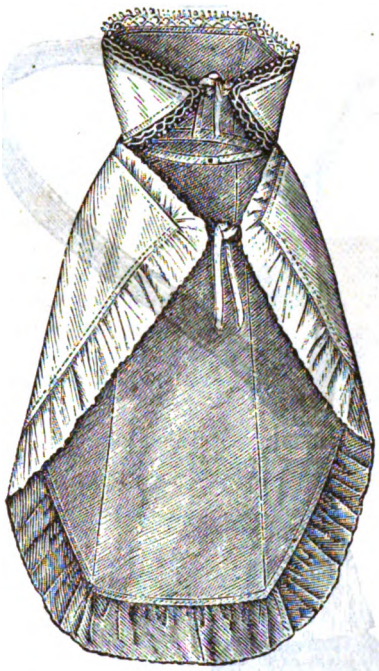
# THE PSYCHE APRON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The Psyche apron is made of any plain washing material, and trimmed with a hemmed ruffle of fine white nainsook. The front breadth is gored a little at the top and also the sides. The bib is double and edged with a stout crocheted edging. A most useful apron for sewing or light housework.

# CLASSICAL DESIGNS FOR OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, by request, as an extra pattern, printed in color, two designs of classical figures, to be worked in outline embroidery on tapestry canvas. In a former number we gave two similar figures. *Tapestry painting* in its combination with the now so popular outline embroidery is of easy execution, of excellent effect, and can be applied to many purposes of decorative needlework. Classical designs look especially well. The materials required are tapestry canvas and a few liquid colors specially prepared for tapestry painting, and suitable brushes to lay on the chosen color of the ground. Black or colored silks, threaded in a strong well-tempered needle, are used for the outline work.

First the outlines of the figure or figures are traced on the tapestry canvas with pencil, and then the colored ground painted in. Great care must be taken not to over-paint the outlines. After allowing the color to dry thoroughly, the subject is finished in silk outline work, which we need not describe, and suitable border stitched around the oval or whatever the shape may be. Of course the color of the ground is optional, and ought to be in keeping with the surroundings on which the finished work is placed.



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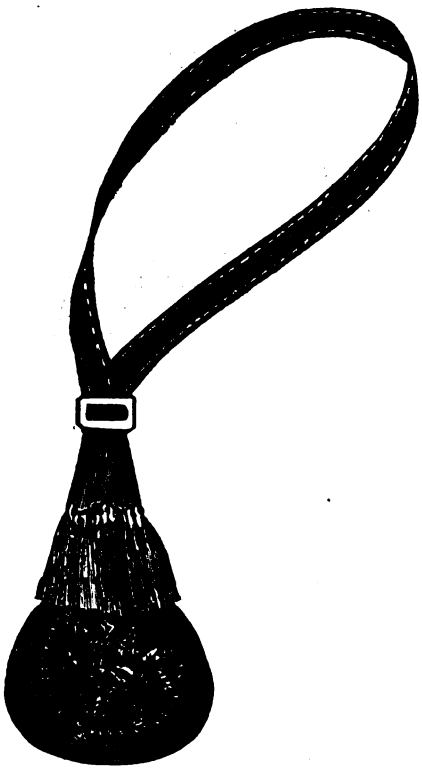
# CHATELAINE BAG AND BELT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Skirts are still worn close-fitting in front and at the sides, notwithstanding the introduction of tournures at the back. Pockets in skirts are still impossible; for if they contain anything beyond the finest cambric handkerchief, they bulge out, and make themselves ungracefully apparent. The result is, that chatelaine bags are adopted by those who require to carry card-case and purse, besides the necessary handkerchief. Our design is made of black satin. It closes at the top by means of an elastic, which closes unaided. The bag is neatly lined with cream satin or surah silk, and is embroidered with silks in graceful floral design. The bag is suspended from the back of the steel buckle that fastens the fringed satin girdle. It is a useful as well as tasteful accessory to any costume.

# SMALL TABLE-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a small table-cloth, to be done in cross-stitch. The ground may be Java canvas or crash; and the pattern is carried out in cross-stitch with crewels. The edge is raveled out and a fringe formed. On the same page, we give two very pretty designs for names for marking: MARIA and MARGUERITE. From the latter, Margaret, if preferred, can easily be done: it is only necessary to substitute the letters ARET for UERITE.



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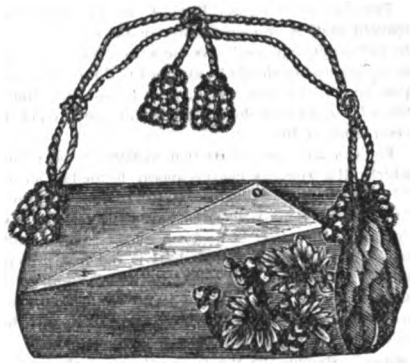
## EMBROIDERED SATIN WORK-BAG.

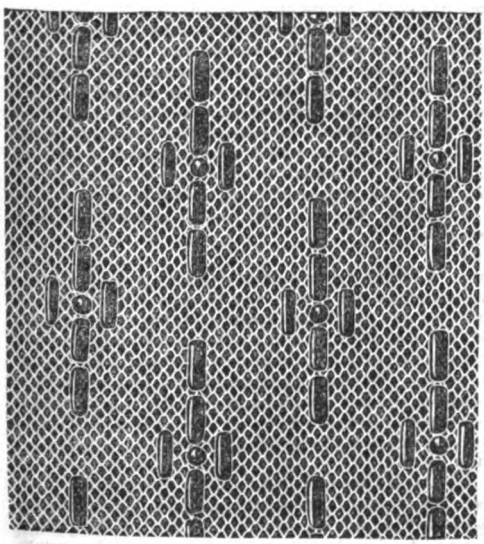
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

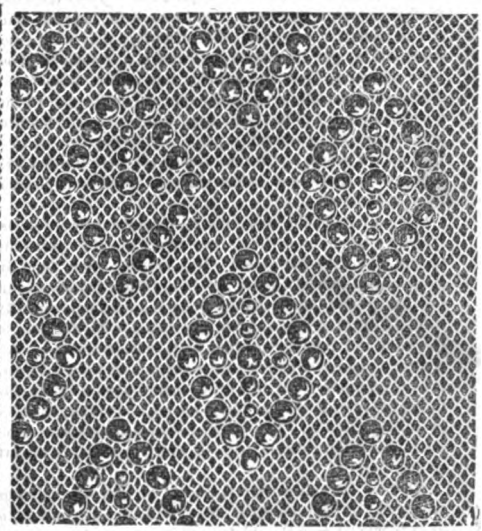
This handy case, which is easily made, is of gray satin, lined with red surah or satin. The small spray of leaves and berries at one corner is worked with red silk, the color of the lining. A stiffening of buckram is introduced between the outside and the lining, when it is put together after the embroidery is done, and a full piece of the lining satin is put into each end. The edges are finished with a silk cord to cover the stitches. Cord and tassels finish the bag, and form the handle. The turn-over piece on the outside is separate, and tacked on with a button. This is optional; the bag is quite as pretty without this simulated pocket on the outside.



## DESIGNS FOR BEADED EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Black Brussels net is the best for this purpose. Jet or iridescent beads are most used. Purse silk is best for sewing on the beads. The beads are secured to the foundation with a back-stitch. The designs are first traced on stiff paper, over which the net is tacked.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE ART OF PLEASING, ETC.—A recent writer has remarked that "A woman's power in the world is measured by her power to please." As the writer is a woman herself, more importance should be attached to this opinion, we suppose, than if she were a man. She fortifies her statement, too, with numerous details, the result, she says, of a long observation of life.

For example, she asserts that modesty is the ground on which all a woman's charms appear to the best advantage. "In manners, dress, conversation, remember," she says, "that modesty must never be forgotten." In other words, no girl of the "fast" school can ever be permanently admired, much less loved. Modesty is the first principle in the art of pleasing, and therefore "fast" manners, which are not modest, are a mistake, to say the least. The same writer thinks that a woman should always dress up to her age or a little beyond it; that, to use her own phrase, "your person" should "be the youngest thing about you, not the oldest." Certainly the attempt to appear youthful when youth has passed, defeats its own purpose; for it appeals to the ludicrous, and attracts attention to the very age that is sought to be concealed.

That men seldom admire in women what women admire in themselves, is a fact to which our author calls particular attention. "Women's beauties," she says, "are rarely men's beauties." She thinks a good deal of misconception has arisen from the great number of novels written by females, in which the heroines are made after a woman's type, and are imitated by young girls, who thus, instead of pleasing men, "bore" them, to use her own words. She adds a good many maxims to her general advice. "A woman," she says, "should always speak low." Her experience is, that gayety, tempered by seriousness, is the happiest manner in society. Men do not like austerity; they want grace and sparkle; yet they wish to believe a woman is good, even religious. Our author holds that a plain woman can never make herself pretty, and ought not to attempt it; but should rather try to be fascinating, which even the plainest woman can be, if she takes pains. A golden rule we give in her own words: "Let a woman ask herself what will please a man of sense, before she asks what will please a man of fashion."

Our author dwells especially on the advantages of dress. "Every year a woman lives," she says, "the more pains she should take with her dress." Men are not often "up" in the details of woman's dress. They only know the effect. But this has greater influence over them than women generally think. Faultless dressing impresses men with the idea of elegance and refinement; they will, *without knowing why*, admire a plain but well-dressed woman more than a dowdy, even if a beauty. But the dress should always be suitable to the occasion, to the age of the wearer, and to the generally prevailing fashion. For oddity in dress always causes remark, and often ridicule, both of which are fatal to the art of pleasing.

Whether the fair writer is correct or not, her opinions are worthy of consideration. Now, will some one enlighten us as to what a man should do to please women?

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"A WOODLAND BATH" is after a picture by an eminent German artist, of the famous Dusseldorf school. How cool and virginal it is!

THE DECORATING OF FANS is an art very little understood. Among the many choice fans, at the recent great sale in London, to which we recently alluded, very few were decorated rightly: for they were generally painted with a picture that filled the whole ground: and the result was, that, after a little use, the paint cracked off in the folds. This was as true of the new fans as of the old. Now the main lines of a fan, radiating from a single point, and increasing gently in width to the top, would seem particularly suitable to exercise the skill of a competent decorator. A French fan, at the London sale, was painted with little panels representing the seasons, the artist seeming to have grasped the situation, so to speak. At the same sale there was a fan, painted by Angelica Kauffman, in which the ornaments were so arranged as to suit the folds, with the exception of a small miniature in the centre, representing a "Poet receiving the Commendations of Beauty." The rest of the designs consisted of imitations of Wedgewood gems, and had a very pleasing effect. Why do not some of our amateur lady-artists, who spend so much time decorating plates, turn their attention to the decoration of fans? A fan properly decorated could be used without fear of injury, and would be seen and admired by ten people, where a plate is seen by one.

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NOT A MILLINER'S ADVERTISING BOOK.—Our fair correspondent, "Bella," is quite correct in saying that "Peterson" is "the only lady's book published that is not a mere advertising adjunct to some dressmaker, milliner, or dry-goods store." Nearly every fashion magazine, now, that is issued, is issued merely to sell the goods of its publisher. But "Peterson" is, first of all, a literary magazine, depending for success on the excellence of its stories. After this it is a magazine of art, seeking to give the best steel-engravings of first-class pictures. After this it is a fashion-book. But it is a fashion-book of an exceptional kind. It has no goods of its own to sell, and therefore it is not interested in recommending anything, except what is *really* the fashion. Its patterns are all carefully selected, from the very latest Paris ones, and may be depended on, therefore. "Peterson" is not interested in puffing any particular style, or engaged in any attempt to work off second-rate stuff. *There is no other fashion magazine that can say the same.*

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A PRETTY MANTEL LAMBREQUIN, for a room in which the prevailing tone is gray, may be made of blue velveteen. This may be brightened with pink flowers, put on with silk embroidery, or with a delicate scroll worked in yellow silk, or in the favorite chenille embroidery, which is very showy. Velveteen of good quality does not cost as much as plush or velvet, and for a use like this is perfectly satisfactory. Cardinal velveteen is also handsome, and in good taste in a room like the one mentioned.

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ALL THE STORIES in this magazine, remember, are written expressly for it, and not "pirated" from third-rate English periodicals, as is the case with other lady's books. "Peterson" has introduced to the public more American writers, that have since become famous; than any other magazine of its kind. Our tales and novelets are continually being "pirated" in English monthlies, reversing, in this respect, the usual order of affairs.



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Our Great Premium For 1883.—By a fortunate circumstance we are enabled to offer, for 1883, as a premium for getting up clubs, the most valuable engraving ever issued, either by us or by anybody else. This is a line and stipple print, (27 inches by 20,) after Muncaksy's great painting, "Christ Before Pilate." *It is, perhaps, the most wonderful picture of the century.* It is one, also, to appeal to every heart. It is so real that the spectator seems to be actually present. The prominent object is the patient, forgiving, divine face of Christ. Then there is Pilate, with his puzzled, hesitating air; the angry hate, the scowling brows of the High Priests and Scribes; the wild, almost insane rage in some of the crowd, especially in that of the man crying "Crucify him, crucify him;" and more than all, the unspeakable pathos in the countenance of the pitying young mother, who, with her babe in her arms, stands looking on in one corner. Never before was that ever memorable scene so vividly conceived, much less so successfully and powerfully depicted. The picture, on its exhibition in Paris, was purchased at once by the French Government, for the enormous price of one hundred thousand francs. *No family in the land should be without the print.* Never before was such an opportunity offered to get a first-class engraving, both in subject and execution, at a price that is really only nominal.

Skirts Are Now Worn short enough in front to show the embroidered stockings as well as the shoes. Boots are seldom worn in the evening, and satin is the favorite material for shoes, many of which have painted designs on the front, and occasionally along the sides as well. A pretty foot looks better with a flat decoration of this kind than with rosettes or any other trimming that interrupts the delicate outline. Embroidery or painting does not interfere with the due exhibition of the pretty curves of the instep, above and below. The flat-footed, on the contrary, may well do all they can in the shape of bows of ribbons, groups of flowers, and elaborate raised monograms, to divert the attention of gazers from the hopeless dead level of the lines of their feet.

A Test Of Refinement.—A lady writes: "Whenever I see your magazine in a house, I know it at once to be a family of refinement; and I notice that just as people get more and more cultivated, they subscribe for 'Peterson': they begin with the flashy catch-penny affairs, that promise everything and perform nothing, and wind up with yours, which is always the best in everything."

Bodices, At Present, are usually of a thicker material than the skirts; the latter being made of tulle, nun's-veiling, or lace, while the former are composed of velvet, brocade, broché, or surah. Silver, gold, or jeweled belts are worn. If the belt is of ribbon, the clasp is frequently jeweled.

The War In Egypt lends additional interest to the original sketch, with its illustrations, in this number, on "Cairo and the Khedive's Harem." The article is written with great spirit, and gives a vivid picture of Oriental life, especially of that of the women.

Our Novelets for next year will be exceptionally fine. One of them will be called "The Professional Beauty," and is from the pen of Frank Lee Benedict, who, in this graphic and life-like picture of fashionable society, has surpassed even himself.

Trashy Magazines, made up of poor stories stolen from third-rate English periodicals, are started every year; live a few months, and then die, cheating subscribers. Beware of them.

The Most Popular.—The Boston (Mass.) *Globe* says: "Peterson's Magazine is undoubtedly the most popular lady's magazine in this country. Fashions, fancy work, and short stories are its specialties; and they are always the best in their field."

Every-Day Experience is more and more in favor of a magazine like "Peterson," that combines all that a lady can desire in the way of literature, art, and fashion.

The Steel Colored Fashion-Plates, in this magazine, are the only ones now published by any magazine. All others have abandoned them as too expensive.

We Give An Extra Colored Pattern, as will be seen, this month. No other magazine, remember, gives these colored patterns at all.

Be Early In The Field in canvassing for clubs for 1883. If you delay, somebody else may get ahead of you.

It Is Always in time to subscribe for "Peterson." Back numbers to January or July can always be supplied.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Desmond Hundred. A Novel.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.*—This is one of the "Round Robin Series," all of which are published anonymously. Nevertheless, we think we detect in it the fine handling of one of our most popular contributors, who is as much at home at sea or in the tropics as in her own New England. Whether we are correct or not, the author of "The Desmond Hundred" is one of the few cotemporary American writers who understand that a novel should not be an essay, but a story; that it should be full of incident, and that these incidents should evolve themselves naturally. In these respects, this fiction is an example that other novelists might follow with advantage. It is even better than "A Nameless Nobleman," by the same author, which appeared earlier in the series, and which was quite remarkable in its way.

*A Reverend Idol.* 1*vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.*—There is considerable literary merit in this novel. The description of the wreck is graphic and powerful, and the chief incident on which the plot turns is quite original. But the principal character is so like a celebrated divine, in person and in other respects also, that readers who do not know him might fancy he was like the hero in everything. Now no author has a right to violate in this way the sanctities of private life, and to incur the risk of misrepresentation, if not of caricature.

*Bright Days In The Old Plantation Life. By Mary Ross Banks.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—These sketches, the author says, were originally written for the amusement of her grandchildren. She does not err, we think, in believing that they will interest a larger circle; for they are very graphic, full of local color, and sparkle everywhere with fun.

*The Annals Of A Baby. By Sarah Bridges Stebbins.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This charming little story appeared anonymously, some four years ago; but has had so great a popularity that it is now republished, in a second and improved edition, under the author's name.

*At The Eleventh Hour. By Annie Edwards.* 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.*—By the author of that racy novel, "Ought We To Visit Her," but not near so good; in fact, only second-rate. The character of the selfish, match-making mother, however, is rather well done.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A New Volume Began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish back numbers. *We still continue to offer a choice of three costly premiums for getting up clubs*, of which the principal is the beautiful steel-engraving entitled "Hush! Don't Wake Them," size 20 inches by 16.

*Or, in place of it*, we will give, for a premium, either a Photograph Album, or our Quarto Illustrated Album, which was so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, an *extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great.

*It is not too late* to get up clubs for 1882. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive, when desired. *Be particular, when remitting, to say whether you wish to begin with the January number, or that for July.*

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate as a Brain Food.—Dr. S. F. Newcomer, M.D., Greenfield, O., says: "In cases of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field, and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. X.—Golden Seal—Hydrastis Canadensis.

(Called also Yellow-Root, Puccoon-Root, Turmeric-Root.)

A ranunculaceous plant; corolla, none; sepals, three, colored, petal-like, caducous; pistils, numerous, in a dense roundish head; carpels, one or two-seeded, becoming succulent and red (somewhat resembling a raspberry), forming a kind of compound berry. Stem, six to twelve inches high, simple, usually two-leaved, one radical, one at summit; the former on a long foot-stalk, the latter sessile. These leaves are cordate-orbicular, three to five-lobed, (palmate,) and doubly serrate. Flower, solitary, terminal, white or reddish-white. Root, thick, fleshy, yellow, with many long fibres. It can be found in rich woodlands, though not very common in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Once seen it will never be forgotten, as it is a very unique plant. I have described it carefully, so that mothers in the country can readily recognize it and use it, for it will be found to be a very useful plant.

It is one of our most valuable indigenous medicinal herbaceous plants, notwithstanding the old-school or allopathic physicians seldom or never use it.

The new-school practitioners, or "eclectics," esteem it highly as a tonic possessing alterative or constitutional powers, and give it in most forms of dyspepsia or indigestion, pain after eating, jaundice, and other functional derangements of the liver; in aphthous sores of the mouth and throat, and all diseases of the mucous membrane, both internally and locally as a wash. For the latter purpose, a teaspoonful of the fine powdered root, diffused through half a pint of cold water, will suffice.

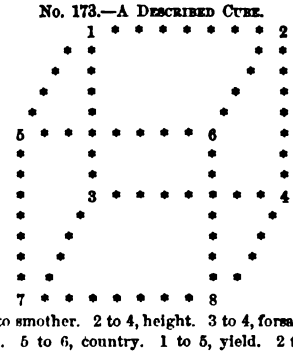
It improves appetite, facilitates digestion—and further, it relieves gastro-intestinal irritation. As a stomachic and tonic, it is the writer's favorite; and the powdered root gives as good results as the more costly preparations of the chemist. It is one of the chief ingredients in "Comfort's Spiced Bitters," one of those good old Thompsonian preparations, like its congener "Composition," that will perhaps never be wholly displaced in domestic practice or the family household. Mothers would be wise in keeping a package of each in their cupboards, the latter to use in cases of sudden colds from dampness or exposure (where whiskey punch, hot toddy, or "buttered rum" is wont to be given), and the former in debility of system, conditions above mentioned, and in convalescence from sickness, and particularly in recovering from malaria, and to prevent a return by giving strength and vigor to the stomach, to digestion, and to the system generally.

Homœopaths regard the hydrastis with great favor, Hughes declaring it has "won its spurs" in constipation, ulcers, and cancers. According to Doctor Hale, too, it is a wonderful medicine—almost a panacea. A very weak wash, as a dressing, cures irritable, weak, and indolent ulcers alike; efflorescences of the skin, cracked, with serum oozing therefrom; inflamed eyes, thick mucous discharges from the ear, sore throat, with ulcerations and diphtheria, as a gargle; chafing of infants, excoriations of the neck, groins; inflamed shins, piles, ozæna, nasal catarrh, flatulent colic with rumbling; and as an uterine tonic, or general female medicine for weakness, etc., it has no superior. Surely it would be wise to have such a wonderful medicine in the household. Doctor Dudd, V. S., late of Boston, says it is a most admirable medicine to build up horses that have been broken down, constitutionally, by the lancet, salts, antimony, etc. The same holds good with sick people who have been unnecessarily reduced by too active medical treatment.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, Marblehead, Mass. All communications are to be headed: "For Peterson's." All are invited to send answers, also to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.

### No. 173.—A Described Cure.




1 to 2, to smother. 2 to 4, height. 3 to 4, forsaking. 1 to 3, upheld. 5 to 6, country. 1 to 5, yield. 2 to 6, power. 5 to 7, fleeting. 6 to 8, the day past. 7 to 8, perfidy. 4 to 8, closely. 3 to 7, to leave.

*Worcester, Mass.* Alice Grey.

### No. 174.—Decapitations.

1. Behead keen, and leave a musical instrument.
2. Behead a fish, and leave to listen.
3. Behead a pleasure-ground, and leave a large boat.
4. Behead a feeding-trough, and leave wrath.

*Danville, Ill.* Chas. E. Olmstead.

*Answers Next Month.*

### Answers to Puzzles in the September Number.

No. 170.

L W
I S S U E
N B
C L A S S
O T
L E A V E
N R

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No. 171.

B A R E
A W A Y
R A C E
E Y E S

No. 172.

Banana.

## GARDENING.

HYACINTHS, for growing in pots or glasses, should be planted in October; for beds, in November.

*Culture in Glasses.*—As all roots shun the light with as much instinctive care as stems and leaves court it, the sort of glasses best suited for growing hyacinths in water are those of the darkest colors, such as blue and green. It matters little whether rain, river, or spring water be employed, provided that it be clean, and the softer the better. Fill the glasses sufficiently full for the bulbs nearly, but not quite, to touch the water, and put them at once in a dark cool place. As soon as the roots are seen to be growing down freely, place the glasses in a well-lighted and warm situation, such as the window of a sitting-room having a southern aspect; for without sunlight the flowers will not bloom well. Let them be kept in as equable a temperature as possible, as rapid and extreme alterations will inevitably injure them. Provide supports in good time, and if the leaves become dusty, clean them with a sponge dipped in water, but do this very carefully, so as not to injure them. The glasses should be examined every ten days, and fresh water, off which the chill has been taken, be added. A lump of charcoal in each glass will generally prevent the water from becoming fetid.

*Culture in Pots.*—For growing hyacinths in pots, the soil should be rich and light, and in moderately moist condition. The best plan is to grow each root in a pot by itself, in pots five or six inches in diameter, and let them be well drained. Fill the pot quite full of soil, and then press the bulb down into it, neither too loosely nor too firmly, nearly covering it with the soil. When the potting is complete, the pots must be placed in a dry, cool situation, and the tops covered with some light material, as equal proportions of sawdust and ashes, to the depth of four or five inches. They should remain in this state until fairly started, when they must be placed in subdued daylight, that a healthy green hue may be slowly acquired. The floor of a cool greenhouse, if such a thing is procurable, is a very good place for them at first. As soon as the green color is decidedly established, place the pots as near the window as possible, and supply them with water, taking great care to protect them from frost. Pure soft water is better for hyacinths than any liquid manure. If you want the bulbs to bloom at Christmas, you must pot them in September. When the flowering is over, cut off the flower stems, and keep the plants in a frame, regularly supplying them with water until the leaves die down; then lay them on their sides in a dry, sunny place, with their heads to the north, for about ten days, after which time they may be shaken out, cleaned up, and stored away. It is not a bad plan to plant the hyacinth bulbs, when they have finished flowering, out in the open border, when they will come up next spring and do well.

Tulips stand unsurpassed as spring flowers, and no garden should be without them.

With regard to their cultivation, the directions already given for hyacinths will answer every purpose for insuring success with these equally beautiful plants. When grown in pots, plant three in a five or six-inch pot. When grown out of doors, plant the bulbs six inches apart and three inches deep.



# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### FISH.

*Fish and Potato Pie.*—Use any cheap fish, such as cod or haddock. Cut two pounds of fish in pieces about an inch thick and two inches long; lay them in a deep dish, with a pint of cold gravy of any kind, or cold water; season with a tablespoonful each of chopped parsley and onion, and a teaspoonful of salt, pepper, and thyme, mixed together in equal quantities, and sprinkled among the fish; put it into the oven for fifteen or twenty minutes to partly cook. Put one quart of potatoes into boiling water and boil until soft enough to mash; mash them, season them with salt and pepper, and put them over the fish as a crust; return the pie again to the oven to brown the crust, and then serve with bread and butter.

*Baked Halibut.*—Take a piece of halibut weighing five or six pounds, or less, and soak in salt and water for two hours; wipe dry and score the outer skin; set in the baking-pan in a tolerably hot oven and bake for an hour, basting often with butter and water heated together. When a fork will penetrate it easily, it is done. It should be of a fine brown color. Take the gravy in the dripping-pan, add a little boiling water, stir in a teaspoonful of walnut ketchup, the juice of a lemon, and thicken with brown flour; boil up once and put into a sauce-boat.

*Two Recipes for Stewed Oysters.*—1. Strain the oysters through a colander; put the liquor in a saucepan, let it come to a boil, and skim; put in the oysters, a large piece of butter, pepper and salt; when boiled up, add to two quarts of oysters one cupful of milk; serve immediately. 2. Wash the oysters in a colander; put in a saucepan half a cupful of boiling water, one large tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt; when boiled, add the oysters; let them boil; add milk or not, according to taste.

### DESSERTS.

*Pumpkin Pie.*—Take half a pumpkin, boil it till tender, drain and pass it through a sieve; take one and a half pints of this pulp, add to it a tablespoonful of flour, one quart of milk, half a pound of powdered sugar, the grated peel of a small lemon, and a pinch of salt; lastly, add two eggs, well beaten up. Beat the mixture well up, put it into a pie-dish lined with puff paste, and bake in the oven. Or, pare and remove the seeds, stew until tender, and pass through a sieve. To a quart of milk and five eggs, and having beaten these to an amalgam, stir in the stewed pumpkin till the mixture assumes the consistency of a moderately stiff custard; sweeten with sugar, add a little salt and a dash of sifted cinnamon, a *soupçon* of powdered ginger, and a little grated lemon-peel. Then bake for about an hour in shallow dishes or soup-plates, which should be lined with a good crust. There is no upper crust to these pies, but in its stead a dust of powdered nutmeg should be added. Or, peel a pumpkin, remove the seed, and cut it into small pieces in a pie-dish; add two tablespoonfuls of currants, a little grated nutmeg, moist sugar to taste; cover with a paste, bake in a quick oven over half an hour; serve when cold.

*Amber Pudding.*—Peel and cut up about eight apples, and stir them over the fire with four ounces of moist sugar, two ounces of butter, juice and peel of one lemon. When the apples are quite soft, mash them up, or put them through a sieve; stir in four yolks of eggs, and bake in a pie-dish which is edged with paste. When done, put the whipped whites on the top, ornament it with candied peel or dried fruit, and return it to the oven till it is nicely browned.

*Light Pastry.*—One pound of flour, yolk of one egg, half a pound of butter, lemon-juice, half a pound of lard. Put the flour into a dry basin, and rub in half the lard; mix into a stiff paste with the yolk of an egg, a few drops of

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lemon-juice, and a little cold water; roll out rather thin, and spread the butter over in small pieces; roll out again until the butter is all used.

CAKES.

*Swiss Roll.*—The following, if not equal to the Swiss rolls sold at pastry-cooks', is not a bad dish. Take the weight of three or four eggs, in their shells, of finely-powdered sugar, and the same weight of butter and flour. Melt the butter, add the sugar and the yolks of the eggs; beat the mixture well, add the beaten-up whites of half the eggs, then half the flour, the rest of the whites (also beaten up), and of the flour. When quite smooth, spread it out, about half an inch thick, over a well-buttered tin, and then bake for fifteen or twenty minutes in a moderate oven; spread it all over equally with jam, roll it up, and put it into the oven again for a short time; sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve cold; if liked, with a custard around it.

*Currant Cake.*—Take one pound and a half of dough, half a pound of currants or half an ounce of carraway seeds, six ounces of sugar, two or three eggs, and half a pound of clarified dripping. Spread out the dough on the paste-board, pull it well out, rub in the currants and sugar, then add the dripping or butter, and lastly the eggs. Mix all well together, leave it to rise, and bake about an hour in a moderate oven.

*Lemon Cheese-Cakes.*—Beat two eggs, with a tablespoonful of grated bread, two tablespoonfuls of cream, the rind of a lemon grated, and the juice squeezed in, with a lump of butter first melted; sweeten to the taste with powdered loaf-sugar.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

*Stewed Pears in White Sauce.*—Take some small-sized stewing pears, as near of a size as possible, peel them carefully, put them into a saucepan, and cover them well with syrup, made with one pound of sugar and a quart of water; add the thin rind of a lemon, and stew gently till tender. Drain them from the syrup, and arrange them in a glass dish. Add half a pint of cream, or milk thickened with potato flour, to the syrup when cold, and at the time of serving pour it over the pears. Pears may be stewed in syrup colored with cochineal, and when cold served with the syrup poured over, and at the top some whipped cream.

*Toffey.*—Take half a pound of molasses, the same of sugar, and about six ounces of butter. Put the butter into the saucepan first, and when melted add the other ingredients, with a little lemon-juice or ginger if the flavor is liked. Blanch some almonds, cut them up small, and fry a good brown in butter. Boil the toffy, keeping it well stirred until a few drops poured into a cup of cold water will crackle on being taken out; stir in the almonds, and pour out into a large flat dish to cool.

*Oyster Macaroni.*—Boil macaroni till soft. Put a layer in a dish, seasoned with pepper, salt, and butter, then a layer of oysters, until the dish is ful. Mix some grated bread with a beaten egg spread over the top, and bake.

*Vanilla Beans* should be put in the substance to be flavored until the taste becomes strong enough; then wash the pod well in two waters, and dry for future use; one will last a long time.

## HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SORE THROATS, ETC.—Children that have been exposed to wet, damp, or cold winds, are very subject to sore throats. There is usually much pain, swelling, and difficulty of swallowing. The disease, like most children's ailments, requires prompt treatment, the object being to prevent suppuration. You must keep the child in-doors, if not in bed, and give a cooling aperient. Children are frequently very persistent in their refusal to take medicine of any kind, and it is always better to coax than to force them. Indian senna tea, with a little Epsom or Rochelle salts in it, makes a nice, easily-administered laxative. About a quarter of an ounce, or rather less, of the senna leaves is infused in a wineglassful of boiling water for half an hour, a pinch or two of salts added, the clear liquor is poured off, and coffee may then be added to help to disguise the flavor. It should be served up from a small coffee or tea-pot, and sugar and milk added, when it will seldom be refused. Cool soothing drinks should be given, and about twenty drops of the wine of ipecacuanha every four hours. Hartshorn liniment should be used on the neck, and a strip of flannel worn. If this simple treatment should fail to remove the disease, it will be advisable to call in a physician.

The swelling may go away, and the pain externally, and the tonsils remain hard and big. In this case, give the child from a teaspoonful to a dessert-spoonful of cod-liver oil three times a day, and apply iodine liniment once a day externally. Just one hint here to mothers: the value of fresh air and exercise to young children who are unable to walk far cannot easily be overrated, and the so-called perambulator is a blessing to thousands; but the danger of a child catching cold therein is very great indeed. See, then, that your infants are well wrapped up before they are sent out, and especially that their hands and feet be snug, and you will be well rewarded by having fewer medicines to use in the nursery.

Some people are very subject to elongation of the uvula, that little tongue-like thing that you see hanging down in the centre of the back part of the throat. Although not a dangerous, it is a troublesome complaint, from the disagreeable tickling cough to which it gives rise, with sometimes an inclination to retch. There is usually relaxation of the throat along with it, and often the whole system wants bracing up. At the same time, therefore, that astringent gargles—say alum or chlorate of potash—are used, tonics should be taken; the best are those composed of iron, or iron and quinine, in some bitter infusion.

When the tonsils are ulcerated, strong applications may be required, probably the solution of nitrate of silver, or solid caustic itself, and in these cases—and indeed I might say in nearly all cases of sore throat—great relief is obtained by inhaling the vapor of either plain or medicated hot water.

## FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WEDDING-DRESS, OF WHITE SILK. The long train is finished with a narrow plaiting of the silk. The skirt is laid in lengthwise plaits in front, and on each side is a panel of white brocaded silk. These panels are trimmed with three narrow plaitings. The corsage is high, and pointed back and front; the sleeves long and coat-shaped. The dress is trimmed with garlands of orange-blossoms. Large tulle veil, fastened at one side by a spray of orange-blossoms.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN AND BLACK BROCADED VELVET. The skirt is of satin, laid in lengthwise straight plaits, and trimmed with plaitings and puffings of the satin. The Princess overdress is of the brocaded velvet, opening in front and falling in shawl-shaped points at the back, where it is mixed with a satin drapery, which is looped up high on the left side. The collar and ruffles are of Irish lace. Bonnet of gray straw, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and light-yellow feather.

FIG. III.—WEDDING-DRESS, OF WHITE SATIN. The long square train is trimmed with plaitings of satin, with point d'Alençon lace put on upright, with but little fullness. The front of the skirt is puffed lengthwise, has a deep box-plaiting at the bottom, with a fall of lace above it, and above that are three crosswise plaits of satin, headed by an upright

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row of lace. The paniers form a drapery around the edge of the corsage, which is very long and pointed back and front. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with lace. A long tulle veil envelops the whole figure.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CLARET-COLORED WATERED SILK. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of knife-plaiting at the bottom, and the front is trimmed by large loops and ends of wine-colored ribbon, fastened by jet ornaments. The basque is of black watered silk, cut away in front, and with wide rolling collar and cuffs, faced with claret-colored silk, edged with jet. The basque is lined with claret-colored silk, and has a long drapery of the black silk at the back. Bonnet of black velvet, lined and trimmed with wine-colored silk and feathers.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK AND BLACK STRIPED PEKIN. The skirt is of the plain silk, plaited lengthwise, edged with two plaited flounces, above the top one of which, falls a row of white lace. The overdress of Pekin is trimmed with two narrower rows of the lace, and draped quite high on the left side. The cuirass bodice and short sleeves are also trimmed with the lace.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF A FALL WRAP. The wrap is of dark fawn-colored cloth, made dolman-shape at the back, where there is a plaiting of watered silk of the same color let in. The front of the cloak and cape is trimmed with a braiding, of the color of the cloth. Black camel's-hair dress. Black hat, with fawn-colored feather.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE. The skirt and tunic are of the cashmere, with plaitings of silk of the same color. The knife-plaitings on the tunic are put on in sections, lengthwise. The mantelet is of the same material as the dress, trimmed with black Spanish lace. Or it may be made of black cashmere, or satin merveilleux, and trimmed with lace and jet. The bonnet is of black straw, trimmed with a green feather.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN CHECKED TWEED. The skirt has two plaitings, a narrow and a deep one. The tunic is draped in front, terminating at the back with square drapery. Casquin jacket, with a rolling collar and square pockets.

FIGS. X AND XI.—FRONT AND BACK OF HOUSE-DRESS. The skirt is of dark-blue cashmere, edged with three narrow plaitings. The tunic and bodice is of dark-blue spotted cashmere. The tunic falls in a double puff, the lower one caught up slightly at the left side in front, and draped with a wide silk sash at the back. The deep pointed bodice has a wide collar of blue silk, trimmed with yellowish lace.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, FOR A RECEPTION, ETC. The skirt, which may be termed a long short skirt, is of moss-green satin, with large velvet roses embossed upon it. This skirt is cut in points, beneath which falls a row of chenille fringe over a green satin plaiting. The paniers and bodice are of plain moss-green satin.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BRONZE-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR AND SURAH SILK. The surah skirt is laid in two tiers of plaits, from beneath each of which falls a narrow knife-plaiting. The scarf-drapery in front is of the camel's-hair, and terminates in a puffed drapery at the back. The bodice is also of the camel's-hair.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF BLACK JET EMBROIDERY, mounted on a black satin foundation, and ornamented with three shaded old-gold feathers.

FIG. XV.—BONNET, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED FELT, faced with brown satin, and trimmed with brown satin and brown feathers.

FIG. XVI.—HAT, OF BLACK FELT, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with a tuft of shaded feathers in front.

FIG. XVII.—BONNET OF OLIVE-COLORED WATERED PLUSH, trimmed with shaded olive feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is quite impossible to name, much less describe, the new colors; but they are only different shades of those that have been worn so long. Myrtle-green, though not a new shade, is very popular; for it is so becoming, especially to blondes. A dress of this color is not only suitable for the street, but with a pale-blue or pale-pink bow added makes a beautiful house-dress. Or a myrtle-green bonnet, with a small blue feather or a large pink rose, is not only becoming, but most stylish. Shades of stone and dust-color, though quiet, are not usually becoming. They make, however, the most serviceable of traveling or walking-dresses, or those needed for hard daily use. Some soft shades of gray are to be highly recommended, as well as browns, dark-reds, claret, dark-blues, etc. Almond-color is especially stylish, but like the deeper shades of fawn, not always becoming.

The materials of which dresses are made are too numerous to mention. Velvets and velveteens, satins, silks, brocades, camel's-hair, cashmere, merino, heavy flannels, and alpaca, are all worn, according to the occasion for which they are most suitable, or to the length of the purse of the purchaser. An effort is being made to revive the very dull, lustreless silks that were so fashionable before satin and satin de Lyons became so popular, and as they are new again, no doubt they will be much used. But as everything is worn that is fancied, it is impossible to say that any one thing is especially popular. Alpaca, after having been so long laid aside, will be again a good deal worn. It has been revived in England by the Countess of Bertine, and a few other fashionable women, who are patriotically endeavoring to give an impetus to home manufactures. It is made of all colors, of excellent quality, with a half-lustrous surface, and can always be recommended for its durability. It has not yet, however, been made so as to fall in the soft, graceful folds of cashmere, camel's-hair, nun's-veiling, etc.; but for traveling or walking it will be found very acceptable, as it sheds the dust better than any of the materials mentioned.

The style of making dresses is as varied as the colors or the materials. Much puffed, severely plain, or a medium style, are all equally popular. Every month, we give the very newest things out, and always of a sufficient variety to select from.

*Velveteen* makes a stylish skirt; and for walking, a dark skirt of that material, with a cashmere or camel's-hair overdress of the color of the skirt is very stylish. Dark-green, black, brown, or dark-gray, all look well. For evening-dress, a velveteen skirt (of a good quality, of course), with a surah or nun's-veiling overdress of the color of the skirt, or of some pretty contrasting color, is both serviceable and beautiful.

*Mantles, visites, paletots, and jackets*, are all worn, in any style that may be fancied. The long cloak mantle; the dolman, falling plain, or much bunched up, panier fashion; the long straight lines of the severe-looking redingote; the short jaunty jacket, and tailor-made basque-coat, are equally fashionable.

*Bonnets and hats* claim equal privileges with dresses and mantles. The "poke" of a medium size, or the small Princess bonnet, that in many cases is so small that it looks as if it was only a fancy material on which to attach a bunch of feathers or flowers, are equally worn. Hats are usually turned up on one side, but the small turban or "pork-pie" hats are popular, especially for young ladies.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

We are already reveling in the first displays of the fall and winter fashions. The first revelations of *la mode* in the autumn season are always especially interesting. I regret to state that, so far, the styles of hats and bonnets are wilder

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and more eccentric than ever. High-set crowns and immensely broad brims form the rule for the former, and poke fronts tipped over the forehead are shown in the latter. Velvet is apparently the reigning material of the season, both for full dress and for demi-toilette; for hats as well as for bonnets. Feathers of all kinds—long ostrich-plumes, ostrich-tips, pheasant-breasts, and all kinds of odd and bright-colored tropical plumages are used for trimming. Birds are still worn for hat decoration; but the parrots and paroquets and owls of the past are replaced by various kinds of tropical fowls, with startling combinations of red and brown and yellow in their plumage. Sometimes the claws of the bird are gilded, which has a very showy effect. Doves are also worn on bonnets of dark-violet or wine-colored velvet. Wide ribbons, striped with variegated hues on a plain ground, are employed in some of the larger hats; and make a very showy trimming made up into large-sized agglomerations of bows and short ends. In fact, everything about the bonnets of the present season is as big and loud and aggravating as possible; except, indeed, the marked revival of black as a color for handsome bonnets. All the new bonnets come with ribbon strings, and double-faced ribbon is usually employed, velvet and satin being the favorite. Two contrasting colors are generally seen together, the hat or bonnet being of one hue, and the trimming of another. Colored felts are extensively shown, and rival the velvet hats in popularity. The favorite combinations of color are copper-color with the new blue, called electric-blue, (it has a grayish cast, and is very subdued and tasteful,) pale-gray with wine-color, pearl-gray with dark-green, and shrimp-pink with the new pale olive-green, called "young moss." There is also a new and beautiful shade of red, called the Oriental ruby, which is a light and brilliant shade of rose-crimson. The Oriental sapphire is a new blue, differing from the electric blue in being a thought more brilliant. It is also lighter in tone than the ordinary sapphire-blue.

The cloaks for the coming winter are either to be worn very short or very long. Worth has just introduced a most charming model: it is drawn in at the waist like a dolman, but forms a rounded cloak at the back, while in front two long square ends descend to the hem of the dress. It is plaited up at the sides, so as to fit gracefully over the arm; and the hem turns up all around at the back, so as to show a wide strip of rich scarlet velvet, which is caught over the arm with a rosette in jet passementerie. The material of this graceful and beautiful wrap is in very wide stripes of black corded silk and black velvet; and the stripes run transversely at the back of the cloak, being placed perpendicularly in front. There is no lining employed when the garment is intended for full wear. For the winter, a lining will be added of the new soft plushes that Worth employs for the purpose: they are thick, soft, and light, and show very tasteful combinations of Roman-scarf-colored stripes on white, cream, or pale-yellow grounds.

Plain velvet will be the fashionable material for dressy street-suits this winter. Worth is making up some costumes in dark seal-brown velvet, a tint to which he greatly inclines this season, as it goes so well with the new shades of blue, and also with furs of all kinds. These suits are made without a particle of trimming usually, but sometimes wide flounces in black or white silk embroidery are employed. For street-wear, the untrimmed style is considered the best taste. Large-patterned dark-grounded chené silks are very much in vogue for demi-toilette and reception-dresses: they are caught up in slight drapery over a plaited underskirt in some rich contrasting hue, and are trimmed with black or white silk embroidery. The corsage is of plain silk, of a color matching the underskirt. Very large-patterned brocades of magnificent quality, and chené silks figured with large single flowers strewn over pale-colored grounds, are made up in combination with plain velvet or with satin, for dinner or evening-wear; the style differing from those adopted last season mainly in the patterns of the silks, which are now large set flowers of a single kind, and not bouquets or garlands as heretofore. A very charming material is now used by Worth for evening-dresses for young ladies. It is called crépon, and is a French imitation of Chinese crape, though a heavier material than that soft supple fabric. It drapes admirably, and will replace the nun's-veiling that has been worn so long. In cream-white, it is deliciously becoming and youthful-looking.

Cloth tailor-made suits are the most in vogue for every-day street-wear. They should be made with severe simplicity: that is to say, without any trimming whatever. The fit should be irreproachable, and the sewing as carefully executed as possible; but velvet, passementerie, etc., should never be employed to ornament them, as their peculiar stylishness is at once destroyed by trimming.

A new material for morning wrappers consists of pale-colored cashmere, tamboured with large round spots in silk of the same color as the groundwork. In pure white, this material is very charming; and looks well lined with blue or pink Florence silk, of a shade sufficiently deep to show through the cashmere.

Tarlatane is revived as a lining for lace skirts. Valenciennes lace is coming into vogue again for evening-wear. White watered silk, trimmed with black velvet and black lace, is made up for half-mourning.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BROWN KERSEYMERE. The knickerbockers are close-fitting. The rather loose, long coat is double-breasted, and trimmed with rows of braid. The belt, which falls low, is kept in place by being passed through straps. Large linen collar.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF TAN-COLORED SERGE. The Princess frock has several seams at the back, and is edged with two flounces. These flounces are ornamented with a band of silk of a darker shade. Above the upper flounce is a band of silk, which is tied in a bow at the back. Double collar, one of serge and one of silk. Hat of the color of the silk, trimmed with tan-colored silk and a red wing.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF GRAY TWEED. The skirt is kilted. The bodice is plain, and the cape opens at the back and is machine-stitched.


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*Samples furnished, only on receipt of 25 cents. Circulars are free to any one writing for them, containing full particulars, and mode of doing business. Remember all are served, not only our subscribers, but any one else in want of goods or wearing apparel. Address all communications for our Purchasing Agency to*

MRS. MARY THOMAS,
*P. O. BOX 1626, PHILADELPHIA, PA.*


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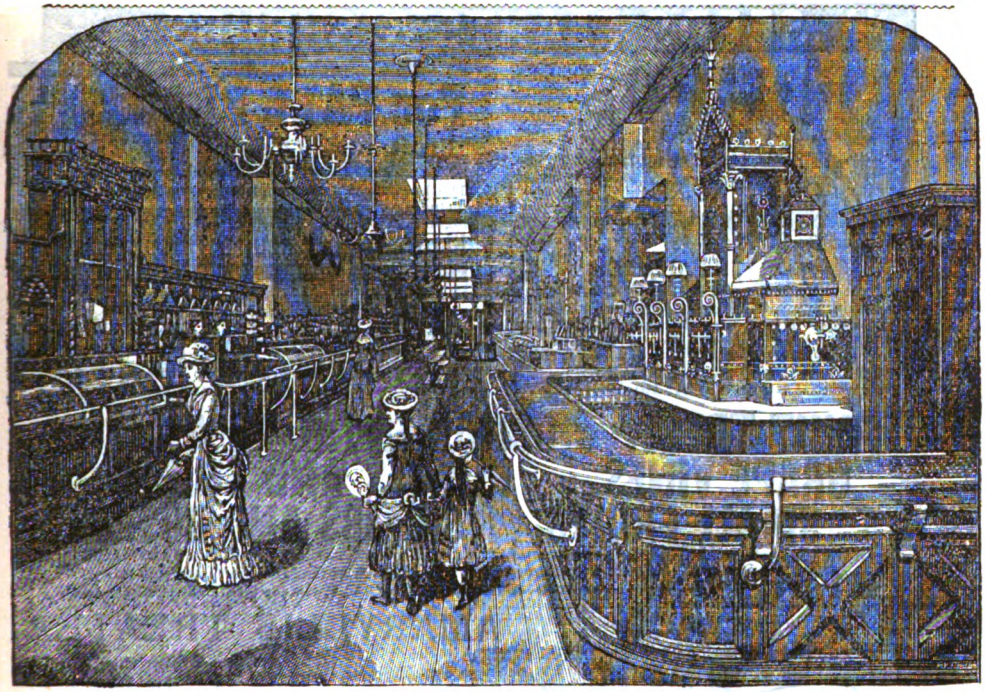

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OUR patrons will readily recognize the above cut, which represents the interior of our store, from the entrance No. 60 West Fourteenth Street, showing the entire depth of 207 feet, through to Thirteenth Street.

Beginning on the right, our Soda Water Fountain first attracts attention. Here Soda and Mineral Waters are dispensed throughout the year, and during the summer months this is found to be one of the most popular parts of the store. The next counter is the second section of our Book Department, where are kept paper-bound books, including the latest novels of the day and Juvenile Books of every description. Adjoining is the Stationery counter, where a most complete and elegant assortment of Note Papers, Papeteries, etc., is always to be found; also Stereoscopes and Views, Drawing and Wax-Flower Materials.

Our Glove Department is the next, and here may be found a full line of the choicest importations in Kid Gloves, including the "Laforge," manufactured expressly for us; also Lisle Thread Gloves and Silk Mitts in their season. The second section of our Doll Department is the last counter on the right, where an endless variety of Dolls and their wardrobes is kept at all seasons, but during the holiday season this portion of the store is the most interesting.

Returning from Thirteenth Street, the children's favorite department, "the Toys," is found, and this is supposed to be the identical spot where Santa Claus selects his numerous gifts for all "good boys and girls." Adjoining is the Visiting and Wedding-Card counter; this department is rapidly growing in public favor, and keeps four card-presses running constantly; all the engraving and printing is done on the premises.

Our Dress Goods counter comes next; here we keep at all times a full line of fine black goods of every description; also the fashionable thin fabrics in colors, as well as goods for suitings in their season. The next department is that of Toilet Goods, where every requisite for a lady's toilet may be found in great variety. The Confectionery Department is the next and last; this counter we have greatly improved during the past month, and it is now one of the pleasantest parts of the store, the candies are always fresh, and the prices moderate. This ends the tour of that portion of our store shown in above cut; visitors are always welcome, and the endless variety of scenes to be witnessed will make a visit at any time interesting and profitable, and we would here suggest that these cuts and explanations be preserved for reference when you visit us.

We shall be very glad to send you (gratis) a catalogue of all our goods, and if you send us an order by mail, we will give it prompt and careful attention.

C. B. WEBSTER, } *Firm.*
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**STINGING** irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1 per bottle.

50 **LARGE** all new Chromo Cards for 1883, with name, 10 cents. Try me. **J. B. HUSTED,** Nassau, N. Y.

40 Large New Chromos, no two alike, with name, 10 cents. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.

## FRUIT TREES. ORNAMENTAL TREES. GRAPE VINES. PLANTS AND BULBS. SMALL FRUITS. SHRUBS AND ROSES.

An immense stock. Splendid Assortment. Warranted true. Remarkably cheap—**40 CHOICE $1 SETS.** Send for Catalogue free. 28th year. 400 Acres. 18 Greenhouses. Address **THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio**

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This cut represents Amaryllis Treatea, or the beautiful new Fairy Lily. It is one of the most beautiful of the great Amaryllis family, and one of the prettiest of all flowers. It grows twelve to fifteen inches high, flowers very large, pure white and sweet-scented. They commence blooming soon after planting, and produce from two to five flowers, making them one of the most valuable of all plants for winter blooming. After blooming in the winter they will again flower nicely in the garden or in pots during the summer. Having a large stock, we sell bulbs very low to thoroughly introduce them, knowing that when once known they will be loved and cultivated by all. We send by mail, post-paid, large select bulbs, which will give abundant bloom during the winter, as follows: Full directions for culture will be sent with each lot. Postage stamps accepted for pay. **1 Bulb to any address for 15 cents, 2 for 25 cents, 3 for 35 cents, 6 for 60 cents, 12 for $1.10, 25 for $2, 50 for $3.75, or 100 for $7.** Any boy or girl can, by canvassing their neighborhood, get orders for from 10 to 100 at 15 cents each, and by purchasing them at dozen or hundred rates, make a handsome profit. Many have made $5 per day selling these bulbs. Also, by mail, post-paid, 12 fine Tulips, 12 sorts with names, 50 cents. 6 Hyacinths, 6 splendid named sorts, $1. 5 fine hardy Lilies, 75 cents. 12 Mixed Crocus, 15 cents. All splendid sorts and large flowering bulbs. Order at once or send for Catalogue.

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The remarkable success of this charming article of adornment, is due to the **CONVENIENCE, COMFORT** and **DECIDED IMPROVED APPEARANCE** given to every wearer. An absolute **NECESSITY** to those who have lost a portion of their once abundant hair—or to those who wish to **LOOK YOUNG**—whose foreheads are high—and whose hair will not remain in crimp; made of natural curly hair they cannot get out of wave. One **GRAND FEATURE** they have no **FALSE WIG-LIKE** appearance, so **EASILY SEEN** in **ALL OTHER** waves and crimps—while the doing away with crimping pins and the danger of **RUINING** one's own hair is very important to every lady who **VALUES** her personal beauty and the **OPINIONS** of her friends. **PRICES**, from **$6 to $12** (Blonde and Gray, extra). Also, the most **ELEGANT ASSORTMENT** of **SWITCHES** from **$5 to $50. GRAY HAIR A SPECIALTY.** Remember these goods can **ONLY BE FOUND** at my Headquarters, **52 EAST 14TH ST., N. Y.; No. 9 Temple Place, Boston.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

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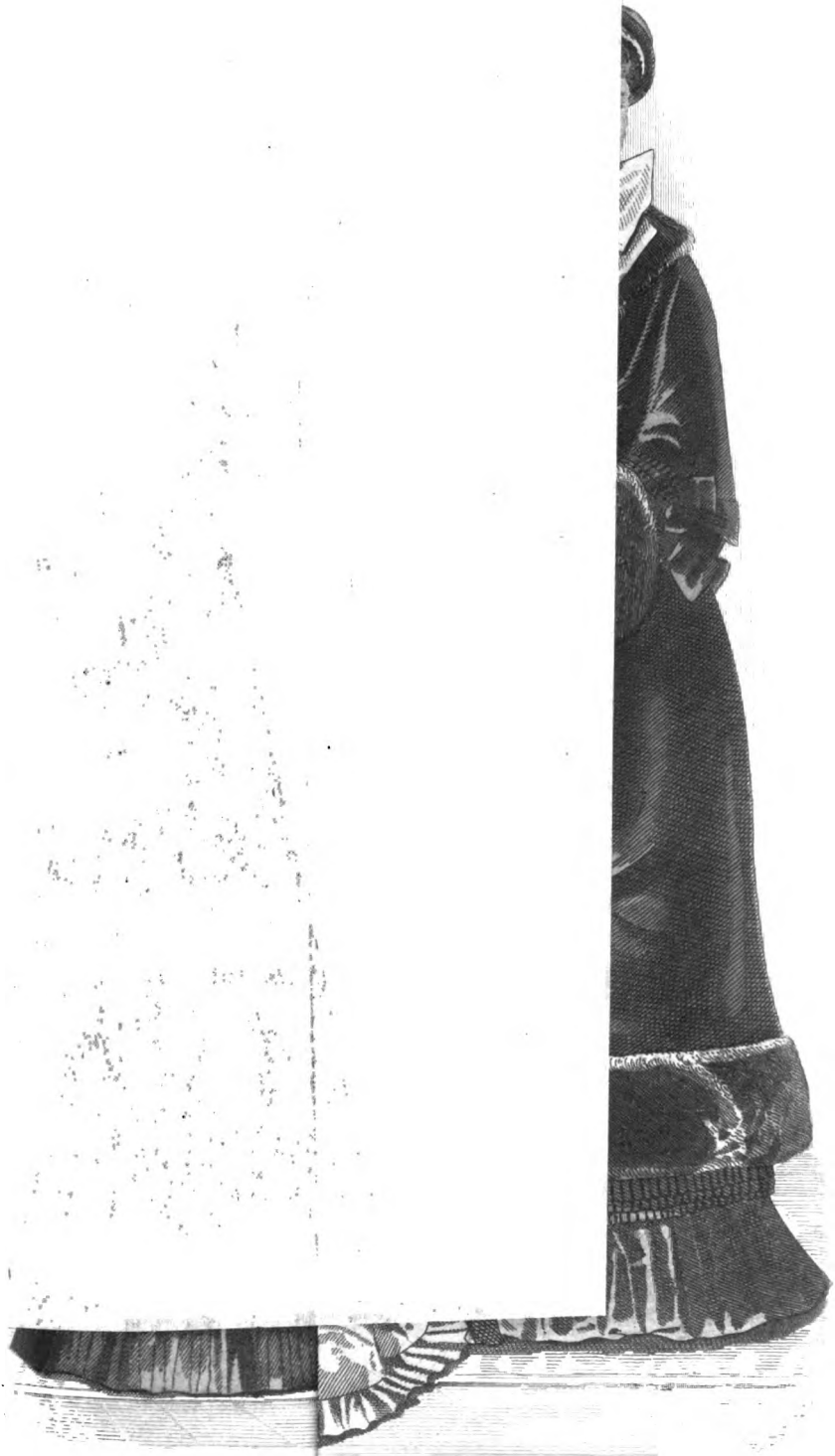

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ink for several days' writing. Can be
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"THE FALLING LEAVES." [*See the Story, "Aunt Judy's Way."*]

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"NEARING HOME." [*See the Poem, "Thanksgiving Eve."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FALL AND WINTER.

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D'ORSAY HABIT-COAT: FRONT AND BACK.

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MOURNING PALETOT. VELVET PALETOT.

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HOUSE-DRESS OF PLUSH AND SATIN: FRONT AND BACK.

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WALKING-DRESSES FOR FALL AND WINTER.

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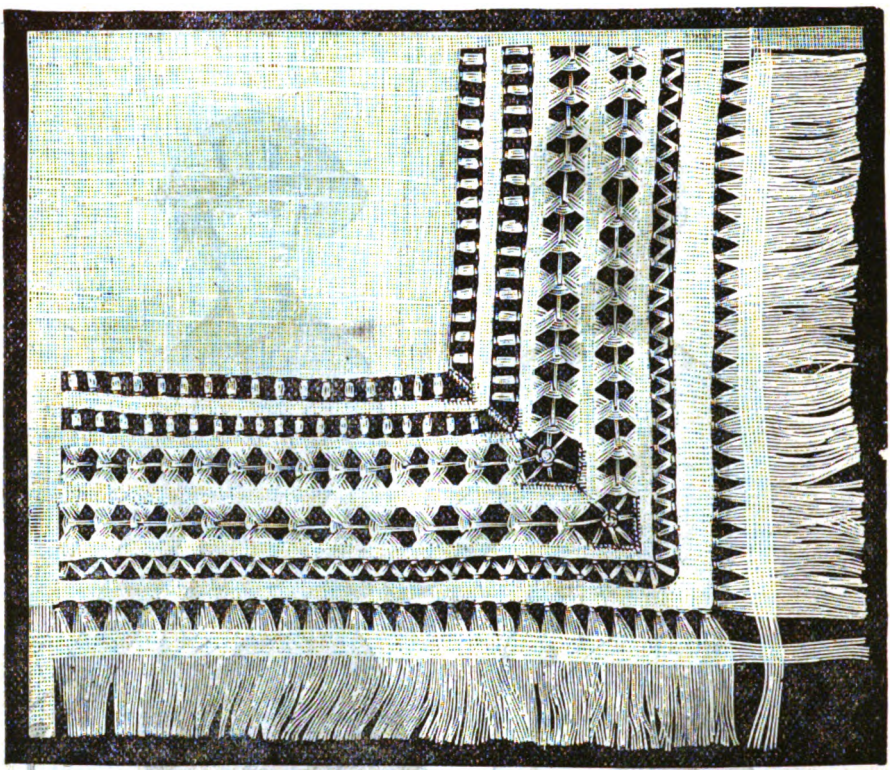

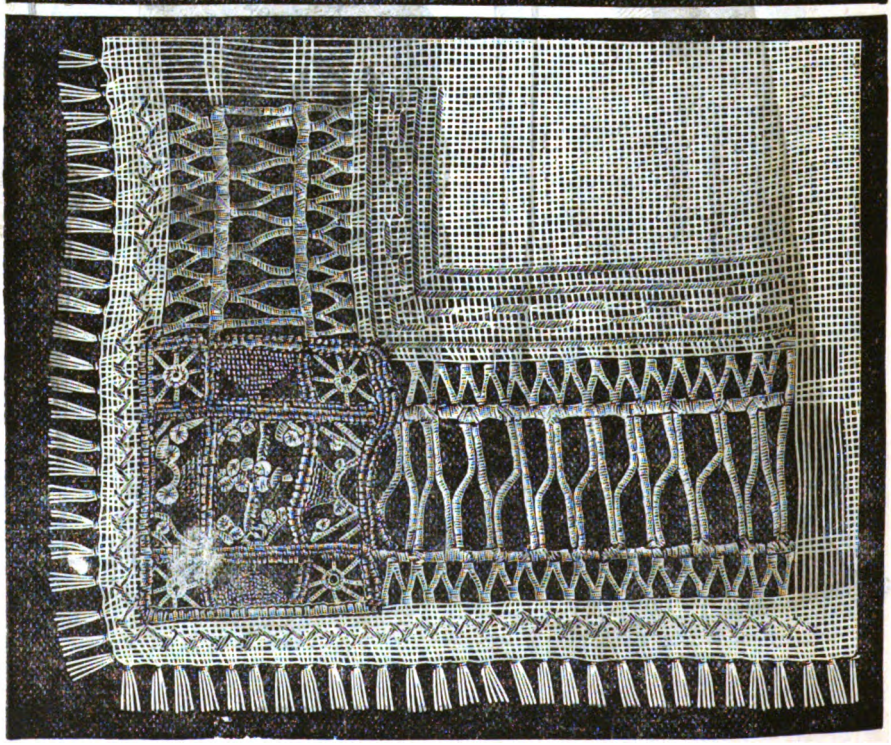

DESIGNS IN DRAWN WORK, Nos. 1 and 2.

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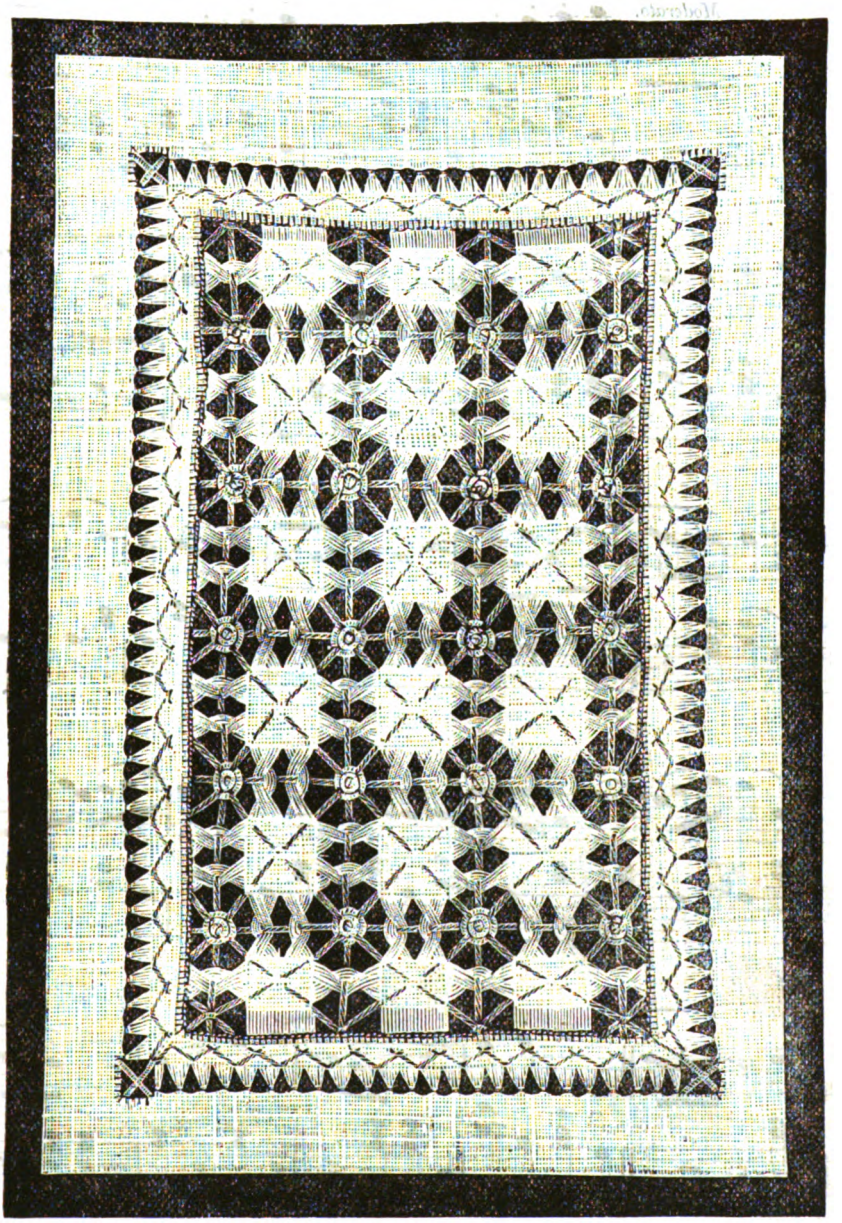

DRAWN WORK, No. 3. NAMES FOR MARKING.

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# LILY GAVOTTE.

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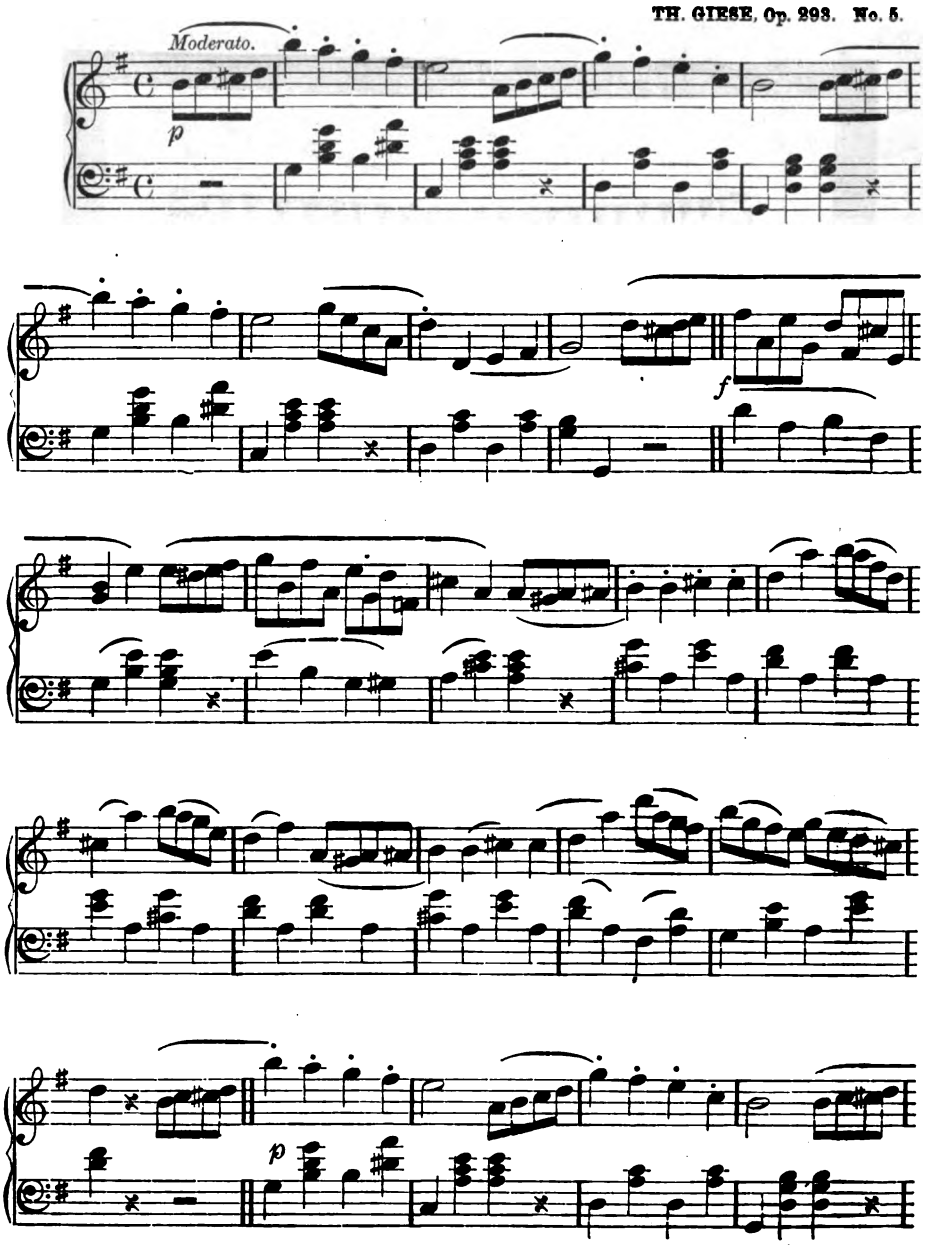
TH. GIESE, Op. 293. No. 5.

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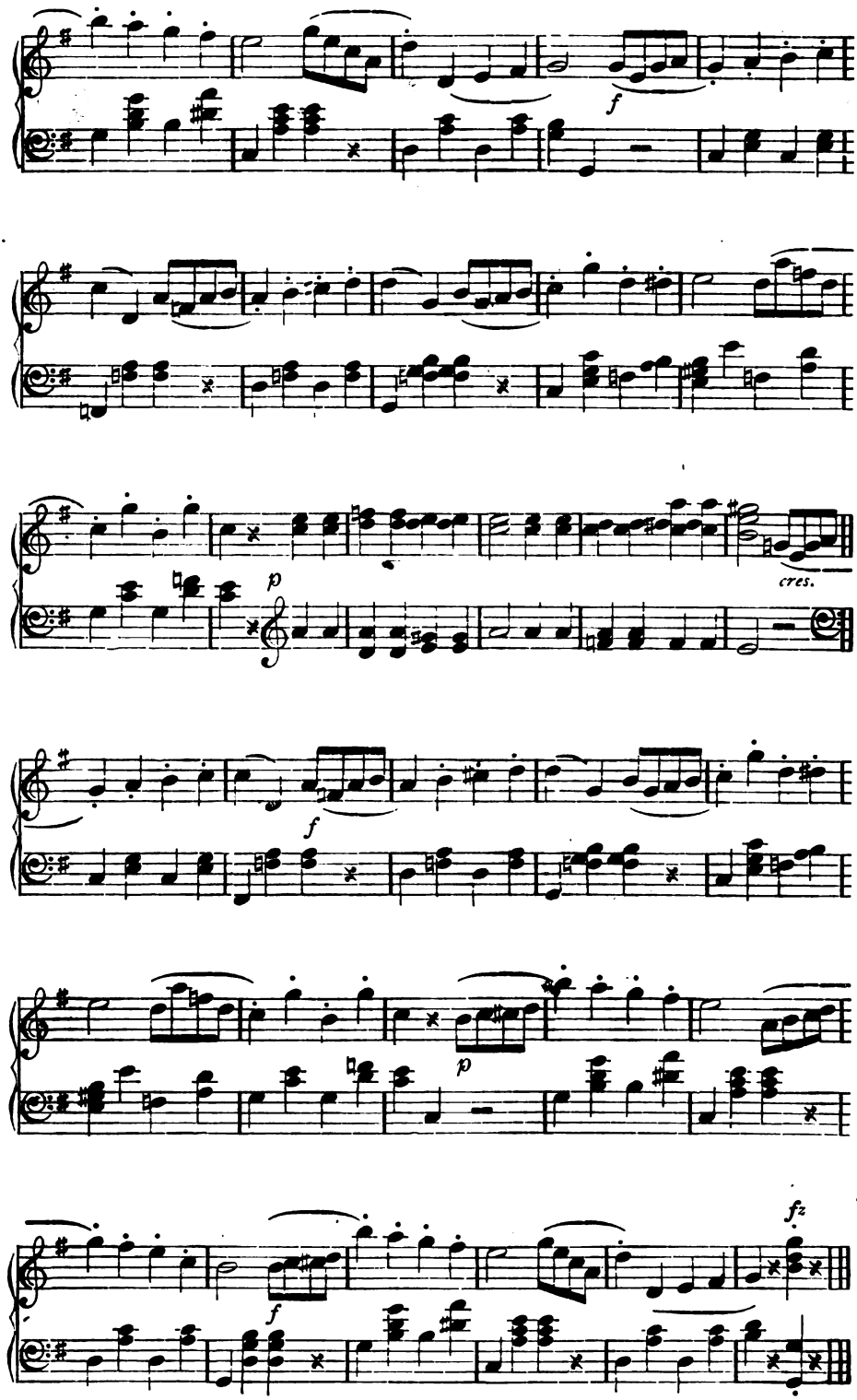
# LILY GAVOTTE.

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A WINDY NOVEMBER DAY. WALKING-DRESSES FOR FALL.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1882. No. 5.

## A MOUNT DESERT EPISODE.

BY KATHARINE KEENE.

IT was at Bar Harbor, and in the month of August.

"He's a supercilious peacock," said Molly, digging her parasol into the sand.

She was sitting on the rocks, below the town, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Randolph. At a little distance was the five-year-old daughter of the latter, with the indispensable wooden shovel and pail, as irrepressible a little witch as ever lived, nicknamed, in the family, Toots.

"My dear," said Mrs. Randolph, expostulating.

"Yes, a supercilious peacock," repeated Molly, tapping her foot impatiently.

It was only the day before that they had arrived, and already Molly had nearly broken her sister-in-law's heart. This was especially hard on Mrs. Randolph, who had left her favorite Saratoga because Molly had said: "I detest fashion, and want to go to some place where people live sensibly in summer. Mount Desert, everybody says, is just such a spot: let us go there."

So to Mount Desert they had come. They had arrived to find Bar Harbor crowded to overflowing. Gay New Yorkers; well-born Philadelphians; pretty Baltimoreans; dyspeptic Southerners; æsthetic Bostonians; young gentlemen in knickerbockers; young ladies in navy-blue: all stood crowded on the Rodick House piazza, watching the new arrivals, when Mrs. Randolph and her party appeared.

Molly had preceded her sister-in-law a few steps—for the latter had stopped, for a moment, to give directions about the luggage—when suddenly our heroine heard a voice close at her ear.

"By Jove," it said, "what a pretty girl!"

Molly turned, angrily, and saw a handsome young man, who looked quite thorough-bred, yet also more than contented with himself, staring decidedly, almost rudely, at her.

"The impudent puppy," she said to herself, a hot flush crimsoning her cheek. The next instant the offender, recognizing Mrs. Randolph, advanced eagerly, both hands extended.

"Can I believe my eyes?" he said. "You here, Mrs. Randolph? And outside the pale of civilization, as some people might think? What has induced you to desert Saratoga?"

"Oh, Mr. Peabody! I'm so glad to see you. But thereby hangs, not a tale, but a great many," she replied, laughingly. "I'm too tired, however, to talk. Come to see me, this evening, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, I congratulate you that you are without a party, or a dozen *debutantes* in tow," he said; for he had failed to connect Molly with Mrs.



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Randolph, supposing that our heroine belonged to some other of the arrivals. "You don't know what it is here. Such swarms of girls seeking husbands," with a shrug of the shoulders. "The grasshopper plague was nothing to it."

Molly heard all this, and turning, fixed a pair of stern, indignant eyes on the speaker; for was she not herself a *debutante*—this the first season since she left school? Fortunately for the young gentleman's peace of mind, he did not see this by-play.

But he was made to realize that something was wrong, when, in the evening, he came to pay his respects to Mrs. Randolph. That lady, after

shaking hands, sank again into her arm-chair; and tapping her fingers with her fan, said, indicating Molly with a gesture:

"My sister-in-law, Miss Randolph. Molly, Mr. Peabody."

Molly rose and took the offered hand; but frigidly; her bow was as stiff as the Arctic circle.

"Conceited fop," she said to herself. "He thinks he has only to throw his handkerchief, and any girl will be glad to pick it up."

His soliloquy was not less to the point:

"My beauty of the afternoon! She overheard me, that is plain. Gracious heavens, what a mess I have made of it. She'll never forgive me."

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But neither by sign nor word did he indicate this. He was too much of a veteran in society matters for that. "What," he cried, with great effusiveness, "your sister-in-law, Miss Randolph, of whom I have heard so much? This is a most delightful surprise. Heretofore, whenever I have called, I have been told she was at school. And halloo, here is Toots. Why, Toots, don't you know your old friend?"

And in a moment Toots was in his arms, memories of bon-bons and Mr. Peabody being synonymous in her mind.

"You see, Miss Randolph," said Peabody, addressing the young girl, and quite ignoring her frigid manner, "that Toots and I are fast friends."

"Ah?" replied Molly, indifferently. "We all know that the affections of Toots are very elastic."

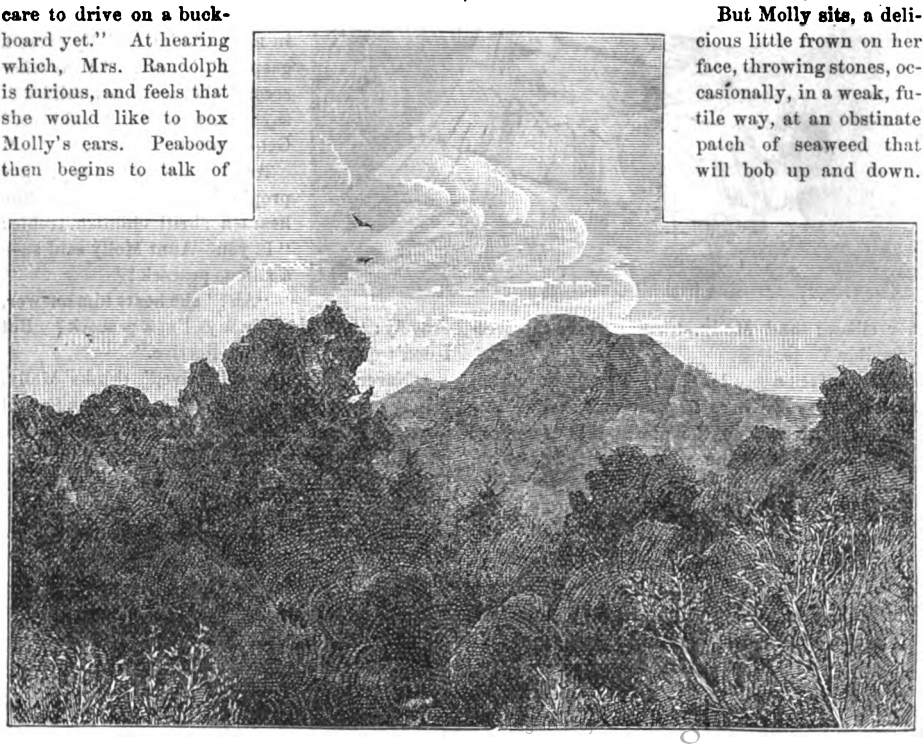
But the young man, ignoring this decided snub, turned to Mrs. Randolph: "Couldn't I induce you and your sisters to try a game of tennis, to-morrow? Or better still, to come out on my buck-board? It will be, at any rate, a novel experience."

Mrs. Randolph is charmed. But Molly stands the very picture of ill-humor, looking prettier than ever, however. "Thanks," she says, ungraciously, "but I hate lawn-tennis, and I don't care to drive on a buck-board yet." At hearing which, Mrs. Randolph is furious, and feels that she would like to box Molly's ears. Peabody then begins to talk of the scenery. "I like coming to Mount Desert," he says, "because all along this coast you see mountain on one hand, and sea on the other; a combination to be found nowhere else on our Atlantic coast. You must ascend Green Mountain. The view from it is better, I think, than that from Mount Washington even." But he fails to interest Molly, even in the least, in his talk.

The next morning, Mrs. Randolph, Molly, and the ubiquitous Toots, go down to the rocks. Mrs. Randolph is quiet for awhile; too much so: it is the calm before the storm; and finally she wakes up, and speaks her mind; and then Molly retorts in the words with which we open our story: "Why shouldn't I call him a supercilious peacock?" she says, defiantly. "What on earth is Charlie Peabody to me? I didn't want to drive with him, and I abominate spooning."

"Molly," answered Mrs. Randolph, severely, "you know perfectly well that Charlie Peabody is *the man* of Bar Harbor. It is not of the slightest consequence whether you like him or not. In fact, I much prefer you shouldn't, for he isn't a marrying man, everybody knows." Up goes Molly's head, with an air of pride. Mrs. Randolph continues, appealingly: "But it's such a good thing to be seen with him. If he takes you up, you're a success; but there's no hope of that now," and relapses into despondency.

But Molly sits, a delicious little frown on her face, throwing stones, occasionally, in a weak, futile way, at an obstinate patch of seaweed that will bob up and down.



"Irma," she exclaims, suddenly, "don't let's quarrel. You may just make up your mind that I shall never be a success in society," and she gives a solemn Lord Burleigh nod. "I haven't the brains for it. As for spending all my life in remembering to be civil to one man, because he's *the thing*, I should be a skeleton in a week. Do let me have a good time, and be nice to people I like. Life isn't long enough to fuss over horrid people like this supercilious peacock." And she tilts back her parasol, and stamps her foot.

"What's a silious peacock, Aunt Molly?" asks, at this juncture, a small shrill voice at

her elbow; and Molly, turning, sees the irrepressible Toots.

Molly gives a gay laugh. "Toots," says she, solemnly, "come here to your aunt. You saw the big gentleman on the piazza this morning? Well, you thought he was a man, like papa, didn't you?"

A solemn nod from Toots, whose eyes are growing larger and larger.

"But he wasn't. He was really only a su–per-cil–i–ous peacock. What's that, you ask? Well, that's a peacock who thinks himself better than others. Come, now. Mamma's gone on; we'll be late. Let's have a race. See which will get to her first."

Toots' thin brown legs spin over the ground, and her mass of brown curls float out on the wind as she flies along, fairly shrieking with excitement. Molly is not much better, in point of dignity, for she gathers up her white skirts in one hand, and gives her big hat an excited push on the back of her head.

Suddenly they turn a sharp corner. "Heavens and earth!" ejaculates Molly, as she sees Irma standing, gracefully composed, talking to Peabody.

"Oh, Auntie Molly, there it is!" screams Toots, in an agony: "the peacock, the silious peacock!"

"Toots, be quiet, instantly," commands that unfortunate relative, cold chills running up and down her back.

"Toots, come here," implores Mrs. Randolph, the horror of the situation coming in upon her. But Toots, in all her five years of existence, had never yet been known to mind anyone. Besides, she is wild with a desire to inspect closely the curious creature; so she rushes up to Mr. Peabody like a small whirlwind. There she pauses, and begins a grave investigation.

"Is you," she says, with her head on one side, like an impertinent little sparrow, "is you really a silious peacock?"

"A what?" repeats Peabody, naturally somewhat astonished, looking down on the small object in front of him. Molly gives a gasp of horror. In another second, that wretched child will say: "Aunt Molly said so." Get out of it she must.

As she walks away, her prophecies come true. She hears a shrill childish treble: "Is you—Aunt Molly said so—a silious peacock?"

"Ah?" she hears him answer, gravely: "Aunt Molly says I'm a peacock? But I don't quite grasp the adjective."

"Never mind the adjective," thinks Molly, grimly; and then desperately she wonders if there be a corner in this wretched island where she can hide from that man; for as to ever looking him in the face again, she never can. However, she need not trouble herself about that. He will probably turn his back on her before she has the chance. She seeks refuge in the dining-room, which is beginning to fill with its crowd of hungry pedestrians, for the gong has sounded. By and by, in sail Irma and Mr. Peabody. Toots has disappeared. "Irma has probably garroted her," thinks Molly, with great satis-

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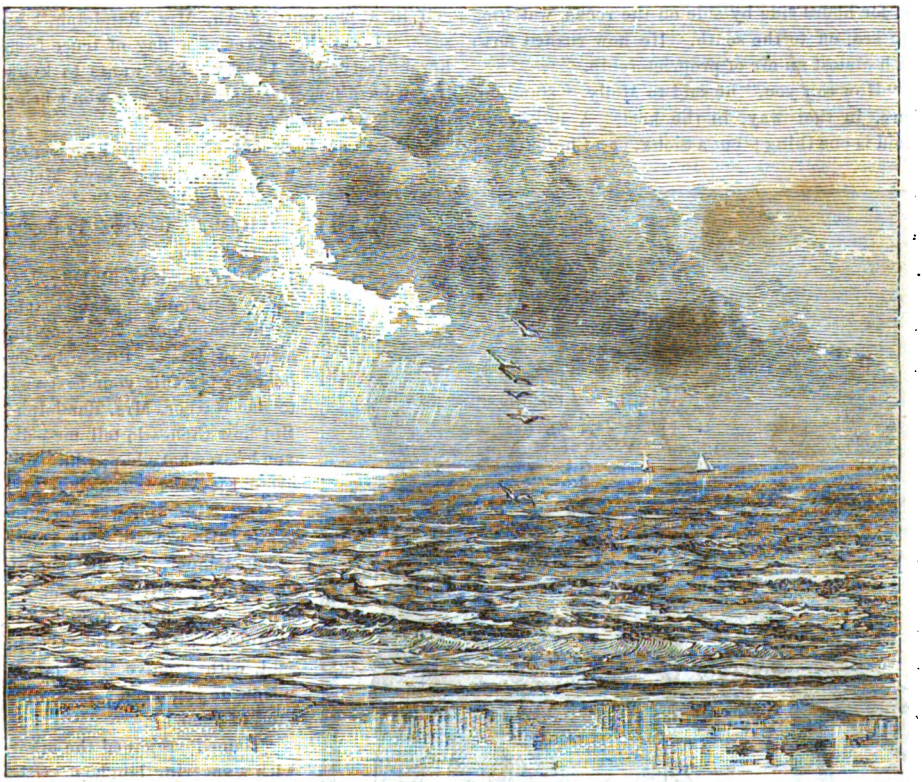
faction. They seem to be in the best of spirits. As they approach Molly, to her horror she hears Mr. Peabody say: "If you'll allow me, Mrs. Randolph, I will take this vacant seat next to Miss Randolph." "Is he going to speak, to mention *it?*" she thinks, in an agony.

Peabody seemingly takes no notice of the wretched, blushing little being at his side, at least for some minutes. "Poor little soul," he finally thinks, "how wretched she is making herself. She shall call me a whole Zoological Garden, if she only won't look like that."

So, half in fun, half in earnest, he leans over her, with: "I don't mind a bit, upon my soul I don't. I dare say you're right; we men *are* wretched creatures." He had a funny staccato way of speaking, which in the morning Molly had decided to be particularly disagreeable. Strange, it didn't seem so now!

Molly's spirits return. "It's certainly very nice in him," she thinks, "not to be sulky." "Really," says she, aloud, laughing, and looking a little bit in earnest through it all, "do you know I think it's very nice of you. I should mind, immensely, if you called me names," giving him a shy glance from under her long lashes.



"Perish the thought! You suggest an impossibility, Miss Randolph," he retorts.

"How delightful," exclaims Molly, cheerfully. "Perhaps I may like you, then. That is, if when you are reviled, you revile not again."

"Will you two people eat your dinner?" interrupts Mrs. Randolph, who has been watching this proceeding with the utmost satisfaction. And she says to herself: "Perhaps—supposing if—after all. What a capital thing it would be!"

But every Paradise has its serpent. The serpent at Bar Harbor turns up in the person of Mrs. Crosby, a widow, irreproachable in family, but envious, malicious, gossiping, and with a pale dejected daughter, thirty years old. Mrs. Randolph hears of this arrival with consternation. She rushes up to Molly, who is sitting on the piazza by a dining-room window, chatting with Peabody. "Our good time's over," she cries. "Mrs. Crosby's here, and Maria's with her; and by to-morrow none of us will have any character left." Peabody looks consternation itself. Molly cries: "the slanderous old tabby." She has hardly spoken, when a voice from behind the dining-room blinds cries: "Maria, my dear, will you close that window? The chatter outside



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is so tiresome." And they know they have been overheard. "Gracious heaven," cries Mrs. Randolph, "she's there; and listening!"

Nothing followed this catastrophe, however, for many days; and Mrs. Randolph began to think they had not been overheard. Peabody even went so far as to begin to pay court to Mrs. Crosby, hoping to cut her fangs, if not to propitiate her. He had been talking to her one day, when he saw Molly in front of the piazza, without hat or parasol. By this time, he and she had grown quite intimate, Mrs. Randolph, like a wise woman, looking on and saying nothing. They had ridden, walked, and boated together, and had sat for hours side by side on the rocks, watching the sea, off to the south. He now rushed forth with almost an air of proprietorship.

"How can you," he said to Molly, "stand out here, in that way, in the heat. A nut-brown maid is one thing; but a Sioux, or a Cherokee—"

"Are two," interrupts Molly, gayly. "It's a hopeless case, Mr. Peabody," and she holds out two little brown hands for his inspection, and then looks up into his face with laughing eyes. "Are you ashamed of me?"

"I wish you would let me tell you how I do feel towards you," he whispers, impetuously, and in an accent he has never dared to use before. Molly blushes furiously. She is utterly taken aback. She had never thought of this. What does he mean? Oh, perhaps, he means nothing. She is saved a reply by the approach of Mrs. Randolph.

Peabody is his usual cool-mannered, well-bred self in a moment. "Ah, Mrs. Randolph," he says, "I am the bearer of a flag of truce from her majesty, Mrs. Crosby. She wants to know if you have forgotten her, and if you won't bring up Miss Randolph to talk to her."

"Must we back out of the royal presence, when we retire?" says Molly, mischievously.

"Hush," answers Peabody, "here we are."

"A very nice old lady," is Molly's judgment, as she listens to the bland quiet voice purring away to Irma. Presently she hears: "Is this your first visit to Bar Harbor, Mrs. Randolph? But how then—do tell me—did you know what a happy hunting-ground it was?"

Mrs. Randolph was a courageous little woman, with a very quick temper. In an instant, she scented battle; and in another, was fully armed and equipped. "But I didn't" she said, with a naive little laugh. "How do you mean? For what kind of game?"

"Game?" rejoined the other, with a sneering laugh. "Good *partis*, of course. I hear that so far you've been moderately successful."

All the little group around were silent. Molly alone did not take in the meaning of her words. Peabody stood looking, as someone said afterwards, as if he were going to murder her. But what could he do? A man interfere between two women? It was impossible. Mrs. Randolph was absolutely white with

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anger. The coarseness of the attack stunned her for the moment; but only that.

"Yes?" she said, with a lazy indifferent laugh. "You flatter me, I'm afraid. But you forget that Mr. Randolph still exists; and Molly, you know, is still a child—years and years, I hope, before she will think of anything of that kind. You wouldn't lose your little Maria, would you, yet awhile?"

With which she arose. "Ah, Mr. Peabody, we were going sailing," she said. "I wonder if our boat's ready? You are coming with us, as usual, I suppose? Good-by, everybody." And with a bright smile she tripped down the steps, followed by Molly and Peabody.

As they went, there was a low buzz, and then Peabody heard his name, coupled with Molly's, of course. After that, Mrs. Crosby's cat-like voice: "Intentions? Why none, of course."

He heard, and so did Molly. But she walked on, her head proudly erect, her face blazing. Peabody dared not look at her. Mrs. Randolph was so angry that she felt absolutely ill. She said abruptly that she could not go boating: they must go without her; and turned back.

Peabody and Molly walked along in profound silence. To this day, Molly can see distinctly the landing, and the very plank on which they stood, whilst looking around for the boatman; and where, as the wind began to blow fresher, her companion insisted on putting over her her knit shawl. It was about eleven o'clock. The sun was beating hotly down upon the planks, which sent out a faint odor of tar—to this day Molly hates tar.

Peabody left her, to signal to one of the little birch canoes bobbing lazily up and down in the water. Across the waters, Harvard men were singing college songs, and their voices came floating to her. Something, she didn't know what, made the tears rise to her eyes. How dreadful it all was. How could she ever speak to Mr. Peabody again? Just then, Peabody came towards her. "This way, Miss Molly," he said, in just his usual voice. "Our canoe is here."

As he helped her into the canoe, he caught sight of her quivering lips, her tearful eyes. "Don't," he whispered. "My darling, if you do, I shall most certainly kiss you; and think how disgraceful that would be."

Molly ought to have been very angry; but she wasn't—not a bit. Splash! went the paddle. Peabody's ideas of the view must have been vague in the last extreme; for Molly heartlessly interposed her scarlet umbrella between herself and him, leaving him to occupy himself with all kinds of futile conjectures as to how she was looking and what she was doing behind it.

Thump, bang, and they ran up on the little pebbly beach. At one side was a steep hill, thickly wooded with pine trees, whose aromatic fragrance came wafted down to them on the crisp morning air. On the other was a jagged pile of stern gray rocks, with nooks and crevices of delightful shadow.

With the quickness of long practice, Peabody at once selects the most comfortable and the most accessible spot. As Molly was handed to the shore, she had a desperate feeling come over her. Escape she must. But how? She stopped, and looked back at the canoe. Peabody comprehended what was in her mind. Without a moment's hesitation, he stretched out his arms and drew her towards him.

"Molly, dearest," he said, tenderly, "don't you know what I have to tell you?"

Half resisting, half yielding, she stammers out a confused "No."

"Molly, Molly," he went on, "don't say no. It's 'yes' you're going to say to me. Tell me, dearest, is it?"

Molly raised her happy confused face from his shoulder. "If I could only be sure," she whispered, "that you weren't simply doing this to spite Mrs. Crosby, and that—and that—you didn't think me one of the grasshoppers—"

Peabody, in spite of all, roars with laughter. Finally he sobers down.

"Tell me," he said. "Do you think me a supercilious peacock now?"

## "OH HUSH THEE, MY SORROW!"

BY ANNA ROYLSTON.

Oh hush thee, my sorrow!
Lie still in my breast,
And let my sad spirit
In peacefulness rest;
For some glad to-morrow
Will banish my sorrow,
And I shall be blest.

Oh hush thee, my sorrow!
Lie hushed in my heart,
Where still'd are the memories
That will not depart.
If no glad to-morrow
Shall dawn on my sorrow,
Heaven strength will impart.

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# DR. BLADE'S INFANT PRESERVER.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"I've got it."

The remark was addressed, in strict confidence, to the speaker herself: and "it" was merely an idea—a clue, as it were, rolled up in a ball; but which, if unrolled, might lead through tangled labyrinths to a shining goal.

So at least dreamed the solitary occupant of the car that dragged its slow length through one of the suburbs. A large lithograph portrait, in a druggist's window, had just arrested her attention, and called forth her exclamation. Beneath the self-satisfied face of the portrait, with its severely plain hair combed down behind the ears, was inscribed the legend:

"Yours, to be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise,
SOPHRONIA L. FRISK."

This lady was frequently encountered in the advertising columns of the daily papers, where she styled herself, in large capitals, the Benefactress of her Sex, and claimed for her Famous Headache-Pills the power of curing every form and ramification of that essentially feminine malady. Her features had been familiar to the public for some time past; and yet the sight of them, on that February afternoon, impelled Miss Sadie Ollman to the inward exclamation already recorded.

"What else," reflected the young lady, as she proceeded slowly to her destination, "what else do people complain of constantly, besides headaches?"

She was deeply buried in thought when the car stopped at the familiar corner, and she got out at Cameleopard Street to give her music-lessons. Her smallest pupil, aged six, was not visible. The child had been attacked in the night by croup, and had come very near suffocating.

"It is such a dreadful disease," sighed the harassed-looking mother. "I wonder the doctors don't take it seriously in hand, and resolve to find a cure for it. Any man that could do this would certainly make his fortune."

"I've got it," repeated Miss Ollman again, still confidentially to herself; and when her lessons were finished, she started briskly off on a new errand.

This was a visit to a certain Dr. Frank Gordon, whose professional sign adorned a modest house in the suburbs, where he rented the parlor floor. There was no Mrs. Gordon, although that mythical lady was frequently addressed by enterprising milliners and dressmakers, and favored with cards to all their "openings," until the doctor became quite an adept in the mysteries of female apparel generally.

Sadie Ollman was his distant cousin; and there was a sort of chronic quarrel between them, and besides a little chronic love-making. But Miss Sadie declared that she was tired of poverty, and intended to be a millionaire. Marrying a poor doctor, she added, was not the way to accomplish this. Doctor Frank didn't urge the point. He never urged any point particularly, being a firm believer in the Bo-peep theory of

"Let them alone,
And they'll come home;

so that Sadie felt quite at her ease with him, and even went so far, occasionally, as to admit that there was something wonderfully winning about Frank, after all.

He was very nice-looking, certainly, with the professional air which those near-sighted glasses gave him; and to-day his visitor was more struck by his appearance than usual, as he rose from his writing-table to greet her.

"Frank," she began, rather timidly, "can you give me an unfailing prescription for croup? That is, the very best that has ever yet been tried?"

"Not for yourself, I hope?"

"Don't be ridiculous, please, if you can help it. Little Katie Masters is a perfect martyr to the disease; and I want it for some others, too. You'll write it out for me, won't you?"

"Most certainly," taking up his pen again; "but I cannot conscientiously call it 'unfailing,' as they do the patent medicines."

A rush of color swept over Sadie's face just then, and Frank Gordon wondered what it meant. But it was much too pretty to find fault with.

"Please write it so that civilized people can read it," observed the young lady, rather saucily; "and don't put in those queer little Latin abbreviations. I have a particular desire to understand it myself."

Again that sunset color, as Doctor Frank looked at her a little inquiringly; and he began to wonder if he had any grounds for hope.



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"Should this accomplish what I want of it," said the recipient, as she carefully bestowed the precious document in her chatelaine-bag, "you will not be forgotten."

She had not quite decided whether her acknowledgment of Doctor Gordon's services should take the shape of a handsome gold watch—he carried a silver one now, poor fellow—or some other testimonial. But the expression with which she made the remark was so significant, that it was interpreted in quite another way.

"Thanks," was the reply. "I want no evidences of gratitude," also significantly. "But I think that remedy the best that has ever yet been tried. You are quite sure that you are not about to set up as a quack doctor?"

He said this quite at random and jestingly, but she flushed up over cheek and brow again.

"Cheeks like damask roses," he commented, as he returned to his book, with a piquant girl's face coming rather too frequently between him and it.

The young lady wended her way back to the flat which at present constituted the family abiding-place, and found mother and sister busily engaged in the exhilarating occupation of turning an old dress. Sadie longed to tell them that it might be the last one upon which they would need to exercise their talents; but mamma was scarcely a safe repository for a secret, and Laura was inflammable; so she wisely refrained for the present.

The next day, Sadie went in quest of her "familiar," as the family called a lady of some sixty odd years, who inhabited a single room in a boarding-house, and spent her time in visiting the poor and relating her autobiography. Mrs. Gladsome called herself an old woman; but it really seemed as though, to afford space enough for the acting of all the dramas, tragedies, and comedies which had fallen to her share, she should have been a female Methuselah.

She was wonderfully interested in the secret confided to her, and bestowed abundant sympathy and some valuable advice; for Mrs. Gladsome was as much at home on the subject of patent medicines as with most other things. She also knew just the people, too, who were needed for any emergency; and having impressed upon her young friend the desirableness of a certain Mr. James "taking hold of it," she escorted her forthwith to be introduced to that magnate.

The young lady did not consider the gentleman at all prepossessing in appearance. But fortunately, personal beauty was not indispensable to success in a venture of this kind. Mr. James kept his hands in his pockets, and evidently had no prejudices in favor of clean linen. He was, however, disposed to look favorably on the croup prescription.

He finally agreed to bring it before the public, furnishing all the money, which he assured Miss Ollman would imply a "tree-men-jous" outlay in the way of advertising; and allowing his partner one-third of the receipts. The remedy was to be launched as

DR. BLADE'S INFANT PRESERVER.

The bottles, moreover, were to be embellished with the picture of a demon, labeled "Croup," clutching a child from its terrified mother's arms.

"They like it strong," said the man of enterprise, "and that picture will be sure to fetch 'em."

It was a very funny piece of business, and quite exciting, because of its privacy and the glittering hopes it held out. But Sadie found that she had a great deal more to do in the matter than she had imagined. Her partner expected her to furnish what he called the fancy touches: concocting labels, advertisements, hand-bills, and posters, for which he frankly acknowledged himself incapacitated from want of "eddication." He was a shrewd business man, but no scribe, as the ill-spelled notes, directed to Mrs. Gladsome (according to agreement), but intended for Miss Ollman, abundantly testified.

The young lady's brain was in a perfect whirl, with all her varied employments, as well as with her great expectations; for Mr. James assured her that the "Infant Preserver" was selling like hot cakes, and the only difficulty was that before long there wouldn't be any more croup left to cure.

Some weeks after Miss Ollman's visit to Doctor Gordon, the latter was spending an evening on the flat, and spoke of a case of croup to which he was called barely in time to save the child's life.

"The idiot of a mother," said he, indignantly, "was about to dose the poor little sufferer with one of those horrible patent medicines, with which the country is flooded. But the father, on my recommendation, pitched it out of the window, where it probably killed the cats instead of the child. Why will people be such fools? The idea of putting any trust in a compound with a flaming picture on it and such a label as 'The Infant Preserver.' The man who got that up ought to be indicted for child-murder."

"And what did you give the baby, Frank?" asked Sadie, in a curious kind of voice.

"The very remedy that I wrote out for you; and it acted like a charm. By the way, how did you succeed with it?"



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"I didn't succeed at all," was the reply, as the speaker became quite hysterical with laughing and crying together, to the great amazement of her relatives. "That wretched James has run away with all the money, and I am left lamenting. "But oh, Frank, to think of your throwing your own prescription out of the window!"

And now Sadie, unable longer to restrain herself, giggled uncontrollably.

There was no end of explanations to be made; and after the first shock of horror at having had anything to do, however remotely, with an "Infant Preserver," the family verdict pronounced Sadie's enterprise highly commendable. It was also decided, that since all the trouble and disgrace had been incurred, it was a great pity that no money should be forthcoming from it.

Doctor Frank looked funny enough at the *denouement*. But when his glance fell upon Sadie, there was something of reproach in it. However, since he had gotten up a patent medicine without knowing it, he did not intend to sit down tamely and let another appropriate the profits. So Mr. James was finally discovered and forced to disgorge some of his ill-gotten gains, and to give up all interest in the successful croup remedy. It was placed in honest hands, and although Doctor Gordon's connection with it was kept strictly private, he found it quite a source of revenue.

There was a Mrs. Gordon, too, as a consequence of all this; and the latter said, one day, to her husband:

"It seems to me, Frank, that I took a great deal of trouble just to marry you."

"And very unnecessary trouble, too," was the reply; "for 'Barkis was willin'' all along."

## THANKSGIVING EVE.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

The windows shook and rattled;
The gale was at its height.
A mother, 'mid her children,
Was watching out the night.
"Oh, Lord," she prayed, "remember
Those going down to sea;
And bring him back to-morrow,
To these—dear ones—and—me."

Out on the wild Atlantic—
Reeling before the blast;
At ev'ry surge that smote her,
Shiv'ring, as 'twere her last.
The waters, like a whirlpool,
About her boiling white—
The good craft fought and battled
All through that fearful night.

"Ho, steady," cried the skipper,
Half lost in clouds of foam.
"Pull, pull! And think, my hearties,
Of wives and babes at home.
What, breakers? Close a-lee, too;
The light-ship bearing south?
Hard down! Aye, there we fetch it.
Hurrah, the harbor's mouth!"

The sun rose bright and cheery;
The gale had done its worst.
From each Thanksgiving steeple,
A joyous welcome burst.
A door was softly opened—
The wife looked up—a start—
"Oh, Lord," she sobbed, "I thank Thee—"
And fainted on his heart.

## IF.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

If the day was all like the morning,
With rosy flushes of dawn;
And never a shadow falling,
And never the night came on—

If the years were all as the spring-time,
When airs with the rhythm beat
Of the swelling of buds, and the quiver
Of blades in the noonday heat—

Nor ever brown seed-pods filling;
Nor ever the sere black frost;
Chill winds and the gray skies lowering,
Above the blighting and loss—

And if life were all as our youth is,
Brave spirits and bounding blood;
And never the sorrows and heartaches,
And more of the evil than good:

Then days would all be as heaven,
And years like eternal noon.
And life be a joy in the living,
And love be the greatest boon.

But morn sinks into the midnight;
Spring fades with the warm June's breath;
And life goes out into blackness,
In ashes, and dust, and death.

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# MISS ALDERLY'S LAW-SUIT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 282.

## CHAPTER III.

For some moments Grace sobbed on, and refused to listen to Crawford's anxious pleadings. Indeed, at first, she was incapable of listening. Her whole senses were absorbed in the misery of the thought that danger menaced the hopes of success which had been absolute certainties to her mind. Grace loved money, not only for the pleasures and power it afforded, but she loved it for its own sake; and though she spent a great deal, the miser and the spendthrift always fought in her soul in a very odd fashion. The members of her household knew, from uncomfortable experience, that any act approaching extravagance, or even open-handedness, was certain to be succeeded by a stingy freak, during which she would curtail the most ordinary expenses, vehemently dispute the smallest bills and accuse everybody, from Cousin Elizabeth down to the cook, of being in league to try and ruin her.

It was only lately that Mark had begun to gain any perception of this trait, which, if not checked, must, long before she reached middle age, render her absolutely niggardly and mean. She could give largely when the donations would redound to her credit; outwardly her establishment was conducted with liberality, and for a good while Crawford had believed that she was at once generous and prudent; but during the past months certain discoveries had made him fear that her generosity was only a form of vanity, and what he had deemed prudence, an avaricious spirit, doubly unpleasant to witness in one so young. But he had tried to shut his eyes to these suspicions, as he tried loyally to cure or make the best of numerous other faults in her character, disposed to be the more lenient because he knew—sorely as he regretted to admit the fact—that his affection was so lukewarm, he ran the risk often of judging her too harshly.

But he was not condemning her now. Indeed, he felt heartily sorry for her, believing this blow produced the feeling which it had in a lesser degree given him—a feeling of acute disappointment, not at the idea of losing the money, but the lack of success; for Mark was not accustomed to failure. So far as the pecuniary interests involved were concerned, he was incapable of regret. Large as the sum was, it was not a matter of much importance in his eyes, considering what their respective fortunes already were; but he hated to think that all his time and energy had been wasted, and it hurt his professional vanity to meet with this sudden rebuff.

But Grace's distress prevented his thinking anything clearly, beyond a desire to soothe and comfort her. She had never before treated him to a scene of this kind, and he was actually alarmed by the force of the hysterical outburst, which would not have frightened Cousin Elizabeth or Julia Southgate in the least.

When Grace saw that he was terrified, she got her wits back enough to try and turn his alarm to use, actually hoping, well as she knew Mark, to induce him to admit that they were not called upon to give any importance to this paper. But Mark perceived the drift of her broken sentences and half-expressed adjurations, and stopped her with fresh sternness.

"You don't know what you are saying, Grace," he exclaimed. "Try and get quiet, so that we can talk the matter over."

"I don't want to talk about it," she cried. "I never saw anybody so crazy, Mark, as you. Grandpapa settled everything, and now you want to upset all his plans, just because you have found that old letter."

"The first thing is to read it quietly," he said. "You have given me no opportunity to do that yet."

"Oh, now you want to blame me. Well, I did not think you could be so cruel, Mark. You frighten me half to death about nothing, and then scold me for giving way a little."

"My dear Grace, I am not blaming you."

"Then tear up that old letter. Of course it is of no consequence. If grandpapa had ever meant to act upon it, he had plenty of time. He—"

But Mark had begun perusing the sheet again, and now put up his hand to silence her.

"Don't say another word, Grace. Just let me read it to you," he said, directly.

"I don't want to hear. I won't. Give me the letter. It is mine, not yours. Grandpapa told me to burn all his papers—"

"He did not tell you that during his illness; for he never spoke three connected sentences after his attack," interrupted Mark.



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"No, but he did, over and over, before that. He said there was a lot of journals and things that he could not bear to burn, though he did not want them to be read by others. You know how reticent he was—how secretive. Why it is positively wicked to pry about among his papers. I have not kept my promise. I have disobeyed his positive commands."

"They could not apply to this," said Mark, looking up from the page. "You must let me read it to you."

"I tell you I won't hear: I won't," cried Grace, turning upon him with a sudden fury in her face, which startled him for an instant, and then brought a chill sensation of disgust at this betrayal of hitherto unsuspected violent and evil traits in her character.

"If you refuse to listen, Henry Doane will not," he said, in a cold hard tone, which made Grace tremble with renewed terror and rage.

"How dare you talk about disposing of what belongs to me!" she exclaimed. "You let your desire to thwart me and put me in the wrong carry you too far, Mark. I will not endure it."

"If that is your way of regarding the matter, we must understand each other thoroughly before we go farther," he said, in an icy voice. "I shall not answer your charge."

"No, no, Mark, I did not mean it," she broke in, somewhat frightened.

"Nor should I ever try to dispose of what belongs to you alone," he continued. "But you are my betrothed wife, and your honor is my affair, as if we were already married."

"Oh, if you mean to accuse me of being dishonorable, I have done," sighed Grace, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I am not likely to do that," he answered, struggling hard to retain his waning patience; "but I want you to be reasonable and just."

"It's neither reasonable nor just for you to get some absurd scruple in your head, and then call it honor," retorted Grace.

"If you will listen to this letter, you must admit that your honor and mine is involved," he said; and Grace did not venture to protest further.

She sat silent while he read, doing her utmost to subdue her agitation, in order to take in the full meaning of the epistle, and find arguments wherewith to combat Mark's resolution. But her heart sank lower and lower as she listened. Each fresh sentence became additional evidence of the utter hopelessness of attempting to influence Mark Crawford. No power under heaven could change him. She must submit, or give him up altogether. It seemed to Grace, in her wrath and disappointment, that so far as he was personally concerned, she could have done this with savage satisfaction. She felt, for the moment, that she actually hated him; but she could not renounce the position she would have as his wife; then that unworthy sentiment passed; she knew it was not real, either: as much as she was capable of loving, she loved Mark; and she must submit.

He read the epistle to the end; then said, in a matter-of-fact tone which showed that he considered there was not even room left for discussion:

"You see I was right, Grace."

"No, I do not," she replied, sharply.

He looked at her in utter astonishment. But her face gave ample evidence of her sincerity. Plain and clear as the epistle was, it had not in the least altered her opinions.

"Well, if words mean anything at all," he said, "these signify that your grandfather had changed in his feelings towards Henry Doane, and wished him to know that he had done so; to know also that he proposed to leave him those lands, or their equivalent."

"Then why did he never send the letter? He never did, else Henry would have shown it to us at once."

"Evidently there was not time—"

"Nonsense. There is no date. But that letter must have been written a long while before grandpapa's death."

"On the contrary, here is a passage which goes to prove it was written just prior to his illness," returned Crawford, glancing down the page, and slowly reading a long paragraph.

"I don't see that it proves it at all," cried Grace. "It is my money. You have no right to force me to give it up. You have said all along I was as certain of winning my case as one can be of anything in advance."

"I am equally sure of it now," Mark interrupted. "But if you did, I do not suppose your conscience would be very easy, knowing that if your grandfather had lived a little longer, the money never would have been yours."

"According to that, if I had reason to think that, for some freak, grandpapa changed his mind, and meant to leave me a beggar, after promising to make me his heiress, I ought to give up all I possess?"

"I should most certainly consider that you ought," said Mark.

"Well," exclaimed Grace, "there's one thing sure: outside of a lunatic asylum, you wouldn't find anybody to agree with you."

"That would not alter right," replied Mark.

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"But this is not giving up your fortune. You are rich enough without that sum. I am rich, too—wealthier than you know. Why, Grace, my professional income alone averages twenty thousand dollars a year."

"Oh," she ejaculated, for there was a little balm in this thought, though she could not stop then to derive much consolation from it. "All the same, Mark, I don't mean to relinquish my rights. Unless the law will give it to him, and you say it won't, Henry Doane shall never have that money."

He was shocked and disgusted. Harsh, contemptuous words rose to his lips; but he repressed them, and said, patiently:

"You don't realize what you are saying, Grace. You are speaking from the first impulse of anger and disappointment."

"No, I am not. If you argued a month, you could not change my mind."

"I should be a very wretched man if I believed you," Mark answered. "Stop, Grace; let me finish. I think I can show you that you have not really reflected yet. See here: if you had found a will of your grandfather's, you would not for an instant dream of suppressing it, however adverse to your interests?"

For the first time in her life, Grace Alderly got a fleeting impression that there were depths and capabilities in her nature which she had never sounded, and from which she now shrank with a vague uneasiness.

"From anybody else, that question would be an intolerable insult. From you, it is wanton cruelty," she cried, endeavoring to take refuge in wounded feeling, though her voice was angry rather than hurt.

"You could not do it. The idea of such wickedness would never cross your mind," he exclaimed. "Well, Grace, when you are cool, and able to think, you will see that to suppress this letter would in reality be a crime just as great as to burn a will."

"I don't believe that letter would weigh a straw with all the judges in Christendom," said Grace, obstinately.

"And I assure you it would. I know pretty well what evidence Doane has got: what his witnesses will swear to. With this letter added, there is no shadow of doubt that he could break your grandfather's will."

"I wonder you ever took the case up, if you can be turned about by so little a thing as that," retorted Grace, with an imperviousness to reason and right that was at once painful and exasperating.

"Good heavens, Grace, do try to understand. Do think what you are saying. I believed that we were acting honestly, in opposing Doane's claim; that we were carrying out your grandfather's wishes; but here, here is proof that we were mistaken," cried Mark, tapping the letter upon the table. "Here is actually a message to us from the dead. If his spirit had come back, and uttered a positive command, our duty could not be plainer."

"I must beg you to spare me any violence. My nerves will not stand it," said Grace, with a mingled deprecation and contempt which made Crawford's blood boil. "If Henry Doane had believed in the justice of his cause, or had any real hope of success, he would never have done what he did months ago, and before bringing the suit: that is, go about in a roundabout fashion, attempting to compromise, and persuading me to give him money."

"But what has that to do with the present question? What we are dealing with now is your grandfather's will—"

"His will left me his whole fortune," broke in Grace, triumphantly.

Was she the most obtuse of created beings, or did she affect to misunderstand his words for the express pleasure of worrying him? Whichever might be the case, the anger her speech roused warned Mark that he needed to take a fresh grasp of his waning patience.

"I am not speaking of Mr. Doane's legal testament," he said, with forced composure; and he held up the letter as he spoke, "but of this, which to you and me, as honest people, must be just as binding and sacred as if it were a will, duly signed and attested."

"Oh, since you very nearly accused me of being capable of forgery, or something as bad, nothing else you can say will surprise me," returned Grace, suddenly assuming a martyr-like air.

Mark bounded to his feet. Grace uttered a little cry, and shrank back in her chair as if frightened, though in reality she was delighted at having roused him to anger. She had often forced him to give in by sheer dint of apparent inability to comprehend his arguments. Perhaps she could make him now.

Crawford walked several times up and down the room, while she sat watching him behind the shelter of her pocket-handkerchief. Presently he came back, and stood leaning his hand on the table, still holding the letter. How Grace wished she dared snatch it and burn it. Once destroyed, it seemed to her there would be an end of the matter, even in his mind. He would be furious at first, but he would finish by forgiving her.

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"The time for discussion has passed," Mark said, coldly. "What we are called upon to do is to act."

"I should think so," said Grace, still clinging desperately to her obtuseness, actually convincing herself that thereby she gained some indefinable advantage; "with the suit dragging on as long as it has, but certain to be settled in a fortnight, in spite of Henry Doane's artifices and delays."

Mark felt that if he was to retain a gleam of respect for the girl, he must cherish the idea that her dullness of perception was not assumed. So he said, resignedly:

"I will do the best I can. I dare say I can make an arrangement with Doane to share the costs. You could not oblige him to; but whatever his faults, he is generous enough to appreciate upright and honest dealing."

"Are you talking English?" asked Grace, with a provoking laugh, though her voice trembled somewhat. But Mark was too busy trying to control himself to notice this slight sign of betrayal. "If you are, it must be lawyers' English, which, to outsiders, is equivalent to an unknown tongue."

"It would be difficult to make my meaning clearer. I say I may be able to induce Doane, as a return for your right dealing, to bear a portion of the expenses, so far as the suit has gone."

"Well," said Grace, stolidly, "since the law will so soon condemn Henry to pay all the costs, I don't understand the object of any such move."

"Good God, Grace, don't you perceive that the suit is at an end? That you withdraw—"

"I do nothing of the kind," she interrupted.

He flung himself into his chair again, and stared at her with a mixture of feelings, in which the uppermost was a sort of despair at the thought of the future which must be spent with this woman. It was like gazing into a vault, with just light and air enough to keep a prisoner from suffocation, and knowing that he was to be shut in there with a stone sphinx for his sole companion. He roused himself, at last. In his present mood, it was absolutely perilous to contemplate that captivity. Directly, he asked, quietly:

"Will you send for Doane to come here, or shall I write to him and enclose this letter?"

"The letter would not in the least affect the verdict," said Grace, doggedly.

"Why, I tell you that to go on with the suit, in the face of that evidence, added to what Doane can already bring, would be madness."

"Then he—"

Grace stopped short. The sudden kindling of Mark's eyes made her afraid to finish the sentence, which would have been an assertion that she did not mean her relative to have the letter. She was acute enough to see that even a hint of such intention or desire would alienate Mark from her forever; no, her only hope lay in persevering in her dullness.

Suddenly, a new thought started up; and after a pause, she added:

"You mean you won't have anything more to do with the case?"

"Don't I tell you that you have none?"

"But if another lawyer thought differently?"

Mark was past speech. He merely held up the letter.

"Oh, that," said Grace, slowly, as if feeling her way. "Well, I'm stupid and dull, but it seems to me, in a lawyer's hands, that very letter might be used to my advantage."

"How?" Mark asked, unable to restrain the question, though he shrank from the fresh revelation of her character which an answer might give.

"In this way. Perhaps I can't explain. But I should think, if properly brought up in his closing speech, this letter—an old letter—might become a proof of how completely grandpapa changed his mind after Henry's bad conduct—"

"A letter which to you and me bears evidence of having been written shortly before his death," broke in Mark, unable to listen longer.

"What you and I might think has nothing to do with it," persisted Grace. "Henry is a bad man. We ought to use all means to defeat him. If this letter would help by showing that, after it was written, grandpapa found him out thoroughly, and so kept it back, then I can see that it would be of some real use."

It was very difficult to cling to his wish to believe that she was obtuse instead of crafty and unprincipled, but he must do it for both their sakes.

"You don't know what you are saying. You can't dream how dreadful it sounds," he exclaimed. "Supposing it possible—which it would not be—to give this letter that significance, think what we should be doing. Stultifying ourselves—acting a lie. Grace, Grace, try to comprehend."

"You—you would not be willing I should consult another lawyer?" she faltered.

"No," he cried, in a voice hard as iron; then he struggled anew, and continued more gently: "I can't make you see, but you must trust me. Any such step would positively disgrace you."

"Then I'm to be plundered and robbed, and yet I'm to make no effort to prevent it. A pretty doctrine," Grace fairly shrieked.

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"You are to resign what does not belong to you to its rightful owner," said Mark, firmly. "Later, you will be able to understand. At present, there is only one thing to do, and that must be done."

"What?" she asked, growing very white.

"Give up this letter to Henry Doane, and tell him that you do not oppose his claim."

Grace indulged in a worse hysterical outburst than the first had been; but though he was very kind, Crawford of course did not for an instant falter in his resolve. Grace knew that she must resign her precious money or release her lover, and she could not lose him. But her brain could act quickly enough, in its narrow, crafty fashion. Even in the height of her rage and anguish, she could plan and plot. The idea of a compromise with Henry Doane suggested itself to her mind. If she could keep Mark from taking any step for a day or two; if Doane, always in want of money, should snap at a moderate sum, paid down—oh, it would be a blessing to save two-thirds—even half of the amount. She wept and sobbed and moaned; she drove Mark nearly frantic by her upbraidings; then she changed to tenderness, and talked of her love, her willingness to obey him: whatever he wanted must be right.

"You will know it is right when you are calm, my dear girl," he said.

"Well, give me a little time to get used to the idea," she pleaded. "It is a terrible disappointment, I can't deny it. Not that I prize money for itself; but one can do so much good, and that wretch will only waste it. Let me think it over. Don't be hard on me."

"Of course, of course," Mark answered. "Come, now, let's put the whole thing aside. It isn't worth thinking of twice, only to be thankful that we have discovered what your grandfather's wishes were, and that we are able to carry them out."

"That is too much. Thankful that a man like Henry should get money to squander and—"

"We know very little about him," interrupted Mark. "He does not bear a bad character. We judged him by what your grandfather said, and now we find that your grandfather had reason to believe himself mistaken; that beyond extravagance and negligence, Doane was innocent."

Grace said no more. She had gained a reprieve. Her wisest course was to conceal the full depth of her bitterness and wrath.

"We will have our drive," Mark said. "The air will do you good."

"No; my head aches fearfully. I shall lie down," Grace answered.

After a little more conversation, Mark turned to leave the room. As he opened the door, a servant met him in the hall, bringing a telegram. Mark stepped back into the study, read the dispatch, and said:

"I shall be obliged to run down to New York, to-night, Grace. One of my clients is called away to London, and I must see him before he sails. The business is very important."

"But the Marvyns are to dine here."

"Well, I can take the last train. That will give me time to eat my dinner with you, and having to start directly after will save me from hearing Emily Marvyn sing," replied Mark, laughing.

"One would think you were glad to get away, you are so gay about it," returned Grace, pathetically.

Mark stood convicted by his conscience; for if not actually glad, he knew that the idea of a respite from Grace's society had been by no means unpleasant to him. There had come a swift vision of certain legal matters which might serve as an excuse for prolonging his stay in town a few days, and give Miss Alderly time somewhat to recover her equanimity. But the fact that he caught himself so thinking roused a pang of self-reproach, which caused him hastily to relinquish his scheme.

"A great deal of sorrow would be wasted, as I shall come back to-morrow evening," he replied.

In her heart, Grace was glad to have him go. She would have a whole day of freedom, and be able to carry out her plan. Henry Doane was stopping at a friend's house some ten miles away. She would see him alone. A conversation without witnesses would be much safer than the most guarded letter she could have written. The necessity for Mark's brief absence was very fortunate, therefore. She bloomed into an amiable mood at once, and offered to walk with him. Mark went to his room to prepare a telegram, and Grace summoned her maid. She was in the habit of trusting the woman with secrets; for like all crafty people, Miss Alderly was fond of mysteries, and Jane Holman was deep in her confidence. Jane would just be in time to catch a train for Dorset; and as it was still early, could get back by evening. So that matter off her mind, Grace set out for her ramble in fine spirits; and to Mark's relief, made no mention of the great disappointment which had overtaken her. Indeed, she behaved so well that he admired her courage, and began to hope he had done her injustice. All that wild talk, he said to himself, had been the mere ebullition of an undisciplined nature, suffering under the first poignancy of a shattered hope.

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The pair did not reach the house till sunset. It was a pity that Mark's softened feelings should meet with a check. But they did. Shortly after their return, Grace encountered Julia Southgate at the head of the stairs. Julia, faithful to her habit of never showing that she was either angered or hurt by Miss Alderly's caprices or ill-humor, made some pleasant observation in passing, apparently not remembering the insult she had received so few hours previous.

Her composure and courtesy irritated Grace's nerves beyond endurance. They had been already sorely tried by the events of the day; and supposing Mark to be in his room, out of hearing, she deemed it safe to relieve her feelings a little.

"After your conduct of this afternoon, Miss Southgate," said she, "you must excuse me for saying that your jest is very ill-timed. For some weeks past, you have been doing everything in your power to show that you are at heart my enemy. To-morrow, we will try to arrive at a clear understanding. Patient as I am, there are limits to the persecution which I am prepared to bear in my own house."

She swept on and entered her study, without giving the other a chance to reply, if she felt so disposed. Julia descended the stairs, and went out into the verandah, wondering, as she walked up and down, how much longer she should be able to support her present life. She knew that besides his engrossing grief over the loss of the wife he had worshiped, Mr. Alderly was oppressed by great business anxieties; and she could not bear to add to his cares by exposing the real character of the half-sister of whom he knew so little, having never lived for any length of time in the house with her, that he fancied her the sweetest and gentlest of women.

But Julia felt that it was indeed necessary, as Miss Alderly said, "to arrive at a clear understanding." Setting aside her personal annoyances, of late Grace had troubled her a great deal by interfering with the children, countermanding her orders, and even trying to undermine her influence. Of these things there must be an end, or Mr. Alderly must hear the truth, and allow her to take her charges away.

Julia knew that for other reasons also she should be glad to go, though they were such as hurt her womanly pride too sorely to contemplate.

"I am sorry—so sorry," Mark Crawford's voice said, suddenly, close at her side.

Julia had been so busy with her reflections that she had not noticed his approach. She started, and her color came and went quickly. But he was too eager and excited to observe it.

"I had just opened my door," he said. "I heard what Grace said. Pray excuse it, Miss Southgate. She is hardly accountable just now. Those papers contained a terrible disappointment for her. Try not to be either vexed or hurt."

"I don't think I am vexed, and I know I am not hurt," Julia answered, and began talking upon indifferent subjects.

Not vexed or hurt? Mark saw this, but he saw what was more humiliating to the offender and to him: he saw that she despised Miss Alderly.

## CHAPTER IV.

Mark Crawford returned the next evening, and Grace met him at the station. She was in such unusually elated spirits that he was able to think that she had already conquered her disappointment, and began to feel resigned. Perhaps even she was glad that she had discovered her grandfather's intentions in regard to her relative.

She was in a most amiable mood towards everybody. The children were rendered happy by being allowed to appear at dinner, in honor of Uncle Mark's return. Julia Southgate was jested with, on account of a supposed conquest of a very deaf old gentleman, in the neighborhood, who invariably called her Miss Eastwood. This was a proof, Grace merrily declared, that he ranked her with the morning, the sunlight, and other agreeable things. Julia's manner was so free from any restraint or coldness, that Mark settled down in the belief that, for once in her life, Grace had brought herself to own that she was in the wrong. This conviction made him glad that he had not posted a letter, written on the previous night, in which he told Grace very plainly of the faults in her character, that filled him with such doubts and fears for their future peace. When he read his epistle over, he saw that it sounded cold and severe, and so tore it up. He had no desire to assume the disagreeable position of critic and mentor, and if Grace had in one instance seen and avowed her error, it was really a great step gained.

But in truth, Grace had done no such thing. During the morning Julia had been occupied with the children, and soon after luncheon Grace disappeared and was gone for a long time. She had taken a long walk in the woods, she said, when she met Julia, on her return, cutting short that young lady's resolve to have the proposed explanation, by talking in an eager, almost incoherent fashion, upon every sort of trifling subject. Indeed, altogether, she was evidently in an odd state of excitement, which puzzled

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Miss Southgate exceedingly, and caused her to feel that it would be both generous and wise to postpone any serious conversation till Grace was in a calmer mood.

Before dinner ended, it struck Mark that his betrothed's gayety seemed fictitious and unnatural; there was something out of the common, too, in her appearance. Her usually rather pale cheeks were dyed with a vivid color, which, though it brightened her eyes, and rendered her excessively pretty, came and went in so feverish a fashion, that at last even unobservant Cousin Elizabeth noticed how different she was from her ordinary self, and asked anxiously if she were not well.

Grace looked so annoyed, that for an instant Mark feared the peace of the evening was at an end; but she bit her lips, to keep back the hasty reply which rose to them, and laughingly declared that her cousin was never happy unless she could fancy somebody ill, and have an opportunity to exhibit her powers as an amateur physician.

But after all, the evening did not end so pleasantly as it began. Cousin Elizabeth chanced to remark, that, while in the village that afternoon, she had seen Henry Doane ride by the shop in which she was standing, and she had thought, perhaps, he meant to come and visit her.

There would have been nothing extraordinary in his doing so. He had all along insisted on being friendly with Grace, asserting that he had no personal quarrel with her. The battle was a fair one on both sides. She naturally wanted to keep what she had got, and he wanted his rights; and in public, when they encountered each other, he would be civil and talkative, after a fashion which tried Grace's patience sorely.

"Did you happen to meet him, Grace?" asked Cousin Elizabeth.

Grace waited one instant, then said, harshly: "No, and I don't wish to."

She was cross after that, and the party broke up rather early. Mark went to bed, tired by a day's hard work in town, and freshly discouraged by the change on Grace's part, from amiability to fault-finding, and a determination to be hurt and injured. But, after all, he found that he could not sleep soundly. He woke, from a succession of dozes, filled with vaguely unpleasant dreams, and at last heard the clock in his dressing-room strike three. He got up in despair, and dressed. Since he could not sleep, he would pass the time in answering some letters. His candle had burned low, so he took his desk and went softly downstairs into the library, lighted a lamp, and solaced himself with a cigar.

In a compartment of his writing-case, he came upon the papers of old Mr. Doane, which he had not yet had leisure to examine. He read over the letter which had so completely altered his opinion of the justice of Henry's claims, and determined that Grace must make up her mind to let him at once inform her cousin. Further delay would be ungenerous. Very likely his decision would bring on a fresh attack of hysterics, but that could not be helped; then he sighed. The idea of entering into a life partnership with a person afflicted with weak nerves was not exhilarating.

More to get rid of his worrying reflections than anything else, he began an attentive perusal of the other documents, and of the fragments of diaries, certainly not expecting to find evidence which would militate against that of the letter, but growing interested in these personal records of the old man, who had been almost like a father to him in his boyish days.

It was not long before Mark hit upon passages which caused him to forget any sentiment, in an interest of a different kind. When he finished his task, he knew that he had alarmed Grace needlessly. Mr. Doane had died satisfied of the justice of his will, and firm in his intention of leaving no share of his property to his grand-nephew.

There were statements of his having given Henry, at different times, large sums of money. A quarrel had arisen between them. But at length, through the intercession of a friend, Henry succeeded in convincing his relative that the last amount bestowed had been lost in a disastrous business undertaking, and that the old gentleman's suspicions of his evil conduct were unmerited. Under the influence of these feelings, Mr. Doane had written this letter to his nephew; promising his countenance, if he proved that he meant to atone for his former extravagance and wrong-doing, and holding out the promise of leaving to him, in his will, the lands for the possession of which Henry had brought the suit against his cousin.

But this letter had never been sent, and the remaining documents contained ample proofs that the writer had had good reasons for again changing his mind, and this time utterly renouncing his nephew. Mr. Doane discovered that he had been tricked by Henry and his confederate. The young man had lied unscrupulously, and if not actually dishonest, according to law, in a certain transaction, had at least shown himself so in a moral light.

Later entries stated, clearly, that Mr. Doane kept his discoveries a secret, even from Grace,

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because he could not bear to reveal to her the full extent of his disappointment and grief, in learning the real character of the man he had loved, and with whom he had been so patient. He kept the letter, written at his country-seat, meaning, when he returned to town, to hold a final interview; show the culprit what his intentions had been, and leave him to the just punishment of knowing, that, if he had only refrained from treachery and lying in this last affair, his youthful errors would have been condoned.

But while preparing for a return to New York, the old gentleman was seized with a paralytic attack, to which he succumbed within a week; and the papers, hidden in the bureau, had escaped the search made by Grace, at Crawford's request, just when she was hurried by her preparations for departure from the house, after her grandfather's funeral.

Mark completed his work; put the pages relating to Henry Doane in a large business envelope; tied up the other documents in a bundle, and sat leaning his head on his hand, at first entirely occupied by the thought that all litigation between the cousins would now end. As soon as he became acquainted with Crawford's discovery, Henry Doane must retire from further contest. This evidence would not only destroy his case, but its public production would go far towards ruining his reputation with honest men.

Upon one thing Mark decided. He would respect the old gentleman's wishes, if it were possible. He would simply tell Grace that he had found evidence which proved they were right in disregarding the letter. She detested any approach to legal explanations, and would be perfectly satisfied. The rest of the matter must lie between him and Henry Doane, and would be easily settled. Doane would withdraw his claim, while, on his part, Mark determined, in that case, to persuade Grace to help Doane, where expenses already incurred were concerned; for he knew that, after all, the young man was weak rather than a deliberate villain.

Then his thoughts wandered from this matter, and again a vision of his future presented itself: the long, long future, which had grown to look so dreary, during these later months; looking drearier and balder than ever, in the sudden despondency which he tried to think the result of physical weariness. He caught himself wishing that Henry Doane had been an upright man, likely to prove a good husband, and that an effort he had once made to win Grace Alderly for his wife had succeeded. Then Mark stopped horrified. Good heavens! what was he thinking. But his efforts to feel conscience-stricken were not very successful. The prospect of happiness for himself, or Grace, seemed daily to lessen. Still, it was too late to draw back. Whether she really loved him or not, his betrothed would not expose herself to the humiliation of a broken engagement, within so few weeks of the date set for their marriage.

No! He had helped to forge his own chains, and he must learn to bear them. He did not even let himself dwell upon the fact, long patent to his mind, that he had been influenced by the fear that he had unconsciously won Grace's heart. Such an excuse seemed cowardly. He must accept his life, and make the best of it. Yet the future might be so different, if Grace were only generous-hearted, broad-minded—like—yes, like Julia Southgate.

But when he reached that name, Mark dared go no further in his reflections. He rose quickly, extinguished the lamp, threw back the shutters, and opened the glass doors. He glanced at the clock. It was still early, not yet six. He went out into the verandah, and walked up and down; the fresh air was pleasant and reviving, and the picturesque landscape, spread out below the house, looked peaceful and lovely in the golden light. But there was no peace for Mark; no ability to fix his mind upon the pretty scene; no escape from the dismal fancies which followed him out into the sunshine, and cast their ugly shadow between him and it.

"Crony, Crony," called a hoarse voice. and the great raven came hopping across the verandah, and joined Mark in his promenade.

"Good morning," said Mark.

"Morning! You are a fool, you know," returned Crony.

"And you are wiser than you know," said Mark, and he laughed, though with a sigh under, as he stopped to look at the bird, poised on one foot, and regarding him with a diabolical slyness, which seemed to imply a perfect understanding of his reflections. "Much wiser than you know, Crony!"

"Ha, ha!" croaked the raven.

Mark walked on, and Crony hopped by his side. Mark was still pursuing the thread of his bitter thoughts. But Crony was pretending to be absorbed in meditation, yet in reality waiting for a favorable opportunity to nip Crawford's ankles, having noticed that he wore low shoes. However, the chance did not present itself, and Crony lost his temper in waiting.

"Lapperment!" he cawed, suddenly. "You are a fool, you know."

Mark heard a gay laugh; turned, and saw Miss Southgate coming up the steps. Her hands

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were full of flowers, her cheeks pink from exercise, and she looked so blooming and fresh that she might have served as a model for Aurora.

"Good morning, Mr. Crawford," she said, as Mark moved towards her. "Crony seems in one of his moods for plain speaking."

"He is a fool," croaked the raven, hopping forward, with a fiendish laugh. Then he drew several imaginary corks, swore a few German oaths, and spying the peacock, who had come out on the lawn to exhibit his gorgeous tints, darted off, to persecute him without mercy.

"You are very early, Miss Southgate," said Mark.

"And you, for that matter."

"Ah, I have done a good night's work," he said. "I have been over those papers of Mr. Doane's. So far from bringing a disappointment, as the letter I first looked at made me fear, they render Grace's success certain."

"Oh, I am very, very glad," Julia exclaimed, her face lighting up in a beautiful way. "It is not for the money—of course that is nice to have—but I know it is the success that pleases you."

"And we have to thank you," said Mark.

"There was not much merit in finding the papers," she answered, laughing. "Still, I own I am glad it happened to be my good luck. I wish Grace would come down. How pleased she will be."

"It is not her time, by a good hour," said Mark. "I wonder if the cook would be shocked at my begging a cup of coffee. I have been up since three o'clock, and find it difficult to resign myself to wait until breakfast."

"Of course, you can have some coffee," Miss Southgate replied, and ran off, without paying any attention to his apologies, or to his protestations that he had not meant to give her trouble.

Cook liked Miss Southgate, as did all the servants, and her request was complied with more quickly than would probably have been the case had the mistress of the house even demanded it, at this abnormal hour.

"I am quite ashamed that you should have had so much bother," said Mark, when the young lady returned.

"Are you?" she retorted, gaily. "You don't look it! I told Victor to carry the tray into the library. The dining-room is not in order yet."

As they entered the library, Mark said:

"I must put my proofs in a safe place. Ah! that old cabinet will serve nicely, if the lock is secure."

"The key is lost, but that doesn't matter, for there are some pigeon-holes nobody would find if they hunted a week," returned Julia, following him across the room. "This cabinet was one of my discoveries in the garret. I never remembered to show Grace the secret. Not that I suppose you wish to hide the papers away from her," she added, laughing.

But Mark certainly did wish to keep the documents out of Miss Alderly's sight, although he did not care to say so. Julia opened the doors of the cabinet, touched a spring hidden by the elaborately-carved ornamentation, and revealed a series of little compartments.

"Admirably contrived," said Mark.

"Are they not? I should never have dreamed of looking for them, only my father used to have a cabinet very like this; and the secret pigeon-holes were a great delight and mystery to me as a child. See, on the other side—"

"There's Victor. I hear his step in the hall," interrupted Mark.

He went to the table, took the roll and envelope, hurried back, laid them in one of the openings, and closed the slide, before the servant appeared. "Another thing I have to thank you for: it is an excellent hiding-place," he observed, smilingly.

"Here comes the coffee," said Julia, as Victor entered with a tray. "I may thank you, for I mean to have my full share of it, and of the brown-bread and butter. My walk has given me a most unromantic appetite."

The two fell into a pleasant conversation, and more time passed than either was aware of. They were interrupted by the appearance of Miss Alderly, down earlier than usual, and by no means pleased at the information she had received from Victor: that she would find Miss Southgate and Mr. Crawford already in the library.

Mark saw by the expression of Grace's face that she was annoyed. Even while feeling it a weakness to care for her ill-humor, when occasioned by such a motive, he wished to prevent her uttering some discourteous speech, and called, quickly:

"Great news, Grace! I have been over all the papers. As I told you, there will be no lawsuit. But it is you who have won."

Then he explained as much as he considered necessary, and Grace rushed into a state of joyful excitement.

"What did I tell you?" she exclaimed, over and over, too well satisfied to think of asking to see the papers.

"And you were right," returned Mark. "This information I shall have to give Henry Doane will settle the matter at once."

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Grace turned so pale that Julia Southgate cried out in alarm, asking if she were ill.

"No," Grace replied, shortly. "I have been so much teazed and worried, in all sorts of ways lately, that I am nervous and easily upset. I wish you would come and walk, Mark. I should be glad to talk the business over with you."

After breakfast, the children were clamorous to have Crawford visit a wonderful play-house they had constructed in the grove; and he yielded to their request, with a readiness of which his betrothed did not approve. His habit of indulging their caprices, she said, was subversive of all her theories of discipline.

When he returned, Mark went into the library, wishing to refer to some point in the papers about which his memory was not quite clear. He opened the pigeon-holes, and took out the envelope; but just as he sat down at the table, Victor interrupted him with the information that Miss Alderly requested his presence in her study, where she was holding an interview with her farmer.

It would not answer to leave Grace waiting while he searched for the paragraphs he wanted. She was in such an excited mood that the least thing would make her either angry or injured. The species of slavery in which one must live in order to keep Miss Alderly placid was by no means pleasant to contemplate, especially for a man who had to look forward to passing his whole life in her companionship.

He waited till Victor left the room; then hastily reopened the secret recess in the cabinet; shoved the envelope into place, with a good deal of irritated precipitation; closed the slide; and departed, having time to recover his equanimity as he mounted the stairs.

He did not find himself alone in the library again until towards the middle of the afternoon. Then he decided to refresh his memory in regard to the debatable point in the documents.

He opened the cabinet and touched the secret spring. The slide flew back, revealing the pigeon-holes. But only the roll of papers was lying there. The envelope, which contained the sole pages of importance, had disappeared.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# DO YOU REMEMBER?

BY LYDIA F. HINMAN

Do you remember, Paul,
  The walks we used to take
In evening's twilight, calm and sweet,
  Through woodland, mead, and brake?
The stars would watch our steps,
  The blooms nod by the way,
And birds would trill their "good-night" songs,
  As fell the shadows gray.

Do you forget that eve,
  You took within your own
My hand, and told me of your love
  Your eyes with worship shone;
My heart was filled with joy,
  When you pressed love's first kiss
Upon my lips. I wonder, Paul,
  If you remember this.

Do you remember, Paul—
  So far away to me
It seems—one tender eve you led
  Me over moor and lea
Unto a little cot
  Within a quiet glen,
That some sweet day would be "our own,"
  And, oh, you kissed me then,
And pressed me to your heart.
  You loved me, Paul, but yet—
It seems so strange to me, so strange,
  That men so soon forget.

O'er wood, and lea, and fen,
  I wandered, Paul, to-day,
Along the same old moss-lined paths
  Our footsteps used to stray
So long ago. Within
  The glen yet stands the home
That we called "ours," the eve we stood
  Within its tender gloam.

You sat beside the door,
  And she sang sweet and low,
Just as I pictured we would sit
  And sing, so long ago.
My child, you gave the draught
  I asked, and praised her face;
But there was no familiar line
  On my own, you could trace.

Aye, time will have his play;
  And he can change us all;
And he changed all my future years
  When he changed your heart, Paul.
My home is beautiful,
  And filled with song and glee.
You live afar, within the cot
  Once built for you and me;
But with my loving ones
  My cup is sweet—and yet
Sometimes, I think I'd like to know
  If you, Paul, quite forget.

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# AUNT JUDY'S WAY.

BY AGNES JAMES.

## CHAPTER I.

"MAMMA, I wish you would do something about it," Lucille says, from the sofa, where she has been sulking and crying for an hour.

"What can I do, child? I can't lock her up. She is nineteen years old now. People will talk if I don't let her go out," Mrs. Meredith answers.

"I think it was a great shame of papa, to burden you with her," says Lucille, hotly.

"Lucille!"

"She ought to go away, and teach somewhere, or do something. Why don't you tell her so, mamma?"

"I can't, my dear. By your father's will, she is to have a home here until she is of age, or marries."

"Well, she is a great nuisance. Pert, forward little thing! It is abominable, the way she behaves. Think of her singing 'Oh! whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,' to Roy Brandon, last night! And going out on the porch with him, afterwards, in the moonlight! I wonder she isn't ashamed to be dependent on other people."

"Not entirely dependent, my dear. You know your father left her three hundred a year, until she marries."

"Then I wish to heaven she was married," Lucille retorts.

"I really don't know what to do," Mrs. Meredith wails out.

"Send her to Aunt Judy's," says Laura, the other daughter.

"But—but really, Laura, I am afraid—the child will be too unhappy there. Aunt Judy is so peculiar, and—and so strict."

"Oh! Of course; if you consider her before us," says Lucille, "and the peace and propriety of the household."

"There is no use talking of it," puts in Laura. "She ought to go."

And she does go. Poor little orphan Evelyn! She has been so happy, all this sweet spring-time; happy, in spite of cold looks and wounding words from her cousins. Hitherto she has been rather neglected than unkindly treated. She has just been "nobody." But recently, she has begun to attract attention. She is no longer a child. She has become, all at once, a very pretty girl, with warmly-tinted cheeks, sunny brown hair, and a pair of shy, sweet, laughing hazel eyes. She sings old ballads, with a voice like a lark; and her laugh is as sweet as her singing. Laura's cold blonde beauty, and Lucille's wax-doll prettiness, are cast into the shade by the warm, living, glowing loveliness of the little orphan cousin.

So she goes away to grim Aunt Judith. It is skillfully managed, too, so that she is told of the plan, one day, just after Roy Brandon has gone away from the city, to stay some time; and the next day, she is sent off.

She runs away, when she hears her sentence, to hide her tears in her solitary chamber.

"Oh, Roy, if you were only here," she whispers. "If I might only tell you about it! *You* would pity me, and be good to me."

She remembers his look when they parted, yesterday; the deep, earnest light in his gray eyes; the warm, lingering clasp of his hand; his eagerness, as he said: "May I write to you, while I am gone?"

She had smiled, and blushed, and given him a quick little nod; and then she had been so happy. And now it was all over! But that is only the first despairing thought. Soon she begins to comfort herself, to hope again.

"He will write to me, and I shall get his letter at Aunt Judy's. Then I can write, and tell him all about it. It will not be so hard, if I hear from him, and perhaps—oh, perhaps, he may come there. He will not mind distance, or trouble, or Aunt Judy, or—anything, if he wants to see me, and I know he does!"

But before she goes, for fear something may happen about the letters, she decides to leave a message for him. She decides, too, to entrust it to her little cousin, Reggie. So she goes into the school-room.

"Reggie," she says, "I want you to give a message for me to—to a person you like. To Mr. Brandon. Will you?"

"Yes; he's a brick! He shows me how to make kites, and boats, and things."

"Well, then, when he comes back, you must tell him I have gone away to stay at Aunt Judith's; and that—that it is near Martindale, up in Blank County."

"Oh! that means if he wants to see you, he can come up there," coolly remarks the incorrigible boy.



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Evy blushes like a rose, and hurriedly exclaims: "No, no. Of course, don't say that. I only want you to tell him where I am; and that I didn't know I was going until after he went away. You't won't forget, Reggie, will you?"

"No, I won't. I 'clare I won't."

The next day, she is gone.

## CHAPTER II.

An old gray stone house, with half its windows closely shuttered. Dark, funereal evergreens crowd around it; white pines, that whisper sadly; hemlocks, that sway in the wind, and tap with ghostly fingers at the windows; gloomy yews, and firs that touch the ground with their drooping branches.

A drizzling rain is falling, and night is coming on. Evelyn Meredith is pacing up and down the portico, restlessly. Now and then she stops to pat or speak to a grand old jet-black St. Bernard dog, that lies on the flags, and wags his tail affectionately at her notice. Evelyn has been here at "Solitude" only two weeks; but already "Knight" is her devoted slave, her constant attendant.

Only two weeks! But it seems two years to Evelyn. For as yet there has been no letter from Roy. She cannot understand it. Every evening, when the mail comes in, she is so sure she will hear from him. But she never does.

She finds, meantime, a dozen reasons for his silence, or tries to think she finds them. The sick sister he went to see may be very ill—dead, perhaps. Poor Roy! He loves his sister very much, and Evy's tender little heart aches for him when she thinks that may be the reason he has not written. Or Roy may be very ill himself. That is dreadful to think of; but oh! even that is better than that he should have forgotten her. *That* is simply impossible. She knows him too well, she trusts him too implicitly to think of it.

So she paces up and down the portico, watching for the mail, until she hears the clang of the iron gate at the end of the avenue; and an old negro on a gray mule ambles slowly up to the house.

Evy runs down the steps to meet him.

"Give me the bag, Uncle Joe. I hope the rain will not make your rheumatism worse," she says, in her pretty, gentle way, with a kindly smile and nod.

"Thank you, mistis. I ain't wet none to speak of," Uncle Joe says, stolidly; and Evy takes the mail-bag and vanishes into the house.

Everything is dark and chill and sombre in the house. The great hall, with its polished floor, echoes drearily to Evy's light footsteps. The doors that open into the hall lead into large gloomy rooms, the light shut out from them by closed blinds and dingy drapery. The furniture is dark and heavy and old. Grim family portraits frown down from the walls. There is silence everywhere. Not a sound is heard but the slow tick of the tall clock in the hall.

When Evy opens the library door, Aunt Judy looks up, with keen black eyes, that peer over the top of her spectacles.

"What is it, Evelyn?" she asks, quietly.

"The mail, Aunt Judy."

Aunt Judy looks in her basket for a key; finds it, and proceeds leisurely to unlock the leather bag. There *is* a letter for Evy. But alas! even upside down, she knows Lucille's fashionably large dashing hand.

"Is that all?" Poor Evelyn asks this almost pleadingly.

"That is all," Aunt Judy answers, in her hard unsympathetic way. Evelyn walks away to the window to read her letter. She glances hastily over Lucille's careless, selfish, egotistic scrawl, and lights at last upon Roy Brandon's name. Lucille has written before, and Aunt Laura, and little Sue; but there has never been one mention of Roy. Now she reads:

"Roy Brandon came back yesterday. His sister is quite well again, and he is in such fine spirits! We were making the loveliest plan, last night, for a trip to the Peaks of Otter; and Roy is going with us. We shall go there before we go to the Springs. I am having some dresses made that are perfectly exquisite."

That is all. No more about him. But that is too much. He has come back; he has not made an inquiry about her; he has sent her no message! He can laugh and chatter with Lucille, and make plans for spending a gay summer without her. Yet it may be that Lucille is not telling quite the truth. Evy knows that her cousin has a little weakness of that sort. She will be patient a little while longer.

"Perhaps they have neglected to forward his letters," she says; "and if so, he is hurt that I do not answer them. But when Reggie gives him my message, he will write again. Oh, if he loves me—and didn't he tell me so a dozen times with his lips, and a thousand times with his eyes?—he will write again."

Evy thinks this, and regrets her little coquetries: how she pretended not to believe that Roy loved her; how she laughed, and put him off, and promised to "think of it." Silly child! For she loved him all the time, with all her wayward passionate heart; and thought of little

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else, day or night, even then, but him. And surely, in that moment when she parted with him—when he held her hand so closely, and her eyes sank beneath his—he must have seen then that she loved him.

"If I could only see him for one moment, it would be all right," she says to herself; and sometimes she has desperate thoughts about flying back to Aunt Laura's that she may see him.

But that is impossible, she knows. She can only wait. There is nothing else a woman can do. So she waits, and bears it all in silence—all.

## CHAPTER III.

Two weeks more have passed. Aunt Judy puts down her knitting, and looks at Evelyn; who, unconscious of the scrutiny, is sitting near the window with some sewing in her lap. But she is not sewing. Her hands are folded listlessly upon her work.

"Evelyn," Aunt Judy says, gravely.

Evelyn starts violently. Her eyes lose their absent gaze.

"What are you thinking of, child?" says Aunt Judy.

Evy colors, looks down and does not answer.

"Was it anything worth sighing about? I have counted seven deep sighs in the last half-hour."

Evy turns away her head, and Aunt Judy sees that her eyes are full of tears.

"Child," says Aunt Judy, kindly, "are you unhappy? Do you want to go back?"

Evy shakes her head, sadly.

"I can't go back, even if I wished to," she says. "Aunt Laura is at the Springs. She doesn't want me." Her voice quivers pathetically.

"But you would like to get away from this grim old jail, and this grim old woman?" Aunt Judy says, good-naturedly. "Well, I can't blame you, child. But I want to tell you that you mustn't mind my ways. I used to hear you singing about the house, when you first came. I liked to hear it. It made the whole place cheerful. But I don't hear it now. And I don't like to think that I am making you miserable by my gloomy crabbed manner, and my dull old house."

"Oh, Aunt Judy, it isn't you. You have been very good to me," Evy cries, hastily. "But—but—it is something—it is very silly. I was lonely—and then—you can't help it—nobody can." After which disjointed and unintelligible remarks, Evy takes up her work, and tries to sew, with trembling fingers and eyes blind with tears.

"Well, child, I mean to be good to you. So when I am very cross, don't mind it. Say 'it's only Aunt Judy's way.' And as for the 'something' that troubles you now, it will all come right, child, or else there will come a time when you will wonder you thought it worth sighing about." And Aunt Judy's needles resume their monotonous click.

"It will all come right? Oh, how can it?" little Evy sobs, in the lonely wakeful night, when the moon shines into her great gloomy room upstairs; and the long hours creep by, and her pillow is wet with tears. "It can never come right. Roy has forgotten me, and I don't care for anything else in the whole world. I wonder why he tried so hard to make me love him, if he was going to forget me so quickly. If he had only let me alone, I wouldn't have thought about him at all. But now I shall always be wretched, because he has forgotten me."

Slowly the summer creeps by. It is September now. Aunt Laura and her family are at home again. But there is no word about Evy's coming back. Aunt Judy certainly does not want her to go. The girl has crept into that "soft spot" in Aunt Judy's heart, and made a home there. Her sweet gentle ways, her helpful ready hands, her grateful loving nature, have won the love of everybody at Solitude, mistress and servants, dogs and all. There are few visitors. But the little girl with the sweet voice and sad pretty eyes is the admiration of those who do come. All day, Evy goes about, trying to be cheerful. She has smiles and pleasant words for everybody; and she sings for Aunt Judy in the twilight; but there are some songs she dare not sing, for fear a sob will choke them; and she must keep her sobs and bitter tears for the night and darkness. The friendly night, at least, gives her the comfort of tears.

"If I only, only could forget him," she thinks. "I don't want to hate him, but only to forget him." So she prays, from the depths of her aching heart, as so many of us pray, for the one blessing of forgetfulness. But it does not come. The memory of his voice, his eyes, his smile, his passionate words, lives on to torture her, waking and sleeping.

Does Aunt Judy know nothing of all this? Do heavy eyes, and pale cheeks, and absent looks, and sad reveries, tell no tale to the shrewd black eyes of that observant old lady? It is not "Aunt Judy's way" to talk much about anything. But she is not blind. And one day she guesses it all. The mail has come in, and there is a letter from Aunt Laura to herself.

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"Humph, what a fool Laura is," Aunt Judy comments, brusquely, as she reads it. "What is the use of telling me how much her girls are courted and admired? I don't admire them. So that pert little idiot, Lucille, is really going to be married." She turns to Evy, and says: "Your Aunt Laura thinks it so nearly settled that she may venture to speak of it in confidence. At least that is what she writes."

"Lucille going to be married?" cries Evelyn. "Oh, to whom, Aunt Judy?"

"Too good for her, if he is at all like his father," replies Aunt Judy. "It is Mr. Roy Brandon. You knew him, I suppose? What is he like?"

"What is he like?" Evelyn answers, slowly, almost gasping for breath. "He is—everybody likes him—I believe."

There is something so strange in the girl's tone, so curious in her manner, that Aunt Judy pushes the spectacles up on her aquiline nose, and glances at her niece.

Evelyn sits very still—as still and white as marble.

"Do you know him?" Aunt Judy repeats.

"Yes, I knew him," Evy replies, in the same slow faint tone. She feels as if she were talking in her sleep. It is all such a "sad, bad, broken dream."

"Did you like him?" Aunt Judy goes on.

"Like him?" Her Roy, who used to be so kind, and frank, and gay? Roy, who had loved her so dearly, and whom she had loved with all her heart?

Evelyn's hazel eyes, strangely darkened and dilated, turn with a startled look to meet her questioner's. But a sudden hot flush of color sweeps into her pale face, as she meets those searching black eyes; and she turns her head away quickly.

"Oh, I liked him well enough," she says. The tone is careless, ostentatiously so. But Aunt Judy hears the thrill of bitterness in it.

"Well enough? Too well, little Evy, I am afraid," she thinks. But she says nothing aloud. She only goes back to her letter and her comments. "He is 'all that could be desired,'" she reads. "Of course! 'Young, clever, handsome, rich.' Oh, yes, I knew 'my sweet little Lucille' would not care for love in a cottage. Well, well! He cannot be like his father. George Brandon was never fool enough to be caught by a pair of china-blue eyes like Lucille's."

When she has folded the letter and put it away in her basket, she sits thinking silently. Evy slips away to her own room, and lies there on her bed, stunned, crushed by the cruel blow that has fallen upon her. She knows now that all this time she has hoped for some happy chance to bring Roy back to her. It is all over now. She must not love him any longer, for he is to marry Lucille. In the twilight, in the thickening shadows, she lies there and feels that

> "The light of a whole life dies
> When love is done."

## CHAPTER IV.

Roy Brandon is strolling down the city street, one afternoon, in the sweet bright September weather. He looks absent and moody. Presently, someone accosts him.

"Do you mean to 'cut me,' Mr. Brandon?" asks a laughing voice.

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Forbes," he exclaims, roused from his reverie. He takes off his hat as he speaks. She is going his way, and he accompanies her.

"Ah, there is Lucille Meredith," Mrs. Forbes says, directly. "Now, Roy, I will not be cruel. I will release you."

"I have not the slightest wish to be released," is the quiet answer; and as Lucille flutters by, Roy gives her the same easy smile and bow he has bestowed upon twenty other girls that they have passed.

"What, a lover's quarrel?" asks Mrs. Forbes, laughing.

Roy looks at her with grave, almost gloomy eyes.

"Have you heard that, too?" he asks, moodily.

"Of course I have. Everybody has heard it. If it is not true, why do you go there so constantly?"

"Why do I go? Well—I really—don't know," Roy says, pulling his long fair moustache absently. "Habit, I suppose. I used to go a great deal in the spring, and then—" He stops, abruptly.

"And then," Mrs. Forbes takes it up, with a laugh, "people thought Evelyn was the attraction. Now 'everybody' says it is Lucille. Oh, I assure you, we have quite made up our minds about it; and the news is spreading. It has even penetrated into the wilds of Blank County. A letter I received from there yesterday contains an inquiry about you."

"Indeed? May I ask who honors me so highly?"

"Certainly. The letter is from Mrs. Judith Meredith. You have heard of her, perhaps? She lives near Martindale."

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"Mrs. Meredith? 'Aunt Judy'? Yes, of course," Roy says.

"A terrible old lady, who lives in a lonely old house, and is a terror to bad children. By the way, your little friend, Miss Evy, was banished there suddenly last summer. For what crime, nobody knows."

Mrs. Forbes is quietly watching Roy's face, which is thoughtful and puzzled.

"Near Martindale, did you say? Is that her post-office?" Roy asks, abruptly.

"Yes," Mrs. Forbes says. "Do you mean to make love to Aunt Judy, too?"

Roy does not heed the mischievous accent. But he continues:

"Are you sure? Has it not been changed lately? I beg your pardon—but I was told—I thought it was Smithville."

He stops and looks at the lady gravely.

Mrs. Forbes shakes her head.

"There is no such post-office in the whole county," she says. "I am sure of it, for I lived there for twenty years."

"Then—" He stops, but goes on. "Then," he says, deliberately and solemnly, "I have been the most confounded fool, the most absurdly misled man, that the sun ever shone on. Mrs. Forbes, some time or other I may thank you for doing me a very great favor. But just now I am going to say good-bye. I must go at once." And he crushes her little hand in an energetic grasp, and strides quickly away, leaving her quite puzzled.

Meantime, the days go by wearily at Solitude, and October has come. In the woods there, Evelyn listens, one day, to the autumn wind sighing through the trees. The leaves are falling all around her. She has thrown her scarlet shawl upon the ground, and lies upon it, with her head pillowed on her arm. The sound of the brook, that flows close by, comes with a lulling sound to her ears.

Knight keeps guard beside her, his huge paws and blunt honest head just touching the edge of the shawl. Now and then he opens his eyes, just to see that she is safe; wags his plumy tail, and dozes off again. It is so sweet and quiet in the woods. It seems so far from the world, and from its jar and fret and fever. But in Evelyn's heart is a dull deep pain. She cries: "Oh, if I could only forget." Then she closes her eyes. Through the shut lids two tears steal, and hang glittering on the long lashes.

Meantime, through the woods comes a light quick step. It is that of a young man. He wears a thin overcoat, as befits the weather, and a slouch hat, as becomes a traveler. He reaches a little wooden bridge, that spans the woodland stream, and pauses there a moment as if in thought, looking down on the still waters, while the leaves fall around him and the wind moans through the trees. Then rousing himself, with a sigh, from his reverie, he goes on. But he says: "I wonder if she will care to see me: perhaps, after all, I have been mistaken: perhaps it is the autumn of my hopes, as it is the autumn of the year."

Suddenly Evy starts. Surely she has heard a step. Knight, too, rises, with a mighty bark, and prepares to spring at someone who advances along the narrow path.

"Down, Knight! Be quiet, sir!" Evy says this imperatively, with her hand on his collar. Then she turns to look at the intruder.

He comes swiftly towards her. A tall young man, with clear-cut features, and with dark, honest gray eyes. Evy rises to her feet with a spring. Then she stands still, white, trembling, swaying, with one little hand thrown out for support against the slender pine tree beside her.

"Evy! My own little love!"

It is all he says, as he stands looking down at her, with deeper love than words can speak glowing in the depths of his honest eyes, and thrilling through his shaken voice.

And Evy? Ought she to hesitate, to doubt, to ask for explanations? Perhaps she ought. But what she does is to run into his outstretched arms, with a sob of rapture, and nestle there. She feels his passionate kisses on her face; she hears his tender caressing words; she knows that, after long grief and pain, Roy has come back to her, and loves her still.

It is some time before the story is told coherently. Then she learns that Roy has suffered, too; that he has thought himself slighted and forgotten; and that Lucille is at fault for it all.

"I wrote to you twice, before I came home. They did not forward the letters, I suppose?"

"No. Oh, how could they behave so?" cries Evy.

Roy frowns, and bites his lip, but tries to keep down his wrath, and goes on:

"And when I came home, and found you gone—with no note—no message to me—"

"Then Reggie didn't deliver my message?"

"Reggie? No. He never said a word. Boy-like, he forgot it, of course. Evy, why didn't you leave me a note?"

"Oh, Roy, I couldn't. You had not written to me then, you know."

She says it with the sweetest blush.

"What nonsense! You knew I would write. Oh, little girl, your wicked pride has made me a wretched man all this summer."



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"Roy, wasn't I miserable, too, when I thought you had forgotten me?"

Roy turns her sweet face up to him, and kisses her soft lips once, twice, three times.

"Did you really think that? Didn't you know I would come to you, dear? Come the instant I knew you wanted me?"

Then they are silent for a little while.

"That little serpent Lucille!" Roy exclaims, abruptly, at last. "She pretended to sympathize so sweetly with me. She wondered why you did not answer my letters. I wrote three times: to Smithville, as she told me. She said you 'mentioned having heard from me.' She used to make pretty excuses for you, and say you were 'so gay' at Aunt Judy's. Good heavens! What a fool I was, not to know she was lying all the time."

"I didn't know she could be so wicked, so cruel," cries Evy, indignantly. "But oh! Roy," she says, with a sigh, "don't let's think of her now. I want to forgive her, if I can."

"Forgive her? I swear I never—"

But Evy's soft hand closes his lips.

"Don't say that," she murmurs, pleadingly; and Roy kisses the rosy little palm, and leaves his sentence unfinished. Ah! they can afford to forgive her, for they are happy.

The moments slip by, and the sun sinks till his last rays pierce like level lances through the forest. But these two do not heed it.

It is Knight who rouses them, by rising to his feet with a yawn, and looking at Evelyn, with a most entreating wag of his tail.

"Oh, you think it's time to go home, do you?" she says, springing up and laughing. "Come, Roy. It is dreadfully late. What will Aunt Judy say?"

"She cannot scold us. It was her letter that brought me, you know," Roy answers, gaily; "and she sent me to look for you here."

They stray home across the fields in the purple twilight, and Knight stalks solemnly after them. In the library the lamps are lit, and Aunt Judy sits reading the papers. She hears the young people coming across the flagged porch, and laughing together as they come.

"Oh, ho!" she says, smiling; and she pushes up her spectacles to look at them as they enter. "You are here, are you?"

Roy's face is full of triumph and happiness; and Evelyn—ah! how lovely the child is, with her flushed cheeks, and shy sweet eyes, and happy smile.

Aunt Judy gives them an approving nod.

"So you found her, Mr. Brandon?" she continues. "I thought you would."

## COULD I FORGET.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The autumn, like a modern maid, sits daubing
Her fanciful designs on blade and leaf.
And if I did not hear that sad wind sobbing
A lonesome dirge o'er summer, sweet and brief,
I could be happy yet,
And quite forget.

A tender haze the distant hills is veiling:
And all the world were beautiful to-day,
But for this haunting dream of white ships sailing
Across the waters of a summer bay—
But for this vain regret,
I could forget.

The year has donned the robes that best become her.
New glory rests on mountain and on sea;
And if I could forget the last midsummer
That vanished with the best of life for me,
Mine eyes would not be wet;
I *would* forget.

But I recall those summer hours, made tender
And beautiful by dear love in its bloom;
And all these autumn days of pomp and splendor
Are but like sunbeams falling on a tomb—
They only wound and fret;
*For* I do not forget.

## HOPE.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

Hope is the beacon star which lights
The traveler on his way,
And through the darkness of the night
It points to coming day.

Hope sweetens every earthly toil;
It lessens every care;
A glint of sunshine 'midst the storm—
It makes the world more fair.

Hope whispers rest to tired hearts,
That crave for love and peace;
And points to brighter realms above,
Where all life's turmoils cease.

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# AN ESTHETE'S HEART.

BY MARY HAYES.

In a room, warm and bright with the glow of an open fire and the softened light of the chandelier above their heads, sat two girls, sisters: Grace and Patty Arnold.

It was a wild night without, and the wind howled and moaned piteously. Grace, the elder of the two, rose and went to the window, where she stood for a few moments watching the spectre-like trees in the park as they tossed their bare branches restlessly about.

"Grace," said her sister, "what is the matter with you to-night, and why are you not at the Rawson's reception? I thought you were going."

"Did you? To tell the truth," said Grace, "I need the tonic of a new sensation. Where am I to find it, Patty?"

Patty laughed. "That is a conundrum, dear," she said, lightly. "But," she added, wistfully, and hesitating a little, "I have fancied that you seem unhappy of late. You do not regret—anything, Grace? You are not sorry—"

"No, no," interrupting her impatiently. "But don't ask me: I do not know myself. I was not, and I am not, in a healthy normal condition; and I told John Reed so when he asked me to be his wife. I am called a woman," she repeated, bitterly, "but I am a work of art: an unnatural outgrowth of this hothouse life of ours—of dress, fashion, idleness, and so-called culture. What can such a being know of that natural spontaneous impulse called love?"

"I don't know," says Patty, practically. "I have only been out one season, and of course I don't feel so—so bored as you do. But I rather think I could love. Nay, if I am not mistaken, dear, it is not an impossibility with you," smiling wisely. "But," she continued, "you may need the 'tonic': it would do us both good. I'll tell you what I thought of while you were speaking: let us—you and I—go up to Craney Hollow, and make Aunt Dorcas a little visit."

Grace looked aghast. "To Craney Hollow in winter?" she exclaimed. "You are mad."

"No," says Patty, earnestly, though a little abashed. "I should like it of all things."

"What, go from here," looking about the warm luxurious room, "to the plastered walls and cold horrors of the country in winter? We should freeze to death, child;" and she shivered.

"Oh! no, no. We need not stay long. Aunt Dorcas will be glad to see us, dear old soul. Don't you remember that week we spent with her when we were children?"

"Yes, I do," said Grace. "And I remember the mountains, and how strangely they impressed me. I felt as though one would never dare to do wrong while they stood by, solemnly watching, as they always seemed to be. They must look wonderfully grand now, covered with snow," she added, dreamily.

Patty sprang up impetuously, and seized her hand. "Come, let us go and see them. Don't you want to? Say you will."

"Well, I believe I will," said Grace, slowly, yielding to a sudden impulse, "though I have no doubt we shall leave our bones in some snowdrift for the bears to pick, or be found frozen stark and stiff some cold morning in our bed."

"Such a fate would be much more heroic, I am sure, than to die here of stagnation," was the laughing response. "But let us go at once, before we have time to retract."

"I see nothing to hinder our starting tomorrow. I daresay we shall not need many new costumes," answered Grace, satirically.

"Oh, no! Warm flannel dresses, and stout boots, and a few books. No," she added as an afterthought, "no books, and no needlework. We will find new resources and new employments in this undiscovered country. It shall be all fresh and new to us. Only to think of spending a day—to say nothing of a whole week—where the Renaissance and Oscar Wilde are unknown!"

The next morning, John Reed called early; for as he had seen none of the family at Mrs. Rawson's, he feared something might be amiss. When Grace told him where she and Patty proposed going, he looked gravely into her eyes; and taking her hand in his, said, a little bitterly: "I don't know that you can be any further from me, really, Grace, than you are at this moment. For though I can sit by you here and touch your hand, I know we are still far apart. Tell me, dear, may I hope that you will try to think of me more kindly when you are away?"

Grace made no response except to sigh wearily, and turn away. So with the old pain at his heart he said good-bye, and left her.



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The morrow found the two girls speeding on their way. They journeyed by rail at first, and passed the night at a little country inn; and in the morning went forward in the stage.

"Cranny Hollow," as it is called thereabouts, is a little obscure town away up among the hills of Vermont. It is simply a narrow valley, shut in on either side by a row of mountains. In summer-time, many travelers tarry there to wonder at the solemn picturesque beauty of the spot, or to fish in the numerous brooks, which abound in trout.

It would be impossible to portray the surprise, not to say consternation, of good Aunt Dorcas and her little family, when the old stage lumbered up to their door, that winter afternoon, and deposited the two young ladies from the city.

"My land sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Dorcas, hastily throwing her apron over her head, and running out to receive them. "I s'pose I know who you be, but I can't make it out, jest now, if I suffer. Do come right in the back way: we hain't had no path ter the front door sence snow come. Lisha's kinder shiftless 'bout sech things."

Grace and Patty hastened to make themselves known, and begged her to pardon the liberty they had taken in coming unannounced.

"I wan'ter know, now, I wan'ter know! Wal, you're welcome any time," said the good woman, hospitably, bustling about. "But I'm sorry I hain't got a fire in the fore-room, and things a little more in order; but never mind: only dew tell if yer par and mar is dead, and you're left orphins, or what? Bless yer hearts, you're welcome anyway, as I said afore;" and she wiped her eyes, and in her excitement put their bonnets in the pantry, and sat down on the cat.

The girls explained that all was well with the family at home, and that they had only come to make her a little visit.

"Dew tell, now. I thought city folks was allers dretful 'fraid o' the cold. Guess you ain't the delekit kind: you dew look healthy, that's a fact; and I'm glad on't, I'm sure. You don't remember your Cousin Tilly, I s'pose," she remarked, presently. "Tilly!" she called, at the foot of the stairs. "She's run off up chamber ter slick up, I think 'ts likely," she explained, with a good-natured chuckle.

In a few minutes, Tilly came down. Her cousins started with surprise when they saw her. Such a wonder of fresh and delicate loveliness as she was! All pink and white, with the cunningest of little mouths, that dimpled and smiled in the most bewitching artless fashion when they kissed and made much of her. She was about sixteen, and looked like a young fairy queen, amid her coarse and homespun surroundings.

"But oh! her dress," groaned Patty to Grace. "If she is 'slicked up' now, what a torture to the eyes must her ordinary apparel be."

Tilly wore a sort of loose wrapper, made of some cheap material, liberally sprinkled over with gaudy flowers. It could not be said to fit her in any sense, for it skewed and twisted and flopped about the pretty little figure as if to spite its grace and beauty, which it could not hide; for nothing could seriously mar the little maiden's dainty beauty, or the charm of her artless winning ways. Upon this point her fastidious cousins were at once agreed.

Uncle Lisha soon came in from his work at the barn; and after he was made to understand who the visitors were, he gave them a hearty welcome.

These three persons—Aunt Dorcas, Uncle Lisha, her husband, and Tilly, the child of their old age—made up the little family of three into which the two city esthetes were so hospitably welcomed on that cold winter's day.

Being weary from their long journey, they retired at an early hour. Aunt Dorcas, with some show of pride, conducted her guests to the spare chamber, where a roaring fire had been kindled in honor of their coming. The room was furnished comfortably, and abounded in evidences of the skill and industry of the women folk of the family. There were "drawn-in" and "braided" rugs upon the floor; pieced-up chair cushions; worsted flowers; embroidered pincushions; and other ornamental trifles without number: and hanging stiffly in a row quite around the room were colored prints of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Lincoln.

Aunt Dorcas directed attention to these with much complacency.

"Tilly wants ter take them picters down: says they make her narvous, an' so on; but I tell her she shan't do no sech thing. I like 'em: they look so orderly, somehow: sech a handsome row on 'em, ye see."

In a vase on the mantel were two huge dried sunflowers. Patty pointed them out to Grace, with a little laugh.

"See; our emblem has preceded us," she said.

"La, now; them's some o' your Cousin Tilly's doin's!" said Aunt Dorcas, apologetically. "Our summer boarders put a good many silly notions into her head. They used to set store by sunflowers; said how't they was the *esthetic emblem*, or somethin' 'nuther. Tilly can tell ye; but I'll take 'em away."

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"Oh, don't!" cried Grace, staying her hand. "We like them, too."

"Do you, now?" looking at her curiously. "Oh, wal, all right, then. But they're too big and yaller ter suit me. Never make no count on 'em here, 'cept ter feed to the hens—the seeds, ye know."

Patty made a little horrified grimace.

"How sacrilegious!" she whispered to Grace.

Presently, after assuring herself that everything was just as it should be, Aunt Dorcas set down the kerosene lamp, and bidding the girls a kind good-night, took her departure.

Then Patty began moving about the room, stopping to examine each humble article of furniture or ornament separately.

"Think how much labor and thought all these things represent," she said, thoughtfully. "Just as in our own room at home; only the result is rather different—at least to educated eyes, it must be confessed," with a little amused smile. "And do see that great white bed! Now, isn't it quite too imposing?"

She walked around it and peered under it and over it.

"I wonder," said she, whimsically, "if there is a ladder anywhere about, by means of which one could mount this lofty structure?" Then, with a jump and bound, she landed quite in the middle of the big, downy feather bed, and it rose in billows all around her.

She scrambled down, somewhat out of breath, remarking to Grace: "There, I have had my first new sensation!"

In the middle of the night Patty woke with a start, and sitting up in bed, rubbed her eyes and looked about her. The moon shone in brightly, making the room as light as day, and there by the window stood her sister.

Patty gave a little exclamation. Grace turned towards her with a rapt and awestruck face, and pointed with her finger.

"Look!" she whispered.

Patty leaned forward and looked out. The mountains seemed very near—almost as if one could put forth the hand and touch them. Their huge summits rose purely white and glistening in the moonlight, while dark shadows crept down their sides and deepened into gloom at their feet. Here and there a dead pine stood out, black and spectre-like, against the sky; and when the clouds for a moment obscured the moon they seemed to move and swny like living things. A dark forest stretched gloomily out on one side, and beyond lay the peaceful meadow lands in their untrodden snowy purity. The moonlight, which only made the mountains more awful and imposing, seemed to rest here with a loving, mellow light, as if the buttercups and daisies, the pretty speckled trout in the little brooks, and the bobolinks that made the summer gay, still haunted the spot; and over all was a great and solemn silence, that, with the moonlight, seemed to rest in peace and blessing on the sleeping world.

"Patty," said Grace, stretching out her arms with an eloquent gesture towards the hills, "I do think heaven and God himself must be very near."

"Not a word of beauty—no quotation from the poets—only 'God and heaven,'" thought Patty, thankfully.

She took her sister in her arms and kissed her, and with one last look out into the solemn night they went back to bed without a word.

"So you had boarders from Boston last year," Grace remarked, at the breakfast table, next morning. "It must be very beautiful here in summer."

"Wal, I dunno," returned Aunt Dorcas, carelessly. "I think 'ts likely the mountains is rather uncommon; but I never think much about 'em. I've allers lived right here, ye know."

Uncle Lisha poured his tea into his saucer to cool, leaned back, and cleared his throat.

"Our boarders belonged ter them estheticks," said he, slowly, with his eyes fastened suspiciously on the two girls' faces. "And I reckon whuther no you ain't the same sort. They say there's lots on 'em in the cities now."

"There's more here in the country than I wish there was," grumbled Aunt Dorcas, with a reproachful glance at little Tilly. Tilly tossed her head and looked supremely indifferent.

"We came up here to get away from everything of that sort, Uncle Lisha," said Patty, sweetly.

"Wal," continued he, calmly, "I hain't no 'pinion on 'em, no way. I despise the hull lot—estheticks, spiritoonalists, free-lovers and all. One's bad's t'other, 'cordin' ter my way o' thinkin'!"

"Why, par Arnold, ain't you ashamed?" cried Tilly, her cheeks flaming red. At which it is revealed to her cousins that she has aspirations towards estheticism, and that the united heads of the family are much disturbed on account of it. It also flashes upon them that her remarkable gown is only an effort after the beautiful as it has been revealed to her.

A day or two after this, Patty spoke to Tilly on the subject. Now Tilly was an affectionate little creature, who had given her whole heart to

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her Cousin Patty. She had followed Patty about the house wherever she went.

"Tilly," said Patty, abruptly, when they were alone, "Tilly, are you an esthete?"

"Yes, I be," replied Tilly, promptly, with a jerk of her bright head. "And par and mar do hate it so!"

"Yes, I see they do. But what is it to be an esthete? Do you really know?"

"Oh, la, now. Well," after hesitating for a moment, "it's to be awful odd and contrairy; and to rave and tare about uncommon homely things; and to talk so nobody can understand—awful deep, you know, like Oscar Wilde: I've read all his poems, every one of 'em: our boarders gave me a copy; and oh! ain't they deep? I can't understand one word of 'em. Oh, they are so nice!" clasping her hands in ecstasy.

"H'm, yes: 'too utterly utter' for anything, are they not?" assented Patty, mischievously.

"There! That's jest what I meant, only I couldn't say it," cried Tilly, delightedly. "That's jest the way our city boarders talked. They said it was the 'correct thing' to be an esthete. So I'm one. And anybody'd know you was one. I knew it the minute I set eyes on you."

"Oh, you did?" says Patty, pinching her pink chin. "Then you are an esthete, too."

"Yes, an esthete," she repeats, complacently, straightening up and looking very dignified. After a moment, she looked up timidly, and said:

"I hope you won't be mad with me, Cousin Patty, but I do wonder why you don't dress different—more esthetic, you know. This gown is nice, I guess," laying her hand in Patty's lap, "but it ain't like the pictures, now is it?" deprecatingly.

Patty looked down at her expensive tailor-made flannel and smiled.

"Why," she said, "my dress is very well, I am sure; and so comfortable: besides, it cost a deal of money."

Tilly's face fell. "Did it now?" she said. "Then of course you can't afford to throw it away. But it's a pity. Why, mine only cost a shilling a yard, and I made it all myself. I could make you one jest like it. Oh, I wish you would let me!" with great eagerness.

"Heaven forbid!" gasped Patty.

Tilly turned and looked at her cousin, but failed to get her meaning. "Perhaps," she said, brightening up, "you have other dresses, real pretty ones, along with you?"

"Why, no, dear. I did not bring any but warm plain dresses," was the reply.

"Oh, well, never mind," Tilly said, trying to make the best of it. "You look nice in anything."

"Well, now," continues Patty, dismissing the subject of dress, "what shall we do while we are together: we girls?"

"Oh," says Tilly, dismally, and speaking from the esthetic point of view, "there ain't much we can do here. There must be some comfort in tryin' to be esthetic in the city, where there is plenty of old cracked chiny, and pictures, and painted winders, and poets, and so on. But I s'pose we can read the poems together, and talk deep, and—and all that," vaguely, with a little airy flirt of the hands into indefinite space.

"But do you know, between you and me," says Patty, confidentially, "I think we should enjoy doing something else so much better: sleigh-riding, for instance, or coasting down these hills. Don't you ever do such things?"

"Oh, my gracious, don't we?" cried Tilly, her eyes wide and shining. "Why, we do have the most splendid sleigh-rides! Sometimes we ride over to the Coffee House—that's the tavern, you know—and then have a little dance there, and drive home by moonlight. And as for coasting—oh, my!" jumping up and pointing across the road to the side hill, "we can start up there by that big pine tree, and come way down to the pasture bars. Take it when there's a crust, you know. Many's the time we've done it: me and Joe, on his big sled."

And very much out of breath, and blushing a little, she stopped and looked at Patty.

"But," said she, uncomfortably, "I don't s'pose it would do for us now, would it? Hadn't we ought to be improvin' our minds and so on?"

"*That*, for improving our minds, and all the rest of it," said Patty, with a disdainful snap of her thumb and finger in Tilly's face.

Tilly jumped as if a gun had been fired off under her pretty nose.

"Oh, my goodness! I never!" she gasped. "Do you mean to say you don't care nothin' about it—goin' to drop the whole thing?"

"Only that and nothing more," quoted Patty, calmly.

"Well, I never!" Tilly repeated, this time reflectively, and then was silent.

Patty watched her furtively. "Tilly," she said, presently, "my sister Grace once loved a noble, splendid man, and he loved her devotedly, and does still: but lately she has given her life so completely to this new folly of estheticism, as we call it, that her love has got all buried up in the rubbish of it; and she thinks it is dead; but it is not, you know—only buried up, with every

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other sweet and natural feeling. And I felt so sorry for this man who loves her and is waiting so patiently—so sorry, too, for her, that she should throw away so much—that I coaxed her to come up here away from it all—away from the artificial life, thinking it would do her good; and now," very dolefully, "I find my little cousin needs renovating too, and I have a double task to perform."

Tilly's answer was to burst into a little bubbling laugh; and hopping up, she planted herself in her cousin's lap.

"Don't fret about me, Patty," said she, with her arms round her neck and her cheek close to hers. "Why, bless your heart, I don't care anything about it; only I was told it was the fashion, you see. But this bein' esthetic was gettin' to be awful tejus sometimes! Only it was fun to plague Joe—poor Joe," blushing and hiding her face. "You see, he likes me—somethin' as the grand, splendid man does Grace. But they said it wasn't esthetic to be in love; that was quite too common. And he was only Joe—jest Joe—Joe Farley; but he's nice—real nice, for all that," looking up, with a sigh, into Patty's face.

Patty nodded emphatic assent, and Tilly went on:

"My! won't Joe be glad to have me good to him again, though! I have treated him shameful, that's a fact. And won't par and mar be glad—and, well, to tell the honest truth, I'm as tickled as I can be myself, to get out of it!" with a long sigh of satisfaction. "And now we'll go in for a regular good time while you're here, won't we?"

So saying, she seized Patty and went galloping round the room till her feet got caught in the tail of her ugly gown, and she fell back into her chair, laughing and out of breath.

Her father and mother hearing the unusual tumult, came out from the kitchen just then, and stood together in the open door, looking at the two girls, not a little mystified.

"Oh, par and mar, look here!" cried Tilly, rushing up to them. "I ain't goin' to be esthetic any more—never; that is, we ain't, be we, Patty? You see, we've been talkin' it over, and we're sick and tired of it; ain't we, Patty? And see here, par," laughing and hanging about him, "you shall have them poems you hate the sight of so for shavin' papers; won't that be fun? All they're fit for, anyway. And we'll feed the sunflowers to the old rooster; his name is Oscar Wilde; I named him," (to Patty) "and I do feel as if it would be such fun to see him gobble 'em down. And mar, you dear old thing, I do believe—yes, I will—cut the trail off this gown, jest to please you, see if I don't!"

Uncle Lisha and Aunt Dorcas exchanged glances of astonishment mingled with the deepest satisfaction, and that night talked the matter over, Uncle Lisha concluding by saying: "We was mistaken, arter all, mar, about them two gals bein' esthetics; they did look too sensible for it, now, didn't they?"

For a few days Grace seemed in some measure to enjoy the novelty of her surroundings; then a horrible languor and listlessness began to steal over her, which she could not throw off, and from which Patty tried to rouse her in vain. At last, one morning, Patty said:

"Just come and look out, dear. See how the crust on the side hill sparkles in the sun. It looks like an immense round-topped sugar-loaf, does it not? Tilly says it's fit at last for coasting. We can all three, she says, go on the big sled together. Oh, I should think it would be such fun."

The coasting proved a new and delightful experience. Patty was hilarious, and even Grace grew a little excited as they went down, down, swiftly skimming the glassy surface of the long hill.

They stayed out till Aunt Dorcas blew the horn for them at dinner-time, when they came in with rosy cheeks and sharpened appetites.

But after dinner, Grace relapsed into her old quiet indifference; and sought the big lounge in the sitting-room, where she lay silent.

The good uncle and aunt puzzled their heads in vain over Grace's "queer ways."

"If she was only an invalider now, I wouldn't say a word, but set right tew and nuss her up; but she don't 'pear ter be sick, leastways not in body," said Aunt Dorcas, one morning, to her husband, as she clattered among the milk-pans. "Strange that a young gal, with everything in the world ter live for, should seem ter consider livin' at all sech a trial, as it were. I declare ter man if she don't go 'round as if it wa'n't hardly wuth while ter try ter breathe."

"P'raps," said Uncle Lisha, thoughtfully scratching his head, "I dunno, but sometimes I wonder whuther no she hain't been disap-p'inted."

"Wal, 'p'raps' no sech thing," retorted his wife. "She hain't; that I know. Patty as good 's told Tilly that there was a man that sot the world by Grace, and she wouldn't have nothin' ter dew with him."

"Then, mar," said Uncle Lisha, with sudden conviction, dropping into a chair, "she was an esthetic, arter all, I'll bet a cookey, and it didn't

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agree with her: wore her all out, as it were, body and soul. Don't you remember what a wrack they made o' the minister's wife's sister out in New York State?"

"Yes, I do," was the reply, "and I've suspicioned it's what's the matter with Grace, all along. I hain't boarded esthetics a whole summer, Lisha Arnold, without larnin' somethin' o' their ways. But don't you fret," added the good woman, "she'll come out on't. It's born in me that she will. She needs somethin' ter rouse her up; and she'll have it, tew. Hope ter massy it won't be a stroke o' lightnin' nor an 'arthquake that does it."

Meanwhile Patty continued to plan various pleasures and surprises, inventing little necessities for exertion, hoping to involve her sister in some simple healthful interests which would do her the good she needed. They had sleigh-rides; they had a paring-bee, a quilting and a spelling match. Into all these Grace entered with apparent enjoyment for the moment, but the spell was not broken; and she fell back again directly into the old apathy and indifference.

"Mother," said Uncle Lisha to his wife, one morning, "we're layin' out ter go up onter the mountain to-day, ter look arter them traps; and I wish you'd put up a good hefty lunch, and git my mittens and other riggin' out. And see here: I shouldn't wonder if we all come back here ter supper, to-night: they'll be likely ter be pooty hungry by that time."

"Oh, yes, I s'pose so," grumbled Aunt Dorcas. "But who's a-goin' ter git supper for a pack o' men at a minute's warnin', I should like ter know? How many will there be, anyway?"

"Why, there's me, and brother Gideon, and Joe Farley, and a young city chap that's jest come ter their house yesterday: come up ter hunt. That's all; only four."

Late that afternoon, Aunt Dorcas and the girls were sitting in the twilight, watching for the return of the bear-hunters, when Tilly cried: "See, there they come; and they're carrying something. It's the bear, girls! it's the bear!"

"A strange way ter bring home a bear," muttered Aunt Dorcas. "See, it's on a stretcher; and they walk as careful as if it was a human bein'."

"It is a man!" exclaimed Tilly, looking again; "and par and Uncle Gideon and Joe are carrying him."

It was indeed a man, and with a look of death on his still white face, that they brought in and laid so tenderly on the sitting-room lounge.

Grace, as if impelled by some hidden instinct, was the first to hurry forward as the bearers approached. She gave one look into the unconscious face, and fell on her knees beside it.

"My God, my God!" she moaned, "it is John Reed, and he is dead. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Even in that moment of horror Patty's heart gave a leap, almost of gladness, at her sister's words.

"Thank God, she does love him," she thought. But she said aloud: "It cannot be that he is dead?" And she looked appealingly from one to the other of the men.

"Oh, bless you, no, child: he is only stunned. His heart beats," said Uncle Gideon. "There, there," soothingly, to Grace, "we'll bring him tew in a little while: he's only stunned, as it were, ye know."

"He is an old and dear friend of ours," explained Patty to the little group, who stood staring in astonishment. "And," she added, "my sister is not strong."

"Poor gal, poor gal!" said Uncle Lisha, meditatively, looking after Grace as Patty led her away. "Who'd a' thought it now—who'd a' thought it?"

Aunt Dorcas, with her usual shrewdness, took in the situation at once.

"Lisha Arnold," she remarked, severely, to her bewildered spouse, "be you a-goin' ter stand there all night makin' a fool o' yourself, or be you a-goin' to act like a sensible critter? I should think it would be a good idee for somebody to go for the doctor."

"To be sure, to be sure," said Uncle Lisha, bestirring himself. But finding that Joe Farley had already forestalled him, he sat down comfortably, and began to give an account of the accident.

It seemed that the hunters had succeeded in trapping a bear, and, as often happened, she had made off, dragging the trap along with her. They followed the trail for a considerable distance, and John Reed was the first to come upon her. Just then, however, his foot slipped and he fell forward, striking his head upon a stone, so that he became insensible. Fortunately, Uncle Gideon was only a step behind, and despatched the bear just as she was about to spring upon her prostrate foe.

"And," remarked Uncle Lisha, in conclusion, "if Gideon had been a minute later, that b'ar would a' finished the poor feller sartin."

It was not till after the doctor came that John Reed opened his eyes, and then he only looked wildly about, muttered incoherently for a moment, and relapsed into insensibility again.

"A bad case," said the doctor. "His shoulder is dislocated."

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But, on the whole, his condition was not so serious as had been at first feared; and a few weeks of good nursing and quiet proved to be all that was necessary to his recovery.

Meanwhile Grace had laid aside her grief, and with no outward signs of emotion appeared before her aunt, and announced her intention of nursing the sick man herself.

"Yes, my dear," cried the good old lady, looking sharply but kindly into her niece's pale face, "you shall have your own way. I understand."

Whereupon Grace kissed the withered old cheek, and seemed satisfied; and that night she watched with Patty by John Reed's bedside. The invalid was a little delirious, and as yet recognized no one; and Patty found herself studying her sister with much interest, not to say surprise, for Grace seemed all at once transformed. The old look of weariness and indifference had given place to a radiant glow of happiness, in which there was something of triumph. In addition there was a life and elasticity in her movements altogether new and strange.

Towards morning Grace rose and leaned over the sleeping man. "He will live," she said. "Otherwise my heart would not be so full of hope, of happiness, as it is to-night. This, Patty," she continued, solemnly laying her hand on his forehead, "is the man who loves me—the man whom I love; and I know, now, that the world would be empty to me without him. Ah! how could I ever have doubted it? But I had been feeding on artificial food so long that I had lost all taste for the natural and healthy. I thought love was a folly. But now my soul is awake, thanks to you and to the kind fate that sent the final shock I needed. Oh, Patty, Patty! I thank God to-night that I am a woman, and that I love him!"

She smiled down through her tears upon John Reed's unconscious face, and fancied that he smiled back faintly in his sleep. And if Grace was happy, Patty was only less so.

"Didn't I tell ye that somethin' would happen ter bring that gal to her senses?" asked Aunt Dorcas, triumphantly, the next day, of Lisha.

"Wal, it wa'n't an 'arthquake nor a stroke o' lightnin'—was it, mother?" he replied.

"No; it was a bear hunt!" she answered, shortly.

Meantime the days wore on, and John Reed grew better steadily. It was on a pleasant Saturday afternoon that Grace sat reading aloud to him, when suddenly he began to grow restless and inattentive.

"Grace," he interrupted, at last, with some impatience, "do stop reading."

"Well, really," she laughed, closing the book, "my efforts to amuse you do not seem to be appreciated to-day. You declared checkers stupid, and the newspaper a bore; and now even your favorite poet fails to please."

He looked at her wistfully. "I am only tired, and my head aches," he said. "I wish you would come and hold your hand on it, as you did the other night."

He spoke as a fretful child might to its mother. Grace rose immediately, and laid her cool hand on his forehead. But still he was not satisfied. His eyes sought hers hungrily.

"Grace," he said, "there was something more—or did I dream it?"

He moved his head restlessly upon the pillow, and a look of pain and doubt crept into his face.

She flushed a rosy red, hesitated for an instant, and then, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, leaned over him with a movement in itself a caress, and kissed him.

With one weak arm he held her close, and when he let her go, both faces were wet with tears.

It was thus that our esthete found her heart, and John Reed "came into his kingdom."

## "GOD'S WAYS ARE NOT OUR WAYS."

BY EVA M. BLODGETT.

PASSIONATE hearts He made to ache,
Haughty spirits He formed to break.
I shudder and weep above the pall
Of my cherished earthly idol's fall,
Yet a merciful God reigns over all.

Thro' mists of tears and clouds of pain
The wounded soul shall rise again,
And those who mocked at the fallen form,
In the dawn of the resurrection morn
Shall gaze in pity and not in scorn.

Ah, cruel words are worse than death;
The roses droop beneath their breath.
"When the spirit fails and the flesh is weak,"
The gentle touch on the tear-wet cheek
Is the touch that stirs the fountains deep.

Oh, treasured days, as gems above,
That taught me mercy, faith, and love,
To our own good God's lessons tend,
"The heart must break that cannot bend."
God grant us patience to the end.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 306.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

When the chief Washaning went out from the Commissioner's room, it was with the firm step of a warrior and of a statesman who had defeated his enemy by stern moral force.

With this spirit strong upon him, the old man entered his own dwelling, and went at once to his granddaughter's chamber. Washanee, radiant with happiness, came forward to receive him.

"Oh, grandsire, you are happy now—happy as I am, and as he is. The light has come back to your eyes. You begin to feel what a grand thing this will be for you and your people."

Poor girl! She had mistaken the strength of a great purpose for happiness, which it is in a certain degree, until it sinks into resignation or despair, according to the character of the person.

Washaning took the two hands which the girl held out to him in his own with a firm clasp. He would not permit a pulse to beat quicker, or a nerve to tremble; for the last time perhaps forever he put all the strength of his savage nature into endurance. Not a tear dimmed the cold brightness of his eyes; no tone of his voice told of the anguish that racked him.

"Washanee, I have something to say that will surprise—it may be, trouble you."

"Nothing can trouble me to-day," she said, stooping down to kiss the hands that held hers, for her young heart was brimming over with happiness. "Oh, grandsire, tell me, did you feel like this the evening that white lady, my grandmother, told you she was ready to give up everything—go anywhere, for your sake? Oh, how I wish that there could be something I might give up for him!"

The old man uttered a faint moan. Washanee did not hear it. She was made inattentive by her own sweet joy.

"But that is impossible," she added, shaking her head. "I keep everything that can make a creature glad. I am given to him, and still have you. Oh, grandsire, was there ever a woman of our people so happy?"

"Washanee!"

The girl was a little startled: that one word was uttered so strangely.

"Why, grandsire, what makes you so hoarse all at once?"

"Because it is your grandsire and his people that you will give up when this white gentleman becomes your husband," was the sad, almost solemn, answer.

"You, grandsire? No, no, ten thousand times no. I could not do that. You are only saying this to try me: to punish me just a little because he is not one of our own chiefs—Gray Hawk, for instance; but you have no idea how fiercely savage and wicked Gray Hawk is: how I am beginning to hate him. The other day, when he came here and almost ordered me to his lodge, it made me sick with loathing; and I never wanted to go back to the people who had given me to him. But to part with you, grandsire—oh! it would be easier to die."

For one instant, a gleam of joy shot into the old man's eyes; but it died out, leaving them heavier and sadder than before.

"But that is already done," he said. "This day, Washanee, I have given you to your father."

The girl's great black eyes opened wide; her lips parted in vague astonishment.

"My father?" she repeated. "My father? Who is my father?"

The old man could not answer. With the last words, his strength gave way utterly. Savage stoicism yielded to the throes of tortured affection. For the first time he seemed to realize all that he had given up, and stood before the girl mute with anguish.

Washanee saw this, and it terrified her. In a wild burst of affection, she drew her hands from his trembling hold; flung herself on his bosom, and wound her arms around him passionately.

"Given me up? You given me up? Do not tell me that. Do not force yourself to tell me that. I never had a father—never will have any father but you! If the Great Spirit of all our dead chiefs should come down and command me to take another, I would not do it."

"But it is already done," said the chief, feebly releasing himself from the passionate young creature's embrace; for he felt this outburst of



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affection as a wrong to the father who henceforth had a just claim to all her love and obedience, without which his own self-abnegation would be worthless. "It is already done, my child."

"What is already done?" demanded the girl. "And who is the man who claims a right to call me daughter—to say that I shall not love you a thousand times better than I ever did? Is he white or Indian? In either case, I defy him to separate me from you, now or ever."

Tears swelled up and flashed in the wild creature's eyes as she said this. Her beautiful mouth trembled; she stamped her foot upon the floor. Then all at once, she fell down upon her knees before the old man, sobbing out:

"Oh, grandsire, grandsire, you could not be so cruel as to give me away? You could not. I will never believe it—never, never!"

This vehement struggle of savage fire and passionate tenderness added new feelings of self-reproach to the old man's distress, for it awoke a train of reasoning that took its source both from his apprehensions and intelligence: for the idea that his own rash marriage had entailed an antagonism of blood that would blight all happiness in the objects of his dearest affections had haunted his whole life.

Perhaps that imagination which gives so much of the picturesque to Indian superstitions had intensified this reasoning into the great dread that was forced upon him now; for as the girl lay prostrate at his feet, shaken with sobs, he began to tremble from head to foot, and the hands with which he attempted to lift her up were cold as ice.

"Washanee, my child, my own dear child, try to bear this better. Neither anger nor tears can help us here. That which we are to endure must be met with courage. When you have learned everything—"

"Everything?" repeated the girl, lifting her head. "Oh, grandsire, is not this enough?"

Washaning looked around and saw the black face of Wisse peering through a crevice of the door, which she had softly opened.

"Wuz yer callin' uv me?" was her innocent demand, on finding herself discovered.

One look from the old chief was sufficient to make Wisse slink from the door, but her intrusion had been enough to startle the young mistress from her lowly position. She stood up, and followed her grandfather into his own room, where he seated himself; and from sheer force of habit, the unhappy girl sank down to the mat beneath his feet.

"Are you prepared to listen now?" he questioned, gently. "The worst has been said. All that you have to hear now can be listened to calmly."

"Calmly?" repeated the girl. "It seems as if I should never be calm again." And as she spoke this, the girl hushed her sobs and uplifted her eyes to the old man's face. They were full of wistful questioning, as she said,

"Now tell me everything—everything. Do not be afraid that I cannot bear it. We Indians know how to suffer. Who dares to call himself my father? My mother was a princess—your own daughter. I was born in your lodge. Our women have told me this again and again, but they never said anything of my father. What need had I of a father while you gave me so much care, so much love? What need have I of one now?"

"But the law gives you to him."

"The law? What is that? Do not you make the laws in our council-lodges?"

"Listen, child, and mark every word I say, for I cannot dwell on the subject calmly. Listen: This man came to our nation in the prime of his first manhood, and when your mother was in the fairest bloom of her life. He had been hardly treated by his own people, and most of all by some lady, with whom serious trouble arose on the very brink of marriage, and separated them. It was this that sent him among the Cherokees. He was handsome, learned, and brave as the best warrior among us. I took him into my lodge. It was a great pleasure to have a guest under my roof who could share the studies I loved, and save me a little from that worst of all solitude—intellectual loneliness. He professed to have sought us for a permanent home; to love the freedom of our lives and the romance of our traditions. We welcomed him with more than hospitality. The council made him a chief. My daughter found in him the complete companionship that could not be given her among our people, for she had been the pupil of her mother, and we were but entering into the earlier rudiments of civilization. Your father was the first cultivated white man that she had ever seen, and she loved him."

"Loved him? Oh, I know how well!" interrupted Washanee, clasping her hands in a sort of irresistable ecstasy. "But one thing—was she fair, or dark like me?"

This eager question, with the hot blush that followed it, almost brought a smile to the old man's lips; but it was a ghostly gleam, that died instantly.

"She had golden hair, like her mother's, but her eyes were so dark that they seemed black."

"Oh! But he loved her, though her eyes were black?"

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"Yes, he loved her. At least I thought so."

"Thought so? As if anyone could not tell!"

"Not three months after he came among us this man asked her of me, and I gave her to him, willingly, proudly; for she loved him, and he seemed to love her. Among all our young men, in council or on the war-path, there was not one who could hope to be her mate; for she possessed all her mother's intelligence, and was the last of my race. In marrying her, this proud white man took the place of my son; but neither ambition nor the most devoted love that woman ever gave to man, had power enough to keep him among us. It was not long before a home-sick craving seemed to grow upon him. He forsook the council-lodge and wandered away among the forest paths for days, when there was no enemy to meet nor game to kill. I saw the change, and it troubled me; but nothing could disturb the faith of my poor girl. Yet it came at the last—the thing I had dreaded, but would not believe. He left us—left her."

"Left her?"

Washanee's face turned pale; then a wild rush of the old savage blood flashed over it.

"Left her? But she was his wife."

"She was his wife, but he left her. Letters came to him from the East. I saw all the struggle, but could not force myself to expostulate with him—not even for her sake. He came to me one day, worn and jaded by a long tramp in the woods. His cheeks were burning with fever; his hot hands seemed to scorch mine as he told me that he must go, for a time, back to his own people. Things had happened there that might dishonor him if he refused to go. The welfare of innocent people was at stake. In a few weeks or months, at the most, he would set everything right, and come back to us. Meantime his wife must remain with me, and have faith in him, for surely as the sun rose and set he would return to her.

"I tried to believe him, for it is hard for an upright man to suspect dishonor in others. There, there; do not look so angry, child. I do believe that he meant all that he said; but at the time my heart burned within me; for I felt that he would never come back."

"But he did—he did!" cried Washanee, with passionate impatience. "Tell me that he came back to her."

"No, Washanee, he never did."

The girl set her white teeth together.
lock in the storm of wrath that pressed against them.

"And this man you call my father?"

"He never came back. But do not judge the man too severely. He was on the eve of returning when news of your mother's death reached him."

"And so he staid with his own people? You had been his benefactor—had made him equal to yourself. Have white men no gratitude?"

A bitter smile crossed the old man's lips.

"I did not ask that question: it seemed trivial compared to the great sorrow that fell upon me when they placed you in my arms, and told me that my daughter was dead."

"But my mother? Was it this cruel man's absence alone that killed her?"

Washaning knew that a letter from the lady whom the white husband of his daughter had left and afterward married, carelessly forgotten in his lodge, had haunted this poor Indian mother down to her grave; but he could not force himself to say this to her child.

"She was naturally delicate," he said.

"And so his absence killed her? Oh, I can understand that. My poor mother! My poor mother! But he, this man: the news of her death did not bring him back, nor the birth of her child? He was content to leave that among the savages he had deserted? There is great cause that I should love this new father of mine." Her words were bitter with scorn.

"He did not know of your existence, Washanee. You were mine, all mine. She sent you to me from her death-bed, with her last kiss on your baby lips. More than once, as if some premonition of death haunted her, she had told me all her hopes, all her wishes regarding you. Only on one condition were you ever to know your father."

"And that condition?"

"Was that you should be brought among the people of her mother's race; be permitted free choice in marriage, and of a home with them; but failing to make that choice, should return to your own country, marry according to the usages of our people, and hand in hand with some great chief, use the power and wealth that I must soon lay down for the advancement of our nation."

Washanee had listened intently; but now her head drooped, both hands fell into her lap, and she sat some minutes in silence, lost in deep thought; while the old chief leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and seemed to wait hopelessly for this most painful scene to terminate. At last the girl arose and stood up proudly.

"Grandsire," she said, "did the man you call my father ever marry another woman?"

"Yes."

"The woman who drove him among the Cherokees?"

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"Yes, he married her."

"When?"

"A few months after your mother's death."

"And to this man you are willing to give me up?"

"Not willing, not willing. The Great Spirit of my fathers only knows how I have struggled against it; but the promise to your dead mother—the choice you have made of this young white man for a husband, force me to complete the sacrifice to which I am bound."

Washanee knelt down before the old man, who spoke tremblingly; and taking his unnerved hand, kissed it reverently.

"Grandsire," she said, "in everything else, I will obey my dead mother's wishes; but I will not hold this white chief as my father, give him obedience, or bear his name for one single hour. The man who marries me, white or Indian, takes the granddaughter of Washaning, a Cherokee maiden, who refuses ever to see or even hear the name of the white traitor who broke her mother's heart."

I have said that the old chief was worn out by a conflict of passions. Feeling the tears rising to his eyes, he motioned Washanee to withdraw, that she might not witness his weakness. So she left the room, in silence, not yet having learned the name of her father.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

General Noel was in no haste to avail himself of the sacrifice that had cost so much pain to Washaning. In the presence of the old chief, memories which he would gladly have forgotten came thronging on him with a force that surprised even himself. The existence of a daughter, of whom he had been profoundly ignorant up to that hour, contained all the elements of a romance and the perplexities of real life. Wondering astonishment—a strange sensation of mingled dread and delight—awoke in his bosom, and he thought of this unknown child with something of the youthful enthusiasm that had almost died out of his character.

For hours after the heavy-hearted old chief had left him, this man walked the floor of his library, up and down, up and down, too forcibly excited for reflection, and fiercely battling with his memories. Sometimes a flash of bitter rage came upon him, that his own child should be crowded into his life as the exponent of acts which all honorable men would have a right to condemn. Sometimes he thought of the girl's beauty and singular attractions with a feeling of pride, and a half-angry longing to fold her in his arms. Then he would dash the idea from him, scorning himself that it could have arisen. Why did she not keep her wild loveliness in the woods where it was born? Why had the old savage brought the knowledge of her existence to him, when it imperiled the culmination of his grandest ambition?

The time had gone by, he thought, when picturesque fancies and poetic traditions could give a glamor of romance to the savage character. The white man's civilization of vices had swept such things away too remorselessly for that. Reflections like these brought to the worldly man a sense of loathing for the red blood that burned through his daughter's beauty; for in it he saw what he deemed the degradation of his own.

By degrees this unusual excitement died out, and the calculating character of the man asserted itself. He would take time for reflection. At present, this secret of his life must remain undisturbed. There was no chance that Washaning would be in haste to surrender his granddaughter, or that he would not gladly take the girl back to her own country, with her birth still undiscovered. So it happened that a day or two went by, and no steps were taken toward the acknowledgment or rejection of Washanee.

During this time, the underground speculators who were urging the Indian treaty toward a confirmation were eagerly at work. Caleb Stewart had been more than once in the Senator's library, seeking the influence that would insure success if once obtained. In addition to the efforts of this crafty man, Mrs. Camp had been seized with a burning desire to obtain the Senator's autograph, between that of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, where she had left a blank space for the next greatest man in the Senate, if not the coming man for the Presidency.

How Mrs. Camp obtained admission to Senator Noel's library I am not prepared to say; but the handsome mulatto fellow who attended the door looked smilingly down into the palm of his hand, as he went upstairs with her card, and she followed him so closely that Noel saw her foot on the threshold of the open door as he was about to proclaim himself "especially occupied with several gentlemen on important public business."

Mrs. Camp came into the room gingerly, with her pink parasol neatly furled in one hand, and a good album, folded in tissue-paper, through which the crimson velvet binding gleamed visibly, in the other. Our lady had a modest droop of the eyelids, which was altogether thrown away on General Noel, who had seen that particular sweep of the lashes with a sudden uplifting pain. Yes, in the child-like innocence of nature, too often for the desired effect.

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Mrs. Camp produced her album, and leaned very nearly over the General's shoulder, as he placed his name, not between that of Webster and Clay, but dashed it off quite independently on a page by itself. Then, with a smile that fairly deceived this accomplished actress, he asked if there was nothing else in which he could do himself the honor of obliging her. At which she shook her head, hesitated a little, smiled sweetly, and murmured that there was nothing else—at least nothing that she would ask for herself; but she sometimes ventured to use a little influence in the cause of humanity with broad-hearted and great-minded men capable of understanding her motive. There was one subject, indeed, that her heart was really set upon; and that was justice, only common justice, to the Indians: especially advanced tribes like the Cherokees.

Here General Noel's eyelids drooped a little, and Mrs. Camp did not observe the twinkle underneath. So after she had told him of his infinite superiority over other men, of the wonderful influence he possessed, and the terror she felt in approaching so much greatness, the distressed condition of the Cherokees in possessing so much land utterly unfit for agriculture, was set forth so eloquently that the little woman absolutely had tears in her eyes; at any rate, she lifted her handkerchief to them.

General Noel listened to all this smilingly, as the most astute of our great men will when they happen to be in the humor; told her that he would give the subject his serious consideration; that she must know herself to be irresistible, independent of her eloquent pleading in behalf of the poor savages; and gracefully rising from his chair, waited to bow her out.

"The treaty will come up to-morrow," she said, pausing to clench the nail she had driven with so much dexterity with another becoming smile. "If you would only make one of your splendid speeches, I should feel almost as if it were done for me—"

Noel bowed profoundly.

"There may be need of your eloquence," the woman continued, touching his arm unconsciously, in her child-like enthusiasm; "for though the friends of the Indians have obtained a heavy majority among the chiefs, one of them, the most powerful of all, I am told, refuses to sign the treaty."

Noel thought of Washaning, and with him came a flash of remembrance that would have enkindled the whole countenance of a less experienced man; but he only bowed, and in the most flattering way asked why Mrs. Camp did not exert some portion of her wonderful influence on the obstinate savage: whereupon the lady shook her head, and declared that though she had found the courage to ask favors from him, she never, even in behalf of others, descended beneath the level of real greatness.

With this adroit compliment, Mrs. Camp made her way downstairs, smiled on the mulatto as he opened the door, and two or three blocks away found Caleb Stewart loitering on the sidewalk. Of course she did not stop to speak with him; but turning her face away, said in passing, and as if speaking to the lamp-post:

"Have dropped another big fish into your basket."

"Not Noel?" whispered the man, moving forward a step or two.

"Yes—Noel!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

The moment General Noel found himself alone, he took a package carefully tied up with red tape from the table, and examined the papers that it contained, one by one. The first was the copy of a treaty just arranged between the Government and a commission of Cherokee chieftains. He glanced this over hurriedly, then took out a map of the lands to be ceded, and examined it with interest.

"Yes," he said, putting his finger on a certain portion of the map, "these rude patches, so innocently tinted with yellow, are the very grounds. Strange that I should have forgotten it so long, and more strange that I did not understand the old chief's meaning when he spoke of them the other day. Heavens, how stupid the wisest of us can be! Part of these hills, I remember now, is the old man's private property, and my child is his sole heiress. Let me remember clearly. This was what he said when we rode over the lands. I was complaining of their sterile appearance; he fixed those keen black eyes upon me, and said in his slow, measured way:

'You are my son, and a chief among us. Lest death should come on me suddenly, I had better tell you now, in behalf of your wife and my people, that there is wealth hidden in these barren-looking rocks that will someday make our nation rich beyond the white man's avarice. When the power of science can be brought upon these bald hills, they will be found so heavy with gold that our people need not be compelled to plough or reap like white men. This knowledge would be nothing to them, as yet; but the day will come when you can reveal the riches they hold to the people.'"

Again Noel read the treaty over. Then he laid it down, with an air of disgust; and a strange look of triumph came into his eyes.

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"This scoundrel has discovered the worth of these lands—is in league with Keene; and this woman is either an accomplice or dupe. Here lies the secret of the treaty, and the reason that Washaning refuses his sanction to it. These rocks cover the wealth he alluded to. Strange that I did not comprehend: his words were significant enough. There was a gleam of pride in the old man's eye when he spoke of my daughter's dower. Why, the spoil must be enormous, to induce so much effort to get it! Hounds! How quietly they have followed the track. But they will find more opposition at the end of the run than the wisest of them dream of. Ah! now I remember. The woman hinted that Young's vote had been secured. I must see to that."

It was seldom that Noel allowed himself to give way to any excitement so far as to affect his capacity for cool mental calculation; but the knowledge that had suddenly burst upon him disturbed his nerves so far, that his hand shook as he attempted to master the full contents of the papers that lay before him. This new combination of facts aroused him to a consciousness that the relations of his newly-found daughter to his own material interests could be of the greatest importance. Her claims to wealth might, after all, be made to outbalance any obstacle to her recognition, and he steadied his nerves to a careful reconsideration of the matter under this new enlightenment. To this end he forced himself to review all that portion of his life that led to the complications that surrounded him.

Up to that time, his marriage with the daughter of Washaning had been known only to the tribe to which she belonged. Among his own people the story of his life with the Cherokees, generally believed, was simply this:

In a fit of disgust created by the double dealing of politicians and the treachery of friends, added to the caprices of a lady whom he loved and was soon to marry, Noel had flung up a high position in his own State; broken from the fascinations of a woman whose foibles he had magnified into faults; dashed from himself all the promises of a grand future; and crossing the Mississippi, armed only with his bowie-knife and rifle, asked a right to join the young braves of the nation on the war-path and in their hunting-parties.

The chiefs of this nation, being intellectually in advance of all other savage tribes, received him with hospitality; made him a chief and member of the grand council; gave him lead in their hunts and on the war-path, and in all respects accepted him as a native. During some months, he had in fact transformed himself into an Indian; wore deerskin on his limbs, moccasins on his feet, and led a wild dashing life in the woods. When this roving passion had exhausted itself, so the story ran, a letter reached him from the lady of his love: a letter full of penitence and sweet persuasion for his return. Dropping his savage life as suddenly as he had taken it up, the young man abandoned his Indian associates; recrossed the great river, and dashed into a political fight going on in his old district: came out victorious; and in the first flush of triumph, married the lady who had so nearly lost him, with scarcely an interruption in his public career as a rising man.

This was the story of Noel's residence with the Indians that lent a dash of romance to his after life, and proved in no way to his disadvantage; but beyond that lay the secret of his marriage, never breathed to the dearest friend of his own race—not even to the lady who afterward became his wife, and the mother of Constance: a secret that now came so strongly out of the past to threaten him with revelations that his proud and cautious nature shrank from as an absolute disgrace. Indeed there had been no period in this man's life when the complications connected with Washanee's birth could have brought more painful embarrassment; for ambition, which had been his ruling passion, had so strengthened with each trial of his popularity that no stronger candidate had yet been found to contest his nomination for the Presidency in a convention close at hand.

Under these circumstances, how could he deal with the memory of his Indian wife and the living child that had come to him so strangely out of the past? To recognize her in any way, he felt, was to destroy the dignity of his past career, and the respectability which seldom takes its full value in a public man's life till he finds it questioned. Noel understood thoroughly that this brief episode in his young manhood might tell fearfully against him in the coming contest, if adroitly handled by his enemies. He thought, almost with a shudder, that this beautiful young savage, once recognized as his daughter, would forever be a living witness of weakness or treachery in his youth, and would certainly become an instrument of slanderous attack in the sharp warfare before him. Beyond that, what would be the effect of this wild girl's existence on Constance, the proud fair girl who had so long graced his position as an only daughter? How could she receive this bewildering wild thing as a sister?

All these objections had pressed themselves on the world-worn statesman with painful force.

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Under any circumstances, his position was a difficult one. To acknowledge the girl at all required a degree of magnanimity and courage that only belongs to the highest natures; and these he did not possess. Long practice in political manœuvring had destroyed much of the dash and chivalry that marked his first entrance into public life, and he had lost the great moral courage necessary to a noble achievement. Still, he thought himself a better statesman because of this very deterioration of character.

So, in spite of the tender memories of a passion—brief in itself, as all mere passion is—for this girl's mother, and of the sensations created by her own wonderful beauty, Noel had resolved to give her back to the old chief, as secretly as she had been brought to him. But this new enlightenment of her riches changed all this. At this crisis of his life, he had great need of the aid which money could give him; and when, in addition to the gold lands, he remembered the modest pride with which the old chief had spoken of the wealth he was ready to bestow on his grandchild, the father's heart began to beat fast and strong in his bosom. He had known, even at the time of his residence with the Cherokees, that the old man had ample means of accumulating riches by extensive traffic in furs among the various western tribes; and that his agents roamed the wilderness in all directions, where his experience and friendly relations had given them a degree of success that the most crafty white trader had failed to attain. Beyond that, he remembered that the old chief had pushed his commercial and scientific knowledge beyond the boundaries of Mexico, and sometimes into Central America. Having once obtained the key of knowledge by his education in the East, his researches had led him into deep scientific investigation, and he in fact had become a pioneer in the great mineral discoveries of quartz and surface gold that have since enriched the world.

The old man had kept the secret of these discoveries well, while his agents gathered nuggets from the rocks, and golden grains from the virgin sands of rivers, and thought that was all. It was only he that knew the hidden ores the rocks contained, and the value that science could give them.

Thus Noel now began to think of Washanee's great beauty, and her wealth, with equal attraction; to reflect upon their power, and measure their consequences, almost with complacency.

"The girl was more than half white, though the Indian blood in her veins gave fire and force to her beauty. She might," he reflected, "be passed off as some high-born Spaniard or Italian, and as such said to be a child of adoption."

But a knowledge of the old chief, on full consideration, forbade all advance in that direction. Washaning had been ready to give the maiden up, and, with the spirit that carries martyrs to the stake, had done so; but he was the last person in the world to sacrifice her pride to the best white man or savage that ever lived, or allow her to be called Spanish, or Italian, when she was not. Was not her blood as good as any in the world?

All these things General Noel pondered over until new perplexities beset him with every thought; but he was decided upon one thing already; there must be no scandal that could reach either himself or his daughter Constance. Some way must be found by which Washanee's wealth should be turned to their advantage, and made, if possible, to aid his ambition. If he could only get possession of the girl's wealth first, and acknowledge her after it had achieved its object, it might even give a dash of romance to his position.

## CHAPTER XXX.

The next day, it was known that the Indian treaty would be up for confirmation. By this time, considerable interest had been excited for and against it in the Senate; for Keene, the commissioner, had been frequently on the floor, holding confidential discourses with members as they passed from their seats to the cloak-rooms; while Caleb Stewart prowled through the lobbies, or planted himself in position, ready to allure any influential person into his net who might happen to pass that way.

General Noel, who now had an absorbing interest in the treaty, was hurrying up the steps of the Capitol, when he overtook Senator Young, and walked by his side into the rotunda, where he paused.

"I am in great haste," he said; "for the Cherokee treaty will be up after the morning hour, and I shall have something to say about it. Tell me, have you considered the matter at all?"

Young hesitated. The day before he had held a long conversation with Washaning on the subject, and was himself prepared to speak against it in the old man's behalf. As a matter of delicacy connected with his granddaughter, the chief had refrained from mentioning the secret value of the coveted lands to her future husband, and that moment far more personal thoughts produced the sudden embarrassment which the elder statesman mistook for a sign of antagonism.

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"Let us step into the park, and talk the matter over a minute," he suggested, moving across the rotunda.

Young took a quick resolution, and followed him into the park, then thickly wooded with noble trees, that our Congressional vandals have since cut down.

Once under the shadow of the elms, Noel was about to enter into an argument against the treaty, when Young interrupted him.

"It is useless," he said, with more appearance of agitation than the subject seemed to warrant. "Half a dozen words have convinced me that our views are alike on this matter; but I have another, and to me more important subject to speak about—your daughter."

"My daughter?" repeated Noel, turning sharply around. "What daughter? Oh, excuse me, I was thinking of something else. Pray go on."

Young flushed a little, then grew correspondingly pale; but went on, with a forced smile:

"You may not have been conscious of the deep interest I have dared to feel for the young lady?"

"For my daughter? Oh, yes, I understand. Of course, it takes me by surprise. In these latter days things do come upon one like miracles. This idea would never have entered my mind. Yet why should anyone think it remarkable that so much beauty, so much talent—for the girl has plenty of that—might win the love of any man, even at first sight? But I beg pardon—I am speaking of her as if she were the child of another person. Before I can say more, tell me, has my girl given you assurances of love that authorize this conversation?"

"I should hardly have ventured to say what I have, had it been otherwise," answered Young, modestly enough, though a remembrance of that day at Rocky Creek brought a swift glow of color to his face.

Noel held out his hand, with the dignified frankness of manner that had won him so much popularity with the public.

Young took it, with a vague sinking of the heart.

"We have no time to discuss the matter here," said the General, looking toward the Senate chamber. "That Cherokee swindle will be coming up, and we must be there to oppose it. Call upon me this evening, and we will talk the matter over. There will be details and arrangements, of course; perhaps some explanations that may surprise you; but, so far as I can see, nothing that need interfere with your wishes, though fate is full of surprises; she has been playing all manner of strange tricks with me of late. I beg your pardon, you are not asking for my reminiscences, but my daughter. You will come this evening?"

"Certainly, I will come."

"And you are sure that we can depend on your vote?"

"Yes," was the strange answer. "Yes, I will come."

Noel turned away without noticing this singular reply, or that the voice in which it was given faltered painfully; for he had no idea of the terrible trial to which his invitation was dragging the young man. Indeed, his own mind had been thrown into a state of absolute confusion by this unexpected proposal, and he began to rearrange his calculations for the future upon it, with the prompt selfishness of a man ready to weave any events into his own interests. While Young had flung himself into a garden-seat, concealed by the drooping elm branches, with the feelings of a man who has torn down the last bridge behind him, Noel walked forward, pondering over this new event in his mind, and hailing it as a means of partial escape from the perplexities that beset him.

There was everything in the position and character of Young to make his proposal desirable, even to a man of more lofty pretensions than his own; and just at this time a settlement for Constance, which would lift her out of all danger of social injury, should he feel compelled to acknowledge this Indian marriage, seemed like a miracle of good fortune.

Meantime, Young folded his arms on the back of the iron seat; bent his forehead upon them; and but for the heaving of his chest now and then, one might have thought that he had fallen asleep. At last he started up, and the anguish he had tried so hard to conceal broke forth in a passionate cry:

"Oh, my God, my God! Must I carry this mockery into her very presence? Is there no other form of abasement by which I can be tortured? Must I ask for my wife under the same roof with the only woman I have ever loved—ever can love? Can I go through with it and give no sign?"

Young knew that all the strength of his manhood, all his powers of concealment, would be wanted for the interview to which he was condemned. Dropping his head once more into the old position, he strove to reason himself into some degree of calmness, and gather up his strength for this one last step of martyrdom.

While sitting thus, a slight sound of drapery sweeping the grass startled the young man. He



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stood up, pushed back the hair that had fallen over his forehead, and looked around, fearful that someone might have witnessed the shame of his weakness; and with a shudder of dismay, saw Mrs. Forbes. This lady came sweeping across the grass in full walking-costume, holding a small sun-shade before her overheated face, and gathering up her skirts very much on one side.

"Oh, here you are, as large as life and twice as natural," she called out, waving a salutation with her sun-shade. "Little Camp sent me out to search for you. She saw old Noel prowling around amongst the trees, and felt just certain that you must be somewhere about. The first thing she did was to look down on your empty seat, and was almost ready to cry; for the treaty is coming right up, and we are getting awful anxious, especially as you are expected to make a crushing speech. So hurry up, or she'll be in a fit."

Mrs. Forbes had been walking forward almost as rapidly as she talked; but at this moment, she, all at once, discovered that the violent signal given with her sun-shade had disarranged the spring, and paused to remedy it. When she looked up again, Huestice Young was gone. She caught one glimpse of a dark figure moving under the distant trees, and then it was gone.

When General Noel entered the Senate chamber, he found that the Cherokee treaty was already under consideration, and that the galleries were crowded. In that portion devoted to ladies and their escorts, he recognized the old chief, who was leaning against the wall, which formed a background for his head, that stood out from it like an antique cameo. Lower down he saw Washanee, bending slightly over the railing in front, with eager expectation in her eyes, as they glanced swiftly from face to face, each moment growing heavier and darker with disappointment as they reached Young's empty seat. The tumult of gathering people was so great that no one footstep could be distinguished; but when Young came in very quietly and took his place, she seemed conscious of it, for a lightning flash swept the cloud from her face; she cast a smiling glance back to the old man, drew a deep long breath, and settled down to her heart worship. Young looked up, saw those beautiful eyes bent upon him, and gave them a faint answering smile. The very joy that he saw in them troubled him.

Directly, General Noel arose, and stood for a moment, with one hand resting on his desk, looking up to the gallery, where a trifling disturbance had interrupted his attempt to address the Senate. A single glance revealed to him Caleb Stewart, sitting with an air of listless indifference among the spectators, in range with Mrs. Camp, whom he did not seem to know. Behind them, conspicuously filling an open doorway, stood Mrs. Forbes, flushed, panting from her rapid walk through the park, and beckoning vigorously with her sun-shade for Mrs. Camp to gather back her skirts from the reserved seat they had been adroitly made to cover. Having drawn that lady's attention, she made one dash through a group of ladies encamped on the steps that would have done honor to a Camanche Indian; and with a great flutter of garments, crowded herself into the seat. There she touched the spring of her sun-shade, turned it into a circular fan, and triumphantly cooled her face with it while she took an observation of her surroundings.

By this time, Noel was speaking: calmly, deliberately, but with an earnestness that took entire possession of his hearers. The tradition of his residence among the tribe of Indians under discussion, the group of young braves more or less in savage costume that lighted up one portion of the gallery, the presence of that stately old chief, and the picturesque beauty of his grandchild, both separated from their compatriots, gave peculiar interest to the scene. Of this, Noel was observant, and took advantage. He went into the merits of the treaty, the injustice and impositions that had been heaped upon these people in other years, and were about to be perpetuated now. He hinted at the influences that had been brought to bear on the young chiefs, spoke of Washaning, and his wisdom, his integrity and far-reaching statesmanship, with an eloquence that would have brought the blood into any white man's face. But the old chief stood there, leaning against the wall like a statue of bronze, apparently unmoved as that might have been: no feature of his face moved; his dark eyes looked far over the multitude, as if he stood alone in the woods.

Others in the crowd could hardly restrain the astonishment and indignation to which the speech gave fire and venom. Caleb Stewart and two or three men near him moved restlessly, and looked on each other alarmed. Mrs. Camp grew crimson and white in flashes, and would have been deadly pale at times but for a delicate supply of color that did not depend on emotion for permanency; but when she caught one of Stewart's glances, the costly fan that she had closed in dismay was crushed in her hand. The less prudent Mrs. Forbes uttered her sentiments aloud, with great fluttering and many threats against the traitors

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whom the people would know how to punish, she could answer for that.

Some debate and counter-argument followed after General Noel took his seat. Then Young arose. He too had been among the Cherokees in his early youth, and could speak of them with knowledge. Mrs. Camp had given her confederates a glowing account of her influence with him, and they depended on his eloquence to sweep away the impression that Noel had made. But almost the first words of his address broke this delusion. Heart and soul the young man entered into the question. He went into the history of these people, their persecution, their energies, the wonderful progress they had made toward a better civilization. He denounced this treaty as a supplementary fraud to others that had gone before. He told the Senate how great and truly grand had been the government that Washaning was consolidating for the tribes of his people, and his voice rang out in this with the force of a silver clarion. The presence of Washanee and her grandfather had inspired him. This much he could do in exchange for her love and the old man's faith in him, if no more. They should have his best strength, his most fervent energies.

Washanee listened with burning enthusiasm, as she had watched the fires at night leap and surge through the long grasses of a burning prairie. Her hands shook, though so tightly clasped together. She could scarcely keep from crying out, in the fullness of her delight, as she had done many a time when grand deeds of courage had happened before her in the wilderness.

All this time the old chief stood motionless; but into his eyes came a light that made his face more statuesque: as we see all the more delicate lines of a sculptor's art by the light of a lamp. He could understand heroism in speech as well as bravery in battle.

Young sat down, wiped the moisture from his forehead, and looking upward returned Washanee's glance of passionate gratitude with a smile that lighted up his whole face, for the glow of genuine eloquence was upon him.

There was profound stillness for a few minutes, then a vote was taken, and the Cherokee treaty was defeated.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

# THE TOLLING BELL.

BY F. H. PERRY.

THE tolling bell! The tolling bell!
Oh, hear its sad, sad music swell.
So sad and sweet
Through village street,
Where happy children play.
It oft has rung
For those as young,
As happy, too, as they.

The tolling bell! The tolling bell!
The sad sweet notes their story tell
Of years that passed,
But could not last;
Of youth and middle life;
Of silvered hair;
Forms bent with care.
So weary with earth's strife.

The tolling bell! The tolling bell!
The moaning, warning, tolling knell
Floats out in tones
That fall like moans
On sad hearts, lost in grief,
And tossed about
In fear and doubt,
That find no sweet relief.

The tolling bell! The tolling bell!
Its mournful tones in memory dwell;
And oft in dreams
The lone heart seems
To hear it tolling still.
Sad echoes roll
Its toll, toll, toll;
And tears the sad eyes fill.

Oh, mourning one! The tolling bell
Should all your sad repinings quell.
Though it remains,
Its music gains
A flight to realms above.
So what we grieve,
This dear earth leave,
And rise to a home of love.

The tolling bell! The tolling bell!
So oft repeats—'tis well—'tis well!
Yes, well with those
In sweet repose;
And well with those who wait,
With patient hope
That soon they'll ope
And pass the pearly gate.

Triumphant ring, then, tolling bell!
For those who—like the asphodel—
Bloomed for a day;
Then passed away,
To claim the sure reward
That waits in heaven
For those who've given
Their life and love to God.

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# DEACON BASSATT'S DESIRE.

BY ERSKINE BELL.

DEACON BASSATT's favorite quotation, at prayer-meeting, was the well-known hymn:

> "Must I be carried to the skies
> On flowery beds of ease,
> While others fight to win the prize,
> And sail through bloody seas?"

In fact it was almost the only poetry in which he ever indulged. One look, however, at the stern, solemn face of the good, sincere, earnest old man would have convinced anyone present that not with his lips only did he utter these words, but with all the strength of his heart.

Deacon Bassatt kept the village store, as his father had done before him; but things were different now from then. There was no need for him to measure out sugar and molasses, as his parent had done. There were busy clerks to do it now, for the store had grown with the village; and with the exception of the squire, there was not a richer man for miles around than Deacon Bassatt. His fortune had been honestly made, too, for the smallest child could be safely trusted in buying at his store. Yet with it all, a harder, sterner man could not be found. With him, if a thing was not right, it was wrong. There were no half-way measures, as every man employed in his establishment distinctly understood.

Perhaps, if his fair gentle wife had lived, it might have been different. She was the only one who ever understood his rugged nature. But early one March morning, when the snow was melting on the hills and the birds beginning to chirp a little, she laid her tiny girl in his arms, and said, oh! so tenderly, and in such low faint tones: "Zadok, dear, take care of my little Blossom. Keep her for me, unspotted from the world." She died that night.

"Unspotted from the world." He never forgot those words. Over and over he said them to himself. How was he to keep his little girl in the world and yet not of the world?

Everybody thought that the deacon would marry again. That he would marry some good sensible woman, perhaps, who would take care of his little motherless child; and there were some of the good sisters of his church that would gladly have consented to console him, and at the same time take charge of the handsome house opposite the store.

But the deacon himself never dreamed of such a thing. How could he think of another wife, when before his eyes always was that lonely little grave on the hillside, covered in spring-time with violets as blue as her eyes? No one ever guessed that beneath that hard, stern exterior he carried a heart that was well-nigh broken when the great clods of earth were thrown on the coffin of his loved one.

He sent for his sister, Miss Priscilla Bassatt, who certainly carried out his views in regard to raising children. She dearly loved the little Prudence, but like her brother she never allowed her affection to show itself. Strict and stern had been the religious training of both the deacon and herself. There was no compromise with Satan in regard to either dress or deportment. Anything that savored of worldly desires or fleshly vanities was stricken out of their lives.

"Levity in manners leads to laxity in principles," was part of her creed. So she sternly glowered at the bad little boys who sat in the back benches. The possibility that there might be some good ones among them never entered her head. Of course they were all bad. How could they help it, with such raising as they had?

Yet when the fever raged in the village, and few were found willing to enter the infected homes, Miss Priscilla came to the front. From house to house she went, with nourishing food and medicine, and tenderly bathed the flushed burning brows with her cool steady hand.

Prudence Bassatt grew to womanhood, pure and sweet, like a fair lonely little harebell, clinging with all its gentle might to the great stony rocks. A dainty little lady, with eyes as blue and soft as her dead mother's; while her face had a rare beauty, like the pale-pink heart of a great sea-shell.

She never had a real companion except the squire's young daughter; and the latter had died when she was fifteen. So from that time, Prudence had gone on her way, lonely and quiet; for the deacon was very careful of his little daughter's friends.

Deacon Bassatt had one great desire. Until that was gratified, he could not, he thought, devote his time to anything else. Years before, he had made up in his mind just how many thousands were necessary to make Prudence a rich woman before he would waste one moment



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in pleasure. So all his energies were directed to that end.

It came to pass, one bright morning, that Zadok Bassatt was surprised by a visit from his second cousin, Harriet Wentworth.

"I'm going to take that little girl of yours home with me, Cousin Zadok," she said, emphatically. "Prue does not look very strong, and certainly needs a change from the humdrum life she has been leading."

"Humdrum life?" Deacon Bassatt stared in amazement. It was the same life that he had always lived, and his father had lived before him; and therefore it was good enough for her.

"She is just the age of my Alice," continued Mrs. Wentworth, "and I am sure they will both enjoy the visit."

At first the deacon was strenuously opposed to the unheard-of proceeding. He thanked his cousin very stiffly, but said he preferred to keep his daughter at home, and away from the vanities and follies of city life.

But Mrs. Wentworth was not to be balked.

"Let her come with me, Zadok," she pleaded. "Indeed, it is for her good. She grows more like her mother every day."

That last suggestion made him falter. He remembered how her mother, with the same sweet disposition and gentle ways, had faded away before his eyes.

So, after a little more persuasion, it was decided; and when Cousin Harriet went back to town, Prudence went with her. But not without many a silent prayer in her father's heart that she might not be led away by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

At first, the bustle of city life confused the quiet shy maiden. Many a time she wished herself back with her silent father, and stiff precise Aunt Priscilla. But as the days wore away, things altered.

One afternoon her Cousin Alice came bustling into the room, exclaiming: "Prue, Tom is waiting downstairs with a friend of his, Owen Rainsford, who is going to try our new organ at the church; and Tom says he will take us, if we hurry."

In the confusion, Prue hardly noticed the bright dark-eyed stranger who was introduced to her; and in a few minutes, under her Cousin Tom's quick escort, the party reached the church.

"Let me stay down here," pleaded Prudence, as they prepared to go up to the organ-loft. "I will wait in one of the pews for you: indeed I would much rather."

"Why, you bashful little Prue," laughed Alice. But they let her have her wish.

With her slim hands clasped tightly together, Prudence Bassatt looked with awe around the beautiful church, so different from anything to which she had been accustomed. Down through the great stained windows the sun fell in a mellow light at her feet, and glittered like gold on the chancel rails.

Suddenly there fell upon her ear such a burst of music that she fairly held her breath. Louder and grander the notes of the organ pealed forth, then sank to low sweet tones, and died away into silence.

The pink on her cheeks deepened to a carnation as she listened, breathlessly. Was it possible there could be sounds like that on earth?

When the music ceased, the merry party came down the stairs. But Prue still sat silent in the pew.

"Well, Prue," said Alice, "have you fallen asleep? How did you like Mr. Rainsford's playing?"

Prue did not answer; but there was a quiver about the sensitive mouth, and the blue eyes had grown dark with emotion.

With ready tact, Owen Rainsford said, quickly: "Suppose we go and ask the sexton for a glass of water. The church is quite too hot."

Quietly he took one of her little hands in his, and placed it on his arm. Something in the look of those sweet eyes raised to his and brimming with tears made his heart beat as it had never done before; and the touch of his hand made a thrill go through shy gentle little Prue.

That was the beginning of it.

From that time, scarcely a day passed but Owen Rainsford found his way to the Wentworths. Cousin Harriet noticed it. How could she help it? But then, he was her son Tom's most intimate friend; and withal, a bright talented young man, and of spotless reputation: so he was perfectly welcome.

The days and weeks went by, and Prue's visit grew to an end. With a pang, she acknowledged to herself that she was not half so eager to return as she ought to be, when she recollected how patiently her father and lonely Aunt Priscilla were waiting her return.

"I am going away, to-morrow," she said, softly, to Owen Rainsford, as they stood before the open grate, when, almost for the first time, they were alone together.

"Going away?"

He repeated it blankly, while his face grew pale. Then he suddenly caught her to him.

"Prue, little Prue," he said, earnestly, "I can do nothing without you. Day by day your face

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has grown into my heart, until every note I play is for you. Only promise, someday, to love me as dearly as I love you."

A great wave of wonder and happiness swept over the girl, as she listened to the passionate words, so different from anything she had ever heard.

"Prue," he said, looking down into the beautiful eyes, "I am going to ask your father if he will someday let me have you. If he says 'yes,' will you say it too?"

Such a low faint reply came from Prue! But it satisfied him.

Deacon Bassatt was dumb with astonishment when Owen Rainsford asked to marry his daughter. It could not be possible! Why, Prue had scarcely been away three months. In vain the young man pleaded that he was willing to wait for years, if only he might be permitted to see her in the meanwhile. The deacon bitterly reproached himself for having permitted his daughter to fall into the hands of the Philistines: the latter being represented by this scheming fortune-hunter. Of course it was her money the young fellow wanted. The possibility that Rainsford might really be in love did not enter into the father's head. How could he, in that short time? Why, he himself had gone to see her mother for five years before he had asked her to marry him!

It did not matter to him how much Cousin Harriet thought of the young man. She was a woman, and easily deceived. Nothing she could say on the subject would have any effect. In the most decisive and sweeping terms, therefore, he let the young man know that never again, by word or deed, was he to attempt to address his daughter.

But Owen Rainsford was not one to be easily disposed of. Until he heard from Prue's own lips his fate, he would not consider it decided, he said. Perhaps if Prue had told her father that, with all her heart, she loved Rainsford, things might have been different. But she was too timid to acknowledge it in the face of his stern indignation. So, with trembling lips, she said "Good-bye." Her lover took the little hand in his for the last time, and said: "I will never forget you, Prue; and if ever you send for me, I will come to you, though it should be to the ends of the earth."

Then he went away.

Deacon Bassatt congratulated himself that he had saved his daughter so promptly, and inwardly resolved that never again should she leave his sight.

The winter was a hard one, that year, and it seemed to tell on Prue's delicate constitution. When the spring would come, she would be better, she said. But the spring came, and still she seemed to droop.

Deacon Bassatt's desire, meantime, had been granted. With a great sigh of relief, he closed the account-book, tilted back his chair, and looked around the dusty room with gratified pride. At last he had accomplished the one great wish of his existence: Prudence Bassatt was a rich woman.

At the end of the year he would leave the store forever, and devote all his time to her for the remainder of his life. He was not a miserly man; it was not for the mere money alone that he had toiled all those weary years, early and late: it was all for her; and now he had accomplished at last what he had undertaken. Prue need never have a wish ungratified if money could procure it.

So, with a tranquil sense of ease, he leaned back and indulged himself in dreams of the future. They were suddenly brought to a close, however, by the entrance of Mrs. Wentworth.

"Why, Cousin Harriet," he exclaimed. "When did you come? Have you been over to the house?"

Cousin Harriet shook hands with him, and answered in the affirmative. Then, having seated herself in one of the wooden chairs, she began, abruptly:

"Cousin Zadok," she said, "what have you been doing to little Prue? She looks as if she would not live a year; and I believe it will be your fault."

The deacon sprang to his feet, with his face ashen with terror, and caught her convulsively by the arm.

"Harriet Wentworth," he gasped, "what do you mean?"

She was startled by the effect of her words, and answered, soothingly: "It is very likely I am mistaken. She may be only a little lonely. But I believe in my heart she is pining for Owen Rainsford."

"She has never mentioned his name once since he went away," said the deacon, eagerly. "I think she has almost forgotten him."

Mrs. Wentworth shook her head.

"Prue is such a shy little thing," she continued, "and believes so implicitly in you, that I do not wonder she does not speak of him. But she will never forget him."

Deacon Bassatt sprang from his seat, and hurried across the road, with hasty steps. Was it possible that it was for this he had toiled all his life long? Could it be true that his little Blos-

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som would never use the money which he had spent all his time in making?"

With trembling hands he pushed back the half-opened door, and entered the room where Prudence was sitting. With a pang, he noticed how very pale and fragile she looked.

"Little Prue," he said, as he bent low over the pretty brown hair, "did you love Owen Rainsford?"

A crimson flush swept over her face.

"Oh, father," she answered, softly, "I could not help it."

For a moment the stern old man was silent. Then he took her hands in his, and tried to smile, as he said, huskily: "I have changed my mind, and am going back to the city to tell him to come and see us. Cousin Harriet tells me he is a very worthy young man."

A surprised, happy look came into Prue's eyes. She laid her cheek down on his great rough hand, as she said: "You are the dearest father in all the world."

Deacon Bassatt's visit to the city, however, was all in vain. Owen Rainsford could not be found. He had gone to Europe, his friends said, and they could not give his address just then. But the deacon did not abandon his quest. He would have given his life to save that little face at home. So, week after week, he went to the city, till at last Prue's letter went across the ocean.

Back over the great waters there came a clicking message: "Will return in the next steamer."

With a pleased smile, the deacon laid the words in the little blue-veined hand.

"I am so glad," she said, simply. "I wanted to see him once again."

Eagerly the anxious father watched for the coming of the vessel, hoping by some means to restore Prue to health. The day the steamer was expected to arrive, he went up to the city, saying to Prue, as he bid her good-bye:

"I will bring him back with me."

He never brought him back. There was a message, instead, awaiting him:

"Owen Rainsford died, the day before the vessel arrived."

How he ever reached home he never knew. Ashen pale, he groped his way into the great sunny room where Priscilla stood anxiously waiting for him.

"He is dead," the deacon groaned. "It is all my fault. I have killed my little lamb."

For a moment, the room seemed to reel around, and the sun darkened as Priscilla Bassatt's steady nerves deserted her. Then she spoke up bravely:

"Zadok, no earthly power could have saved our Prudence, even if she had her lover, for she never was strong. What you did you thought was for the best, and she at least will never blame you."

Somehow, there came to the poor broken heart of the deacon a ray of comfort at these words. With trembling steps, he followed Priscilla up the stairs to where his darling lay.

As they entered the room, Prue turned her eyes expectantly toward the door.

"Is he coming?" she asked, softly. "Shall I see him soon?"

The deacon could not answer; but with a great sob, dropped down on his knees by the little white bed, and buried his face in his hands.

Miss Priscilla looked at the wan wistful face, and a mist came over her eyes.

"Yes, dear," she answered, gently. "You will see him very soon."

A glad contented look came into the violet eyes. Then Prue slipped her cold little hand like a snowflake into the great gnarled one of her father.

"Prue," he gasped, "will you forgive me? I thought I was doing it for your good. But it was all—all a dreadful—mistake."

"Why, father," she answered, in low tender tones, "you have always been good to me."

"Don't, don't, my darling," he groaned, in despair. Then he tried to pray; but the long prayers that he could deliver so promptly in meeting failed him, and his lips refused to move.

The shadow on the wall grew deeper. The white eyelids fell lower, lower, till the dark lashes almost swept the cheek. Miss Priscilla looked despairingly at the deacon. But no words came.

Suddenly, there rose to Cousin Alice the remembrance of something Owen Rainsford had sung the night before Prue went home. She softly commenced to sing, while her tears were falling:

> "Art thou weary, art thou languid,
> Art thou sore distressed?
> 'Come to me,' saith One, 'and coming—
> Be at rest.'"

Such a happy look came over Prue's face, and the slim hand clasped more tightly that of her father.

Then there fell a silence in the room. Outside the bees were humming and the birds were twitting in a slow sleepy fashion. Nearer and nearer crept the shadow on the wall as the sun went down. But another shadow had entered the room: a still, unseen presence; and quietly, with a smile on her lips, tired patient little Prue lay at rest.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, for a young lady, composed of two materials—velvet and

No. 1.

cashmere, satin and cashmere, or moiré and cashmere. Cashmere at this present moment is the fashion, in combination with the above-mentioned materials, instead of the camel's-hair or other woolen goods so long in favor. In our model we have a self-colored cashmere, and velvet of the same color. The newest color is terra-

No. 2.

cotta; it comes in three shades; the darkest will be used for walking-costumes; but any dark shade of garnet, blue, olive, or brown will be equally fashionable for the coming season.



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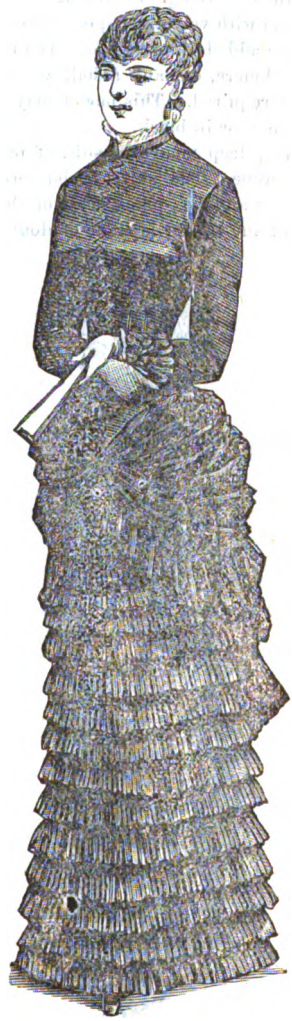
The skirt of this suit is mounted upon a foundation of alpaca or mohair of the same color, as being less expensive and lighter in weight than the cashmere. The front is kilt-plaited, made of

No. 3.

the cashmere. Six deep kilts, reaching up two-thirds of the length of the skirt. The remainder of the skirt is of velvet, and perfectly plain, as seen in the illustration. Over this the tunic is draped scarf-wise across the front and laid in deep plaits. One width of the cashmere is simply hemmed, and arranged in irregular puffs at the back. A round waist, buttoned up in front with tiny jet buttons. The plaited plastron is of cashmere; and the lappels, and collar, and cuffs for the sleeves, are of velvet. The plastron opens in front, and is made for one side to pass under the other, so as not to display any opening. It fastens under a wide belt of velvet, which is fastened by a buckle or bow as the taste may suggest. Some very young ladies prefer a wide sash bow and ends tied at the back. Five yards of velvet and six yards of cashmere will be required for this costume.

No. 2—Is another design for a walking or house-costume, of cashmere and velvet, or cashmere and moiré. This has the kilted skirt mounted on a foundation of alpaca or silesia. The kilting is of cashmere, and is eighteen to twenty inches deep. It is first, all kilted in deep kilts,



No. 4.

and then at six inches from the bottom every other set of four kilts are gathered with three rows of gathering, and fastened down to the under foundation. The illustration will explain.

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However, this is optional; the plain kilting is quite as pretty, and we think more stylish. The tunic is draped as a much-wrinkled apron across the front, and edged with a deep band of velvet or moiré, say four to six inches deep. The back is arranged to simulate large bows made of loops, and is done by dividing one width of cashmere lengthwise, hemming it on both sides and then filling it in in the manner indicated, until a full panier is arranged. The bodice is a long cuirass basque, pointed in front and coat-tail ends at the back. A velvet or moiré vest is inserted, shaped as seen in the engraving. Plain long coat-sleeves, simply bound with velvet, complete this costume. Cuffs may be added if preferred. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere, one and a half yards of velvet, will be required. This model may be used either in colors or in black.

No. 3—Is a deep mourning-suit, of parametta cloth and crèpe. The skirt is bordered with alternate kilts and box-plaits made of the cloth. The front of the tablier is made of double folds,

No. 5.

made on the bias. The side panels are bordered with a deep fold of crèpe, slightly puffed in the back. The bodice is a simple cuirass basque, pointed back and front, and edged with a corresponding band of crèpe. The dolman has a plaited trimming of crèpe upon the sleeves, and is bordered with a deep band of crèpe, and has a crèpe cascade down the front. A quilting of

No. 6.

crèpe finishes the garment at the neck. Plain mourning silk may be substituted for the crèpe.

No. 4—Is a demi-toilette, for the evening or dinner. The foundation skirt, which is of surah silk or black satin, is covered with narrow knife-plaited ruffles of the same, or lace ruffles of Spanish lace. The pointed bodice is of the silk or satin, and terminates with Spanish net paniers, edged with lace and jet fringe. The sash is of moiré and lace combined. Spanish lace over a very deep shade of red surah makes a most effective costume. In that case, the Spanish net should form the bodice, made over the silk. This would also make a pretty model for an evening cashmere or surah silk, without the lace. Knife-plaitings of the material for the skirt, and only enough lace or fringe to edge the paniers. Twenty yards of surah silk for skirt and waist, and three yards of Spanish net for paniers and back drapery, will be required. Lace and fringe only for edge of paniers.

No. 5.—For a girl of twelve, we have a cinnamon-brown cashmere merino or camel's-hair, with darker-brown cuffs and collar. The skirt is

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composed of a deep kilting, stitched with several rows of dark-brown silk. Blouse polonaise, fastened with a double row of buttons, and a belt of the same, bound with brown, to correspond with cuffs and collar. Cuffs, collar, etc., may be of velvet, satin, or silk.

No. 6.—For a girl of eight, we have a pale-blue cashmere or chudda cloth, trimmed with satin one shade darker. The bodice is plaited back and front alike, and two plaited flounces, with band of satin on each, form the skirt. A belt fastens in front, and is sewed in place on the waist. Collar and cuffs to correspond.

No. 7.—For a boy of five or six years, we have a brown cloth kilt, with white marseilles vest, and brown velvet jacket. The jacket is fastened to the vest, the vest buttons keeping all in place. The vest may be of cloth, same as the kilt. The

No. 7.

velvet jacket should be several shades darker than the kilt and vest.

No. 8—Is a new model for a christening-robe for baby, made of fine French nainsook and fine insertion, and flouncing of embroidery. Tucks run by hand are placed between the rows of insertion. Valenciennes lace may be substituted for the embroidery. A sash of soft surah ribbon is tied on the right side.

No. 8.


LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

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| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
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In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.


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# PALETOT À PELERINE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of the latest style of wrap suitable for fall or winter wear. It is called the "PALETOT À PELERINE," and is exceedingly fashionable. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT containing full-size patterns by which the Paletot can be cut out. There are five pieces, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—HALF OF COLLAR.
IV.—HALF OF PELERINE.

We give, also, on the next page, engravings of the five pieces in miniature, so that it may be seen how they are disposed of, although we think



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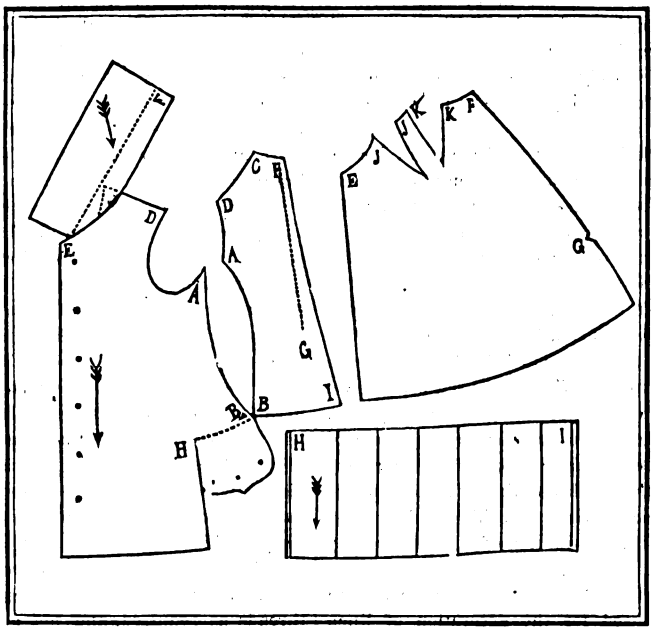
it hardly necessary. For beginners, however, it may have a very considerable advantage.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are to be joined. This wrap is to be made of cloth, and will require two and a half yards fifty inches wide. The piece for the plaited skirt should be thirteen inches deep and one and one-eighth yards long. This is to be laid in deep kilt-plaits and attached to the back, seamed from B to I, and joined to the front at H, and then tacked from H to B. The pelerine is to be joined at the back as far as G, then left open to fall over the plaited skirt. The collar is joined to the paletot.

For trimming, use three or four rows of silk braid, the color of the cloth. The collar and pocket flaps are of velvet. The dotted lines show where the pattern turns over. We do not give the piece for the skirt on the SUPPLEMENT pattern, but have given it in the small diagram, which is all that is necessary, as it is perfectly straight. To put it on the SUPPLEMENT would only complicate the lines of the other pieces, and perhaps lead to confusion.




# DESIGNS ON "SUPPLEMENT."

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT folded in with this number, two new and beautiful designs for the Work-Table. These designs may be transferred or cut out without interfering with the patterns for the PALETOT. To transfer designs of this kind, if you do not already know how, see the September number, page 238.

I.—FLIGHT OF SWALLOWS. This is to be worked with filoselle, on cloth, satin, or plush. The colors used are brown and black for the wings and tail, dark-blue for the back of the head, white shading to gray for the lightest parts of the birds. The design can be used for a chair-seat, or for a stripe down the middle of a chair (both back and seat), repeating the birds as often as needed. It can also be used for a small folding-chair, or for a tall screen. In the latter case, the swallows can be arranged confusedly, or the three in succession, according to taste.

II.—POPPIES FOR TABLE-COVER, ETC. This exquisite design may be used for a table-cover, piano-cover, etc., etc. It may be done in braiding, in outline work, or in Kensington-stitch. Or if something more elaborate is desired, it may be worked in satin embroidery-stitch. It can be done in fine braid, silk, or crewel, and on cloth equally as well as on plush, silk, or satin. The colors used should be poppy-red for the flowers, light grayish-green for the leaves, and yellow for the seeds.

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# DRAWN WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give three designs for the now popular "Drawn Work," and add here descriptions of how to do this kind of work.

Drawn work, which is coeval with cut work, came originally from the East; but seems to have been introduced into Europe in the twelfth century, when it was known as Punto Tirato. It has never entirely lost its hold on the public taste, and is now being revived with very great success.

Drawn work is a great addition to all decorative needlework when used in conjunction with it, either for borderings or as squares of alternate drawn work and embroidery. It is simple in execution, but requires care when cutting the threads, so that the proper number are taken, and those left secured. It is formed on any material that is sufficiently coarse to allow of its threads being counted; but it is chiefly made on linen and canvas materials, and used with crewel work, Holbein work, toweling embroidery, etc. The stitches used are overcast, buttonhole, and the lace stitches required in *guipure d'art;* they are formed either with fine linen thread, such as is known as lace cotton, or washing or floss silks, according to the destination of the article they ornament.

One illustration (No. 1) represents a border in drawn work, used for the decoration of linen and fancy articles. It can be enlarged by being worked upon coarse linen or Java canvas, and larger spaces left; and it can be decreased by omitting some of the ornamental lines. The manner of working is as follows: Commence with the stitch next to the fringe. Draw out threads to the depth of a quarter of an inch, thread a needle with fine lace cotton, and begin at the back of the material. Fasten the thread securely, take up five or six of the threads left upon the needle and make a buttonhole-stitch, drawing the threads tightly together; secure this stitch by a stitch into the solid part of the material, and continue for the whole length of the line. The stitch described above is the one used for the open hems of pocket-handkerchiefs. For the second line, draw out the same depth of threads as for the first line, and work them over with the same stitch upon the lower edging; for the upper, repeat the stitch, but take half the threads buttonholed together from one lower-edging stitch and half from another, so as to make the vandyked line shown. For the third and fourth lines, draw out half an inch depth of threads, take some fine crochet cotton, secure it so that it will come in the centre of the drawn threads; still work at the back of the material; count off twelve threads of material, take up the six farthest away first on the needle, and twist them over the six nearest ones; draw up the needle, and repeat until the lines are finished. Fifth and sixth rows: repeat the second row, but make the top and bottom line of buttonholes over the same threads, so that straight and not vandyked lines are formed. The corners will require careful work, as the threads being there quite cut away open spaces are left. Buttonhole over the raw edges of these, and fill them up with wheels such as are made in modern point lace.

*To Work Fig.* 2.—This pattern shows the manner of working drawn threads that is still prevalent in the East, and that was worked in the Middle Ages in imitation of Reticella lace. It is made upon toile Colbert, or some open canvas material from which the threads are easily drawn away; while the threads that are retained are completely hidden by being overcast with colored silks. In this design, it is better to draw the threads as required, and not all at once, great care being necessary in drawing them out. For the border, draw out half an inch of threads; leave three or four, draw out an inch and a half depth of threads, leave three or four threads, and draw out another half-inch. To fill the small spaces, overcast four threads together for a short distance with red silk; then divide them, and overcast only two together; and when these are nearly covered, take two new threads, and overcast these with the two already worked over. In returning, overcast the two new ones nearly up to the opposite edge; then add two fresh threads and repeat. For the centre part, take six threads and connect them together with Genoa-stitch, which is made by alternately overcasting the three right-hand and the three left-hand threads. Work a third of the centre space in Genoa-stitch; then divide the threads, and overcast over three of them for the second part, and take in three new threads and work in



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Genoa-stitch for the third part, and until all the threads are covered with the red silk. Overcast with red silk over the three threads left between the drawn-out spaces last of all, and make the lines they form thick and handsome-looking. For the corner, work all around the square with a double line of buttonhole, and over the three threads not drawn out, and that form the inner square; darn with red silk, so as to make a broad and even line of darning. Work eight armed wheels with buttonholed centres in each corner; rows of buttonhole-stitch, so as to form triangles, in the outer spaces, and bars, worked over with buttonhole and ornamented with loops, to fill in the rest of the space. Make these loops by twisting the silk eight times around the needle after it has been inserted, as if to make a buttonhole; then draw up the thread, keeping the left hand upon the needle to steady it while doing so; work the inside border in tent-stitch with green and brown silk, the outside with green silk and in double coral-stitch, and catch the fringe together as in the other designs.

*To Work Fig.* 8.—This pattern is intended for a straight border either for the bottom of a crewel-work chair-back, or to adorn the top of a linen sheet. It is worked with colored silks for the former, and with lace cotton for the latter. Commence by drawing out threads in a horizontal direction to the depth of half an inch; leave an inch space, and draw out another set of threads in the same direction. Again leave an inch of solid material, and draw out threads as before, and repeat until the depth and length required for the work is obtained. Now reverse the drawing out of the threads, taking them from the perpendicular threads instead of the horizontal; measure these so as to leave an inch of perpendicular lines, and draw away half an inch, and continue to the end of the space. Having drawn away the threads, work a line of buttonhole around the outer edge, and upon the right side of the work; make this in gold-colored washing-silk. Fasten a doubled thread of salmon-colored silk in the buttonholed edge, in the centre of one of the drawn-out spaces; take it right across an open square, and when it comes to any drawn threads, divide them into two groups, and twist the last half of the first group around the needle before the first half; repeat throughout the line, and repeat in every line of the drawn threads. Run the threads that cross the work over the solid squares, and over the open squares, and secure them into the buttonholed edging. Work over the salmon-colored threads, filling the open spaces with gold-colored silk, so as to make wheels; and finish off the edge of the work beyond the buttonhole, first with a line of herringbone, and then with a space drawn out and hem-stitched; make buttonhole-bars to fill in the open corners left by the drawn threads.

# CHERRY DESIGN FOR SIDEBOARD-CLOTH: KENSINGTON-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a colored design, made expressly for "Peterson's," the only magazine that gives such expensive affairs.

Material, two and a quarter yards of butchers' linen. Two shades of green, and three shades of red English crewels.

These scarf-covers are very fashionable for sideboard and table-tops. Cut the linen the width of the sideboard-top, allowing an inch on both sides for hem, and an extra inch for shrinking in washing. Hem-stitch an inch-wide hem on both sides of the cloth, leaving nine inches at both ends for fringe. This nine inches is to be fringed out and tied in three rows of knots after the embroidery is done. Above the fringe some threads may be drawn, and an insertion of drawn work done as a heading to the fringe. This is optional: for those of our subscribers who know how to do drawn work, such an insertion will be a great addition to the elegance of the cloth, but it is impossible to give directions for doing it. The cherry pattern which we give on our colored plate is to be worked in Kensington-stitch. The fruit is worked solidly, the leaves only in outline, making the stitch only on the edge of the leaf, as seen in the illustration. The stems and veining of the leaves are done in stem-stitch. Repeat the design we have given twice, and it will be wide enough for an ordinary sideboard-cover: sixteen to eighteen inches wide by forty-six long is the ordinary measurement. The embroidery, insertion, and fringe all should ornament the ends, which hang over each end of the sideboard-scarf fashion.

We would suggest washing the crewels before working; English crewels, though, are warranted to wash.

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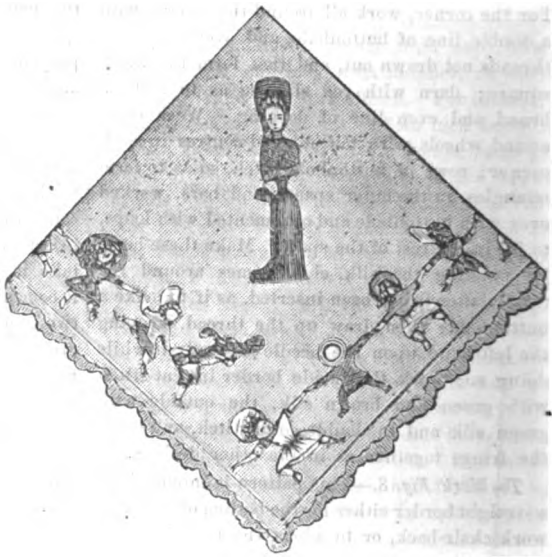
## EMBROIDERED TEA-CLOTH.

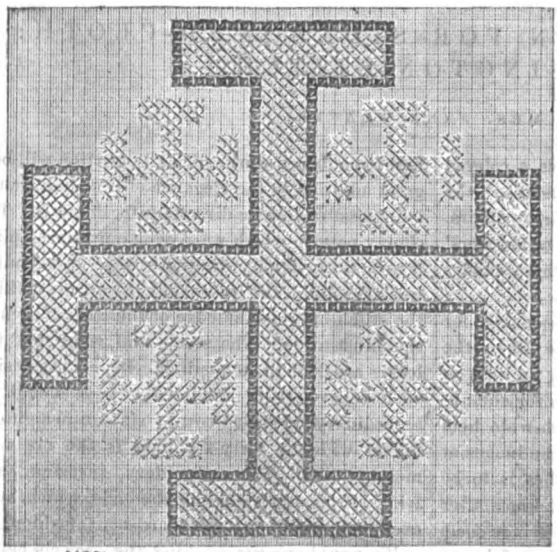
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These pretty tea-cloths are usually made on butchers' linen. It comes in double fold, making a cloth either square or longer as desired. Button-hole the edge with blue or red working-cotton, or both combined. The decorations consist of Kate Greenaway figures, either embroidered in outline-stitch with the colored cotton, or the same or other figures cut out of sateen and neatly appliquéd with contrasting colors. The embroidering in outline will prove the more serviceable, as they are easily laundried.



## BIBLE MARKER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here a design of a Maltese cross for a Bible or Prayer-book marker. It may be done in silks or beads upon a satin ribbon any color. It is worked over canvas, and the threads pulled away, and done in cross-stitch. Another way: Draw the design on the ribbon, and work the outline in gold-colored filoselle. Fill in either in cross-stitch or darned work, with a lighter shade of silk.



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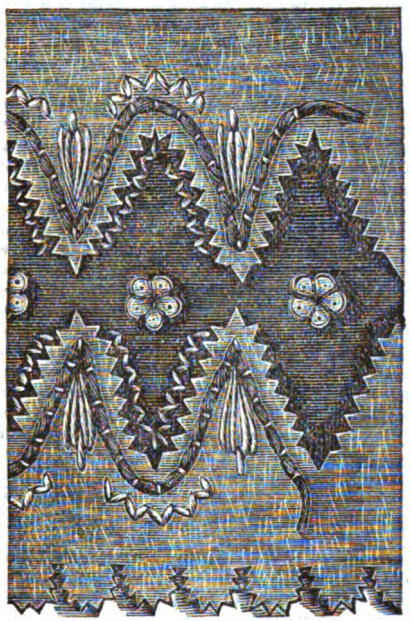
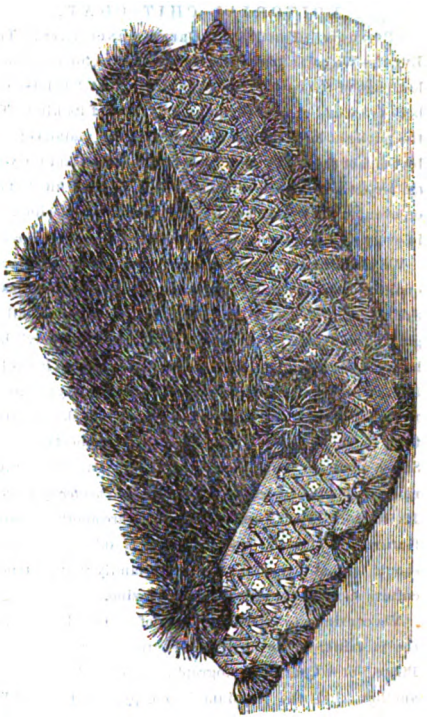
# FOOTSTOOL: FUR AND APPLIQUÉ.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

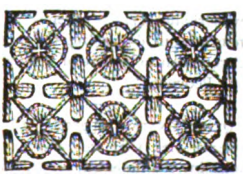


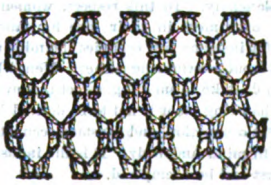


The top of this footstool is covered in fur, and the border for the sides is carried out in silks on cloth with appliqué and embroidery, of which we give the design in detail. The colors to be selected should harmonize with the furniture of the room for which the footstool is intended.

# FANCY-STITCHES: FOR FILLING IN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These designs are useful as filling-in stitches in fancy work. They form a design over plain canvas or cloth, and are almost always done in filoselle.



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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1883! GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1883, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim, is proved by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book*, in the United States, or, even, in the world. For 1883 "Peterson" will be improved in every way, *and the reading matter especially greatly increased.*

We claim that "Peterson" combines much more desirable qualities than any other magazine. Its steel-engravings are the finest, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published; no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent; its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb colored plates, printed from steel, have no rivals. The pattern-sheets given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it also indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* Its illustrated stories and other articles are another desirable feature. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family that pretends to culture should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled engraving: "Christ Before Pilate," or a Quarto, Photograph, or Pictorial Album. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1883. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving or either of the Albums, and also a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both the engraving and either of the Albums, are given, *three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables *us* to do it.

*Now is the time to get up clubs.* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

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ALWAYS BE DOING SOMETHING.—The cheerful people are the industrious ones. It is the idle who are most subject to fits of melancholy. In this respect, women have a great advantage over men, in their love for fancy-work. Embroidery, for instance, just occupies the mind and body sufficiently without overtasking either. Men, when they have nothing to do, take to smoking, sometimes even to drinking. Severe, exhausting labor is not to be desired by anybody, as a rule. But occupation, and constant occupation, is healthiest for both mind and body. It is the industrious who are the happiest and best-tempered.

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COMPARE THIS MAGAZINE with any one of the same price, or anything like the price, and see for yourselves if it is not the *cheapest as well as the best of its kind.*

NATURAL FLOWERS FOR THE HAIR, ETC.—The prettiest ornament for the hair or the corsage is a natural flower, whenever it can be had. No artificial ones can be so beautiful. All flowers will not do: some fade too soon; but there are others which, with proper management, will last. The first point, therefore, is to choose the right ones. None of a succulent character should be adopted. It would be well, also, that those selected should possess a certain bulk. The petals should be stout, the stems wiry or woody, and the foliage of leathery and substantial texture. There is no difficulty in getting a camelia to last fresh and in good condition for a whole evening. Rosebuds will also endure in a similar manner; so will Gardenias, Bouvardias, and sprays of jasmine: but pansies, for instance, would fall in an hour. With this caution, then, as to the selection of subjects, we may proceed to the second point, that of preparation, which consists of mounting and making up—a matter, in a great degree, for individual taste. It is well to obsevre, before going further, that all flowers and foliage may be made more enduring by the aid of a clear and colorless solution of isinglass, or the whitest gum-arabic; a drop or two being let fall into the centre of the flower, and the leaves just washed lightly over, both being allowed to dry before being made up. This holds good either for sprays or wreaths. Wire will be required to fix everything in its proper place. Fine green moss, to be worked in at the backs of flowers and supports, moistened before use, and, where the flowers are white, a little of the best cotton wool, also moist, will help to keep them fresh. The wiring ought to be kept out of sight, which can be easily managed by keeping the leaves well in front. Beware of using such flimsy things as maiden-hair for support; this will fail and flag long before an evening is over, and destroy the effect of whatever is mixed with it. Roses, camelias, and such stout flowers, will only require the piercing wire to be run through the base once, the ends being brought down and twisted in, so as to support the leaves in shape. Always use the finest wire that will suffice to give stability and enduring form to the arrangement, whether sprays or wreaths. Do not join many colors together, as in bouquets, nor have too many flowers, nor use large leaves, for wreaths. Lightness and grace are preferable to a massive abundance; but it is scarcely necessary to indicate to ladies the importance of "keeping" in their arrangements as to this class of ornament. White, red, and pink or rose will be the colors most generally useful, and "candle-light" color of course must be selected for evening.

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THE OLD ESTABLISHED MAGAZINES, such as "Peterson," are the ones to subscribe for, as their long-continued career proves that they have kept their promises, and so gained, deservedly, the confidence of the public. Every year a crowd of new periodicals starts up, most of which die before the twelvemonth is out, defrauding the subscribers who have prepaid. If you wish to be sure of getting your magazine, subscribe for "Peterson."

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WE ARE QUITE UNABLE to gratify all the requests for patterns, designs, etc., that we receive. To do so would require a magazine ten times our size. But we give all we can find room for, selecting those which appear to be the most in demand. If a subscriber asks for a design, and it does not appear, she will know it is for want of room, not for any other reason.



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OUR GREAT PREMIUM FOR 1883.—By a fortunate circumstance we are enabled to offer, for 1883, as a premium for getting up clubs, the most valuable engraving ever issued, either by us or by anybody else. This is an original steel-engraving, (27 inches by 20,) after Muucaksy's great painting, "Christ Before Pilate"—*perhaps the most wonderful of the century.* The picture is one to appeal to every heart. It is so real that the spectator seems to be actually present. The prominent object is the patient, forgiving, divine face of Christ. Then there is Pilate, with his puzzled, hesitating air; the angry hate, the scowling brows of the High Priests and Scribes; the wild, almost insane rage in some of the crowd, especially in that of the man crying "Crucify him, crucify him;" and more than all, the unspeakable pathos in the countenance of the pitying young mother, who, with her babe in her arms, stands looking on in one corner. Never before was that ever memorable scene so vividly conceived, much less so successfully and powerfully depicted. The picture, on its exhibition in Paris, was purchased at once by the French Government, for the enormous price of one hundred thousand francs. *No family in the land should be without this engraving.*

But as there may be some persons who have already their walls covered with engravings, we offer *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, or a handsome Photograph Album, or our Pictorial Annual, with 20 steel engravings, such as we give in the magazine. In all such cases, however, the person sending the club must say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. The engraving, especially, is a premium of such high merit as was never offered before by this or any other periodical. But see the Prospectus.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1883. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year we receive letters saying: "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those persons wishing to get up clubs.

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WOMEN CLERKS, according to the London Daily Telegraph, are found in England to possess many advantages over male ones. They are always punctual and docile, and never come to the office in the morning stupid from a "gay supper the night before." Hard as they work during the day, they are always fresh for society in the evening. They generally marry soon, it is said, and marry well, because their profession makes them bright and quick. This renders vacancies frequent, and promotion rapid in consequence. For those who will not or cannot marry, office-work provides a quiet, steady, and decorous career.

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SUNFLOWERS are going out of fashion. Even Oscar Wilde has turned against them. He now says that he never recommended them to be worn: on the stalk they are pretty enough; but in a lady's corsage, or even in a vase, they are out of place. They have been replaced by cowslips, oxlips, buttercups, kingcups, marigolds, marshmallows, during the past season, when natural flowers could be obtained.

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NEVER TALK OF YOURSELF in general society. There is nothing so rude and offensive. Even in the family circle, unless on rare occasions, it is annoying, for it is one of the worst forms of vanity and selfishness.

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SPURIOUS JAPANESE WARE of every kind is now extensively manufactured. Buyers should be on their guard.

OUR PICTORIAL ANNUAL, made up of twenty fine impressions from the best of the steel engravings that have appeared in this magazine, is still offered as a premium for getting up clubs, to those who prefer it to the "Christ Before Pilate," or either of the other Albums. We offer, thus, *three kinds of Albums*, as a premium, to those who have enough large engravings for framing, and therefore do not wish more. Though the "Christ Before Pilate" is an engraving such as no one, we think, can afford to be without.

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NO OTHER MAGAZINE of equal merit is as low-priced as "Peterson." No other is as cheap to club subscribers. No other gives premiums, really as good, for so little work. Get up clubs, therefore, for 1883. *Begin at once.*

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THE PROSPERITY of this country, generally, was never so great. Remember this when Thanksgiving Day comes.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*History Of Woman Suffrage. Edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joslyn Gage. Vol. II, 8vo. New York: Fowler & Wells.*—We had the pleasure of noticing the first volume of this very interesting history, on its appearance last year; and now hasten to bear renewed testimony to the faithful and thorough manner in which the work is being carried out. The present volume continues the history from 1861 to 1876. It is embellished by several portraits, none of which give one the least idea of what are vulgarly called "strong-minded" women, and several of which represent ladies that would be called pretty, even by those of "the world, worldly." The editors have won for themselves the very greatest credit by the manner in which they have executed their task. The amount of labor involved is alone considerable, for this second volume is a handsome octavo of nearly a thousand pages.

*Leaflets From Standard Authors. Prescott. Compiled by Josephine E. Hodgdon. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is the first of a series of volumes which are intended to give, in neat type and on good paper, some of the best passages of the best standard authors. The idea is an excellent one, for it will introduce many persons to our standard writers, and make them anxious for a better acquaintance, who otherwise might never know them at all. The selection of Prescott, too, as the author to begin with, is quite felicitous; for of all our historical writers, he is the most brilliant, and on that account will always be the most popular. The present compilation has been made by Josephine E. Hodgdon, who has performed her task with equal taste and discrimination.

*Sylvia's Betrothed. By Henry Greville. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is even better than "Dosia," which, heretofore, we have thought the best of this writer's works. It is not only unusually interesting as a story, but is a very capital study of French society. The translation is by Mary Neal Sherwood, of whom Richard Grant White has said: "Her English is admirable, and such as we almost never see in such literary work." The volume is printed in clear bold type, on thick cream-colored paper.

*The Art Of Oratory. System of Delsarte. From the French of M. L'Abbe Delaumosne. By Francis A. Shaw. 1 vol., 12mo. Albany: Edgar S. Werner.*—A very excellent treatise, with numerous illustrations, which, we should think, would teach the art of oratory, with the appropriate gestures, as fully as it could ever be taught at all.

*Hints On School Education And Discipline. By H. Z. Lauderbach. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of this excellent little treatise is the Principal of the well-known Lauderbach Academy. The merit of the book is proved by the fact that this is a sixth edition.

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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WE CAUTION the public once more against persons professing to be agents for "Peterson," who go about the country soliciting subscriptions, and offering a premium to every subscriber. In the first place, *we do not give premiums to subscribers for subscribing:* all we can afford we put into the magazine: when a premium is given by a magazine, the magazine is, to that extent, just so much the poorer. The only premiums we give are to persons getting up clubs, which is quite a different thing. In the second place, *we have no agents for whom we are responsible.* The true way is to join a club that is gotten up by some person you know or know of, or to remit direct to us, according to the instructions at the end of our Prospectus. *In the latter case, we take the risk.*

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BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE for 1880, 1881, and 1882, may be had of news agents, or of the publisher. If your local news agent says the number you ask for is out of print, or that he cannot supply it, write to us, and we will furnish it, at the retail price, postage free.

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NO OTHER COMBINES SO MUCH.—The Fort Madison (Iowa) Democrat says of this magazine: "No other combines so many qualities, and has such sustained merit in every department: it is emphatically the cheapest and best."

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is a preparation of the phosphates of lime, magnesia, potash, and iron, in such form as to be readily assimilated by the system. Descriptive pamphlet sent free. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. XI.—GOLD-THREAD—COPTIS TRIFOLIA.

A little indigenous perennial plant, like the Golden Seal, belonging to the Buttercup family, (Ranunculaceæ,) with a slender, bright-yellow, creeping root, whence its common name, Gold-Thread. It is a low, smooth herb, with radical leaves and one-flowered scape. Sepals, five to seven, oblong, concave, colored, deciduous. Petals, five to seven, small and stamen-like, clavate and tubular at apex. The flowers present a whitish appearance, the small yellow petals being inconspicuous. Rhizoma, thread-like, of a golden yellow. This little plant seems to delight in dark, sandy, and cold swamps of our northern latitudes, abounding in Canada and New England. The root is decidedly bitter and tonic, possessing considerable medicinal virtues. The Shakers deal in it largely. It differs from quassia and other simple tonics inasmuch as it is a good remedy in aphthous ulcers of the mouth, either in infusion or by chewing it. Mothers can buy it in ounce packages, as put up by the Shakers, and use it as a good alterative tonic in weakness of the stomach, want of appetite from arrestation of secretory action, in cases of frequently recurring ulcers of the mouth, cheeks, or lips, etc., as before mentioned.

GROUND IVY—GILL-OVER-THE-GROUND. NEPATA GLECHOMA.—This humble little plant belongs to the Labiate family, and was noticed months ago under the head of Catnip. It is a small perennial herb, growing abundantly in grassy places, along fences and hedges, and often in house-yards. Its odor is rather disagreeable. Formerly it held a place in the United States Dispensatory, and at one time was a popular domestic remedy, though without sufficient results to justify its claims. Its taste is bitterish, and boiling water exhausts all its medicinal virtues (if it possesses any). Its chief reputation was in pulmonary and urinary affections, for which, I might add *en passant*, it is most probably inferior to a good mucilage (infusion) of flaxseed.

HEAL-ALL, SELF-HEAL, CARPENTER'S SALVE, ETC. BRUNELLA VULGARIS.—This is also a very common perennial labiate plant, growing along roadsides, etc. It is characterized by an erect, square, purplish-brown stem, eight to twelve inches high, branching, especially towards the lower part; leaves petiolate, ovate-oblong, one to three inches in length, dentate; spikes of flowers one to three inches long; corolla violet-purple, bilabiate; upper lip erect, arched, entire; lower lip depending, three-lobed; the middle one rounded, concave, crenulate; corolla tube a little contracted at its throat; spikes, with cymules few-flowered, crowded into imbricated oblong terminal heads of one to three inches.

The medicinal virtues indicated by its several common names are not recognized by medical men at this day, or by others. But fifty years ago, the writer was informed by a carpenter fifty years of age, that some thirty years previously, when he was an apprentice, the *jours*, when injured by tools, would pluck a stem of this plant, bruise it, and apply it to the wounded part with excellent results. The plant, consequently, was known to them at that time as carpenter's salve. It might be well for mothers to make a note of this, as they are called upon very frequently, in the country, to bind up damaged fingers and thumbs of their youthful progeny, who will use, slyly or otherwise, edged tools on every occasion offering. The writer also knows an old woman who makes a salve of this plant, by bruising it and stewing it in lard, with a little white wax, which she calls *king-cure-all*. She uses it in wounds, cuts, old sores, ulcers, etc. Let mothers try it.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.

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### No. 175.—EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cat, but not in dog.
My second's in board, but not in log.
My third is in street, but not in road.
My fourth is in paid, but not in owed.
My fifth is in met, but not in set.
My sixth is in get, but not in let.
My seventh's in eat, but not in drink.
My eighth is in bear, but not in mink.
My ninth is in found, but not in lost.
My tenth is in fired, but not in tossed.
My eleventh's in creep, but not in run.
My twelfth is in laugh, but not in fun.
My thirteenth's in wild, but not in tame.
My whole is a worthy man of fame.

*Oregon, Wis.* FLORENCE RICE.

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### No. 176.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

Yam tuorfen vewae a rwetah rof ouy,
Fo lal het hoicects wolfers.
Amy lal oury thyabrids thirbg seno eb,
Dan lal rouy sady eb paphy shuro.

*Oregon, Wis.* KATIE I. BURKE.

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### No. 177.—HIDDEN CITIES.

1. Do very large cities have alleys?
2. Helen and I have been to the fair.

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3. You speak too low, Ella.
4. A wall! a wall! a wall! Come and see it.
5. Go on, Sambo, stony though the road may be.
6. Look at Roy's hands, mother!

*Oregon, Wis.* ANNA ELLSWORTH.

No. 178.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A drink. 3. Full of leaves. 4. Astern. 5. A letter.

*Greenfield, Ia.* GERTIE KRABIEL.

*Answers Next Month.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

No. 173.

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        S U F F O C A T E
      U U               N L
    B   P               E   E
  M     P               R   V
 I      O             G     A
T E R R I T O R Y       T
R       T           E       I
A       E           S       O
N       D E S E R T I O N
S     E             E     E
I   S               R   A
E  E                D  R
N R                 A L
T R E A C H E R Y
```

No. 174.

1. Sharp, harp. 3. Park, ark.
2. Shark, hark. 4. Manger, anger.

## GARDENING.

ROSES may be planted this month, if they have had a check by frost and their wood is ripe. Any time from the present up to Christmas may be selected for moving old rose-trees, or putting in new ones. It would also be well now to shorten all the long branches of your standard roses that have grown large and heavy, as the high winds are apt to do them considerable damage; but all *pruning* (as generally practiced) must not be attempted before March. We do not believe in autumn pruning. Climbing roses must be well fastened, and the loose branches cut away. Protect your tenderer sorts, such as the tea-scented, Bourbons, etc., by mulching the roots, and shielding the branches with some such stuff as dried fern or litter. Wicker baskets are useful for this purpose, although, perhaps, a trifle unsightly.

CROCUSES, and many other smaller bulbs, like snowdrops, aconites, etc., should be planted at once, if you have not already done so. It is very effective to plant the crocus bulbs in patches of six, alternating the colors; thus you may begin with a patch of yellow, then plant one of blue, then white, and back again to yellow. The bulbs should be put into the ground at a depth of two inches, and six inches from the edge of the border, and they will give a fine display early in the spring. This method is an improvement on the old-fashioned way of planting the bulbs singly, in a row.

HYACINTHS in beds like any good garden soil well drained; for they will not bear to stand in any damp place during the winter. The bulbs should be planted three inches deep and six inches apart. The hyacinth is so hardy that no protection is required, unless extremely low temperature occurs after they have begun to grow freely, when dry litter is as effectual as anything. The Roman hyacinths afford an early supply of bloom, as they can be forced into flower six weeks after they are potted, and a continuous supply can be kept going until the general collection of hyacinths are in flower. Plant the bulbs four or six in a pot.

A very pleasing effect may be produced in spring by now planting large masses of snowdrops, crocuses, and daffodils *in the grass*, in front of shrubbery borders, or under trees. These should be planted in patches, and not too close to the house, as the tops ought not to be cut down in spring until after they are dead, which leaves them somewhat unsightly for a time. Snowdrops and crocuses may be put in by making holes with an ordinary dibber, afterwards covering the bulbs with a little loose soil. For daffodils, holes must be made with a spade, but whichever way the planting is effected, it can be done, with ordinary care, without destroying the beauty of the lawn.

# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### SOUPS.

*Poor Man's Soup.*—A sheep's head, six carrots, six turnips, six onions of moderate size, herbs and celery, one quart of dried peas, twelve quarts of water; any vegetables in season may be introduced, and a little dry mint sprinkled in is a great improvement. Clean and soak the head thoroughly for two or three hours, and put it on the fire with twelve quarts of water and vegetables, cut up small, about twelve o'clock the day before wanted; skim well. In the evening, add the peas, pepper and salt, and still leave the soup to simmer. The next morning, early, take out the meat, and let the soup simmer until twelve o'clock, when it will be ready; the meat should be cut up and put back in it before serving. Pearl barley may be used instead of the peas.

*Vegetable Soup.*—Pass through a sieve all the vegetables used to make vegetable stock; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour to it, mix it well, then add the vegetable pulp. Stir well, and moisten with as much of the stock as may be necessary. Let the soup boil; stir into it, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with a little water, and strained. Serve with pieces of toasted bread, fried in butter.

### MEATS, ETC.

*Ragout of Pigeons.*—First, clean and wash the pigeons, then put a very little water in a kettle, and put them in; let them simmer gently until tender; then remove, keeping them hot, and if there is not enough gravy in the kettle, add a little more water; put in two ounces of butter, a little salt, pepper, and sweet marjoram; let all these boil together; thicken with [illegible] dusting of flour; then put back the pigeons, and [illegible] all boil for a few minutes, so as to season them; have some toast sippets cut into diamonds, put them around the edge of a dish, and put the birds and gravy in the centre.

*Veal Cheese.*—Take a shoulder of [illegible] take out the bone, cut it in small pieces, with just wa[illegible] [illegible]gh to cover it; stew until tender; take out all the pie[illegible] [illegible] gristle, mince it fine, and return to the liquor it was boiled in; then add one pound of cold boiled pork chopped fine, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each o[illegible] pepper and mace, some sweet herbs, and two well-beaten eggs; put all into an earthen dish, with a plate on the top, and bake one hour. To be eaten cold.

*To Make Tough Beef Tender.*—Cut your steaks the day before using into slices about two inches thick, rub them over with a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thicknesses, and cook. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, etc. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

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DESSERTS.

*Baked Apple Pudding.*—Five moderate-sized apples, two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped suet, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg. Mix the flour to a smooth batter with the milk; add the eggs, which should be well whisked, and put the latter into a well-buttered pie-dish. Wipe the apples clean, but do not pare them; cut them in halves, and take out the cores; lay them in the batter, rind uppermost; shake the suet on the top, over which also grate a little nutmeg; bake in a moderate oven for an hour, and cover, when served, with sifted loaf-sugar. This pudding is also very good with the apples pared, sliced, and mixed with the batter.

*Blanc Mange.*—In two pints of sweetened cream (or milk) put one ounce of Russia isinglass and a little salt; place it over the fire, and stir the isinglass until dissolved, then boil it well for ten minutes; it will not taste so rich if only scalded; flavor and strain into a pitcher; stand the pitcher where it will keep hot and all the sediment will settle; pour carefully into forms, that the sediment may not darken the ornaments. If peach water or almond is used for flavoring, put it in after boiling. The peel of a lemon and stick cinnamon boiled together in the milk is very pleasant.

*Mousseline Pudding.*—Four ounces of pounded sugar, four ounces of fresh butter, the rind of one lemon, and the juice of two, with the yolks of ten eggs, to be mixed together in a saucepan and stirred on a slow fire until quite hot; then strain the mixture into a basin, and amalgamate lightly with it, as you would for a soufflé, the whites of the eggs whisked into a stiff froth. Pour into a well-buttered mould, and steam for twenty minutes. Serve with jam sauce under (apricot or red currant jelly). The water should boil when the pudding is put in to steam, but on no account after.

*Tout Fait.*—For this nice dessert-cake are required the yolks of four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, the same of flour, about two tablespoonfuls of milk, and the juice of half a small lemon; the whites of three eggs are beaten to a stiff froth and mixed with the yolks, flour, etc., the compound being then put in a buttered pan and placed in a quick oven. "Tout fait" signifies quickly done, and a very appropriate name it is for this cake, as but little over fifteen minutes are required for its production.

*Gooseberry Jelly (Green).*—Boil some carefully-picked green gooseberries in water, three-quarters of a pint to each pound of fruit, reduce them to a pulp—it will take about half an hour—strain through a jelly-bag, weigh the juice, and to every pound allow one pound of pounded sugar; boil up the juice quickly, add the sugar, boil till reduced to a jelly (about twenty minutes), skim and stir well; pour into pots.

DISHES FOR INVALIDS.

*Minced Chicken or Mutton, with Eggs.*—Take—if chicken—some of the white meat from the breast, and remove all skin and outside parts: if mutton, an underdone slice or two from a leg, saddle, or loin; mince it very finely; put it into a stewpan, with a little very good strong gravy or beef-tea, free from fat; flavor it, if liked, with a few herbs and spices, and simmer gently until quite hot, but not boiling; then thicken it with a little butter and flour, and season to taste with pepper and salt. Put this mince on a small dish, and serve on the top a nicely-poached egg.

*Small Meat Boudins.*—Take about a half-pound of well-prepared veal, rabbit, chicken, or game; mince them finely, and then pound them quite smooth, moistening with some strong veal or chicken. Now pass all through a wire sieve, then add one ounce of butter, an egg well beaten, and a small quantity of cream, with salt, pepper, and mace to taste; mix and pound well; put the mixture into some small plain moulds, buttered, and steam for fifteen to twenty minutes. These can be served with a white béchamel, or cream, or tomato sauce.

*Potted Chicken or Game.*—Take the white meat of some poultry or game, well freed from skin and outside parts, and pound them in a mortar with some fresh butter, about one-third of the weight of the meat, season with pounded mace, pepper, salt, and cayenne; and when reduced to a smooth paste, put it into pots and cover with the clarified butter. This can be used as a relish on bread and butter, and can be varied with flavorings when approved.

*Croquettes.*—Add to some carefully-prepared and very finely-minced meat, poultry, or game, the beaten-up yolk of an egg; roll the mixture up into small balls, egg, bread-crumb, and fry them in hot lard or butter. A little crisply-fried parsley to garnish the above will add to the tempting appearance of the dish, even if not wholesome for the invalid.

*Panade.*—Take a quart saucepan, break into it one slice of a loaf an inch thick; add a piece of butter or sweet dripping half an ounce, half fill the saucepan with hot water, a little salt and a little pepper just to taste, and boil and stir the whole until it is a soft paste. It is very soothing and reviving, especially on a cold day, and the cost is next to nothing.

*Chicken or Game, with Vegetables.*—Take the white meat of some chicken or game, and mince it finely; put it into a saucepan with a little good gravy, a little butter, flour, and pepper and salt; simmer until hot, then add a few cooked peas, French beans cut up finely, or a little tomato sauce; toss all on the fire together, and serve very hot.

*Purée of Chicken.*—To make this, after having been minced as above, the chicken must be pounded in a mortar, seasoned with pepper and salt, and then, with a small quantity of good white sauce, stirred over the fire until hot; this can also be served under a poached egg, and within a wall of French beans, mashed potatoes, etc.

SANITARY.

*Remedy for Chapped Hands.*—Quarter of an ounce of camphor, the same of sweet-oil and white wax; place together in a cup to melt until thoroughly mixed. Wash the hands clean, and wipe dry; apply before retiring.

*A good Lip-Salve*, useful for chaps, etc., is made of equal parts of almond or olive-oil, and the best white wax; melt the latter in a clean gallipot, set at the side of the fire, then add the oil.

*Remedy for Chilblains.*—If they are very bad, apply at night a plaster of brown sugar, mixed with scrapings of common soap; wash the feet daily with brown soap and water.

## FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF DARK CARDINAL-RED SURAH SILK. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed with two side-plaited flounces of the silk, with a white lace ruffle between. The upper flounce has fan-shaped plaitings inserted. The top one is finished with a white lace ruffle, which trims the broad collar, and extends in a jabot down the front of the dress. Black lace would be very rich on this dress, and less conspicuous than the white lace.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF OLIVE-BROWN SILK. This exceedingly stylish dress, which suggests that of Marie de Medici, is made of a trained underskirt of the silk, with side pieces of olive-brown watered silk, striped with a darker shade of velvet. Down the front of the skirt are many narrow plaitings, caught together low down by a large rosette. The panier is plaited into the waist, and turned under, forming a puff. The close-fitting waist is made of the olive-brown watered silk, striped with velvet. It is fastened down the front with buttons of old silver, and has a shoulder

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knot on the left shoulder. The sleeves are of the striped material, with cuffs of the plain silk.

FIG. III.—DINNER-DRESS, OF BLUE SILK. The underskirt is of plain blue silk, with an organ-pipe plaited flounce. The apron front and long train are of watered silk, of the color of the underskirt. The apron front is trimmed with a ruffle, on the plain parts of which are ornaments of iridescent beads, and the train is edged with a narrow ruffle of the plain silk. The coat-waist is of the plain silk, and ornamented with iridescent beads. Full standing-up collar of white lace.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF FOREST-GREEN FIGURED CASHMERE. The bottom of the skirt is laid in side-plaitings. Above this, the skirt is of very richly-colored satin, in purple, gold, and black stripes, and is fastened on the left side by large buttons. The green cashmere skirt falls low and plain on the right side, and is draped very high on the left side. The close-fitting waist is double-breasted, and buttons diagonally from the left shoulder. Large hat, of forest-green velvet, trimmed with a blue feather

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN SILK. The bottom has a plain flounce, headed by several rows of shirring. The cloak is of black velvet, made in a long plain sacque shape, with wide sleeves inserted. The trimming around the bottom, of the sleeves, and the collar and muff, are of brown fur. Bonnet of black velvet, with yellow plume and strings.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF THE D'ORSAY HABIT-COAT. This coat, to look well, should be made by a tailor. It is of dark-brown cloth, with a large collar, and revers and pieces set in the skirt at the back, of a darker shade of brown. It has two rows of buttons, and is cut away square in front. Brown plush bonnet.

FIG. VIII.—PALETOT, FOR DEEP MOURNING, to be made of black cloth, trimmed with crèpe. The sleeve is in the Hubbard form. There is a large crèpe collar, and the front is trimmed with plaited crèpe. Bonnet of dull black silk, trimmed with crèpe.

FIG. IX.—VELVET PALETOT, TRIMMED WITH EITHER SKUNK OR SEAL. Cloth might be substituted for the velvet, and plush for the fur. The lining is of plaid satin. The dolman sleeves are bordered with a deep band of fur, and the collar is entirely of fur. Bonnet of brown plush, with ostrich feathers.

FIGS. X AND XI.—FRONT AND BACK OF HOUSE-DRESS, OF GRAY SATIN AND PLUSH. The skirt is bordered with two satin plaitings, headed by a puffing of satin. Puffings of satin also extend up each side of the skirt, between the plush overskirt, which opens at the sides, and then falls perfectly straight and plain, back and front. The body is of plush, and terminates with satin paniers. Large bow of the gray satin at the back. Collar of gray satin.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ALMOND-COLORED CLOTH. The underskirt is of brown camel's-hair, with a knife-plaited ruffle. The almond-colored cloth skirt falls perfectly plain in front, but is laid in deep plaits at the back, which turn underneath. The close-fitting bodice and coat-sleeves are ornamented with large brown wooden buttons. Almond-colored felt bonnet, trimmed with brown velvet.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE WOOLEN PLAID. The skirt is plain in front, and plaited at the sides and back. The overskirt opens with shawl-like ends at the sides, crosses in front, and is draped at the back. Walking-jacket of dark-blue cloth, fastened with silver buttons. Felt hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and red flowers.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SLATE-COLORED CASHMERE. Plain ruffle around the bottom, put on with shirrings. The front of the dress is composed of puffings of cashmere, headed by rows of shirring. Ulster of plaid tweed, made with a deep cape. Gray felt hat and plumes.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK. Sacque cloak of diagonal cloth, trimmed with black lynx fur. Greve hat.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There are many new shades of old colors. Many of the blues have a grayish tinge, and one of the prettiest for house-wear is very light, and is called telegraph-blue or electric-light blue. The reds vary very much. In ribbons and trimmings, it is difficult to tell where the red color ends and yellow begins. These last colors are very rich, very new and distinguished-looking, but more becoming to brunettes than to blondes. When combined with black, however, they may safely be worn by anyone.

*Figured materials* divide the palm with plain ones. Either is equally fashionable. Often a figured and a plain material are used in the same dress, but most frequently the color in both is the same, and not contrasting. This, however, is not obligatory; in fact, nothing is obligatory in the way of fashion, as we have so frequently said, except that short dresses are always worn for walking, and that even if a small crinoline is worn, it must not extend to the front. The sides and front of the dress must fall close, though a small tournure is now frequently added to the back of the dress, without there is much puffed drapery behind.

*Passementerie or gimp* is much used to trim cloth, cashmere, and camel's-hair, as well as mantles, jackets, etc. Some tailor-made costumes are only machine-stitched, others are trimmed with gimp; but the gimp should be entirely without jet or beads of any kind. The richer kinds of gimp are very expensive.

*The cloth suits* are now more often in small checks, speckles and dashes of rich dark colors, than plain, as was formerly the case. Bottle-green, mahogany-brown, and very dark strawberry-red are new colors. For calling-dresses, much shot taffeta is used, and for walking-costumes, serge-cloth; the skirts kilted and machine-stitched, and the jacket bodices braided.

*In the make of dresses* there is nothing new; for everyone shapes a bodice or drapes a skirt as best suits them and is the most becoming, and thus a great variety of costume is obtained.

*Some of the new mantles* are loose, and reach below the knee. They are made with dolman-shaped sleeves, frequently slightly shirred at the neck, have a heavy ruche about the neck, and are tied with a bow of ribbon with long ends. These wraps are made in light-colored and gay-figured camel's-hair, and are comfortable-looking. They are also very stylish if made well and of pretty material; but with a home-made garment, a plain camel's-hair is much safer.

*Bonnets and hats* seem to have recovered from the vagaries of the summer and early autumn, and to have settled down to reasonable proportions.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

One of the most gratifying features in the fashions of the present season is the return of the small bonnets. Feminine headgear had indeed assumed such overwhelming proportions, both as to size and trimming, that a reaction was inevitable, only it was hardly to have been hoped for so soon. The change has come already, and it is altogether charming. The small bonnets are of the ever-popular capote shape, and are covered with velvet laid on in perpendicular folds, or else shirred across the centre of the crown. Medium-sized birds, such as doves or small paroquets, are often placed at the sides of these small hats, which are also ornamented with pheasant breasts or wings, and sometimes with a cluster of small ostrich-tips encircling an aigrette of herons' feathers. But this last style is by no means new, though always graceful and pretty. Velvet roses are the

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newest flowers of the season; they come with the petals very finely shaded in different hues of red, and have quite a rich appearance.

Worth's show-rooms are now encumbered with a very bewildering choice of materials and styles. Heavy plain silks and satins, and the new corded silk stuffs called Ottomane and Trocadero, dispute the palm of supremacy with velvets and brocades. The figures on the latter seem to increase in dimensions with the passage of each season, and we are threatened with a return of those patterns of which it is recorded that it took two ladies to show off each design properly. One of the latest styles is in satin, brocaded all over with a sunflower in its natural size, though fortunately in solid colors. These gigantic figures are of course made up with plain satin or velvet, and sometimes all three materials are combined in a single dress. Worth is now making up a good many plain velvets for evening-dress. The skirt is caught up just below the waist at the back in a large bow, with one loop at either side. From between these loops the train falls in full folds. The front breadths part just below the waist, and are edged with a finger-wide black lace laid over red satin. Beneath is a petticoat front, also of black velvet, drawn into slight fullness, and raised at one side, so as to show a narrow flounce of the velvet, headed with a full puff. Over this flounce is set one of black lace. The corsage is cut low, with short sleeves, and is trimmed with black lace, lined with red satin. For short dresses, Worth employs velvet or faille, or else Ottomane mixed with figured plush. Faille is not used for evening-dresses, as it does not drape well, and lacks the lustre that makes satin and satin merveilleux so effective by gaslight.

For walking-costumes, cloth suits trimmed with bands of velvet are greatly in favor, and are very stylish when worn with a ruff and bonnet of the same velvet as that upon the suit. Scotch cashmere is more fashionable than the camel's-hair goods. Wraps are in all sorts and styles and shapes; mantles, dolmans, and loose long sacques being shown. Stamped velvet is still employed for cloaks of all kinds, though it is far less popular than it was last season. Wraps of this material sometimes show three different trimmings on one garment, such as full plaited ruffles of black lace, combined with jet fringe and a wider fringe of chenille. The prettiest trimming of the season, for evening-dress, is a fringe composed of small floss-silk balls in shades to match the figures on the brocade; it is light, delicate, and yet durable, and is extremely tasteful.

The new colors of the season are manifold. There is a series of new reds introduced, the most popular of which is a deep poppy shade known as "drop of blood" (*goutte de sang*). Then there are various hues of bright crimson, known as raspberry, Oriental ruby, etc., which are in reality only modifications of the Magenta shades of some twenty years ago. All the new blues have a grayish cast. Moss-green is very popular for demi-toilette, and so too is a rich and very handsome tint something between brown and crimson, which is called mahogany-color. It is very effective by gaslight, yet is not too brilliant for street-wear. The new shade of pink, known as "startled nymph," is very lovely, being between the hue of a blush-rose and that of a tea-rose; it is much more delicate than the crevettes and rose-pinks of last season. It combines very charmingly, in satin or satin merveilleux, with seal-brown velvet or plush. This very dark-brown, as well as an extremely dark shade of plum-color, will be much worn for street-costumes this winter. Velvet and cloth, or velvet and Scotch cashmere, form the favorite combinations for street-dresses.

Very elegant and becoming bonnets for evening-wear are made by draping a scarf or fichu of Spanish lace over a specially-prepared frame, which gives the effect of a capote when finished, but which has a rounded crown instead of a set one. This frame is bordered all around with small berries or very small flowers, intermixed with foliage, except at the ears, where the long ends of the scarf or fichu form the strings. Currants are used to border a bonnet of black lace, and forget-me-nots or pale-tinted violets are employed for a white one. The lace ends are attached together at the throat with a tiny bouquet of berries or flowers.

For evening-dresses, the material most in vogue will be satin merveilleux for young girls, and velvet, or brocade and satin combined, for elderly ladies. Skirts composed of ruffles of lace will still be used in evening-dress, with corsages of satin. These skirts are always made short; they lose their peculiar style when made even with a demi-train. A very handsome short evening-dress is made by covering a skirt with four plaited flounces, alternately of satin and faille of precisely the same color. The corsage is in satin, cut square, and with half-long sleeves, and is trimmed with ruffles of lace. For street-wear, the same style is duplicated in cashmere and satin, the corsage being in cashmere, with cuffs and collar of satin. If velvet and satin are employed, the corsage must be of velvet. In all cases, the two materials must match perfectly in hue.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S COSTUME, OF GRAY CLOTH. The coat is of the Directoire shape, and is made of soft cloth, trimmed with plush. The fronts are double-breasted, and the backs are plaited. The cape fastens slantwise, and is trimmed with plush.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF BROWN CLOTH. It is double-breasted, and has dark-brown collar and cuffs.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT. The trousers and overcoat are of dark-blue plaid.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S SUIT, OF CLARET-COLORED DIAGONAL CLOTH. The knickerbockers are rather tight. The deep coat opens in front, showing a vest of the same material. Wide linen collar.

FIG. V.—COAT, FOR A LITTLE GIRL. This coat may be made of cloth, plush, or velvet, of any dark color. It is trimmed with heavy white guipure lace. The cape, as well as the pockets and cuffs, is trimmed with guipure lace.

FIG. VI.—GIRL'S PALETOT, OF FAWN-COLORED CLOTH. It is trimmed down the front with brandebourgs. The pockets, narrow collar, and cuffs, are of fur.


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Beware of imitators, who, to sell inferior goods, are now claiming qualities for their velveteens which they do not possess.

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# WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean, without rubbing, we will refund the money.

**AGENTS WANTED** in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

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Magic Lanterns and Slides WANTED. Musical Wonder Catalogue, FREE.

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Cachemire Oriental,
" Abyssinien,
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ARE THE BEST LYONS BLACK SILKS FOR WEAR, NOW IN GREAT FAVOR WITH THE LADIES. FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS CONTROLLED EXCLUSIVELY BY MESSRS. A. T. STEWART & CO., BUT NOW FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

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**FREE** A 48-page illustrated book, and a set of our new Fun and Escort cards, sent to your address on receipt of 3c. stamp. The above are given away to introduce other goods. Don't miss this chance.
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# AUTOMATIC

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Ladies careful of Health and appreciating the Best will now have no other.

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**Neutro-Pillene,** *only* Hair Solvent known. *Permanently dissolves* superfluous hair, *root and branch* in five minutes, *without pain, discoloration or injury.* **Cleopatra's Secret** develops the **Bust** to proportions of perfect nature. Safe and certain. Send 2 stamps for particulars. THE WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION Co., 602 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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**ADIPOSIDIA** renders thin, lean and slender persons stout.

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It is the custom of "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE," as all its old subscribers know, to engrave, every year, A PREMIUM PLATE, in order to reward persons getting up clubs. These plates are executed in the highest style of art, at an original cost of from **ONE THOUSAND TO TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.** "Peterson" having kept up this practice for many years, has now an unrivaled selection of such engravings. These are now, *as a great inducement,* offered (postage free) for Fifty Cents each, as follows:

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**A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.**

[From the Boston *Globe.*]

*Messrs. Editors:—*

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

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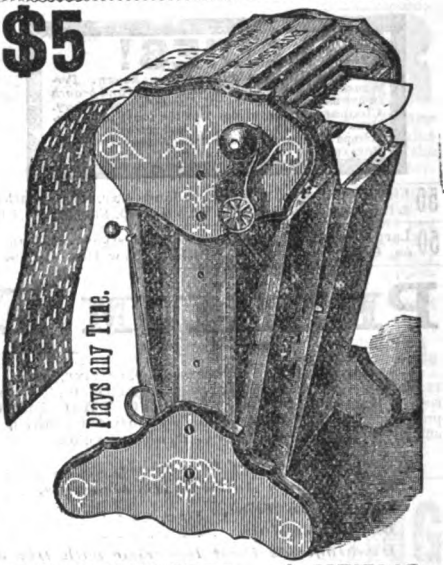


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Acknowledged the **best pack** ever produced. No one else has them. Send us **10 cts.** for our **New Price-List** and **Illustrated Catalogue,** and we will print your name on 100 of the handsomest cards you ever saw **FREE,** including **Feather Series, Verse Cards, Unique Marine Views, etc.,** all in brilliant colors, on heavy cardboard. **Watches, Gold Rings, Silver Ware, Novelties, etc.,** given as premiums. Agents' Complete Sample Book, **25 cents.** Inducements to Agents **unequaled.** Printers and Dealers supplied with blank cards. **STEVENS BROS., Northford, Conn.**

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It contains all of the needed Chemicals for working; Printing Frame, Silver, Toning and Fixing baths, Albumen Paper, Mounting Cards, &c., &c. Everybody wants one. It is something new, and not only does it furnish amusement but by its use the operator becomes familiar with many interesting chemical experiments. Packed securely in a neat case with full directions which are so simple that any Boy or Girl can, with a little study and patience make a good photograph. Price by mail, **Fifty Cents.** Postage stamps taken. **World Manuf'g Co., 122 Nassau Street, New York.**


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Having erected—adjoining their previous ample works—a large factory, and furnished it with every appliance for best Piano making, they have now ready

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The improvements affect not only the musical capacity of the instrument, but especially its durability and power to stand trying situations and use. MASON & HAMLIN PIANO FORTES WILL NOT REQUIRE TUNING ONE QUARTER AS OFTEN as those strung upon the old system.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CO. pledge themselves that every Piano Forte of their make shall illustrate that very highest excellence which has always characterized their Organs, and won for them recognition of HIGHEST EXCELLENCE in EVERY GREAT WORLD'S EXHIBITION FOR SIXTEEN YEARS. CIRCULAR, with full description and illustrations of improvements, sent free.

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1 Baby Mine.
5 The Old Cabin Home.
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24 Sweet By and By. [Went Out.
26 Whoa, Emma. [Maggie.
33 When you and I were Young
36 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home.
43 Take this Letter to My Mother.
49 A Model Love Letter,—comic
53 Wife's Commandments.—comic.
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56 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.
58 Marching Through Georgia.
60 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.
65 The Minstrel Boy.
70 Take Back the Heart.
72 The Faded Coat of Blue. [Night.
77 My Old Kentucky Home, Good
84 I'll be all Smiles to Night Love.
86 Listen to the Mocking Bird.
93 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still
94 Sunday Night When the Parlor's
95 The Gypsy's Warning. [Full.
102 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.
104 The Girl I Left Behind Me.
105 Little Buttercup.
107 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.
112 The Old Man's Drunk Again.
116 I Am Waiting, Essie Dear.
119 Take Me Back to Home & Mother
120 Come, Sit by My Side, Darling.
121 Kiss Me; Kiss Your Darling.
123 A Flower from Mother's Grave.
124 The Old Log Cabin on the Hill.
130 Coming Thro' the Rye,
131 Must We, Then, Meet as Strangers
138 The Kiss Behind the Door.
139 I'll Remember You, Love, in My [Prayers.
146 You May Look, but Musn't Touch.
150 There's Always a Seat in the Par- [lor for You.
152 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping
158 Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.
159 Say a Kind Word When You Can.
165 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.
166 Norah O'Neal.
167 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee.
169 Jennie the Flower of Kildare.
170 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died
172 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.
176 Don't You Go, Tommy, Don't Go.
180 Willie, We have Missed You.
182 Over the Hills to the Poor House.
185 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling.
191 Flirtation of the Fan.
194 Why did She Leave Him? [other.
196 Thou Hast Learned to Love An-
203 There's None Like a Mother.
204 You Were False, but I'll Forgive.
209 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying.
211 Will You Love Me, When I'm Old.
220 Annie Laurie.
222 Sherman's March to the Sea.
224 Come, Birdie, Come.
228 Love Among the Roses.
232 Old Arm Chair (as sung by Barry.)
239 The Sailor's Grave. [in the Garden
242 Farmer's Daughter; or Chickens
243 Oh! Dem Golden Slippers.
246 Poor, but a Gentleman Still.
249 Nobody's Darling but Mine.
251 Put My Little Shoes Away.
252 Darling Nellie Gray.
255 Little Brown Jug.
256 Ben Bolt.
257 Good-Bye Sweetheart.
260 Sadie Ray.
270 Tim Finigan's Wake.
273 The Hat My Father Wore.
275 I've Only Been Down to the Club.
277 Kiss Me Again.
279 The Vacant Chair.
280 The Sweet Sunny South.
283 Come Home Father.
284 Little Maggie May.
286 Molly Bawn.
288 Sally in Our Ally.
290 Poor Old Ned.
292 Man in the Moon is Looking.
295 Broken Down.
300 My Little One's Waiting for Me.
301 I'll Go Back to my Old Love Again
302 The Butcher Boy.
305 I'se Gwine Back to Dixie.
308 Where is My Boy To-Night.
310 The Five Cent Shave.
319 Linger, Not Darling.
326 Dancing in the Sunlight.

We will send by mail, post-paid, any ten of these songs for **10** cents; any twenty-five songs for **15** cents; any Fifty for **25** cents. Or we will send all the above one hundred songs, post-paid for **40** cents. Remember, we will not send less than ten songs. Order songs by NUMBERS only. Send one or three cent postage stamps. Valuable Catalogue Free. Mention this paper. **WORLD MANUF'G CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.**

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The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 332, 351, 170, and his other styles.
**Sold throughout the World.**

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They received the highest award at PARIS EXPOSITION, WORLD'S FAIR IN LONDON, CENTENNIAL, AT PHILADELPHIA, and AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, NEW YORK.

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**The CALLI-GRAPHIC PEN**

A GOLD PEN AND RUBBER HOLDER, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury to persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.

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**180 Broadway, New York.**

Send for Price-List. Our goods are sold by first-class dealers.

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100 Popular Songs for 30 cts. 100 Comic Songs, 30 cts. 100 Sentimental Songs, 30 cts. 100 Old Favorite Songs, 30 cts. 100 Opera Songs, 30 cts. 100 Home Songs, 30 cts. 100 Ethiopian Songs, 30 cts. Any 4 lots, $1. All the Songs have words and music, and are the most popular published. Order NOW. For 50 cts. will send Violin Instruction Book and 558 Pieces Violin Music. BIG BARGAINS in all kinds of instruments. Illus. 44 p. Catalogue Free. G. H. W. BATES & CO., Importers, Boston, Mass.

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Samples and information free.

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Club together & send **15 names** for **15 packs** of **50 New Imported Chromo Cards,** (10c. a pack) for **$1.** on Extra Board, **Swiss Scenes, Ocean Views, Bird Mottoes, Moss Rose & Landscape Series,** name thereon, in latest style, (*all new type*). Get our Album of choicest Samples to take orders with, only **25c.** Send **8c.** for our reduced price list and catalogue of Elegant Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, Novelties &c. given as premiums or largest cash commissions paid Agents. **STAR PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.**

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The best edition published. Also, Wigs, Beards, Face Preparations, and all articles needed for Amateur and Parlor Theatricals. New Catalogue sent free on application to **DE WITT, Publisher, 33 Rose St., N. Y.**

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**50** Beautiful Chromo Cards with name, 10c. Send 3 names and thirty cents, and we will send a fourth pack free. **ROYAL CARD CO.,** Northford, Conn.

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**HAS BEEN PROVED**
**The SUREST CURE for**
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Does a lame back or a disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

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**DISEASES of the LIVER.**

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

**Malaria.** If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring, to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it

**Ladies.** For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, KIDNEY-WORT is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

☞It Acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.☜ For Constipation, Piles, or Rheumatism it is a permanent cure.

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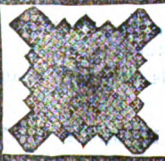

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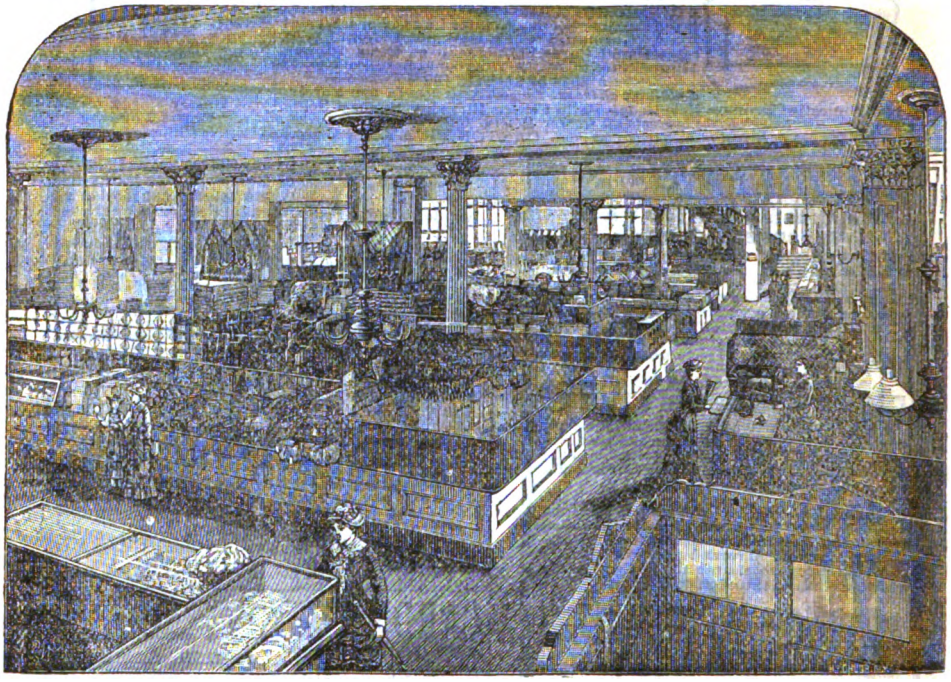

# R. H. MACY & CO.

## 14th Street, 6th Avenue, & 13th Street, New York City.

### GRAND CENTRAL FANCY AND DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT.

OUR cut this month represents a section of our establishment as seen from the southerly staircase, looking north, toward the corner of 14th Street and 6th Avenue; showing, in the foreground on the right, the Telegraph Office, and further on, the Mail and "Found" Desk combined. Here postage-stamps of all denominations are kept on sale for the convenience of our patrons. To this desk is also brought all articles that are found in the store. A careful record is kept of them, so that customers can have no difficulty in recovering them, even if not claimed for months after they are found. This desk is also used for checking all articles that customers may wish to leave for safe-keeping. All pocket-books found are taken directly to the head cashier's office on second floor of the 13th Street side, and carefully kept until identified by their owners. Then follows a portion of the Notion Counter, which extends to the main stairway on the 14th Street side.

Returning, on the left side of the passage shown are the Untrimmed Hats, which take up the whole side on the 14th Street front, west of the staircase. Then follow Artificial Flowers and Feathers, from the medium to the finest quality imported; then Fans, Swiss Carvings, and Vienna Goods of all descriptions; next Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies' Hosiery, Silk Balbriggan, and Cotton Underwear. Our Handkerchief Department comes next; then Laces and Embroideries, and still further on, the White Goods Department, which is a large store in itself.

The last Departments shown in the foreground are the Fringes, Worsted, Buttons of all descriptions for dress-trimming, and Worsted Goods.

We have exercised great care in showing these Departments exactly as they are located, so that our out-of-town patrons, who are not able to visit us daily, may find them without difficulty.

All orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention, and Goods forwarded to any part of the world.

C. B. WEBSTER, J. B. WHEELER, } *Firm.* R. H. MACY & CO.

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Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

"BEWARE, BEWARE!"

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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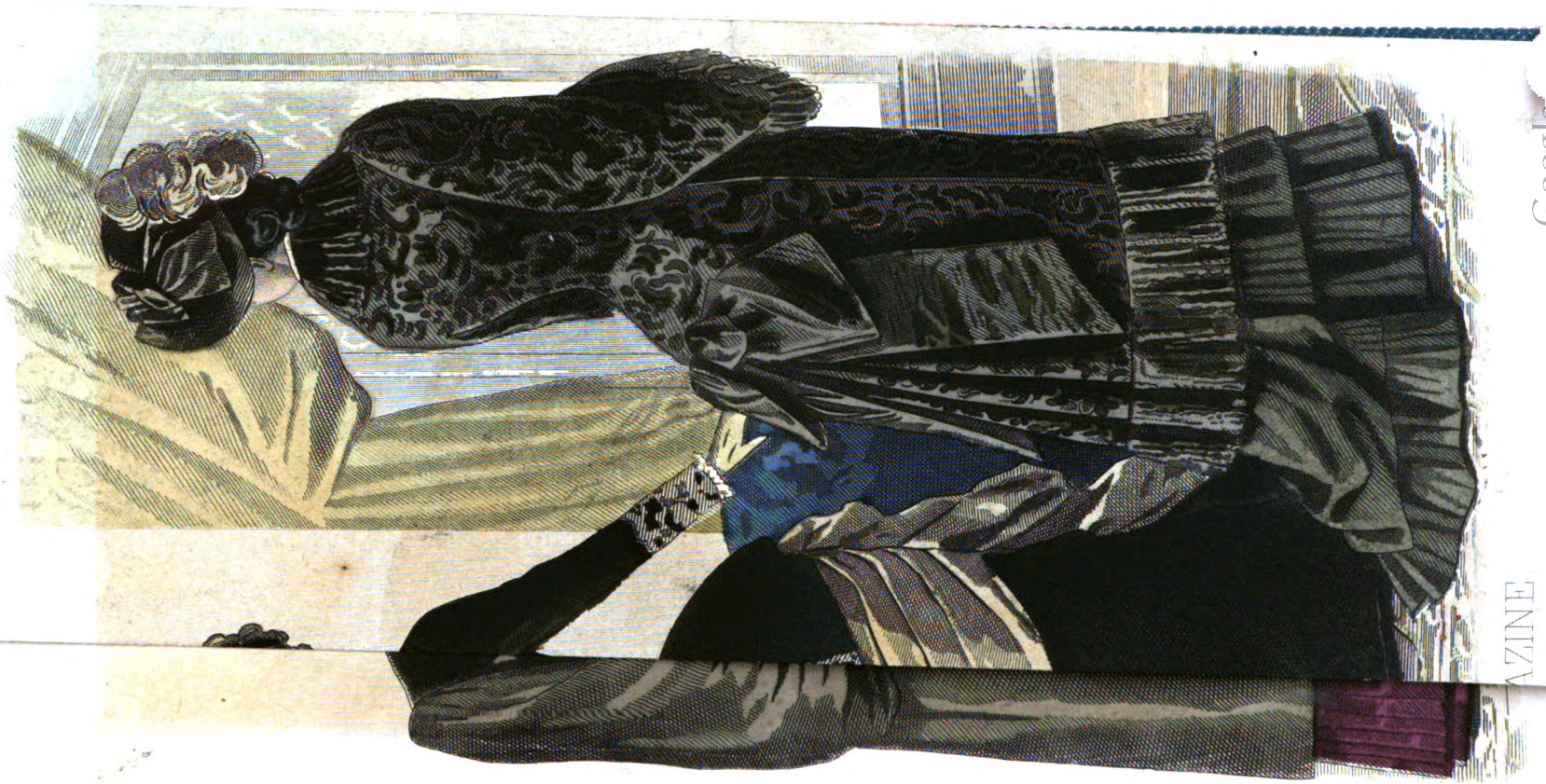
# Peterson's Magazine—December, 1882.



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Painted by E. Sidley

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# Peterson's Magazine—December, 1882.

ARRASEN EMBROIDERY.

Presented to the Subscribers of Peterson's Magazine as a Christmas Gift.

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"BEG, SIR!"

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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HOUSE-DRESS: FRONT AND BACK.

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CLOAK. WALKING-DRESS.

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WALKING-DRESSES.

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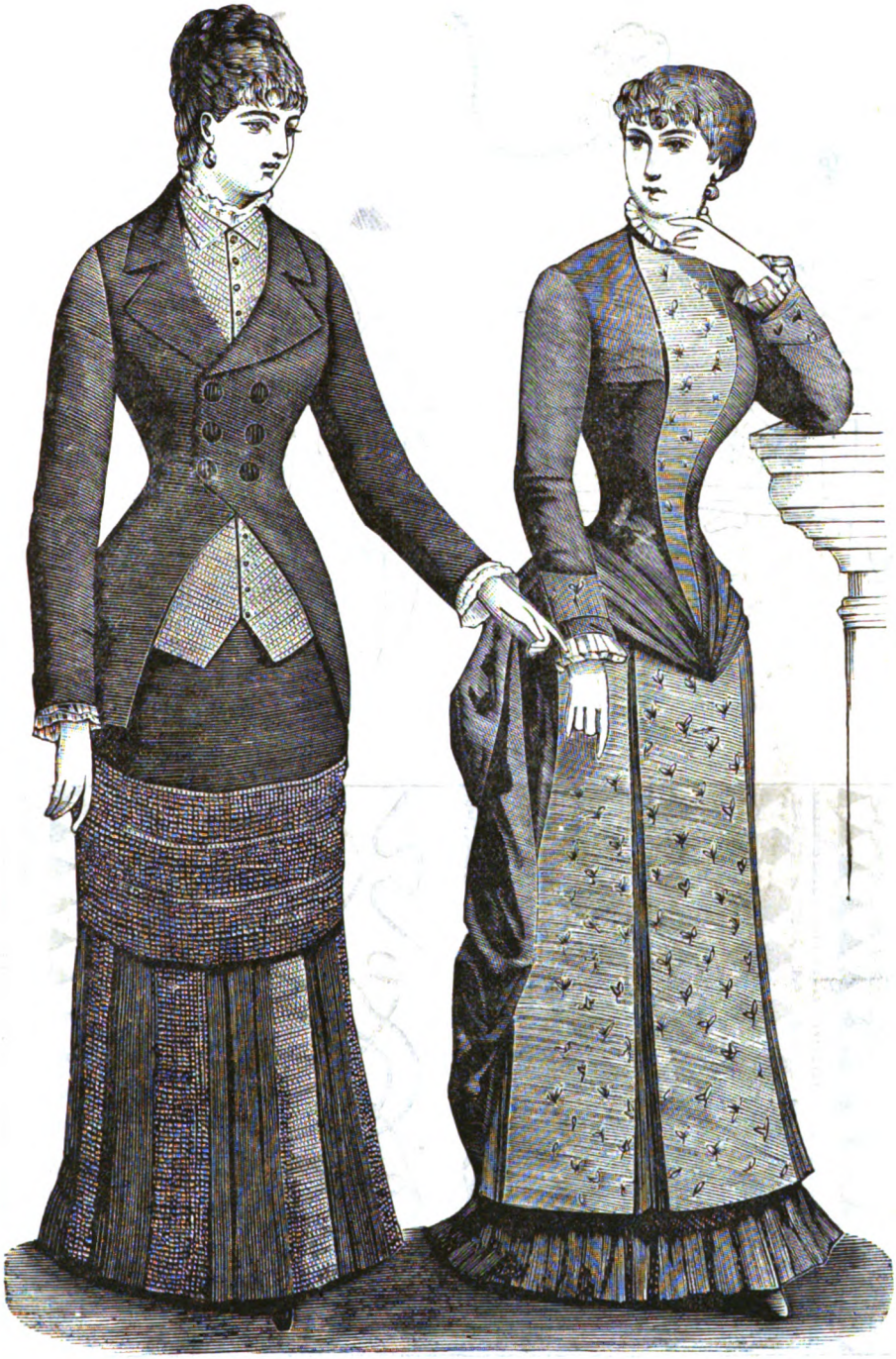

HOUSE-DRESSES.

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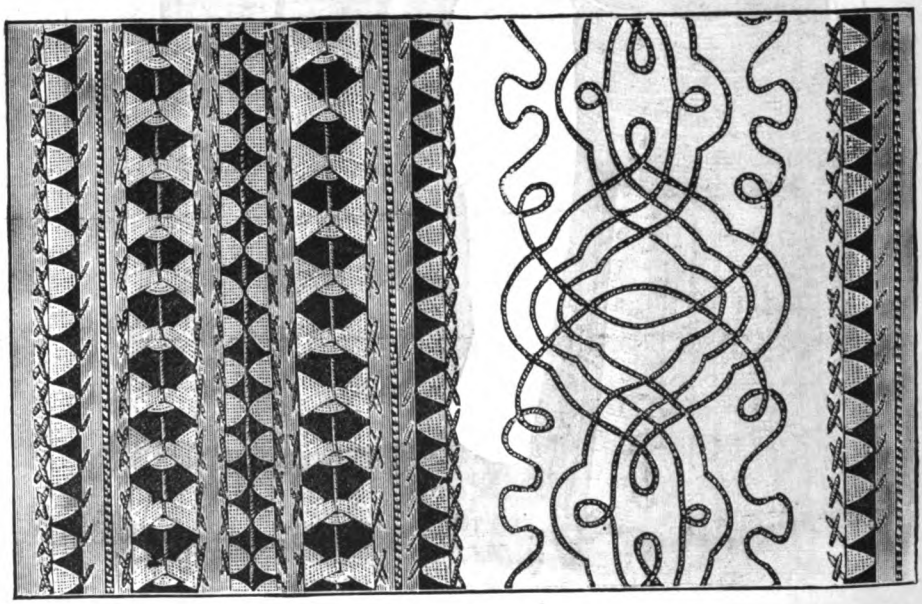

DESIGNS IN OUTLINE-STITCH. ANTIMACASSAR, OR COUNTERPANE.

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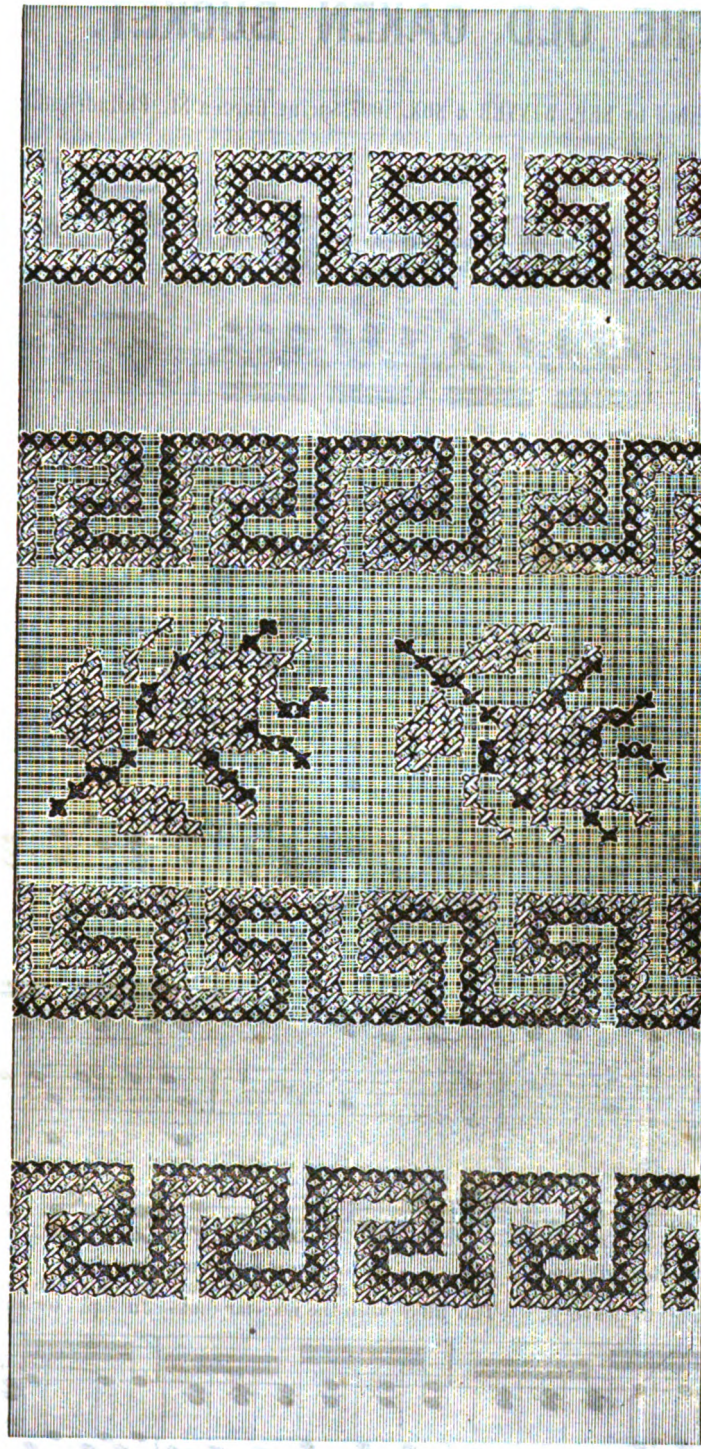

DETAIL OF NIGHT-GOWN SACHET, OR COUVERPIED, ETC., ETC.

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# THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

**As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.**

**KIALLMARK.**

*Soave.* *mf* *sf* *smorz.*

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond re-col-lec-tion pre - sents them to view, The or-chard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, And ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan-cy knew. The
2. The moss-cover'd buck - et I hail as a treasure, For oft - en at noon when re-turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an ex - qui - site pleasure, The pur - est and sweetest that na - ture can yield. How
3. How soon from the green mossy rim to re - ceive it, As pois'd on the curb it re - clin'd to my lips, Not a full flowing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And

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wide-spreading stream, the mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the
ar - dent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled
now far re-moved from the loved sit - u - a - tion, The tear of re - gret will in-

cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And
bot-tom it fell; Then soon with the em - blem of health o - ver-flow-ing, And
tru-sive - ly swell; As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan-ta - tion, And

CHORUS.

e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well. The old oaken buck - et, the
drip - ping with cool-ness it rose from the well.
sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well.

*rit.*

i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cover'd buck - et that hung in the well.

*rit.*

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LATEST STYLES FOR BONNETS.

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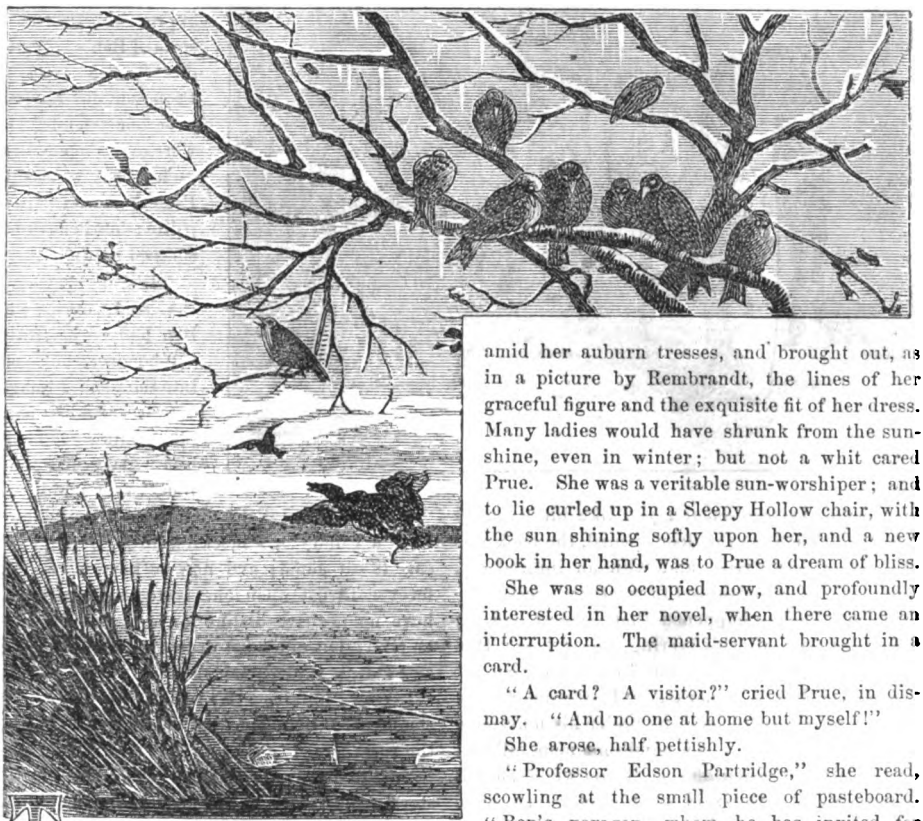
# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1882. No. 6.

## PRUE AND THE PROFESSOR.

BY BARBARA YECHTON.



THE sun shone bright and warm into a comfortably-furnished room, one winter afternoon, lighting up the elegant yet home-like furniture; resting lovingly on the plants in the window: tinting the Jacqueminot roses in the big Wedgewood bowl on the table; and dancing daintily about Miss Prudence Prescott, who was the sole occupant of the apartment, if we except a large tortoise-shell cat, nicknamed the Admiral. It shone into her eyes, and glowed amid her auburn tresses, and brought out, as in a picture by Rembrandt, the lines of her graceful figure and the exquisite fit of her dress. Many ladies would have shrunk from the sunshine, even in winter; but not a whit cared Prue. She was a veritable sun-worshiper; and to lie curled up in a Sleepy Hollow chair, with the sun shining softly upon her, and a new book in her hand, was to Prue a dream of bliss.

She was so occupied now, and profoundly interested in her novel, when there came an interruption. The maid-servant brought in a card.

"A card? A visitor?" cried Prue, in dismay. "And no one at home but myself!"

She arose, half pettishly.

"Professor Edson Partridge," she read, scowling at the small piece of pasteboard. "Ben's paragon, whom he has invited for Christmas, come at last, and of course at a most inopportune time: we didn't expect him before to-morrow. Now I'll have to go and entertain him. How provoking! And Jane must be told to get his room ready. How I do dislike people having names of birds and beasts and things! Partridge—ugh! Might as well be duck, or goose, or chicken, at once. I'm so glad I haven't such a name. Pussy," turning to the cat, "I wish you would go into the hall and



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demolish that gentleman: you like birds, and I don't." Then, as the door opened, the book was tossed on the chair; and with an injured air, the young lady advanced to meet the guest.

Now it had so happened that Bridget had left the door open after delivering the card, and Professor Edson Partridge, out in the hall, got the benefit of Prue's remarks. "Flattering, I must say," he muttered, smiling under his mustache: He was even in repose a handsome man, tall and graceful; but when he smiled, his whole face lit up. "That," he said to himself, "must be Ben's sister Prue. I wonder if the young lady's opinion could ever be changed?"

Calmly, most frigidly polite, Prue introduced herself, and shook hands. But conversation rather languished, though the Professor did his best. At last, Ben—awkward, near-sighted Ben, the torment and delight of Prue's heart—came rushing in, in his headlong fashion.

"S-so glad you've come," he stammered, with a beaming face. "Forgot to tell you, Prue," turning to his sister, "I had a telegram saying the Professor was coming to-day instead of to-morrow. Well, you and he, I see, have made friends. That's jolly. I knew you two would like each other first-rate."

At this astute remark. Prue elevated her chin in the air, while the Professor looked mischievous.

The days passed on. Christmas was rapidly approaching. But in spite of Ben's belief and desire, Prue and the Professor did not seem to become friends. They were extremely polite to each other: at least the Professor was always polite; but Prue did not succeed as well.

"It's all his name," she said, once, when Ben had remonstrated. "Whenever he comes into the room, I imagine a gray-speckled namesake skulking in behind him. And you know, Ben," very plaintively, "I have always disliked birds. I would never have a canary or a mocking-bird. I don't even care to eat game; and now to have a partridge forever thrust upon one is too aggravating. I have no positive dislike for him, and I'll try to be civil; but one must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at partridges."

"Very unfair. W-what's in a name?" commenced Ben, but was speedily ejected from the room.

So the days wore along. The weather was stormy and cold, and the Professor stayed a good deal in the house. Hence Prue had to get accustomed to him, whether she would or not. He wandered in and out of the parlor and library in a tame-cat sort of fashion, and won golden opinions by his kindliness and courtesy: at least from everybody except Prue. He and Prue somehow could not agree; they constantly had long discussions about every imaginable and unimaginable subject, and they invariably ended by quarreling: that is, Prue quarreled; but the Professor never by any chance lost his temper;

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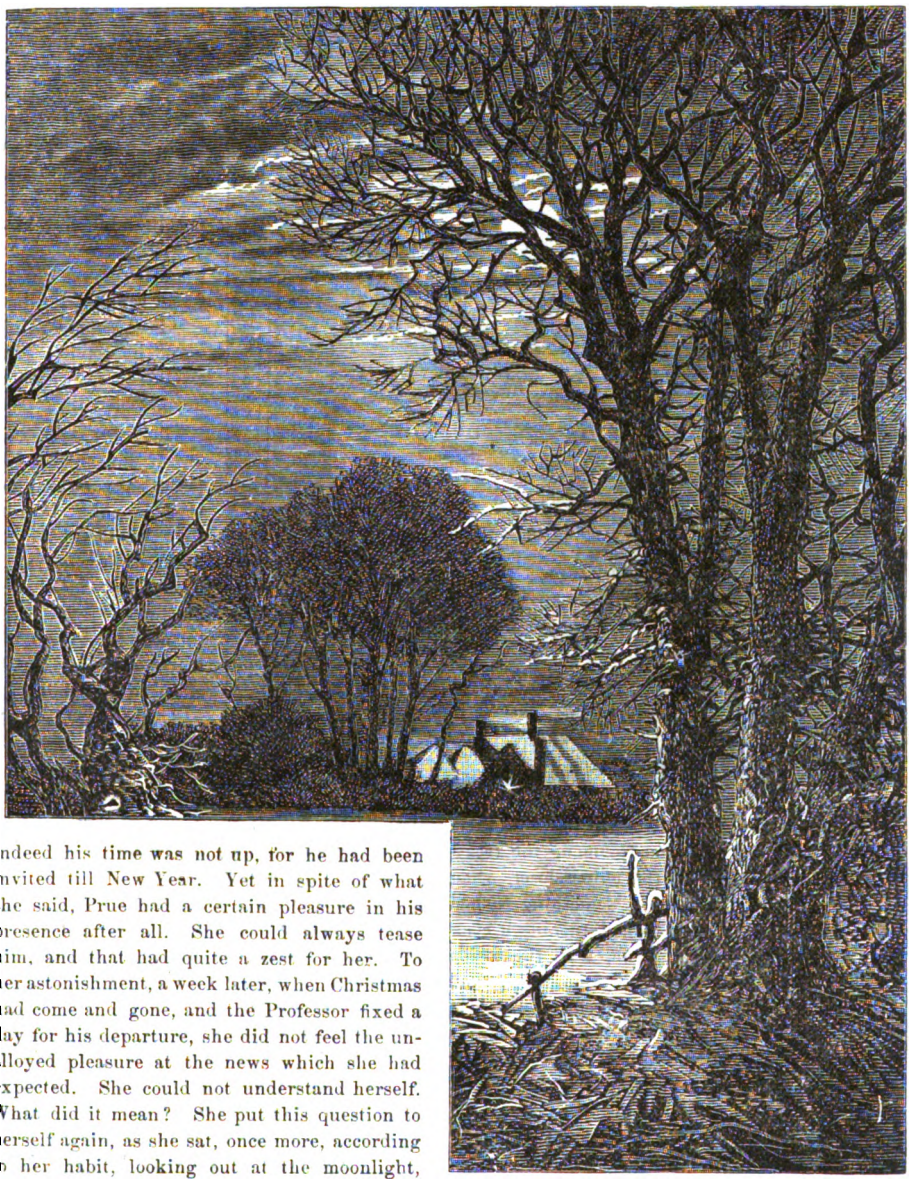
he always continued polite: "Aggravatingly so," said the young lady. "He is the most self-opinionated person I have ever met. I shall be glad when he goes home to Cambridge, and we can have our quiet evenings again. Somehow, his mere presence rasps me. I can't even enjoy this lovely scene." For Prue was looking out of her window, after everybody else had retired, at the leafless trees and the moon wading through clouds.

But the Professor showed no sign of going: after everybody else had retired. The next day even, she continued so absorbed in reflection, that she forgot to quarrel with him, which unusual occurrence impressed him as much as even she could have desired.

Grandma owned some very fine old china, which Prue always took charge of, considering its care and arrangement a pleasure. The morning before the Professor was to leave, Prue, in a plain gown, with her sleeves turned back from a pair of very pretty round arms, stood on



indeed his time was not up, for he had been invited till New Year. Yet in spite of what she said, Prue had a certain pleasure in his presence after all. She could always tease him, and that had quite a zest for her. To her astonishment, a week later, when Christmas had come and gone, and the Professor fixed a day for his departure, she did not feel the unalloyed pleasure at the news which she had expected. She could not understand herself. What did it mean? She put this question to herself again, as she sat, once more, according to her habit, looking out at the moonlight,

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a step-ladder, singing, and whisking a feather-duster lightly and dexterously among the treasures on the top shelf of the china-closet, when suddenly the door flew open, something rushed violently against the step-ladder, turning it completely to one side; and Prue, with the words "My love, he went a-sail—" on her lips, and with grandma's best punch-bowl clutched tightly in one hand, and with the feather-duster as desperately held in the other, came tumbling down upon the Professor, who was in the act of entering the room.

"Thank goodness, the bowl isn't broken," were the first words of Prue, as she reached the floor.

"But my poor head is," groaned the Professor, clasping both hands over that member, and sinking into a chair.

Meanwhile, the Admiral, the cause of all this excitement, slunk away, frightened, and sought the seclusion that a table granted. Here, furtively looking out at Prue, and prepared for instant escape if she made for him, he sat calmly washing his face, as if such a *contretemps* were an every-day amusement, and he had done nothing objectionable.

"Are you really hurt?" asked Prue, as the Professor groaned again.

"I—I should think I was," he replied, plaintively. "See how my head is bleeding."

There was really blood on it, and Prue's sympathy was immediately roused. She flew into the kitchen, brought back some hot water, hunted up a bit of court-plaster, and proceeded to bathe the wound, with many apologies for her share in the affair.

At last the operation was over, and the narrow strip of plaster carefully adjusted, and the hair brushed back, carefully and deftly, over the wound by Prue's own fair hand.

"There, that will do nicely," she said. "No one would ever know you were hurt."

The Professor was profuse in his thanks, and would have taken her hand; but somehow a sudden fit of shyness seized Prue, and she hastened to escape.

She did not see the Professor again until afternoon. She kept studiously out of his way, in fact. What was the matter with her, she said to herself? Why did she tremble even yet when she thought of his look? What made her heart beat so? Could it be? Nonsense! In love? Pshaw! Not, at least, with a partridge. And yet—and yet—

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She had dressed for dinner and for the evening together—for there was to be a little dance, it being New Year's Eve—and was sitting before the fire in the parlor, her elbows on her knees, and her chin resting on her hands, revolving all this over, when the Professor entered the room. She did not hear his step, and he actually stood over and spoke before she was aware of his presence.

"Oh, is it you?" she cried, starting to her feet in some confusion. "I—I—did not hear you come in." Then rallying herself, she said: "But the hurt? I forgot that. How is it coming on? Only a trifle, I hope?"

"I don't know exactly about its being a trifle. I feel very queer," said the Professor, gravely. "You know a sudden blow on the head sometimes works a good deal of mischief. What would you say if anything serious were to happen to me? It would be all your fault."

"I know it," answered Prue, meekly, and to her own surprise; "and I am very, very sorry."

"Are you?" assuming a very woe-begone expression. "My head feels worse and worse. I am sure I shall never be able to master Greek and Latin verbs again without efficient help. Really, Prue, so long as you have broken my head, I certainly think it is your bounden duty not to break my heart also. Suppose you marry and take care of me?"

"Oh," said Prue, quickly, turning her face away so he could only see the tip of one small ear.

"Will you?" queried the Professor, in the same tone.

"I've always declared I would never own a bird," she answered, demurely; "and there is something so ordinary about a partridge."

"Yes," allowed the wounded man, mildly, "there is. But it might be worse. I might be a canary, and sing until I deafened you; or a mocking-bird, or a nightingale, or—"

"A turkey-gobbler," suggested Prue, "and have to fly for your life at Thanksgiving time."

"Oh, the case might be a great deal worse," brightening up wonderfully, and in his most persuasive tone. "Do take me in hand, Prue, and see what you can do with me. Will you, dear?"

When Ben burst into the room, half an hour later, in his usual abrupt way, he suddenly cried "Oh!" and made a precipitate exit, muttering: "B–beg your pardon. D–didn't know—"

After this, retiring to the extreme end of the hall, he rubbed his glasses vigorously, in a dazed sort of way, with a pair of light-colored evening gloves, which, in his agitation, he had unearthed from some pocket, believing them to be his handkerchief.

"W–what a surprise!" he muttered. "N–never dreamed of such a thing. T–thought they hated each other. After all," with a grin of intense amusement, "Prue will d–die game."

# IN THE HALL.

BY MARGUERITE MORVEN.

Let us sit still on the stairs a while:
  Surely our absence they cannot feel,
Who in the parlors laugh and romp,
  Quite as a part of Virginia Reel.
Laughing and romping are well enough:
  We did it too, a month ago,
Little dreaming in our light hearts,
  Laughter ever would hurt us so.

But it jars, to-night, as we two sit here,
  Quiet, at last, in the grateful dusk,
While the dancers lightly trip up and down,
  To the tuneful cadence of "Money Musk."
We have not known what it was to sigh;
  We have laughed and jested our romance through.
Forgive me, to-night, if I dare to be sad,
  Here alone with the dark and you.

Your arms are 'round me for the last time,
  I make to it but a faint demur.
Your future wife can scarcely miss
  The three little months I stole from her.
So short, so sweet our love-dream was,
  So dead it lies, with its grave-clothes on.
And you gaze in its face and say: "Ah, me!
  It was wondrous fair to look upon."

And I whisper: "I shall try to think,
  When I journey toward the setting sun,
I go from sorrow, going from you—
  That this sad stage of my life is done.
We will outlive this heavy time,
  And rest will come to our hearts one day:
Soon for you—for a man to forget
  Is a wofully easy thing, they say.

But oh! to think, when the sun goes down
  To shine the sooner on yours and you,
That the long miles are the smallest part
  Of the distance laid between us two.
I shall not fail, with my woman's pride,
  To be brave and bright the hard day through.
But when I kneel in the dark alone,
  How my heart will cry, dear love, for you.

I ask but this: when that day shall come—
  As I know, at last, it surely will—
That another's head leans on your breast,
  You think on our night of parting still.
God bless her: the girl whom you shall choose
  To be Queen Rose of the world for you.
I was but a poor wild flower, at best:
  But, darling, remember your daisy too.



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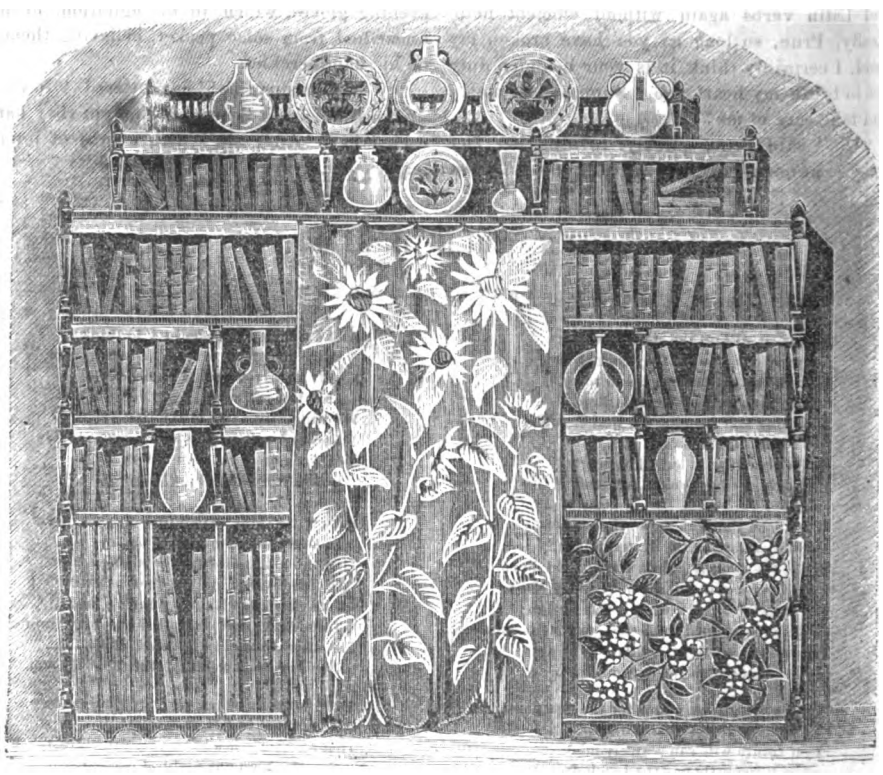
# NEW TREATMENT FOR DOOR-WAYS.

BY HELEN J. THROCKMORTON.

WHILE we think that the "esthetic craze" has been carried too far, we favor incontestably such adornment as is in good taste and is not too expensive. The mistake made by esthetic upholsterers, for example, is always to recommend the costliest things. It would seem, indeed, as if they could behold no beauty unless in lavish outlay. They recommend nothing except what rich people can afford. Yet some of the most tasteful rooms not unfrequently cost the least to ornament.

In illustration of this, we give two engravings showing a new treatment for door-ways. The doors, it is to be stated, connect a parlor, or library, with the dining-room. The object is to give the door on each side a suitable character.

Our first cut is the parlor, or library, side. Here a series of shelves, very slightly ornamented at the sides, and made of plain wood, are built up on either side of the door, and above it; and on these shelves are disposed books, vases, plates, etc., at the taste of the owner. Over the door itself is hung a curtain or portiere, either embroidered at home, which is best, or made of some one of the many artistic yet comparatively inexpensive fabrics now so common. The design we give is in sunflowers. But any other design would do as well, and some perhaps even better—all this depending on the paper, the pattern of the chair-coverings, and the



PARLOR SIDE OF DOOR.



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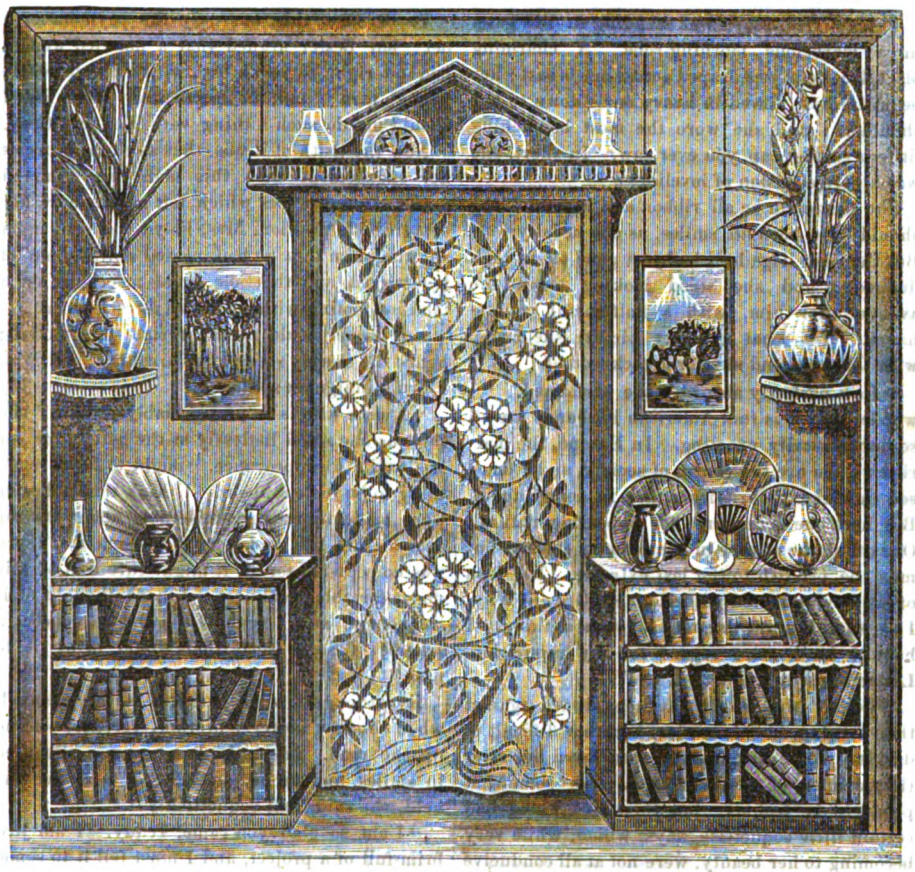
object of the apartment, viz: whether parlor or library. A small curtain in embroidery may be used, or not, to cover some of the book-shelves.

Our other engraving illustrates the dining-room side of the door. Here there are only three book-case shelves on each side, rising not quite half way up the door. There are two brackets on the wall for vases, and a shelf over the door-way for placques, etc. The pattern for the dining-room portiere should, under all circumstances, be different from that of the other



DINING-ROOM SIDE OF DOOR.

one. Even if the designs thus given are not followed exactly, they will afford capital hints. We may add that the introduction of book-shelves into parlors, in the way proposed, is now considered a mark of refinement. Rooms thus ornamented are certainly more really "æsthetic" than those where you see only bric-a-brac.

The initial letter represents a dining-room chair of the time of Charles the First: a chair that is artistic in feeling, yet strong and useful.

## "SHALL WAIT THY TIME."

BY EMMA BYERLEY.

"WHAT time I am afraid, I trust in Thee,"
Though gloomy and perplexed my earthly state.
For Thou art wise, and merciful, and great,
And all Thou wil'st is only good for me,
If to Thy will I bow submissively,
And with unwearied faith and patience wait,
A daily suppliant at Thy royal gate.
Oh, let this patient faith my portion be!
Yet larger gifts I crave: to me impart
Cheerful contentment and abiding peace;
So, through the bleakest winter day, my heart
Shall wait Thy time for outward storms to cease.

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# "BEWARE, BEWARE!"

BY EMILY LENNOX.

PRETTY Mrs. Floyd was standing at the gate, in a marvelous morning-robe. A charming black-lace fichu was draped across her breast; her beautiful hair flowed in heavy curls down to her shoulders; and she wore the most bewitching little breakfast-cap you ever saw. In short, she was a perfect vision of loveliness.

She seemed to be all ribbon and lace, and she should have been all smiles, as she usually was. But then her liege lord had just gone off in high dudgeon; and she stood looking down the avenue after him, with a half-rueful countenance. Yet what a pretty picture she made, with the trees and sky for a background.

"How perfectly absurd," she exclaimed. "I wonder why it is that American husbands are all so unnecessarily exacting. In Europe, the married women are the charm of society, and I don't see that the proprieties suffer in consequence. But here one is censured for appearing natural. One cannot be at ease in gentlemen's society, but must be prudish to the last extreme. The idea of my having flirted with Kenneth Gray! Why, I am sure I never dreamed of such a thing. I hope I have more regard for my reputation. Lester ought to know that, too."

Whether Mrs. Floyd was more sinned against than sinning, in this matter, is rather difficult to decide. To be sure, Lester, who loved her after the manner of few husbands, was somewhat prone to be jealous; but then Mrs. Floyd had certain little coquettish ways, which, while very becoming to her beauty, were not at all conducive to Lester's peace of mind. On the whole, they were about equally culpable, if so strong a word can be used.

In the particular case of Kenneth Gray, Mrs. Floyd may have been unusually provoking; for that handsome young physician had once been her *fiancés*, and she might have known that Lester would eye him with disfavor. But she had taken no pains to avoid a misunderstanding.

She had danced with Kenneth Gray at Mrs. Lathrop's lawn-party; she had talked to him on numerous occasions; and once or twice, when she had met him on the street, she had allowed him to walk home with her. But the crowning offense, in Lester's eyes, had been the acceptance of a beautiful basket of flowers from the young physician.

To be sure, this was only the payment of a bet; but Lester argued that a married woman had no right to make bets with a marriageable young man; and in particular, Mrs. Floyd should not do such a thing with Kenneth Gray.

Now the truth of it was, that as the rupture of her engagement with this man had occurred under circumstances which left her in a rather disagreeable position, Mrs. Floyd was bent upon showing him that he had passed entirely out of her regard, and that she could meet him on a familiar footing without the slightest concern.

But Lester could not appreciate this motive; hence the stormy scene after breakfast, and Mrs. Floyd's indignant soliloquy.

"A man who is so unreasonably jealous," she said, as she stood listlessly at the gate, after her husband's disappearance, "ought to have something to be jealous about. I think that if Lester were made thoroughly miserable about me for once in his life, and were to find out that there was no occasion for it, it might cure him of this uncomfortable weakness. I have thought of it frequently, and I've half a mind to concoct a scheme of some sort, that would bring it to pass."

Her thoughts were running in this channel, when she saw Lester's brother, Terence, coming up the road. Instantly her face was wreathed in smiles, and archly smelling at a flower she held, she said, half coquettishly:

"I am so glad you came, Teddy. I am just brim-full of a project, and I must tell it to someone. I hope you are a safe confidant?"

"The best in the world," was the reply, thinking, as he said it, how pretty his sister-in-law looked. "It is one of my accomplishments."

"Well—but come into the house. You know," she began, when they were there, and with a little hesitation, "you know Lester and I have just had a—a—"

"Row? No, I didn't know it. But I might have supposed as much. That is the conventional thing between married people, I believe."

Teddy was a bachelor.

"It wasn't a row," Mrs. Floyd explained. "Rows are vulgar. This was—a—difference, a misunderstanding; but it was very disagreeable all the same. Lester went off, this morning,



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terribly angry. Would you believe it, Teddy? He accused me of flirting with Kenneth Gray."

"Of course I'd believe it," Teddy replied, promptly. "You are just thoughtless enough, and Lester is just jealous enough, for you to get up the semblance of such a thing between you. Why, there are times when you are the very impersonation of Longfellow's: 'She gives a side-glance and looks down.' If I were not your brother-in-law, I should say to myself: 'Beware,' as Longfellow did. The fact is, you are a natural-born flirt."

Mrs. Floyd pouted, and almost changed her mind about telling Teddy; but she was mollified when he added:

"Of course I know there's nothing in it; it's only your way; it comes from your sympathetic nature. You and Lester are too fond of each other for you to flirt seriously. But sometimes people are made very miserable by what is really and substantially nothing at all."

"Lester is so terribly jealous," Mrs. Floyd said, by way of apology. "But I have made up my mind to cure him. I think that if I allowed him to suppose there was really occasion for jealousy, and he were to get pretty well worked up over something that would prove a trifle after all, he would see the folly of such indulgence."

"Very likely," Teddy answered.

"It occurred to me that to-day would be a particular opportunity for carrying out such a plan. Lester is quite angry with me, and will be ready to credit anything; so I am going to make him believe that there is something very serious between Kenneth Gray and myself. In fact, I shall leave a note on the bureau where he can find it when he comes home. It will tell him that I have eloped with my lover. I have written one already. Here it is."

Mrs. Floyd handed him the note, which was gotten up to give the impression of precipitancy and mental distraction. It read:

"When your eyes fall upon these lines, Lester, I shall be beyond your bitter reproaches. I would not have left you, had you not pursued me with your jealous doubts; but you have made my life intolerable, and I shall seek my happiness in the love of a man who will not torture me with constant upbraidings.

GLADYS FLOYD."

"I tried not to tell a story," she observed, as he was reading this. "I made my statements equivocal, you see. I am sure I *am* seeking my happiness in the love of such a man as I have described, and as I hope Lester will be after he has learned this lesson."

Teddy laughed uproariously.

"So you are going to leave this on the bureau?" he inquired. "By Jove! I believe I will come home to dinner with Lester, just to see the denouement."

"Do," Mrs. Floyd urged. "I shall hide in the bay-window behind the portiere, and shall listen to every word that is said."

"What schemers you are, Gladys—you women." Teddy observed this as he was going away; but Mrs. Floyd only laughed in great glee over the plot she had produced.

It was six o'clock when Lester came home to dinner. Teddy returned with him, as he had said he would. Mrs. Floyd, having discovered their approach, flew to the bay-window, concealing herself behind the heavy Persian drapery that shut off the alcove from the bed-room.

Teddy lingered in the library, as was proper. But Lester, after calling his wife in vain, came upstairs to look for her.

Mrs. Floyd had arranged the portiere so as to allow herself a little peep-hole, and through this she watched him intently.

He entered the room with an unsuspicious air, and called her name several times. In passing the bureau, the note caught his eye; and he picked it up.

It so happened that, as he stood there reading it, his back was turned toward the window, and Mrs. Floyd could not see his face.

But she saw him reel as though someone had struck him a deadly blow; she saw him crush the note in his fingers; and she heard a low exclamation that burst unconsciously from his lips. Then—oh, heavens!

She never knew how it was done. It seemed that this discovery of her supposed elopement, made at a time when he was already deeply depressed, had driven him to desperation. But before she had dreamed of such a thing, he drew a pistol from his pocket, placed it directly over his heart, and fired.

There was a loud report, a gurgling cry from Lester's lips, and he fell to the floor.

The next instant, Teddy was in the room. He had come upstairs three steps at a time, and found Gladys standing like one paralyzed: her face as pale as death, and her eyes wildly dilated.

Lester's pistol had fallen beside him, and at a glance Teddy grasped the horrible truth.

He sank on his knees at his brother's side, and lifted his head.

"Miserable woman," he cried, in a voice of horror. "You have murdered your husband."

His words seemed to break the spell that



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bound Gladys. Her hands sank nerveless at her sides; a moan escaped her pallid lips; and with the bitter cry: "Oh, my God!" she sank insensible at Teddy's feet.

When she opened her eyes again, she was lying on the bed. There was a dim light in the room, and standing by the window the figure of a man.

Mrs. Floyd raised herself, with a heart on which the weight of the whole world seemed resting. The horrible truth flashed upon her recollection, and pierced her like a thousand arrows.

Then, in the dim light, she saw the figure turn toward her. It was not Teddy, as she had supposed; but—oh, merciful heaven—it was Lester!

A cry of agony burst from her lips.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "Already—already he has come back to haunt me."

In a passion of grief and horror, she buried her face in the pillows; and for a few moments she was wholly insensible to the light touch that fell upon her shoulder.

But at the words that were whispered in her ear, she started up, wildly.

Lester was standing beside her; and the next moment he seated himself on the edge of the bed.

"Gladys, my darling," he murmured, "I am not dead. Look at me!"

"You are dead," she cried, passionately. "I killed you—God pity me. But I did not mean to—I did not mean to."

"Little wife," he whispered, gently, "touch me—feel my hands—let me kiss you. I am here—real, palpable, in the flesh. You hear my voice, and I tell you, Gladys, I am alive."

"You are dead," she answered, wildly. "I know it. I killed you—you, my husband, whom I loved better than my own life—oh, my God!"

"Darling," he said, gathering her up in his arms, "do you feel my embrace? Do you feel my kisses? Do you hear me say I love you?"

"Yes," she answered, in a dazed way, at last, putting her hand to her head, "yes, I do."

"Listen to me, Gladys," he continued, turning up the gas brightly. "This tragedy was all a farce. I did not shoot myself, dear. See! I am not even wounded; for, Gladys, the pistol contained nothing but powder. I was paying you in your own coin, you see. I knew all the time that the note was a deception. Teddy told me all about it."

Slowly the facts presented themselves to her understanding, and with a cry of hysterical joy she flung her arms about Lester, her husband, alive and unhurt, and sobbed wildly.

"Darling," she murmured, brokenly, "forgive me, forgive me."

"We will mutually forgive, little wife," he answered, tenderly. "Henceforth, I will try and not be so jealous, and you—".

"I will hold your feelings sacred, Lester," she said, solemnly. "If at any time you should be jealous, it will be without reason; but even then, the mere fact that you are so shall govern my conduct."

"That is more than enough," he said, sealing the compact with a kiss. "I am wholly satisfied, now and forever."

"And I, too," she answered. "Oh, Lester, I thought I had lost you."

Her arms were about his neck, and she clung to him passionately. Looking into her sweet devoted face, Lester Floyd thought and swore that he would never doubt her again.

He kept his oath right faithfully, too; for his "never" was more than a "hardly ever."

But, after all, what a scamp Teddy was for telling. His excuse now is, that it cured Gladys of even the suspicion of flirting.

"She's as charming as ever," he says to himself, "only not quite so coquettish in manner." And then he hums to himself:

"Beware, beware."

## "THAT SOOTHES THE TROUBLED BROW."

BY W. B. MITCHELL.

The touch that soothes the troubled brow
When cares distract or ills betide,
The eye that melts with tender glow
When friends forsake or foes deride,
The heart that, like the faithful vine,
Clings closer when the storm is driv'n,
And still its bleeding tendrils twine
Around the trunk the bolt has riv'n—
The voice whose gentle accents thrill
The heart the world hath turn'd to stone,
And in the mem'ry lingers still
The sweetest, when the years have flown—
The love that always is the same
Through every change, and wavers not,
The lips that tremble with the name
The busy world hath long forgot,
The sweetest face, the gentlest eye,
The smile that seemeth most divine,
The brightest tear, the softest sigh,
Most noble woman, these are thine.

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# MISS ALDERLY'S LAW-SUIT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 364.

## CHAPTER V.

MARK CRAWFORD could not credit the evidence of his own eyes; he knew that he had put the envelope in its place; he recollected the precipitancy with which he had done so, and his annoyance at his own peevishness; still he tried to convince himself that he must be mistaken.

He knew how silly it was, but he began to search his writing-desk, the tables, every drawer and corner in the room; then went back and peered helplessly into the pigeon-holes again.

But he should find the lost sheets somewhere—he must. He said this over and over, while he hunted a second and third time, even emptying the contents of the waste-paper basket upon the floor, in his determination to leave no receptacle unexamined.

At length he stopped; he was behaving like an idiot. He knew, as well as he knew it was daylight, that he had hidden away the envelope—and it was gone—gone. He repeated the words half aloud, and felt a stupid sort of astonishment to hear his own voice uttering them, as if the assurance had come unexpectedly from some bystander. He had gone up to the cabinet to close it, when he suddenly remembered by whom he had been shown the pigeon-holes. Great heavens, nobody but Julia Southgate had been his confidant. Besides themselves, no person in the house possessed the clue to the secret. He stood aghast at the idea of the dreadful suspicion to which the loss of this treasure might expose her. No shadow of doubt crossed his mind. It would no more have been possible for him to suspect her than it would to persuade himself that the whole occurrence was a dream; but the way in which the matter might look to others absolutely frightened him.

The construction which Grace, for instance, might be capable of putting upon the disappearance of the papers—and it was precisely Grace whom he must tell. All his former hopes of success died out; he wondered how he could ever have indulged any expectation of winning the suit, with such evidence as had been at his command before the discovery of the lost documents. His carefully-prepared arguments suddenly looked so weak that he marveled he could have spent so much time over them. Without those papers Henry Doane and his lawyers would triumph. Gone! Why, the thing was like a nightmare—a fact so preposterous that his mind still refused to grasp it, even while fully comprehending—nay, exaggerating—the consequences which must result therefrom. That very exaggeration calmed him a little; still, one thing remained certain—the suit would have to go on now, and he should be obliged to tell Grace the reason; but after all, even in the height of her disappointment and anger, she could not really think evil of Miss Southgate. Or could he manage to leave her name out of the business—say nothing of her having shown him the pigeon-holes? But then Grace would talk to Julia, and Julia would at once mention her part in the affair.

Oh, it was useless to stand there and try to think; he felt as if his brain were softening. He shut the cabinet, seized his hat, and went out on the lawn. In the distance, he saw Julia Southgate and the children walking to and fro under the beech-trees. Crony, just returned from having put the peacock to flight for the second time that day, came hopping along in his most absurd side-wise fashion, holding in his beak a long feather, which he deposited triumphantly at Mark's feet. Then he executed a war-dance, and at its close stopped before Crawford, regarded him for an instant, and croaked out:

"Addle-pate! Addle-pate!"

"Upon my word, I believe you are the foul fiend himself," muttered Mark.

"Ha, ha!" said Crony; then started off in pursuit of a butterfly that was hovering over the shorn turf.

"Uncle Mark, Uncle Mark!" called little Elsie, catching sight of him, and running eagerly forward, while Julia and Tom followed more slowly. When the two came up, Elsie was clamoring for a story, and Miss Southgate heard Crawford say:

"I can't tell you one now—you shall have it this evening."

"I am afraid you are not well, Mr. Crawford," Julia said, struck by the odd expression of his face.

"Tired, perhaps. I got so little sleep last night," he answered.



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She thought it more than probable Grace had been teazing him; for she knew the young lady was in a very strange humor. The news of the morning had excited her so much, that she was as nervous and aggressive as if it had brought disappointment instead of triumph. If Grace chanced to see her standing there with Mr. Crawford, they would each be separately treated to a lecture. When in an amiable mood, Miss Alderly desired them to be friends, and indeed often reproached Julia with being indifferent and stiff towards Mark; but to-day, any show of friendliness would undoubtedly call for severe animadversion on the young lady's part.

"Come, children," Julia said, "you must get ready, if you mean to drive with Cousin Elizabeth."

She added some trivial remark to Crawford and passed on, the children clinging to her with their usual demonstrative affection, which it so often annoyed Miss Alderly to witness, causing her to declare that Julia spoiled them beyond measure, and did it, not from love, but just to render their aunt's judicious firmness odious in their eyes.

Mark stood looking absently after the trio, and when they disappeared, he went back to the library. As he entered the room, he saw the contents of the waste-paper basket lying on the carpet, and began to pick them up. Silly as it was, he could not keep from scrutinizing narrowly each fragment in turn, as if he expected to find the missing documents, though his mind was all the while occupied with the thought of how he was to tell Grace of the loss. He must caution Julia Southgate not to mention her knowing where he had put the packages. Yet to do that would make it plain that there was a possibility of suspicion resting upon her. She might even fancy some such had crossed his own mind.

While thinking thus, he mechanically unfolded a torn sheet of note-paper he held in his hand. His eye was caught by certain words: "*Our conversation of yesterday*"—"*Impossible, my dear Henry*"—bits of disconnected sentences without beginning or end.

Grace's writing! He had no business to look at it. Then, as he was flinging the page into the basket, a new thought started up: Grace had been writing to Henry Doane. He recollected now, just before luncheon, having seen her seated at the table, as he passed along the verandah.

"*Our conversation of yesterday!*" Why, she had held an interview with him. Cousin Elizabeth had mentioned his having been in the village; had asked point-blank if she had seen him. Grace had appeared greatly annoyed, then gave a sharp decided negative. And this morning, too, when he had spoken of Henry, she turned so white—looked so strange. He had fancied her agitation caused by the suddenness of the joyful reaction from her bitter disappointment; but that was not it—she had met the man and talked with him.

But for what purpose—and why had she told a falsehood? Had she conceived an idea of some compromise with her cousin—was that the reason why she had begged him—Mark—to remain quiescent for a few days? It was odious to find himself obliged to accuse her of such treachery, but how could he help it? If she had taken the papers! After all, she might have known of the existence of the secret recess, and found the documents; but why should she carry them away?

Then he heard Grace's voice exclaim:

"Oh, there you are, Mark. I have been busy ever since luncheon with some accounts."

He looked up and saw her standing in the window, smiling and gracious. Her mood had veered towards sunshine again, he perceived.

Mark's first thought was to ask her what she had done with the papers; but before he could speak, she demolished his hasty conviction that they were in her possession by asking, gaily:

"Where did you put your proofs, Mr. Lawyer? I have leisure now, and should like to see them, if you have no objection."

She had not taken the package: unconsciously this disappointment deepened the wrath in Mark's mind caused by her duplicity. He put the hand which grasped the letter behind him, and moved towards her; then the consciousness that he was not only angry but disgusted made him fear being unjust. He must give her one chance: perhaps she might tell the truth of her own accord; late as it was, to do so would be something in her favor: the excuse that she had not chosen to speak before the others.

"Didn't you and Cousin Elizabeth say you saw Henry Doane yesterday?" he asked.

"Elizabeth did," she replied; then added, eagerly: "Now show me the papers, Mark."

"Did you not see him, too?" demanded Crawford.

"I? What an idea! Was I likely to want to see him—"

"Grace, Grace," he interrupted.

"Do you mean to accuse me of a falsehood?" she cried, angrily.

"I do not accuse you; but if you deny having seen him, this paper will," Mark replied, holding

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out the fragments of the note. "There, that part of the matter is settled. Now tell me what reason you had for the interview."

"An interview?" she repeated, trying to laugh, though she grew red and white, and her voice shook. "That's a huge word to employ—"

"*Our conversation of yesterday*," quoted Mark, before she could finish. "That is what you wrote on this paper."

"How came you by it?" retorted she.

"I found it in the waste-basket."

"Are you in the habit of hunting there?" sneered Grace.

"I upset the basket to find something of my own," he said, quietly. "I am very glad I did examine the things; and now you must answer my questions, frankly and honestly."

"Really, Mark, I suppose I have a right to talk with Henry Doane—to write to him also, if I choose. If I were engaged to Blue Beard himself, I do not see that he could be vexed at my being civil to my own cousin."

"Certainly not; but as your legal adviser, I have a right to know what your holding an interview with Henry Doane meant, just at such a juncture as affairs were in yesterday."

"I—I didn't mean any harm," faltered Grace.

"Nevertheless, you may have done great harm," Mark said. Now, Grace, I must speak plainly. I am not speaking as your engaged husband, but as your lawyer. You cannot have any concealments; to take a step without my knowledge gives me ample reason to throw up your case at once."

"Mark, Mark, you wouldn't do that?" she pleaded, looking terribly frightened. "Oh, how harsh you always are to me—how cruel!"

"Grace, you must remember that we are talking now simply as lawyer and client," he answered. "There can be no reservations on your part; no effort on mine to spare your feelings: the truth must come out."

"Why, it's of no consequence," she persisted, with her usual determination of never seeing anything except from her own point of view. "None whatever."

"You can't tell your lawyer that," returned Mark. "Listen—these are the facts: I found a letter which justified Henry Doane's claim—"

"But you know now it did not."

"That has nothing to do with the matter in hand, Grace. I told you I must acquaint Doane with the contents of that letter; you begged for time to get used to your disappointment; you took advantage of my absence yesterday to hold a conversation with him: now you must tell me what your motive was."

"It—it was very silly of me, Mark. Oh, I'm sorry—don't be vexed. I only wanted to hear what he would say—to see if he was not tired of carrying on the suit," Grace said, breathlessly.

"That could not have been your reason, since, in any case, we had found evidence which forced us, as honorable people, to admit his claim. Oh, Grace, all this fencing is useless and foolish. Of course I understand what your motive was: you got the idea of trying to compromise with him—buy him off; just own it and be done."

He spoke so mildly that Grace began to hope he did not judge her conduct so severely as she had feared, and her trouble and uncertainty since the good news of the morning made her long for his advice.

"Yes, I did," she said. "Oh, I am so sorry; but you were sure grandpapa meant him to have the property. I knew he didn't. So I thought if I could find out that Henry was willing to take a sum in ready money, you would be satisfied."

"Satisfied, when he ought to have had the whole?" cried Mark. "Good heavens, Grace, don't you understand that you would have been cheating?"

"No, I don't," she exclaimed. "It was my money. I had a right to save as much as I could."

Mark did not answer; he saw that it was perfectly useless to argue; but it was a terrible pang to feel the extent to which her sense of right and wrong was perverted, and to remember that he was her affianced husband.

"Ah, you did make Doane an offer?" was all he said.

"Oh—well—not really an offer—we talked a great deal. You know how smooth and plausible he is; but I don't think our conversation amounted to anything."

"Then why did you write to him to-day?"

"I didn't. I began the note and tore it up."

"Can you tell me what was said between you?"

"But it is of no consequence now: we have got the proofs that grandpapa never meant to leave him a penny. Oh, Mark, let me see the papers," she cried, with some absurd hope in her mind that she could interest him in them and escape further questioning.

"You must tell me just how much you offered Henry Doane, or for what sum he agreed to compromise," said Mark.

"What do you talk about a compromise for, when my case is certain to win?" demanded Grace. "Give him money, indeed! I never heard anything so absurd."

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"Are you aware that a promise is binding?" Mark asked, coldly.

"I didn't say I made an absolute promise—"

"But you did."

"I won't be brow-beaten in this way," exclaimed Grace. "A promise, to be binding in law, must be written or have a witness. I don't see what pleasure you can take in tormenting me, Mark."

He had struggled hard with himself, but he could not repress the bitter pain and contempt these words aroused.

"I congratulate you on your legal knowledge," said he, with a short savage laugh. "Excuse me for reminding you of what you do not seem to be aware of: that to an honest man or woman, a promise is binding whether it holds good in law or not."

Grace took refuge in a storm of sobs; but Mark was beginning to learn that she had a habit, when pushed to the wall, of using this means to end a troubled discussion, if people grew angry, or she was proved in the wrong. Her tears did not soften his heart now; he was too indignant and heart-sick at the revelations of her character forced upon him during these last days. He might have learned to endure her petty obstinacy; he might have tried patiently to help her subdue her capricious temper; he could—at least he thought so now—have kept reasonably hopeful, whatever her faults, so long as he could trust her words, and believe that, however much she might err, it was from impulse, not lack of principle; but alas! she was not merely artful and domineering—she was absolutely destitute of any real sense of honor, and the truth was not in her.

To marry her, to be bound for life to such a woman, to think of her ruling in his home—becoming the mother of his children—the idea was too dreadful; he could not support it.

"Grace, there must be an end of this," he exclaimed.

She ceased sobbing, and began to dry her tears: they had given her an opportunity to reflect upon a plan for getting out of her strait. No perception of the real meaning of Mark's passionate speech struck her; but she saw that he was resolved to make her fulfil her pledge to Henry Doane; if she did not promise to do so, he would take the matter into his own hands.

"Yes, I'll settle it," she said, eagerly; "indeed I will, Mark. Of course I will do whatever you say—you know I will."

She went up to him, and laid her hand on his shoulder; her very touch was abhorrent to Crawford at this moment. It had been upon his lips to break with her, then and there; but her sudden submission left him powerless. If she were ready to atone, to do right, he had no reason to offer for asking or demanding his release: except, indeed, that he did not love her; and it is not easy for a man, when his marriage-day is set, to look in a woman's face and say that. There can be no doubt that to wed her under such circumstances is, of the two wrongs, the greater; but as society is constituted, a man cannot feel this. Then, too, Mark knew that if he told her the truth, Grace would not set him free: to her the mortification of breaking their engagement at this date would outweigh all other considerations.

He heard her talking very fast and excitedly, but he did not take in a word she said; his mind was busy with that one dreary thought: he was fettered—chained—only death could set him free.

"Now that will satisfy you—you can't find fault with me after that, Mark," she was saying, when he roused himself to listen.

"What you agreed to do must be done, Grace," he said, wearily.

"I want those papers," returned she. "I wish to show Henry exactly what grandpapa meant—"

"Your grandfather's intentions have nothing to do with your promise to your cousin," interrupted Mark.

"Oh, a promise! How you do harp on that. Well, well, call it so if you like. You may be sure I shall do what is right: you will see that Henry will be perfectly satisfied—admit that I am not only just, but generous."

"It will be better for me to see Doane myself," said Mark. "What did you agree to give him?"

"Oh, you would get into a quarrel. I'll not have it," cried Grace, in pretended alarm. She had quite resolved upon her line of action: armed with the evidence which Mark had declared rendered her triumph secure, she could force Doane to accept any small sum she might bring herself to offer; and she would prevent an appeal to Crawford by telling Henry that she was acting without her lover's consent: after the discovery of those documents, he had forbidden her giving him a penny.

She had promised to meet Doane, that afternoon, where she had met him on the previous day: in a summer-house in a distant part of the grove which stretched at the back of the house.

"Now give me the papers, Mark," she said.

"There is no hurry," he answered. "Besides, lawyers don't scatter the originals of important documents about in that fashion: all you need show Doane is a digest of them."

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If he could keep her from the pain of knowing what had happened, he would; he could easily remember and transcribe the significance of the papers. After all, the only thing necessary was that she should fulfil her promise: he would take care that she did so; and there would be no further question about the original writings. Doane would consider himself lucky, after reading the transcript, to take what he could get and drop the suit.

"Then will you copy them now?" asked Grace.

"Yes," he replied, glad of any excuse to be left alone. "I must have quiet in order to do it. I'll call you when I've finished."

He sat down by the table, and drew his writing-desk towards him. Grace leaned her hand on his shoulder, whispered a few loving words, kissed his forehead, and went out of the room, leaving him shivering from head to foot in a chill that seemed to freeze his very heart.

## CHAPTER VI.

MARK CRAWFORD sat gazing absently out of the open window. The sunlight played across the verandah, where the raven was slowly marching up and down, croaking and muttering to himself. The quiet and peacefulness wearied Mark, as the repose of nature always does a human being when oppressed by that dreariest of sensations—the utter emptiness and uselessness of life.

And very empty life looked to the young man just now, so far as enjoyment was concerned. It held pain enough, in all conscience: pain so sharp and deep that it took every touch of sweetness out of existence. But these reflections were weak—wrong, too. So he roused himself to the work in hand. He should have no difficulty in recalling almost word for word the contents of the lost papers. After all, let Grace and her cousin settle it between themselves. They were fitly matched, each ready to take any advantage, one as incapable of really comprehending what honor meant as the other.

And it was of his future wife that he was so thinking—a terrible reflection. It could not be right for him to marry her without telling her the truth. He would do it, difficult as it was. If after that she still chose to hold him to his promise, he must submit; but she should know the whole truth.

He drew some sheets of paper forward, and was just beginning his task, when he heard a step on the verandah, and Julia Southgate looked in at the window, holding several letters in her hand.

"These are for you, Mr. Crawford," she said. "I met the postman at the gate. Don't rise. I will lay them here on the table. You are busy. Excuse my interrupting you. I thought the letters might be of consequence."

"Thanks," he answered. "They must wait, whatever they are. I want to tell you something very strange," he added, feeling a sudden and uncontrollable desire to share at least one of his perplexities with some human being. "Weren't you sure I put the papers in that cabinet?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, when I came to look for them about an hour ago, they were gone."

"Gone? Impossible," returned Julia. "Oh, I know. There are two of those secret compartments; you opened the wrong one."

"Good gracious, what a dunce I was to worry myself, instead of coming at once and telling you," cried Mark, springing up.

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Why—I may say it now, since we can laugh over my distress," replied he. "I was afraid of annoying you. Nobody but you knew where I had put the confounded things, and I actually feared you might get it into your head that you could be blamed—"

"Well, I should have been open to suspicion," interrupted Julia. "You, or anybody, would have had reason to accuse me."

"Heavens, what an idea!" exclaimed Mark, trying to laugh, though the recollection of his terror, when he had thought it would be necessary to tell Grace, rendered his merriment a little nervous.

"Ample reason," said Julia. "Don't laugh. The bare idea frightens me. Let us get the papers immediately."

She ran across the room to the cabinet, and he followed. His elbow hit one of the curtains, as he passed through the archway which divided the room, and the draperies floated heavily down, unnoticed by either.

"See, here are the two rows," said Julia, opening the doors of the cabinet; "one to the right and one to the left."

As she spoke, she touched the spring at the left. The slide flew back, disclosing the package of papers.

"Why, the envelope is gone," she cried, in dismay.

"Yes, I must have put it in the other row," Mark exclaimed. "I came back before luncheon, and took out the envelope. Grace sent for me. In my hurry I must have hit on the spring to the right. If I'd tried to find it, of course I couldn't have done so. I didn't even notice the package was not there. Now this time, I opened

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the left-hand place—of course the envelope had vanished—don't you understand? Quite a conjuring sort of business," he added, laughing.

Miss Southgate stood listening to this explanation; but she did not laugh; a strange premonition of evil struck her; she could not find courage to touch the other spring.

"Now, then, for the second legerdemain trick," said Mark, gayly.

Julia pressed the spring of the opposite recess; it opened; the pigeon-holes were empty.

Crawford uttered a cry; but Miss Southgate neither spoke nor stirred; her face was livid; her eyes wild with trouble.

"I—I must be mistaken. I couldn't have put the envelope back, after all," Mark stammered, quite frenzied by the sight of her distress.

"Why should you try to deceive yourself or me?" returned Julia, in a slow, difficult voice. "You did put it back—you know you did. Gone—it is gone. Oh, what must you think?"

"Nothing wrong of you, certainly," cried Mark.

"You must—you can't help it."

"Miss Southgate, for God's sake don't suppose me capable of such utter vileness," he exclaimed, unconsciously stretching out his arms so that one hand touched her shoulder; but in their excitement, she was no more aware than he that it did so.

She gazed searchingly into his face with her agonized eyes. A faint smile crossed her pallid lips.

"No, you do not," she answered, "but anybody else would."

"Luckily, nobody need learn of the loss—"

"But you have got to produce the papers."

"Listen—let me explain. Grace is going to give her cousin money; she agreed to without my knowing it; she must keep her word; but that is no matter—I mean, the business will be settled; the original papers will not be called for—"

"Will they not?" interrupted a voice close behind. They turned. Grace Alderly was confronting them. Julia Southgate had too often seen her in terrible paroxysms of rage to be as utterly confounded as Mark was by the fury in her face; but even Julia had never seen her look as she did at this moment. "They are wanted, here and now."

"Grace!" exclaimed Crawford, in horror, for the instant unable to think of anything except the fiendish cruelty in her blazing eyes and sneering mouth.

"Wanted, here and now," Grace repeated, with a dreadful laugh. "I hope you are convinced at last, Mark Crawford. You reproached me bitterly the other day when I told you that I knew this woman hated me; when I told you that she was false and revengeful."

"Grace, be still," cried Mark. "Come away and let me speak with you; you don't know what you are saying; you are beside yourself with anger. When you get your senses back, you will not dream of accusing Miss Southgate—"

"I will accuse her in open court, if it is necessary," broke in Grace. "Don't dare try to defend her in my presence. You have insulted me enough already through her. I know—I know! I have been standing here for some moments. I have seen her behavior. I am not so blind as you think."

"I think you are a mad woman just now," returned Mark, contemptuously. "Stop, I beg; you are debasing yourself without any occasion."

"Grace, Grace," pleaded Julia, "only ask yourself what I could have gained by taking the papers. Nothing in the world—nothing."

"Grace does not mean to accuse you," Mark exclaimed.

"Do I not?" cried Miss Alderly, laughing again. "Julia Southgate stole those papers—stole them! She is a thief—a thief!"

"Miss Southgate, go away. Do not allow yourself to listen to this crazy creature's insults," urged Mark.

"I cannot blame Grace for suspecting me," Julia said; "only, in spite of her suspicions, she knows me too well to believe me guilty, when she has had time to think."

"I do know you too well. I know you for what you are," hissed Grace, turning upon her with absolute ferocity. "You asked me what you had to gain by stealing the papers. I'll tell you—revenge. You hate me; you are envious and jealous; you are—"

"Admitting that these accusations are true," interrupted Julia, "though you know they are not, I still had nothing to gain."

"Ah, I am not a man; you cannot hoodwink me," retorted Grace. "You could gain money—money. This is what you did: You told Henry about those papers; he agreed to pay you well for their possession; and you stole them—you stole them."

"God forgive you, Grace," exclaimed Julia, sinking into a chair.

"But I never will, unless she retracts those words," cried Mark. "Never, Grace—I swear that."

Again Miss Alderly laughed—that low dreadful laugh which sounded so painfully like insanity.

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She moved across the room, and laid her hand on the bell-pull.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Mark, starting forward. "I tell you, Grace, that for the moment you are an absolute lunatic. I cannot even hold you accountable for your conduct; but for your own sake, don't bring anybody else in to witness your degradation. It will be bad enough for you to remember, when you get your senses back, that we two saw and heard."

"Julia Southgate," cried Grace, without even glancing towards Mark, "I will give you just three minutes to produce those papers. If you don't, I will send for the constable and have you arrested."

"Then you must arrest me, too, Grace," said Mark. "If Miss Southgate took the papers, I am her accomplice. I shall insist on the constable's taking me also, and Cousin Elizabeth will have to go bail for us both."

"Julia Southgate, will you give up the papers?" demanded Grace.

"Don't answer, Julia," said Mark, unconsciously employing her Christian name. "Grace, I warn you; stop where you are. We have reached the furthest limits that human beings can endure."

"I reached it some minutes since," cried Grace, her fury redoubled, "when I saw you just ready to take that vile creature into your arms. Leave my house, sir. Don't ever dare to cross my threshold again. I demand my liberty —I set you free."

"I thank you heartily," Mark replied. "Now, Miss Alderly, send for the constable as soon as you please; but remember, whatever you do or leave undone, these are the last words you and I exchange in this world."

"So be it," rejoined Grace, and she pulled the bell.

"Ha, ha," laughed the raven, close to Julia Southgate, so suddenly and in a fashion so utterly fiendish that she fairly shrank back; then remembered that some seconds before she had noticed him hopping across the carpet. But Grace and Crawford neither saw nor heard. They were gazing still in each other's eyes, blind with wrath.

The cabinet stood a little way out from the wall, and was supported by four carved dragons' heads, which raised it more than a foot from the floor. As Julia Southgate looked, Crony hopped from under the bottom, dragging in his beak a long envelope, which she recognized at a glance.

"The papers—the papers!" she shrieked. "Here they are—here they are."

Mark rushed towards her, and seized the envelope which she had taken from Crony, to his great wrath.

"Here they are," echoed Mark.

Julia hastily examined the cabinet and cried:

"Now I understand. See, Mr. Crawford, there's a panel at the back which has given way —done in moving it downstairs, no doubt. You must have pushed the envelope so far in that it slipped through and fell on the floor—don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," he answered, looking back at Grace, who had dropped into a chair and sat speechless. The sombre fire in his eyes, the stern expression of his mouth, warned Julia that he was about to pronounce some unrelenting judgment, and she longed to soften him. Even yet she could feel sorry for the wretched girl, whose baseness had met such sudden and terrible retribution.

"Grace, Grace," she cried, "I don't wonder you were angry. I know you did not mean it. See, the papers are found—don't let us think any more about the matter."

Grace lifted her head, her eyes fastened on Mark; but she sat dumb—she knew there was no hope.

He crossed the room, and laid the package on the table beside her.

"I restore you these, Miss Alderly," he said, "and I could wish you more happiness than their possession is likely to afford you."

"Mark!" she groaned, "Mark!"

Julia Southgate turned to go, casting an imploring glance at Crawford as she passed; but as she reached the door, Victor opened it and looked in, saying:

"Did you ring, Miss Alderly?" His mistress only shook her head, motioning him to retire. "If you please, ma'am, here is a note for Mr. Crawford. It was left just now by Mr. Doane."

Mark stepped forward and took the letter. Victor went out of the room.

"Miss Southgate," said Crawford, "I must ask you to remain for a moment."

"Mark, Mark!" moaned Grace again.

He opened the envelope without heeding her appeal, glanced over the letter, and said:

"This note concerns you, Miss Alderly. I am sorry to be the person to tell you, but you will have to pay your cousin the forty thousand dollars you promised him."

"I never promised any such thing," she cried.

"Will you read the letter?" asked Mark.

"Anyway, I am not bound," continued Grace. "We were quite alone while we talked. It was he asked that—I never promised."

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"Excuse me," said Mark. "Your cousin is a very shrewd man. Your not meeting him this afternoon, as you agreed to do, made him fear you wish to be off your bargain, so he writes to me to state the facts—"

"He will get nothing—nothing," broke in Grace—able, wretched as she was, to find a gleam of consolation in the thought that she need not lose a penny of her beloved money. "Not a dollar—I am not bound."

"As I said, your cousin is a very shrewd man," pursued Mark. "He felt confident, from your asking for a private interview, that you had something important to communicate. He had a witness stationed outside the arbor, who heard the whole conversation—a reliable person—who can swear to your offer."

Grace uttered one despairing cry, and sank back insensible. Mark aided Julia to restore Miss Alderly to her senses; when she showed signs of returning animation, he said, softly:

"I must go now, Miss Southgate. I—"

"Ah, wait," Julia interrupted. "Don't leave her like this."

"It would be useless for me to stop," he answered. "Miss Alderly has set me free. No power under heaven could change my resolve."

Grace opened her eyes, and called:

"Mark! Mark!"

But he was gone. He left the house without even waiting to pack his portmanteau. Victor was to do that, and send it after him.

Two days later, Julia and Cousin Elizabeth came together to see him, at Grace's request, to intercede for her pardon. Julia employed all the eloquence she could master, but it was unavailing; and Grace, when the pair reached her house again, quarreled with them both: at least she behaved to Julia with such insolent ingratitude that even gentle Cousin Elizabeth was roused into action, and declared that she would not remain under Grace's roof after Miss Southgate left it.

Shrewd Henry Doane took advantage of the strait in which Grace had placed herself, and employed his powers to such purpose that the first inkling the world in general got that there had been a rupture between her and Mark Crawford was accompanied by the astounding news that she had married her cousin, so hastily and privately that the wedding possessed almost the secrecy and doubtful charm of a runaway match.

When the tidings reached Crawford, he went without delay to the home where Julia and Cousin Elizabeth had established themselves, along with the children.

"I listened to you patiently," Mark said, as soon as he found himself alone with Miss Southgate: "it is only fair that you should listen to me. I could not speak before: you would have allowed all sorts of unnecessary scruples to influence you—you cannot do it now. It was not only because Grace Alderly was false and cruel and mean, that your arguments in her behalf had no effect; there was another reason—and it was she who, by her evil conduct, opened my eyes to the fact: I loved you—you. Tell me, Julia, if there is any hope?"

She could not deny that there was, though she considered that the children formed an insuperable barrier to any idea of a speedy marriage; but her lover disposed of this objection by promising to aid in the care of them until their father returned: so Mark had his way.

They are two very happy people; and contrary to most persons' expectations, and the law of poetical justice, Grace Doane has neither separated from her husband, nor has he squandered her fortune. Prosperity seems to have brought out his better qualities, though Grace frets over his extravagance and is horribly jealous.

On the whole, she finds as much happiness in life as her own character will allow; and perhaps that is truer of the rest of us than we are usually prepared to admit.

[THE END.]

# UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY ARTHUR F. J. CRANDALL.

A STARRY beacon blazes o'er the deep,
  Lighting the new-born firmament's expanses;
The line is passed, the pole-star sinks to sleep,
  And sends through misty veil its parting glances;
  The Southern trade-wind through the night advances,
Walking the waters with majestic sweep—
  A mighty spirit, sea and cloud compelling,
  Beneath whose breath the dusky sails are swelling.

Through sudden tempest and through death-like calm,
  Lead on, celestial sign, to some fair Eden;
Where, with sweet tale of spice, and flower, and balm,
  The light-winged whispering zephyrs come, all laden;
  Where languid cavalier and dark-eyed maiden
Murmur their love beneath the drooping palm:
  A land of slumbers and delicious dreaming,
  And coral shores, where opal waves are gleaming.

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# TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. E. W. DEMERITT.

"COMING—coming at last!" cried I, in a triumphant tone, throwing open the parlor-door.

"What is coming—Christmas, or the Millenium?" asked my brother, looking up from his book.

"Clare is coming. I have just had a telegram. It's so like Clare," I answered, gazing fondly at the message.

"What is it that is so like Clare?" said my brother. "Surely not that hideous old yellow envelope?"

"No, John," I returned, holding up the crumpled dispatch. "This, as you may observe, is sallow, and wrinkled, and ugly, whereas Clare is fresh, and fair, and comely. I mean that the telegram sounds just as the dear girl talks. Listen," and I read:

"To-morrow at five,
If I am alive,
I shall surely arrive."

Then I added:

"Remember, John, I warn you beforehand. You may as well prepare to surrender at first sight. Clare captivates everyone."

"'Forewarned, forearmed,' you know," laughed my brother. "It would have been better to have taken me by surprise."

Clare Howard was an old school-friend of mine, and although two years had elapsed since we graduated, there had been no change in our girlish affection. We had spent the summers at the same watering-places, and on several occasions I had visited the Howards. For a long time, my friend had promised me a visit, and at last she was really coming. The Howards were going West to visit some relatives, and in response to my parents' urgent invitation, they had consented to leave Clare with us during their absence.

Best of all, Clare was coming to us heart-free. There was no odious lover to claim half her time and thought. And then I had long cherished the hope that John and Clare—well! Wasn't my brother the best fellow in the world, and wasn't Clare loveliness itself? And was it at all strange that I should indulge in a little match-making? John had never joined us in our summer trips, always preferring to "camp out" with some college friends; and so, up to this time, in spite of my ingenious devices for bringing the two together, destiny seemed to have kept them apart.

The day following the receipt of the telegram, I drove to the station to meet my friend. After I showed her to her room, at her request I remained there, while she made herself ready for tea. She put the few finishing touches to her dainty toilette, and then twined her arm, school-girl fashion, around my waist, and signified her readiness for the parlor. As she stood chatting with my parents, I espied my brother, who had ensconced himself behind the window-draperies, in order to watch my friend unobserved.

"Clare—Miss Howard," said I, turning toward him, "this is my big brother. He's a little bashful before strangers; but you'll find him quite agreeable for all that."

John looked daggers at me, but bowed stiffly, and then there was an awkward pause. Not one word more did he vouchsafe. At tea-table, however, I saw that Clare had succeeded in interesting him. In truth, it would have been hard to find anyone who did not approve of Clare. Her beauty and her simple easy ways made her a universal favorite.

During the three weeks that followed, I could see every day that John and Clare were growing to be better friends. They had many tastes in common. John was a fine reader, and Clare happened to be especially fond of his favorite poets. My brother had a good baritone voice, and Clare was an excellent singer also, so that most of our leisure evenings at home were devoted to music. I was just beginning to congratulate myself that affairs between these two loved ones were progressing satisfactorily, when one day my father handed my mother a letter.

"Good news for you," he exclaimed. "The Newcomes are coming back this week." The Newcomes were our nearest neighbors, their grounds adjoining ours.

"I should think you would be delighted," said Clare. "That great house looks so dismal. It seems a pity to have so handsome a place unoccupied."

I made a face, and John shrugged his shoulders.

"What is it?" she asked, looking from one to the other. "You don't seem to be particularly pleased."

"Mr. and Mrs. Newcome are very dear friends



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of ours, and their son will be quite an addition to our little circle," remarked my mother. "He is a well-bred young man—a trifle spoiled, perhaps—the natural result of being the only child of wealthy and indulgent parents."

"A trifle?" echoed my brother, contemptuously. "Miss Clare, Arthur Newcome is a selfish tyrant: but he is a wonderfully handsome young fellow, and can be very agreeable when he chooses to exert himself."

The Newcomes had been home only a few hours, when Arthur came in to pay his respects to us. Very striking he looked, with his handsome Greek face, becomingly bronzed by his ocean voyage. His dress was as faultless as ever, and his ease and grace of bearing were irresistible. I presented my friend, and saw his usually impassive features light up with unwonted enthusiasm as his eyes rested on her lovely face.

When he had taken his leave, she turned to John. "I like Mr. Newcome exceedingly," said she, frankly.

"Oh, yes," replied my brother, bitterly, "there's no doubt but that you will like him immensely. All the ladies do."

"I never saw so handsome a head," she returned, with spirit. "I couldn't help studying it all the evening. He seems to lack animation, but there is a charm even about his nonchalance. That languid manner suits his face exactly."

My brother looked vexed, but there the subject dropped. During the three weeks that followed, we saw Arthur Newcome almost daily. He was indefatigable in planning all manner of entertainments: picnics, excursions into the country, riding-parties, all in Clare's honor. As day after day went by, my brother's face grew more and more stormy. He seemed moody and taciturn, and there was a marked change in his manner toward Clare. He avoided her; and in place of his former frankness and cordiality, treated her with a marked reserve. I was in despair. Was this to be the end of all my fond hopes? Had I invited my friend to my house only to ruin my brother's peace of mind? One evening, Clare came into the parlor, and took a sheet of drawing-paper from the portfolio which she held in her hand. Clare drew remarkably well, and the picture was a profile of Arthur Newcome, which we all pronounced a good likeness. "Isn't it handsome?" she asked. "Fine enough for a cameo, with its pure Greek outlines. If I were his mother, I would put him on a pedestal in my parlor. His face is so fearfully and wonderfully classic that it somehow seems out of place among our pug-noses and hybrid profiles."

"Yes, it's undeniably a handsome head," was my brother's criticism; "and you have caught the expression of the face to a charm. Selfishness, effeminacy, weakness, are all there."

"Then if that is what you see in the picture, I have done my work poorly; for effeminate he is not. Neither is there weakness in the face." Clare said this almost angrily.

"It is possible, because I have found those traits in his character, that I fancy the face corresponds," answered my brother, with provoking coolness.

"Come, come, John," remonstrated my father, "are you not putting it too strongly?"

"No, sir," responded John, promptly. "He is weak, he is cowardly—"

"How shockingly unfair," murmured Clare.

"He is a man in whose ears the words self-denial, self-sacrifice, have no meaning whatever. He doesn't know what it is to deny himself for the good of others. If the life of the woman he loved was in danger,"—here John's voice trembled as he gazed fixedly at Clare—"he wouldn't risk his precious little finger to save her."

My friend flushed scarlet, and answered: "I do not believe it; he would do, he would dare, as much as anyone." Suddenly, the meaning of her blushes, and Arthur's embarrassment, as I had interrupted an eager conversation that very afternoon, flashed across my mind.

It was Clare's last week with us. Although I should miss my friend, yet, on the whole, I was rather glad that her visit was so near an end, for I could not help seeing that her presence pained my brother in a thousand ways. I hoped that when she was gone he might forget her; and yet, at the same time, I knew well that forgetfulness was well nigh an impossibility with one whose affections were as strong and lasting as those of John.

Arthur Newcome came into the house, one evening, with some tickets in his hand. "Anything for a change," he said, gayly. "There is to be a performance, to-night, at the Opera House; and I thought it was sure to be worth seeing, as the company is an excellent one. They will have a crowded house; for when I sent my man down to the ticket-office this morning, he found a long line of people waiting for the opening of the doors. I'm sorry I can't offer you better seats: these are in the front row of the first balcony; they were the best he could get. However, you have a fine view of the stage, and the seats are perfectly comfortable."

When evening came, John begged to be excused; and in response to Clare's earnest request that he would accompany us, answered,

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curtly: "that he had a business appointment with a friend, but that he would step in sometime, perhaps, during the evening."

The theatre was so densely crowded that, by the time the curtain arose, placards were placed outside, "no standing room." The performance went on smoothly. Clare, with Arthur at her side, folding her programme, adjusting her opera-glasses, and in a thousand little ways ministering to her comfort, was the object of many envious glances from the young ladies around us.

Somehow, I could not get interested in the play. The memory of my brother's troubled, unhappy face haunted me, and my eyes wandered idly about the house. All at once, I started. Was it imagination? I could have sworn that I saw a shower of sparks falling on the stage. I passed my hands across my eyes—there it was again. Two or three large cinders dropping swiftly behind that tree at the left. Clare saw them at the same time, and her face blanched with fear, as she touched Arthur's arm and whispered:

"Is—it—fire?"

And she pointed toward the stage.

Even as she spoke, a little pointed jet of flame wreathed itself around the edge of the curtain. Arthur turned very pale, and rose to his feet, with his eyes riveted on the curtain. I was conscious of an increasing uneasiness among the audience. People looked in each other's faces apprehensively, and moved nervously in their seats; while five or six started for the doors. At this moment, a little puff of smoke rolled out from under the heavy draperies; and innumerable tiny tongues of flame flickered and leaped upward; while, with a blinding glare, the flies were suddenly wrapped in a sheet of fire.

Arthur Newcome sprang to his feet, white with terror, and shaking off Clare's trembling little hand, plunged into the midst of the panting, struggling, swaying mass of frantic human beings. There, soon we saw him, striking wildly to the right and left, and making his way to the door by sheer brute force; and when the excited crowd reached the main entrance, and began to surge through, he was the first to reach the hall without. Shrieks and groans were now heard on every hand, mingled, directly, with the hoarse shouts of the firemen outside, trying to enforce order. Several poor creatures, maddened by fear, threw themselves over the balcony into the parquet below. Shuddering and faint, I sank back in my seat, while Clare covered her face with her hands.

At this instant, a strong arm was placed around her waist, and she was lifted from her seat, while my brother's calm voice sounded in my ears.

"Follow me, Ella," he said, "the stairs are not on fire; and the crowd will soon be out of the way." And then he whispered to Clare, as he bore her by main force in his arms: "Take courage, Clare—dear Clare."

How hot it was! My forehead and cheeks were smarting with the heat. Showers of sparks fell all around us. Breathing was almost impossible for the smoke. We reached the hall at last. But before we could get to the staircase, a crash was heard, and the stairway, freighted with its burden of human beings, sank out of sight.

"Merciful heaven," ejaculated Clare, struggling to her feet, from his arms, in her mortal terror, "there is no hope now."

John threw an arm, now, around each of us, and hurried us along the corridor.

"Courage," he said. "There is one chance left. Thank heaven, I know every nook and corner of this building. There is a window on this floor, over there to the left. If we can but reach that, we are safe."

The smoke was even more suffocating than before. As we rushed past the last door that led from the balcony into the passage-way, Clare glanced at the interior of the theatre, and seeing the lurid mass of flame and blinding light, said, trembling from head to foot:

"I cannot go any further. The heat is too intolerable. Oh, if it were any death but this! I could be braver then—"

John sprang to the door and closed it. Then he hurried us around a projecting pillar of the wall. Suddenly we beheld the window.

It was but the work of an instant to force the shutters apart. Then John shouted to the crowd below.

"Thank God," he cried, "they see us. If that door behind us will only hold out against the flames until help comes. They are bringing ladders. Come closer, girls: you can breathe easier by the window. Stoop down; the air there is fresher. How the smoke smothers one. The firemen have brought ladders. Take courage, Clare—Ella."

In a few moments, a fireman's hat appeared above the window-sill, and a man held out his hands to Clare. But she shrank back and clung to my brother.

"I will not leave until you do," she cried. "No, I will not stir without you."

John opened his arms, and folded Clare close to his heart. Then I saw him stoop until his lips met hers.

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The fireman looked at them curiously, and then gave a prolonged whistle of astonishment, evidently thinking it a queer time to be making love. He turned to me. "Come," he said; and taking me in his great brawny arms, in a moment more we were landed safely in the midst of the anxious, sympathetic crowd below.

A deafening shout rent the air as he came down the ladder a second time, and placed Clare at my side, John having insisted on her preceding him. How we watched that open window then. Again the fireman appeared, but the figure with him was that of a woman.

"Where is your brother?" asked Clare, hoarsely, as the window was illumined with a sudden flash, as the flames burst from the auditorium into the corridor.

Then, overcome by the anxiety and the shock of this new terror, I did what the majority of women do in similar emergencies: I fainted.

When I recovered my consciousness, I was lying in my own room, with my father and mother sitting by the side of the bed.

"Where's John?" was my first question.

"Here, what there is left of him," answered my brother; and there he stood, at the foot of my bed, with Clare at his side. His hair and eyebrows were singed; one-half of his beard was burnt close to his face; and his cheeks were blistered with the heat. His right hand was bandaged. Clare hovered over it fondly, stroking it with a light caressing touch.

"Who was the woman?" I asked.

Clare was the one to answer. "As soon as the fireman took me, your brother prepared to follow immediately; but he heard a woman scream, and saw the poor creature rushing wildly toward him. So he let her take his place, and stood there, and nearly—nearly—"

Here Clare broke down, sobbing.

"Nearly roasted," continued my brother; "but, after all, only sacrificed half his beard."

"And Mr. Newcome?"

"Oh, he arrived home safely, and reported you, notwithstanding his superhuman and heroic efforts to save you, as devoured by the flames."

"You see, Ella, Clare prefers a lover who can stand fire," said my father, roguishly.

"But how did John happen to be so near?"

"Your brother tells me," said Clare, blushing, "that he had only been in the theatre a few moments when the fire broke out, and he was standing by the door when the panic began. He could easily have got out safely; but he threw himself behind a large pillar until the rush ceased, and then he made his way to our seats. And to think that that cowardly wretch deserted us." And Clare shuddered.

As we met at the breakfast-table the next morning, we learned, for the first time, the full extent of the disaster. Several lives had been lost, and some thirty or forty were dangerously injured.

As soon as John's beard had grown out again, and he was able to use his arm, there was a wedding at Mrs. Howard's. A few weeks afterward, my mother gave John and Clare a large reception.

Arthur Newcome was invited, but he did not come. Do you wonder?

## TO THE REV. ——: IN ABSENCE.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

St. Mark's uplifts its tower of stone
  Against the azure air,
Its windows flashing in the light
  Like jewels rich and rare;
But you, who called God's worshipers,
  Within its walls of gray,
To morning praise and evening prayer,
  Alas! are far away.

I walk adown the village street
  At sunset, and behold
The pavement, in its yellow light,
  Like blocks of beaten gold.
I wait to hear your step so free,
  Till all the glow is gray;
Then I remember that you watch
  The sunset far away.

I read your favorite, whose song
  Is like a sweet bell's chime;
But you, whose heart responsive beat
  To every silver rhyme,
O'er distant mountains see the moon
  Light evening's vapors gray:
I close the book, and sigh to think
  That you are far away.

But all my sighs to smiles will turn
  When once again I hear
Your footstep on the threshold fall,
  Your voice in accents clear;
And then, when o'er the land comes down
  The twilight's veil of gray,
I'll not be sad, for you will be
  No longer far away.

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# MISS HOFFMAN'S PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY, AUTHOR OF "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

Miss Miranda Hoffman, Meadville's only milliner, was exceedingly distrustful and suspicious by nature.

There is a tradition to the effect that, even in early infancy, it was impossible to deceive her in regard to paregoric, by falsely calling it "excellent" and "sweet." And at the age of five, it was said that she discovered, through her own vigilance, that Santa Claus was her mother. As she grew up, this trait in her nature strengthened. By the time she had reached womanhood, it had become almost an eccentricity; and though it doubtless warded off some dangers from her pathway, it brought at the same time its own discomforts.

As a woman, she had a firmly-established habit of looking for thieves and burglars, watching out for them, lest they should come upon her unawares. Every night, no matter how full her house may have been throughout the day of guests and friends, she boldly took a candle and searched through her domicile for hidden robbers. She looked underneath every bed, in all the clothes-presses, under lounges and sofas; and it is said that she had been known to explore even the pantry-shelves in search of them. But vainly. She had never found any, as yet.

She eyed peaceable agents with an eagle gaze, supposing them to be convicts but recently escaped from penal servitude. She had agonized several sensitive colporteurs, by hinting to them her conviction that they were no better than they should be; in fact, she supposed several of them to be spies, sent from foreign governments to detect our weak points.

Having this element of cautiousness so strongly developed in her nature, it may be supposed that when she started to make her annual trip to the wicked city of New York, to purchase millinery goods, it was not without many misgivings and apprehensions of robbery and rapine.

For the week preceding the trip, her cozy cottage, the front part of which was her shop, witnessed preparations as if against an armed host. The pantry-window was considered, by her and her trusty handmaid, as being the most vulnerable point of attack; for it looked directly down upon a fence, whose smooth top had often been known to creak under the tread of small boys, who were supposed to be watching for an unguarded moment when they could enter, in search of pillage and booty. If boys could enter, why not burglars? This was the question that Miss Hoffman considered unanswerable. And so, previous to her trip to New York, seven new board slats were nailed across the window by her handmaid, not without pounding her thumb badly, and destroying a large number of nails by driving them in crossways, and flattening them out nearly their entire length upon the outside of the boards. But at last the boards were nailed on, and a new fastening, which was supposed to render burglars powerless, added to that and to all the other windows, which made three fastenings upon each window, besides a nail driven in at the top. An extra chain and padlock were put upon the back-door. New locks were fixed on every other door. Then she locked every bureau-drawer and closet in the house, and hid the keys. After this, repeated charges were given to her maid, who was to stay at her next neighbor's during her absence, to spend every wakeful moment with her eye upon the house; and so, finally, Miss Hoffman set off, with a trembling heart, upon her journey.

Now she did not look like a suspicious woman. She was very pretty indeed, with a fair round face, soft dark-gray eyes, and a profusion of hair of a light-golden hue, which was inclined to curl and wave and crinkle around her forehead and round white neck.

Indeed, Miss Hoffman was so very pretty, and had such a sweet womanly look to her face, that it was quite a wonder, in Meadville, that she remained Miss Hoffman still; for she was not so young as she had been; she was not so young as she was when she first opened her millinery store, and that had been flourishing for eight years and over.

But Miss Hoffman seemed to be quite happy in her own way. So, at last, the village gossips seemed to get tired of coupling her name with divers persons of the opposite sex, who were known to entertain feelings of admiration for her.

Very pretty bonnets she made, and very pretty prices she charged for them; and as there was no other milliner in Meadville, and it was an impossibility for its maids and matrons to go bareheaded into society, Miss Hoffman had made a



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little fortune, that was likewise very pretty. She had purchased a snug farm, just out of Meadville, on which a tenant was living, and which furnished her and her maids with all their milk, vegetables, flour, chickens, lamb, and in fact supplied all their creature needs. She had money in the bank. She owned the cozy little place in which she lived. And take it all together, she was in a very flourishing financial condition.

Yes, she made very handsome bonnets—very becoming ones. A proof of this was seen on her own head, as she set out for New York; and her face looked uncommonly sweet beneath it. Her money she had secreted in a remote, deeply-hidden pocket; but she carried a hand-bag, of plush and leather, which contained her handkerchief, an extra pair of gloves, a little hand-glass, a small comb-case, and several other pretty feminine belongings, besides a few dollars in change for incidental expenses on the journey. This, with her customary caution, she tightly grasped in her hand, together with her parasol, and a book to beguile the tedium of the journey.

The car was not unpleasantly full, and she found a pleasant seat on the shaded side of it and here, arranging herself to her satisfaction, she opened her book and commenced reading.

But she had hardly got interested in her heroine's rather cruel circumstances, when she met with an interruption. She was sitting on the end of the seat toward the aisle, and the cars were standing still for a few moments. One of her hands held her book, the other lay by her side, still holding her hand-bag; for her cautiousness did not desert her, and she carried her burdens even upon the flowery hills and through the pleasant valleys of fiction. Suddenly, the hand that held the bag was gently taken into a tiny but warm grasp, and looking down, Miss Hoffman saw a sweet child-face looking up into hers, from out a dainty little white-satin and lace hood.

The child was looking quietly upward, with a pair of dark-blue eyes, in the peculiarly calm, self-possessed way of babyhood, and seemed in no hurry to go.

"What is your name, little woman?" said Miss Hoffman, looking tenderly down upon the little one; for she loved children.

"Kitty Ford. What is your name?"

"Miranda Hoffman," answered Miss Hoffman, promptly. "Whose little girl are you, and where do you live?"

"I am my papa's little girl, and I live in New York. Where do you live?"

"At Meadville," said Miss Hoffman. "Are you a good little girl, Kitty?"

"Yes, I am my papa's good little girl. Are you a good girl?"

"Sometimes," said Miss Hoffman, gravely; for she was conscientious, and could see her own faults when she could not see her neighbors'.

"Well," said little Kitty, encouragingly, "you must *try* to be good, and then your papa will love you. Have you got a papa?"

"No," said Miss Hoffman.

"Haven't you got any little girls at your house—any good little girls?"

"No," said Miss Hoffman, rather sadly, "I haven't any little girls, nor anyone to love me, if I am good."

This was a hard case for little Kitty. It evidently seemed, at first, beyond her childish powers of consolation. But she thought a moment, and then said:

"Well, if you are real good, and not naughty a bit, somebody else's papa will love you, and you won't get shut up in a dark closet."

Again she made a short pause, during which she evidently felt uncomfortable at contemplating her new friend's lonely state; for she added, generously: "If you are afraid, I will come and live with you, if you like; I and my papa and Mary. We will all come, and stay with you always, for I like you. But," said she, seeming to suddenly remember what Miss Hoffman had admitted concerning her goodness, and assuming a sudden stern air of rebuke, "you must be good, else we shall not come and stay with you always. And if you are not good, you will be afraid when it is dark. Will you promise to be a good girl?" she repeated, sternly.

"I will try, little Kitty," said Miss Hoffman, meekly.

"That is right. Now you shall be kissed, if you will hold your head down; for you are pretty, and I like you."

"How much do you like me?" said Miss Hoffman, after she had bent down her head for the kiss.

"Fifty baglets," said Kitty. "Now let me see," said she, coaxingly, "what is in your pretty baglet—is there candy?"

"No."

"Lots of nice bright pennies and dollars? Are there some dollars in it?" said she, persistently.

Now Miss Hoffman was conscientious; and there were in it, to be exact, just ten dollars. She could not lie. But she evaded the question.

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want to tell my papa. He likes to have dollars. He gets all he can."

"Where is your papa?" asked Miss Hoffman, with a sudden suspicion.

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The little one turned around, and Miss Hoffman looked up into the face of a gentleman who was sitting on the end of the seat opposite her, on the other side of the aisle, so near that she could have touched him by putting out her hand. He was a very handsome man, hardly arrived yet at middle age, though he was approaching it. He had a fair Saxon complexion, and brown hair and mustache, and a pair of those most dangerous of eyes: dark, and of no distinguishable color in ordinary moments, but which can turn blue and tender in moments of love and happiness.

They were blue now, unmistakably tender and steadfast-blue, as he looked at Miss Hoffman with undisguised admiration. And Miss Hoffman decided, at that first moment, that he was the very handsomest man she had ever seen in her life. And it must be confessed, that as Miss Hoffman met that glance, so admiring yet so respectful, her heart beat more rapidly for a moment. But she withdrew her eyes quickly, and at that moment little Kitty pulled at her hand-bag again.

"How many dollars are there in it?" she continued, with childish persistence.

But now Miss Hoffman drew herself up coldly, and moved along toward the other end of the seat, and took up her book again. And the gentleman opposite said:

"Come here, Kitty. I am afraid you annoy the lady."

Kitty moved away, but slowly, looking back often upon her new acquaintance, till the gentleman took her up in his arms. But Miss Hoffman was holding her book up before her face, and she made no further efforts toward acquaintance.

Yes, she held it up before her and fastened her eyes resolutely upon the pages, wherein Lady Leonore vainly endeavored to soften the malice of a cruel guardian. But Miss Hoffman's mind was not with the hapless Lady Leonore; it was not with the cold-blooded guardian. She was thinking deeply. Had she fallen in company with a band of robbers? Was that sweet-faced child a decoy? Was it sent to her to discover what she had in her hand-bag? Was this a plot to rob her? But still how handsome, how very handsome, the gentleman was! And how admiringly he had looked at her. But she had heard that pickpockets were often persons of admirable address.

They would find, she said to herself, that she would not fall an easy prey; she would be cautious. But then she had told the gentleman everything concerning her; for of course he had heard every word that she had said. She had told her name, where she lived, and that she was entirely alone in the world.

Well, she had been betrayed into incautiousness by the pretty child. But she would make up for it now in vigilance. She fixed her eyes firmly on the page before her, and did not look around for a long time, or it seemed so to her, so violent was the effort she made to seem unconscious and at ease.

Her unconsciousness and composure were not helped any by the fact that little Kitty made many comments on her personal appearance, and expressed a strong desire and determination to go back to the "pretty lady;" and twice she called out to her: "Pretty lady, pretty lady!"

And on lifting her eyes, on each of these occasions, Miss Hoffman met the same admiring look from the handsome blue eyes of the gentleman opposite; and upon each occasion, Miss Hoffman's heart gave that same strange throb of joyful terror, followed instantly by the swift thought: could it be, that crime could assume a form so fair?

It could. It had done it in the past. Miss Hoffman's training told her so. She fixed her eyes more firmly upon the book, her suppressed emotion making her cheeks burn with a rosier color than usual, and making her very much handsomer than she commonly was, which was handsome enough, as we have seen.

Kitty's speeches grew less frequent, and at last entirely ceased. A movement in the seat opposite caused Miss Hoffman to glance around in spite of herself, and she saw the gentleman in the act of putting the sleeping Kitty into the arms of a woman with a white cap and apron, who, under ordinary circumstances, Miss Hoffman would have taken for a child's nurse, but who might be and doubtless was an accomplice.

Yes, a dangerous accomplice. Miss Hoffman soon had proof of the fact—unmistakable proof. Instead of taking the sleeping child at once, the woman boldly glanced over at Miss Hoffman, said a few low words to the gentleman, and crossed the aisle; and with the words "pardon me," she bent down over Miss Hoffman's very lap, giving her hand-bag a gentle pull as she did so.

But Miss Hoffman grasped it tightly and triumphantly. She had outwitted her, cool and bold as the attack had been. She held the bag safe in her hand. Such a bold attack was something she had not counted upon.

True, little Kitty had dropped her handkerchief at her feet, where it had lain unnoticed, and a weaker-minded person might have imag-



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ined that the nurse had discovered its loss, and had come solely for that; for she proceeded at once to place it over the child's golden curls and little white bonnet, as she lay in her arms.

But it did not deceive Miss Hoffman. No! She had given her mind to the study of thieves and burglars too long to be hoodwinked by them, or in this fashion.

But as many times as Miss Hoffman relaxed her vigilant circumspection sufficiently to look about her, just so many times was she aware of being the object of close watchfulness upon the part of one whom she could not help designating in her mind as the chief of the robbers. Out of that whole crowded car-full, she alone was the object of his indirect but watchful attention. True, it was unobtrusive and gentlemanly, but it was plainly visible to her. She did not make a move that he was not aware of; she felt that not once did she open that hand-bag, but he knew it. And she could not avoid the conclusion that he had determined to obtain possession of it before she reached New York.

But he should see, she said to herself, he should see that it was no weak woman that he had to deal with. She would not be robbed of her property while she had life to defend it.

While thinking this, she endeavored to push up the blind; for the sun came in too warmly on her. She could not move it; but before she had time to remonstrate, she heard a respectful "Allow me," and a strong arm reached past her, and easily arranged the refractory blind.

Of course it was the handsome gentleman opposite, and of course Miss Hoffman thanked him calmly and courteously. But her heart beat faster, and she grasped the hand-bag more firmly. "If he thought," she said to herself, "to obtain possession of my bag in such an open manner, he must think I'm a fool."

In due course of time, the train reached New York. Cautiously indeed did Miss Hoffman then demean herself. As soon as she saw the tall gentleman, the woman, and the still sleeping child start for one door of the car, she started for the other door, making her way, however, with great difficulty; for the crowd was against her. But she succeeded at last, and reached the door. What was her surprise, on glancing behind her at that instant, to see that the other party had evidently changed their minds, and were coming towards her. She hastened her footsteps, hardly touched the extended hand of the porter, as she descended the steps, nearly fell, but recovered herself, hurriedly crossed the platform, and hired the first empty cab she saw, and was driven toward her boarding-place: a genteel haunt, much frequented by country merchants and their wives.

She had asked the driver to drive as fast as possible, and he obeyed. And Miss Hoffman sank back, with a sigh of relief, and looked tenderly down at the imperiled hand-bag, as a thing rescued from danger.

She had at last escaped them, she assured herself. She had been too quick for them, even if they had wished to follow her. She was safe. She was happy—and yet—what a sweet, sweet child that was! She felt that she could have loved it dearly, had fate given it into her hands. And the guilty father! For she did not doubt the relationship, which could be traced so plainly in their faces. That guilty man! Surely fate had designed him for something nobler than a pickpocket. He was so handsome, so noble-looking. And what undisguised admiration, nay, even tenderness, had looked at her from those beautiful blue eyes. Her heart throbbed at the recollection, as it never had before at the warmest words of her many admirers, even while she was saying to herself: "Alas, that evil should assume a form so fair." But she was safe; she had outwitted them. With such thoughts as these invading Miss Hoffman's breast, the cab stopped at the boarding-house.

Miss Hoffman had descended from the carriage, and had opened her hand-bag to pay the driver, who stood beside her. As she stood there, a cab passed. She looked up. No, she did not faint—she was proud of that afterwards—she did not faint when, from the window of the cab, she saw looking intently at her, while she openly took money from that fated bag, the handsome blonde face, while she met the same intent earnest look bent upon her, bent no doubt upon that fated bag.

Her landlady, a woman who had seen far better days, thought that Miss Hoffman acted strangely and absent-minded; but if she was in trouble she made no revelations. And the next morning, Miss Hoffman set out as usual upon her search for flowers, and ribbons, and other millinery goods.

It was at Stewart's store, at exactly half-past eleven o'clock, that her worst apprehensions were realized. She was watched, and followed. She was selecting ribbons, rosy-hued and dainty in texture, when, having occasion to open the hand-bag to consult her memorandum of goods wanted, some connection of thought and memory caused her to lift her eyes and glance cautiously around. That instant, she saw a face—*the* face—looking intently at her from an opposite counter. Yes, it was he—it was he! He averted

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his eyes at once, when he saw he had attracted her attention. But it was enough. She hastily paid for her purchases, grasped her bag firmly, and left the store in an opposite direction.

Well! Three different times during that day, in three different places, did she meet those eyes fastened intently upon her face, but instantly withdrawn as soon as she saw them.

But it was on her homeward walk to her boarding-place that she received the worst shock. She was walking along hurriedly—for she was agitated—and had almost reached her destination when she heard rapid steps behind her. With palpitating heart and trembling steps she hastened on, and was already at the threshold when someone said, close beside her:

"Pardon me, madame, but didn't you drop this?"

She turned. It was, it was, as her beating heart had foretold—it was he! She felt herself grow pale. But she kept her outward composure by a strong effort; and, also, she kept a firm grasp upon her bag.

She managed to say "thank you," took the veil, which was what was held out to her, and which she recognized as her own, and flew, rather than walked, up the steps.

It was broad daylight yet, and the street was full of passers-by. This she recollected, in that horrible moment, when she turned her defenseless back to him, to enter the door. She also recollected the look that he wore, as if he wished to say something of greatest importance to her. She could almost see the words trembling upon his lips, in his eyes. What would those words have been, had he spoken them?

He did not follow her, fortunately, she thought, as she staggered on. The hall-door opened, and closed upon her. She had been saved again. But she sank down, for a moment, upon a hall-chair; for she felt that it was a physical impossibility for her, as yet, to mount the stairs to her room.

Not another hour would she remain in that city! She had intended to stay at least three days. She had not yet made half her purchases. But "life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment," she said to herself. "I will leave this very evening. I will take the night train home." She had a list of the articles she had intended to purchase. She would leave it, she resolved, with her landlady, who was an excellent shopper.

This resolution was carried out. Her landlady, though bewailing Miss Hoffman's early departure, readily promised to do the shopping. Thus, the early morning sun that gilded the mountain-tops gilded also with its shining beams the soft-hued ostrich plume that waved upon Miss Hoffman's pretty spring hat, as its owner entered her own garden.

How safe and peaceful everything looked! How remote from pickpockets and all the wickedness and perfidy of great cities! The morning-glories swung their sweet-scented bells in joyful greeting and congratulation on her escape. The clematis and early roses seemed to swell out in tender happiness over her rescue.

Yes, the peril was over; she was at home; she was safe. The neighbors wondered a little over her speedy return. But she dextrously evaded their questions with some commonplace excuses. She made no one the confidant of her dangerous adventures. And although her heart beat, at times, with a strange, half joyful, half frightened turbulence, at memories that would obtrude, she kept resolutely silent.

Some changes were made, however, in the house. A new chain was put upon the gate, and a new fastening upon the front and side doors. It was a new discovery, not yet patented. A young man, a friend of Miss Hoffman, had invented it, and besought permission to try it upon her own door. It was connected with an electric battery, and it was to be attached to the door-knob at bedtime. Anyone attempting to open the door, after the attachment was fastened to it, received a shock that paralyzed his arm.

It worked well: as an aged deacon, one of Miss Hoffman's most esteemed neighbors, can testify to; for knowing nothing of the new burglar-proof lock, and his wife being taken suddenly ill in the night, he started for Miss Hoffman, to get her to come and see the invalid; and got such a shock, that it nearly caused his death. He has never failed to affirm that he had a stroke of apoplexy. Arguments are thrown away on him on this subject; and he is looking for a second attack, firmly believing that since the first shock was so severe, a second one will kill him. He managed, with great effort, to get up on his feet and totter home. And his wife, being so frightened about him, it cured her of her sickness, which was chiefly nervous. He made his will, and has put his house in order.

When Miss Hoffman heard of her neighbor's sudden attack, just as he was opening her door, she deplored the seeming cruelty of the invention. But she concluded, nevertheless, to keep it on her door for some weeks at least. The nervousness caused by her late adventures had not yet worn away, and she felt that she slept the more soundly for this new electric fastening.

Two weeks passed thus. Amidst the peace of

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rural scenes, and the unexampled demand for new bonnets, she was slowly recovering her equanimity of mind, when an incident happened that quite upset her nerves again.

It was a lovely morning, and she was sitting in her cozy little shop, when Mrs. Parks, the hotel-keeper's stout little wife, came in, hurried and out of breath as usual. In answer to Miss Hoffman's hospitable invitation to sit down and stay awhile, she stammered:

"No, I can't possibly stay more than five minutes. I am so hurried. Work always drags when I am away from home; the girls are such time-servers—work while I am with them first-rate, but shiftless when I leave them. And I have got extra work to do, to-day; have got a new boarder from New York; have to do a little extra; but I promised Jane I'd see you—Jane Mayhew. You know, old Miss Mayhew wasn't expected to live any time at all—"

"No, I hadn't heard."

"Well, it is so. Can't live a week, anyway, and may drop off any minute. And I promised Jane—I was over there yesterday; drove over with Hiram after supper—and I told Jane that I'd tell you, without fail, that she wants you to come over there to-day—this afternoon. They want their things fixed up a little, so's to be decent in case anything happens. The girls are all at home: Malvina, and Almina, and Harriet. And they are all of 'em just about sick—don't feel like goin' out any. And they want to talk it over with you themselves, or they would have sent their bonnets over by me. They don't want much done to 'em, only just a little fixin', you know. They only left off their mourning a few months ago for their brother Ephraim. They have got plenty of things, if they are fixed a little."

"Well," said Miss Hoffman, "I suppose I can go. It seems to be a plain case of duty."

"Well, yes, it seems like that; for she may drop off any minute now—dreadful good woman, and suffers, oh there ain't no tellin' how much she suffers. There can't anybody wish her sufferin's to be prolonged. And yet it is hard to give her up. They feel so; they feel just like that. But I must go. I told Jane I'd tell you."

"Yes, I'll go on the one o'clock train."

"That will be plenty of time. I'd go over myself with you, if it wasn't for my extra work. We have got a gentleman, a real gentleman, right from New York; and Hiram wants to do a little different for him."

"Has he come for any length of time?"

"I don't know how long. A good-looking man he is. And do you know, Hiram says he made a sight of inquiries in a quiet way about you; talked about you a sight."

"About me?"

"Yes, about you."

"Oh, he is probably an agent for some of the millinery stores there."

"Well, maybe that is so; I didn't think of that. I guess he hain't mentioned what his business is. A good-looking man—first-rate, and acts like a gentleman. But I must go. I wouldn't have thought I could have left home a minute, but I promised Jane I'd see you—and you think you'll go without fail—"

"Yes, I'll go this afternoon."

And the busy little woman departed, talking, as she went, to Miss Hoffman's Maltese cat, who followed her down the steps.

It was said that the little woman talked when entirely alone; and that, even in her sleep, she did not cease her harmless prattle; but that might be gossip.

Miss Hoffman kept her promise. She took the afternoon train to the little wayside station four miles away, near which lived the family who claimed her services. She spent the afternoon in conscientious work, and took the evening train back to Meadville.

The train was due before sunset, but for some reason it was delayed; so it was in the early dusk of the fair June evening that Miss Hoffman set out on her lonely walk of half a mile, that lay between the station and the village.

The train she had come on was an accommodation train, and no one left it but herself. So she walked on rather briskly, carrying on her arm the identical little bag that had caused her so much disquietude in New York.

She left the one little house near the station behind her; passed the Methodist parsonage, with its trimly-kept garden; and now, there is no house between her and the village, and no one bearing the semblance of a human being in sight, excepting a scarecrow in Deacon Jones' field just over the fence. She looked at it narrowly as she passed, thinking it might be a masked robber. But no! The fluttering rags waved around a silent figure. She was safe! No one was in sight. Unless—could it be—was that a man approaching her? It was! A man—and a stranger. He was coming towards her, with long easy strides; and she was now in the most desolate part of the way—not a house within a quarter of a mile on either side. No one to listen to her cries, if danger menaced her.

The man approached nearer, nearer, still nearer. Miss Hoffman's heart began to beat, with quick sharp throbs, against her decorous

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corset. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes grew darker with repressed feeling. Yet she had probably never looked prettier than she did at that moment of excitement and peril. She hugged her bag closer to her side, and hastened her already quick footsteps.

At last the man was opposite. Miss Hoffman lifted her startled eyes, and gazed full upon his face. Then, with a quick, smothered shriek, she started upon a run.

For it was—it was—the stranger; the robber; the tall handsome fiend who had followed her with silent persistence in New York. She saw it all. Failing to obtain possession of his booty in that city, he had tracked her home, and watched her outgoings, in order that here, in the quiet country, he might rob her in peace.

And the bag! The little leather hand-bag, that he had so long and patiently coveted. It was here on her arm, and here she was in his power—alone and unprotected—on this solitary country road. All these thoughts floated through her mind in a moment, as she started to run. Could she escape him? Could she outrun him? Could she scream for help? What could she do?

Alas! what she did do was to catch her feet on a vagrant fish-pole, that a careless urchin had left by the roadside, and fall prostrate.

When Miss Hoffman looked up again, the tall handsome man she remembered so well was bending over her, and she would have thought he looked uncommonly disturbed and anxious for a robber, if she had only given it a moment's reflection. But no; she could think of nothing, only to escape with her life, if haply that were possible. She staggered to her feet, and with trembling hands reached out the hand-bag.

"Take it, take it," she pleaded, "but spare my life. Take all my property—take everything—but spare me."

"I don't want your property," he cried, in his excitement giving vent to the most profound emotions of his soul. "It is you I want, and not your property."

"Good heavens," he cried, a moment after, in a pitiful tone. "What do you take me for? I love you—I want to marry you! To think," said he, in a still more reproachful tone, "that from the very first minute I saw you, I would have lain down my life for you, and here you are taking me for a murderer."

Miss Hoffman did not speak. She could not. He went on impetuously:

"You are the prettiest woman I ever saw; you are the sweetest woman in the world; and I have loved you, and couldn't keep you out of my mind for a minute, since that first time I saw you on the cars. And I followed you around in New York, hoping I might get some chance to be introduced to you; and followed you home here, because I remembered that the minister here is a friend of mine; and I was going there to-night to try to get him to introduce me to you properly. And then to think you should take me for a robber."

Miss Hoffman trembled. What was she to do? Bolts and bars could keep out an ordinary burglar; but they were of no avail with this one. It was her heart that he was after—her heart only; and how could she protect that strongly-invaded garrison? How, indeed?

She had never made provision for such a danger. She and her trusty handmaid had never laid up an armament against such a foe. And she felt, at that moment, that her heart was giving treacherous signs of weakness. She knew, in her inmost consciousness, that the new patent burglar-proof attachment would be powerless to aid her.

And, indeed, before two weeks were ended, her weak heart capitulated; or rather that fair fortress yielded unconditionally, and the bold marauder walked in and took possession.

But as he proved to be a most gentle and loving robber, and as sweet little motherless Kitty proved to be the sweetest of little thieves, stealing the very warmest affections of her new mother, let us hope that Miss Hoffman never regretted her PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

## OUR LOVED.

BY CARRIE F. WHEELER.

Blue haze folds in a dream the woodland reaches,
Where sudden glory kindles in the beeches;
The golden-rod has burned to silvery ashes,
The sombre oak is lit with dull red flashes;
In marvelous crimson bright the woodbine burning
In glow on glow, about the dusk pine turning;
Red leaves shine in the maple's heart like embers,
But sad the wood seems, for my heart remembers.

Oh! balm of woods—rich scent of ripe leaves dying!
Oh! deep sweet voices of the South winds sighing:
They are not here—our loved: gone, gone forever—
In these dear woodland haunts we'll meet them never.
But ah! they wait beyond earth's shadows dreary,
Though long the way seems, we have grown so weary;
Sigh, soft sweet wind, sigh tenderly above them:
We loved them well—still more their Maker loves them.

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# LOVE IN TANGLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

When the session rose, and spectators from the galleries surged into the corridors, Washaning found himself in the midst of the disappointed and angry delegation of his own people, who held him responsible for their defeat. Foremost among them was young Gray Hawk, who, in imitation of the white gallants whom he had begun to emulate, had placed himself in position to escort Washanee to her lodgings. But this young lady turned from him, with haughtiness, for her heart was full of one subject, and she only saw the animated face of Huestice Young in all the human beings that crowded the sidewalk.

Washaning missed the presence of his granddaughter soon after she disappeared, and, with his usual quiet resolution, left that group of young braves in order to search for her.

"She is indeed a superb creature," said a voice at his elbow; and looking around, the chief saw that General Noel was by his side.

Washaning only bent his head in recognition.

"I only wish the time had come when the whole world might know how near she is to me; but for a time, old friend, the secret must be kept among us. Of course you are in no haste to part with her—"

The old Indian's lip quivered, unused as it was to reveal any emotion.

"One is not often in haste to part with that which has been the soul of his life," he said.

"I thought so—I thought so. Besides, there are so many things to arrange between us. Tell me, old friend, was I right in saying that a portion—no insignificant one—of these Cherokee gold lands was private property?"

"You were right," answered the Indian, coldly

"But I did not say that any of these lands belonged to you."

"That would have been the truth also."

"Exactly; but did I understand that they would form—that is—become a portion of Washanee's dower?"

"Of her inheritance, when I am dead."

"When you are dead?" repeated Noel, in a dissatisfied tone. "Of course we all hope that contingency will happen many years hence."

"I am a very old man," was the calm reply.

Noel walked on for awhile in silence. His face was clouded; his step heavy. There was something he wished to say; but it taxed even his practiced dexterity to fashion the question into a pleasant form. Washaning watched his countenance quietly, until a faint and most contemptuous smile stole into his keen eyes.

"Washanee will not have to wait for the lands," he said. "I knew how well our white brothers love gold, and brought enough of that when I came among them to make her welcome certain."

Washaning quietly, then, named a sum, that made even this world-hardened man utter an exclamation of surprise.

"So much? And all in gold?"

"In gold, in such ornaments as white ladies crave, and in the paper money your Government accepts."

"But this is enormous!"

"We Indians have our pride."

"And this property: with whom will it be entrusted when you resign all authority over my child?"

"With her father—or her husband."

"Whose consent must precede any marriage," thought Noel. "I must see to that clause in the agreement." But he only said aloud, and with some show of enthusiasm:

"Washaning, I cannot express my gratitude for this confidence. I'm sure that I will do my best to make our dear girl happy. In a few days we will have a meeting, and settle how it is to be done; but it will take time. I have some prospects that may open a grand future for our girl, and for your nation, too."

Before Washaning could answer, a fellow-Senator came up, and putting his arm through that of General Noel, entered into close conversation with him; and the old chief left them.

Meanwhile, Washanee had threaded her way homewards, where, if not so pre-occupied, she would have observed something unusual in the demeanor of her negro maid.

"Young missus," said Wisse, twisting her thin figure into various contortions as she proceeded,



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"yer nebber duz make much 'count ob dem rings an' beads an' sich dat pore wigwam squaws am so proud on, duz yer now?"

"No, no," answered the girl. "Don't disturb me now. I am so—so sleepy." And she threw herself down on a Mexican blanket, too happy to think of anything but her love.

"Dem nonsense t'ings am calkerlated for pore Injins in gineral; but fust-class colored pussons might condercend ter 'cept 'em, when dey shine an' sparkle like dem, if der young missus didn't 'ject agin it."

Here, Wisse drew forth the hand that had been carefully hid behind her back, and held up a glittering chain of stones or beads—something, at any rate, that flashed before the astonished girl's eyes like sparks of fire.

Washanee started to her elbow, and reached out her hand.

"Why, Wisse, Wisse, what is this? Where did you get it?"

Wisse retreated backward, holding the ornament behind her.

"Where did you get it, I say? That is neither beads nor wampum, but something that belongs to grandfather. I have seen such things in the Mexican chest that he brought with him."

Wisse, still retreating, nodded her head.

"Dat chist am jes' whar I'se found 'em."

"But how did you open it? How dare you?"

"Ole marse lef' de key lyin' 'bout, I spect."

"And you opened my grandfather's chest? Why, Wisse, that is stealing."

"Am it?" said the impish thing, turning her head, and looking down upon her prize with great complacency. "I spects it am wampum."

Washanee arose, and laid her hand with some weight on the creature's shoulder.

"Give the things to me, this instant."

With a grimace of all her ebony features, the girl allowed the jewels to be taken from her.

"Now show me where you got them."

"In dar."

Wisse pointed sullenly to the inner room with her finger, and retreating to her bearskin, sat down upon it, like a sentinel on guard.

"This is not all. Stand up, and let me find the things you are hiding. Lift up the rug."

Wisse leaned forward, and lifted up a corner of the rug, revealing nothing but the scarlet lining. Washanee pushed her aside, and thrusting the fur back with her foot, revealed a little pile of flashing stones, some like those she held in her hand, with others bright and green in a setting of dull gold.

Gathering the whole glittering mass up in her hands, she turned toward her grandfather's room, and said,

"Come this way, and show me how you got them. Quick, or grandfather will be here."

Hurrying after her mistress, the maid threw herself down on her knees in front of a big chest, and, with a great strain upon her strength, lifted the lid. The inside was lined with silver, and heaped with deerskin bags, crowded full of some heavy substance.

"'Tain't nuffin' but sand—yallery sand," said Wisse, seizing one of the bags, which she had already opened in a former investigation of the chest, and unknotting the thongs that tied it with her teeth. "Part sand an' tudder part good-for-nuffin' stuns, sich as none o' dem squaws 'd condercend ter chuck 'round."

Washanee glanced into the mouth of one bag held up to her, and saw only what seemed a heap of glittering sand, brighter than anything she had seen; but not, so far as she knew, more valuable. The other, which Wisse offered for inspection, contained what seemed small broken stones, almost gray on the surface, but with bright sparks in the broken places.

"Like dese, eb'ry one," said the girl, spreading her black hands scornfully over the whole lot of nuggets and gold-dust. "Trash as no 'spectable pusson 'd stoop ter heft out o' der ole chist; but 'bout dem udder fixins—"

Here, Wisse cast a greedy glance at the jewels in Washanee's hands, and put her black palms together in entreaty, when suddenly the step of the chieftain was heard in the next room. The next minute he entered his own apartment, and saw Washanee sitting on the floor, with all his treasure of jewels gleaming in her lap.

The old man seldom gave way to astonishment or anger; but he paused on the threshold now, with sorrowful displeasure in his eyes.

"You also, Washanee?" he cried.

Washanee arose and stood up before him, still holding the jewels in her hands.

"Are you angry with me, grandsire? What have I done?"

"Angry? No, no."

"But something strange has happened. I never saw you look so before. What have I done?"

The look of innocent perplexity with which this question was repeated wrought a complete change in the old man's countenance.

"Perhaps nothing amiss; but how came the box, that I have always kept locked, open—and these things in your hand?"

Washanee looked around a little anxiously. If possible, she wished to save her dark handmaiden from displeasure.

Wisse, who had skulked like a fox through

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the doorway, cast a piteous look over her shoulder, and, as usual, made a spaniel-like appeal, with her two hands held up palm to palm; but her mistress saw that the case was too serious for hesitation, and answered frankly:

"Do not be angry with poor Wisse," she said. "She is like all her race: so fond of ornaments that she cannot keep her hands off them. Somehow, she found her way into your box. I took them from her, and was trying to put them back, when you came in. What are they? These?"

She held up some of the stones as she spoke. "Are they any better than common wampum?"

"They are opals, from the Honduras."

"These pretty bits of rainbow are opals, then? I shall remember. But the red beads they hold in place—what are they?"

"White people call them rubies. Some of my scouts brought them to me as pretty red stones, worth nothing; but you see what they are."

"And these—dear me, how many—green and bright as the moss in a spring?"

Washaning smiled at this girlish interest.

"These are emeralds, from the valley of the Gela. I found them myself, years ago."

"How beautiful! How strange! Why did you never give them to me for a belt?"

He answered gravely, but kindly.

"Because there has been no time in your life when you could have understood their value, Washanee."

Washanee seemed a little bewildered. All at once, she brightened up.

"Oh, now I understand. I have seen these things on the necks and arms of ladies here. It is the white man's wampum."

"Yes," said the old man, and a slow bitter smile crept over his lips. "These, with gold—plenty of gold—are the white man's wampum. You will soon learn how he struggles for it."

Washanee could not understand the hard truth of this propheey. She was still occupied with the jewels, holding them to the light and examining the clasp with curious interest.

"You must learn to wear tbem, my child. They are yours—the jewels and all that is in the box."

"All that is in the box?" said Washanee, with a look of amused surprise. "Why, grandsire, what should I do with so much sand and stones?"

"My child, it is gold—all gold."

"Gold?" repeated Washanee. "What then?"

"That which seems to you as worthless sand and pebbles can be passed through a bath of fire, and come out coin, such as you sometimes see those about us use. With white men, it is the thing they work for, fight for, sell their strength for: a power for which great men sometimes bow down their souls and become slaves—by which good men and women do the work of angels."

Washanee turned pale as she listened; but the last words brought a deeper glow into her face.

"And this you give to me?"

"This I give to you."

"As my own—my very own?"

"As your own. All these years I have been gathering it for you."

Washanee crept close to the old man, and sank to her knees.

"Oh, grandsire, may I give it to him—all, all? If white men love it so, may I give it to him?"

Washaning leaned forward, and rested both hands on her head.

"Even so, my child. He is a good man—honest, strong, worthy of the best thing the Great Spirit gives to one of us: a woman's love. You have given him that. Is my gold more precious, that I should refuse to trust him with it?"

Washanee bent her forehead down till it lay on the old man's breast.

"Oh, grandsire, grandsire!"

Washanee was but a girl—a wild generous girl, full of sweet impulses and generous desires. Had she known the power conveyed in her grandfather's gift, it would have been heaped at the feet of her lover without a thought of sacrifice; but now she only understood that the chest contained something precious, that white men, more than the Indians, coveted, and rejoiced in the power of conferring it, without regard to its vast importance. But the jewels, instinctively she knew they would light up her dusk beauty in the eyes of her lover. So she abandoned the treasures in the Mexican box, and carried the jewels into her own room, where Wisse was sulking over their loss.

"Come, Wisse, come and help me with these things. They are mine, all mine—and so beautiful," she said.

Wisse brightened up instantly.

"You have seen ladies wear them in the street," continued Washanee, seating herself, with the jewels in her lap, "and should know how they are fastened. But first, as it is getting dark, bring some lights."

Wisse got up, and sauntered into the hall. Directly, she returned, bearing a pair of brass candlesticks, and followed by a slatternly servant carrying others. These were arranged before the mirror. Washanee started up, emptied her lap on a table underneath the glass, and began to try the effect of her jewels.

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"I wonder if white ladies wear these on their necks or arms?" she said, holding up a heavy chain of gems, in doubt of their use.

"Sech white folks as I sees wid dem t'ings wars dem 'bout de har," said Wisse.

Washanee instantly wound the necklace of emeralds around the heavy braid that persistent effort had taught her to coil coronet-fashion around her head; but the green of the stones against the raven blackness of her hair lacked tone or contrast. She felt this, without knowing why; unwound them impatiently, and garlanded herself with rainbow opals and rubies; fastened a flaming cluster on her bosom, and stood before the mirror, greeting the image she saw there with a radiant smile.

"'Spect you done guv dese to Wisse," said that sable handmaiden, attempting to appropriate the emeralds.

"No, Wisse, no. They are my grandfather's gift. Do not touch them. I will give you a bushel of beads, but not these."

"Beads—blue, red, and yallery-green?" questioned Wisse, still clenching at the emeralds with her little black hands.

"All the colors that you want, Wisse, but take your hands from these."

"No 'count, anyhow," retorted Wisse, pushing the stones back upon the table with an air of supreme contempt. "Dis chile wants beads dat has got holes in 'em—strings an' strings, dat rattles 'gin yer buzzum, sunthin' like."

Washanee laughed lightly. Three hours before she would hardly have known that the stones that lighted up her whole person were of more value than common beads; but she felt the pride of superior knowledge, and did not deign even to rebuke her.

As Washanee was walking up and down the room, pausing, in her gratified vanity, to glance at the mirror at every turn, she began to feel the want of that feminine sympathy in her triumph, which the girl had denied to her.

"If grandfather were only here to see them," she thought, weary of admiring herself, "or some of our women, or—"

Here, the girl made an abrupt pause, and going to the window, looked out. By this time, the night had become dark, and the old garden was crowded with shadows; but through the lace curtains, behind the parlor windows of General Noel's house, came a soft flood of light, touching all the vines around with silvery gleams. As she stood there, a female figure in white, with roses in her hair and on her bosom, lifted the cloud-like curtains, and looked out.

Washanee recognized Constance Noel, with a swift, triumphant beating of the heart. "She did not believe me when I told her that he loved me; but now that he has told grandfather all about it; now that I have all these things to give him, and he comes so often, she will not smile in that way again, if I am dark, and came so lately from the woods. If dark faces please him, why should she turn away from them, as if they had no beauty in them?"

Here, Washanee turned from the window, and looked at herself in the glass with critical interest. Once again she fell to arranging the jewels, on the dress that had won so much admiration in the Senate chamber that afternoon.

"With these here and here," thought Washanee, touching her head and bosom, "she might not think me so very dark, or wonder that he can love me. Yes, I will go."

Thus suddenly forming a resolution, the girl went into the garden.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

General Noel had seldom known a more exciting day than that in which the Cherokee treaty had been defeated. The surprise of Young's proposal; the certainty that Constance would be lifted, by her union with this rising young man, from any social injury by his acknowledgment of the Indian marriage and living daughter, had swept many difficulties from his path. To this had been added the brief conversation with Washaning, on his way down from the Senate, which had startled him by the accession of wealth that Washanee would bring into his family—wealth so much needed for his great ambitious purpose, and so necessary to the magnificence of the position he coveted.

It seemed to this unimaginative man even as if fate had in one day placed all the good fortune he had ever aspired to within his reach, and it is not wonderful that he entered his own dwelling with all the exultation of a victor just after battle, and went to seek his daughter.

Constance was in a little room, that she had used from childhood as a sort of studio. She had been very hard at work, in various ways, of late, striving to wear out the ache in her heart by fatigue of body and mind. She wrote, she painted, she wrought unique devices with her needle, and left them half finished; she dashed off snatches of poetry, and burned them because they always took impulse in the hidden secret of her heart.

No matter where she was, or what she was doing, one thought dwelt forever in the girl's mind. The man to whom she had given the first love of her youth—who had inspired the earliest

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efforts of her genius, and, for a time, seemed to share both, had never loved her; never dreamed of the devotion she gave him; or, knowing it, was now the slave of an infatuation so weird, and, in her mind, so dangerous to his honor, that the love she had felt for him was burned into her soul like a brand of disgrace. In a fit of wild infatuation, he had given himself to a creature of the wilderness: a beautiful animal, with the blood of savages in her veins.

To the humiliation, which every refined and sensitive woman must feel when the love so sweet and sacred to her is overlooked or sacrificed to another, was added a keen sense of insult in the choice this one man had made, if indeed he really had spoken of marriage to this beautiful Indian; for even in her gentle and most generous nature, the prejudice of race was strong to positive injustice. She had, at the best, only recognized Washanee as a sort of social curiosity, to be treated with certain indulgence because of her human origin; but in no way to be admitted to the equality of civilization. Indeed, the fact that this young savage could frankly admit her love and a belief of its return, had so shocked her own finer sense of delicacy, that she could not give full belief to it.

Constance knew that her father had been speaking that day, and looked up, with questioning interest, as he entered her room.

"So you have had a triumph?" she said, assured of that by the first glance at his face. "Of course I expected it."

"A great triumph; but not alone. Young has exerted himself splendidly. One would have thought him half Indian, by the eloquence with which he assailed their plunderers."

"Indeed!" Half scornfully.

"You should have been there, Constance. He carried the whole audience with him, and that was the more remarkable, because I know that his mind was on another matter. One that must interest you, daughter."

"Me? Oh, that is not likely."

"Why, are offers of marriage so common that a young lady is not interested in them?"

"Offers of marriage?"

"You look surprised. Surely you knew that he was intending to speak to me."

Constance lifted her eyes in amazement.

"Speak to you, father? But why should he?"

"What other course does a gentleman take when he wishes to marry a friend's daughter?"

"Father, what can you mean?"

"Simply this, Constance: Before I went into the Senate, this morning, Huestice Young asked my consent to his marriage with my daughter."

Constance turned white to the lips. The needle dropped from her hand. Noel was startled by the expression of those blue, half-frightened eyes.

"Father, are you jesting with me?"

"Jesting? Why, Constance, has this thing taken you by surprise? Surely there was some understanding between you. I remember thinking so, more than once."

A flood of color rushed over the girl's face. Noel saw it, and turned from her with a smile.

"Ah, I see, you girls are all alike, hiding secrets from their own fathers. Well, well, the young man is coming here, to-night, for his answer, which I have virtually given already; so the matter can be settled between you; only look your prettiest, and don't put on any more fine lady airs. Proud men, like Young, are apt to be restive under them. Another thing. You must know sooner or later, and it will perhaps prevent complications if I make a confidant of you now. You may find it unwelcome; certainly it cannot be more unpleasant for you to listen than it is for me to speak. You know of my Indian life—"

"Yes, yes. I have heard it over and over again. It may be full of romance, but you do not like to talk about it. Say no more, therefore."

"But I am compelled to speak, Constance; and remember, all that I say to you is sacred between us: not a syllable must be told of it, not even to Young, should you accept him."

"Then it is something he does not know?"

"And never must know, until I explain it with my own lips, which even yet may never come to pass. You promise this, Constance?"

"Promise? Oh, yes."

Then Noel, in a few brief but impressive sentences, told the girl that she had a sister in the beautiful wild Indian half-breed.

As she listened, all the glad light left Constance's face. When her father reached out his hand, as if to claim sympathy, she shrank away from him with an unconquerable spirit of revolt; for her jealous dislike of Washanee came back with double force. It seemed as if the girl had twice robbed her: first of the man she loved, now of her own father. She sat pale and silent for some moments, while Noel watched her nervously. When she did speak, it was in a cold unnatural voice, that carried a faint tone of sarcasm with it.

"Does my Indian sister know of this?" she asked.

"What I have told you is unknown to anyone, except her grandfather and myself. I have impressed that upon the old man."

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"And Mr. Young? Oh, father, is everything true that has been told me about him? Did he of a certainty demand me in marriage this morning?"

"Why, Constance, can you doubt it? Have I not told you so?"

The girl drew a deep, deep breath. The fact of Washanee's existence became less important to her. Why should that, or anything on earth, seem an evil, now?

Noel was relieved when he saw the happy color come slowly back to his daughter's face.

"That is my own brave girl," he said. "You will try and reconcile yourself to this; for in many ways it does not threaten to be a misfortune."

"Oh, father, it seems to me that nothing can be a misfortune just now—even this."

Constance was right. The one great happiness of a woman's life had overwhelmed the pain of this disclosure. So, she went to her chamber, and there gave herself up to such dreams of happiness as are not often repeated in this life. It was after dark before she came down again, and glided into the drawing-room, lovely as the blush-roses that bloomed in her hair and held the white robe together upon her bosom.

Restless, a little perplexed, but wonderfully happy, this fair girl stood listening for a step that had never failed to make her heart beat faster when it came. She heard it at last, and the roses on her bosom began to tremble as if touched by the wind. She stood quite still, holding her breath, till Young entered the hall; but then, instead of turning toward the room where she was waiting, he passed with a heavy, it seemed almost a reluctant, step up the stairs. Constance heard the library door open and close; then reasoning with herself against a strange feeling of disappointment, seated herself near the door.

"Of course he would go there first," she reflected. "How very foolish I was to think otherwise."

Then she forced herself to wait with more patience; but started up suddenly, whispering, as if afraid that someone would hear her:

"Oh, he is coming now—surely he is coming now."

Huestice Young was indeed upon the stairs. He had left General Noel standing by the table in his library, dumb with disappointment and white with suppressed rage; for even his iron power of self-control had been taxed to the utmost by an explanation that had destroyed all hopes of the marriage he had accepted with so much satisfaction in the morning. It was not Constance, it seemed: it was his Indian daughter that Young had meant. Worse than that, a thousand times worse: the secret of his Indian marriage was now known to Young. And this man, who had rejected Constance, would get all Washanee's wealth! Wealth that the acknowledgment of Washanee as an unmarried daughter would have placed under his own control.

Even under this sudden and fierce disappointment, this astute politician did not give his passion the coarse utterance that a better man might have done. With a marvelous effort of self-command, he gave no sign of the humiliating mistake regarding his daughter Constance; but constrained himself to speak of Washanee with serious doubt of his rightful authority over her. That, he said, was a subject that required the keenest investigation; and any contract of marriage that rested on his consent or acknowledgment of the girl as his child would be subject to great delay, and must, in the interest of all parties, be kept an inviolable secret.

This conversation, so different from anything the young man had been led to expect, astonished and offended him; for with all his forced composure, the father, thus thwarted in his dearest wishes, had unconsciously allowed a strain of smooth sarcasm to give his semi-refusal almost the sting of an insult. It was not wonderful, then, that the half-rejected suitor should come downstairs with an angry light in his eyes, and pale with struggling passions. At the first sound of his coming, Constance had left her chair; and urged forward by a feeling of the injustice she had done him, moved toward the door, ready to greet his first appearance.

When Young saw her standing on the threshold, with both hands extended, and that welcoming smile on her face, he stopped suddenly. That part of the hall was but partially lighted; and without noticing the agitation in his face, she spoke to him with all her old impulsive sweetness.

"Have you forgiven me? Oh, it was generous—it was noble; but do believe me: if I had cared less when you seemed to think of others, when I wanted everything for myself, it was only because the Noel women are too proud for divided attentions. Our motto is: 'all or nothing.'"

Young stood looking at her. His face was partly in the dark; but the light of a crystal chandelier fell shimmering like sunshine on her white dress, and touching her hair with gold. All at once, he started forward; took both her hands with a grasp that would have pained her at another time, and drew her into the full radiance of the chandelier.

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"Does this mean that you love me—have ever loved me?" he said, with passionate violence; and the girl felt that he was trembling from head to foot. "It is too late, too late; but tell me—on your soul tell me—if it is true."

"Too late?" repeated Constance, struggling to draw her hands away. "What—what can you mean?"

"This, only this: I have loved you, worshiped you, with all my soul—all the strength of my being. Stop, stop; do not tighten your clasp on my hands—do not lift your eyes to mine with that heavenly light in them. Lost spirits may see such encouragement in the angels that look down on them from heaven, and know what torment despair can be. I have loved you—I do love you; but have forfeited all right to tell you so."

Constance uttered a cry so full of anguish that, for a moment, it silenced him; but only for a moment.

"Half an hour ago—only half an hour ago—I came here to get your father's sanction to my marriage with another woman. He has refused it. What then? I am not the less bound. Fathers do not hold the hearts of their children, or the honor of men, as property. Constance, Constance, forgive me, hate me if you must: but when I came here to-night, I was the affianced husband of the young Indian girl we first met in this room."

Constance broke away from him wildly, passionately, dropped into a chair, and covered her face with both hands.

"What, her—her?"

"Yes, I am speaking of her."

"And you love her?"

Constance asked this question with a shudder.

"Have I not said—God forgive me—that I love you?"

"Me—me? Only me?"

"You, only you, on the face of the earth."

A faint moan broke from the girl: she seemed to be strangling; and lifting both hands with an effort to force back the pain rising to her throat, crushed the roses on her bosom.

"And yet you must marry her?"

Constance lifted her blue eyes to his, with a look of appeal that held terrible temptation to the man who loved her.

"I have pledged my honor. She is a grand noble creature, worthy of a better man—of—"

Constance held up her hands. The pride of her old nature was rising. She could not bear this praise, moderate as it was.

"Tell me, tell me, how this happened. Was it my pride—my poor girlish pride—that drove you to it?"

Young hesitated.

"I see—I see it was."

"No, I was uncertain. I lacked the courage to ask for the love I would have died for."

Again Constance uttered a faint moan.

"And I feared so much that you should think me forward, and ready to give my love unsought," she said. "That scrap of poetry, you remember: there was nothing in it—no praise that one man might not bestow on another; but I feared—I thought you might judge differently, and took so much pains to conceal it. If you approached me with attentions, it seemed as if I had challenged them."

Young pressed one hand to his bosom, where that scrap of poetry was lying. How it had misled him! By what witchcraft had Washanee learned to imitate the writing so perfectly? He made no answer to this; but, throwing aside all allegiance to another for the moment, bent over the girl, and almost touched the roses in her hair with his lips. She felt them stir under his breath, and started up, exclaiming:

"No, no. You have said the truth. It *is* too late. But tell me: tell me: have you ever really loved her?"

Young hesitated. There seemed something disloyal to the devotion that had been so frankly bestowed on him, in denying all interest in Washanee; so he answered, with some evasion:

"I might have done so, had there been anything left in my heart to give."

"Does she love you? But I do not ask that. I do not want to know. We must talk of this no longer; never speak of it again. The engagement to which your good faith is bound must be accomplished, though it kill us both. Real love never yet lured a man or woman to dishonor. To-night you and I must part forever and ever."

Her eyes were full of tears. The hand which she held out to him trembled.

He looked down upon her with the sad, tender longing of a man fated to render up everything that was dear to him in life. Reaching forth his arms, he drew her to his bosom, holding back the very breath in his body, that she might not know of the anguish with which he gave her up. He was about to put her gently away, when she threw her arms around his neck, and while sobs were breaking over her lips, gave him the kiss he had not dared to offer her.

They parted, and were turning from each other, when Constance drew back and uttered a sudden cry.

Young followed the direction of her eyes, bent in wild fascination on the open window which

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looked into the garden. But he saw nothing beyond the blackness of the night.

"What—what is it that frightens you?" he questioned.

"I don't know—I cannot tell; but something like a faint blaze of lightning seemed to flash across the window there, and—and I thought there was a face."

"It must have been light reflected from the chandelier, and perhaps the vine-leaves stirring in the wind," said Young, who had gone to the window, and was leaning out. "Certainly, there is nothing here."

Notwithstanding these assurances, the young man remained some minutes at the window, peering anxiously among the shadows; but there was more wind stirring than usual, and the constantly shifting foliage baffled his search. When he looked back into the room, Constance was nowhere to be seen. She had lost all strength to continue that painful farewell; and exhausted with overstrained feeling, found her way to the curtained recess, and fell helpless upon the cushions, where she lay in the shadows, faint and almost unconscious, while he left the room, and went wearily into the street.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Constance Noel was not deceived. A dark face had looked in at the window: a stormy, wild face: that of a savage waiting for an enemy behind some tree in a deep wilderness. There had been a lightning flash, reflecting back a gleam from the chandelier, which struck the jewels on Washanee's head as she turned to creep stealthily away, in obedience to a cruel instinct of secrecy: the worst trait of a race which intensifies rage into the silence of revenge more terrible still.

With clenched teeth and burning eyes, this enraged girl crept like a panther through the thick shrubbery of the garden; through the gate she had left open, and into the room where her grandfather lay on his fur rug, with the red-lined cloak gathered over him.

The noise of a kitten at play could not have been lighter than this Indian girl's tread across the floor. She cast one glance at the old man, to make sure that he was sleeping, crept up to the Mexican chest, which was still unlocked, and kneeling before it, lifted the heavy lid with all the strength of her two arms. For awhile, she groped among its contents in the dark, and at length drew a small poniard from its sheath of gold-incrusted steel. Holding the blade between her teeth, she cautiously let down the lid of the chest with both hands, as she had lifted it.

Noiselessly as she had entered the room, Washanee left it, and stole out again, down the stairs, across the garden, up to the window where she had been maddened by the sight of her betrothed husband with the arms of another woman about his neck, and had heard the bitter, bitter truth, that he loved that beautiful white creature.

The drawing-room seemed empty now, but was lighted up as Young had left it. With the swift spring of a tiger-cat, the young savage—for that minute she was nothing else—leaped through the window, and stood in the midst of the room.

Constance, who lay wretched and almost helpless on the broad window-seat, hearing a strange noise, leaned forward, and, drawing the curtain back from her retreat, saw the sinister poise of that savage form; the fierce dark head crowned with jewels that glowed like fire, as imagination crowns spirits of evil; and those black burning eyes, that fell upon her like the flash of a stiletto.

Swift as thought, and fierce as a tiger's leap, Washanee rushed at her prey, snatched the roses, already crushed, from her bosom, and tore at the robe, searching for the heart, to strike it.

That sweet young face, flushed with weeping; those blue eyes, widened with terror; the whole form shrinking and quivering under that savage grasp, might have softened a heart of stone to mercy. They did stay the uplifted poniard for a moment, but only for a moment. The gleam of her eyes was like the flicker of the steel in her hand.

"He loves you. I heard it. You offered him kisses. I saw it. Oh, if you had a thousand lives, I should want them all, one by one—one by one! Coward, you tremble; you are quivering all over with fear. We Indians, that white men love only to throw away, never have that. Why, the torture of it must be sweeter than killing. Seeing that you have but one life, why should we end it so soon? Aha! You would like to creep out of reach, to call for help, and make me strike at once; but that would not be enough."

Constance could not speak. Terror had driven every drop of blood from her face. Cold chills ran over her. She closed her eyes, with a low shuddering moan, inexpressibly pitiful.

"You love him?"

Constance opened her eyes, and a single word came from her white lips:

"Yes!"

"And he loves you?"

Constance felt the vengeance burning in those eyes, and knew that the steel was vibrating over her heart.

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"Yes, he loves me, even as I love him," she said, folding both hands over her bosom. "Kill me for that, and you will have murdered your own sister."

One moment of dead silence. Then came the sound of a dropping poniard, that pierced the carpet and buried its sharp point in the floor. Constance shuddered in all her limbs. It seemed as if the blade quivering in the floor had taken her life. She could not breathe, but lay with wide-open eyes, watching the window through which Washanee had departed—slowly, and with a vague wavering step, as if disabled by some sudden wound.

Across the garden went the Indian girl, holding out both hands, and groping her way like a blind person. Going up the stairs, she stopped, breathing heavily, and supported herself against the wall during some moments before she entered her own room. Once there, she threw herself down to the floor, and gave way to the conflict that follows a storm of passionate rage, baffled and broken by one of those noble counter-currents that sometimes sweep through a human soul for its own salvation. This battle of two contending natures opposing each other in one existence raged in the heart of that wild Indian girl all night long. The savagery of the wilderness, the education and blood of a civilized race, struggled for mastery, with a persistence that threatened her reason, if not her life.

Sometimes, for hours, she lay prone upon the floor, motionless from exhausted passion—almost merciful in her weakness. Then, stung with renewed thirst for vengeance, she would lift her head, gather up her limbs, and prowl around the room like a panther caged. Still, some powers of reason followed these outbursts; and with them, growing stronger and stronger with each return, came a glow of affection even for the fair young sister she had been ready to kill.

At last, calmed by God's merciful limitation of mental suffering, the morning found her sitting on that couch of furs, with the Mexican blanket gathered about her, and that storm-beaten head bent down upon her knees in almost peaceful weariness. When she lifted her face, the calm of some noble resolution lay upon it: a grand sublime calm, such as conquered evil can only give to the human countenance.

She rose slowly from her couch; slowly one by one she took the opals from her disordered hair and dress; slowly, entering her grandfather's room, she seated herself down by his couch, and pulled at his cloak.

"Grandsire, are you awake?"

The old man opened his eyes, and seeing her there so early in the morning, with a face so pale, partly arose in his surprise.

"Yes, Washanee, I am awake; but what has happened?"

"This, grandsire, nothing more: I want to go home—back to our own country—to live among our own people—to live and die there."

A faint flush of joy lighted the old man's face. The hands which he held out shook.

"Washanee!"

"Grandsire, I have seen my sister. She is fair, she is good. It is not me whom the young white chief loves, but her."

The old man gazed on Washanee in resentful astonishment.

"I heard him tell her so last night," she went on. "You must not frown so, grandsire. He could not help it: he did not wish to tell her; but gives love to her, and honor for me. He is hiding the secret in his own breast, and thinks neither you nor I will ever know it. This very day you will tell him that I heard all he said last night; that the granddaughter of Washaning does not accept a white man's honor in place of love: and that we are going away forever. That is all, grandsire. Only, if you would leave that behind for him and her, when they are married."

Washance pointed to the Mexican chest. But the old chief shook his head.

"It will build houses, clear farms, endow schools for our people, Washanee: the people who will hail you back as their queen. When I take you to them, that must go with us. But if you wish, a portion of it shall be yours to give."

Washanee sighed heavily. The old man observed it, and grew anxious.

"My child, are you beginning to relent? Have you thought of this sufficiently for a determination?"

"Oh, yes, I am determined."

"Washanee, I did not think that anything could make me happy again."

The girl turned her dark sorrow-laden eyes upon him, wondering in her heart that anyone in this world could be happy.

"You are sad now; but once among our own people, you will forget all that you leave here. You will see others worthy of love—"

Washanee arose suddenly, interrupting him.

"Grandsire, do you think I am all white?" she said, passing out of the room proudly, as if his words had conveyed an insult.

Three days after this night of stormy passion, a group of Indians, composing the whole Cherokee Commission, entered the station from which a westward train was ready to start. They moved

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on through the crowd and entered a car, filling it with the bright color of their savage costumes as they filed in, one by one, like braves stealing along a forest-path. All of them were grave and silent, some sullenly resentful from a sense of recent defeat; but no one took his seat until the old chief appeared with Washanee by his side, clad in her original Indian costume, and walking sedately through the crowd that drew back from her path, which she trod like some forest animal lately wounded. There scarcely seemed to be a drop of white blood in her veins. To the lookers-on she was all Indian.

Washanee took her seat by the old chief, who observed that she never once lifted her eyes toward the Capitol, though the windows of the Senate chamber were in full sight; but when the train started, she turned them upon him with a faint sad smile, as if she sought to assure him of her firm resolve, and holding out her hand, pressed his, under his robe.

Some three months after the departure of the Cherokee Commission, there was a complimentary adjournment of the Senate, and an abandonment of the seats in the House usually occupied by its most conspicuous members, including the Speaker; for that day, Huestice Young, the junior member of the Senate, was to be married to General Noel's daughter, Constance, the brightest belle of Washington society.

A burst of music hushed the whispers, smiles, and silken rustle of garments, that filled the church like the hum of bees and the flutter of gay-winged butterflies in a garden; and a cloud of gossamer lace, gleaming satin, and orange-blossoms, through which one veiled face was seen, with all the lovely pallor of a white rose in the mist, and on all those wondering eyes were turned, which drifted up the aisle and gathered around the altar.

Then the silence was broken by a full solemn voice reading the marriage service. With another burst of music, the crowd broke up; surged into the street; and half an hour after, drifted into the Noel mansion, now turned into a magnificent bower of blossoming plants; for the public green-houses and President's conservatories had all contributed their best.

The florists had embanked the window-seats with bloom, embroidered the curtains with borders of living flowers, and turned the broad window, where Constance had so nearly met her death, into a bower of snow-white and creamy blossoms that filled the whole house with delicious fragrance. This marvelous arrangement of flowers extended into the hall, and ran up the staircases in a tangled wreath of plants to the roof.

The little studio on the second story had been appropriated—much against the will of every person concerned except General Noel himself—into that vulgar means of display: a room for bridal-gifts. Here also was a profusion of blooming flowers, to which the glow of precious metals, the flash of gems, the gossamer of costly laces and gorgeous embroideries, formed a combination inexpressibly delightful to a portion of the crowd, gifted with more curiosity than refinement. But there was one thing so strangely curious that most persons paused to examine it, yet came away with unsatisfied curiosity. It was, in fact, a coffer of moderate size, made of some dark precious wood, delicately veined with ivory, and mounted in silver, which time alone had oxydized.

No one had ventured to touch this singular box, which was, in fact, only a miniature copy of the Mexican chest which had held the treasures of Washaning while at his lodgings in Washington; but two women, of coarser mould than the rest, came in just as the last guests were withdrawing. They had received no invitation, but made up their minds to consider that as an accident; and managing to evade a direct presentation, mingled with the crowd, until that left them rummaging among the wedding-presents. At length they pounced upon this antique box.

"Look here—do look here, little Camp! Who could have sent this funny old concern? They might, at any rate, have scoured it up a trifle. Let's see what it holds."

Mrs. Janson Forbes made a snatch at the curiously-linked chain attached to the box, which ended in a small key. Twisting this into the lock, she flung the box open, and raising both hands, almost shouted out her astonishment:

"Moses, Aaron, and all the rest of 'em! Only look here, little Camp. Are they real—are they the genuine thing? Just let me hold 'em under the light."

Mrs. Camp bent over the box, and feasted her greedy eyes on its contents.

"As sure as you live, Janson Forbes, they are real opals and rubies. The others—dear me, how large they are—the others are emeralds."

"Two full sets, all mounted in gold," exclaimed Mrs. Forbes, burning with envy. "They're a bribe for Young. They can't be anything else—a bribe from some railroad king. Who can it be? Where is the ring—Camp, as sure as you live, there is something underhanded going on, and they are leaving us out in the cold."

"Here is a paper," said Mrs. Camp, turning white with distrust, and taking a paper from the

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box, which she read, while Mrs. Forbes gathered its contents over her shoulder, crying out, eagerly:

"Just as I said all the while. Those two Senators sold us out on that treaty. Here it is in black and white: an order on the United States Mint for thousands and thousands in gold, and signed by that copper-colored old scoundrel—Washaning. That's Young's price. The jewels are for the bride—old Noel's daughter—how delicate. That is to pay the old fox for shirking us."

"Hush! Set down the box. Someone is coming!"

The women looked around anxiously. They were close by the door of an inner chamber, and the steps sounded from the hall. Mrs. Camp had no time to put the box back in its place, so she opened the door, darted into the next room, pushed it, open as it was, on a table, and fled back into the studio again, breathless with fear. As she stood holding both hands to her heart, a door, leading to the room she had just left, opened, and someone went in.

"Now!" she said. "Now is our time, Forbes," and the two glided out of the room, and from the house.

The person who had entered that chamber was Constance Young, the bride of a few hours. She had hurried up from the few guests that remained, to change her bridal robes for a traveling-dress; but the first object she saw upon her dressing-table was that open box with the jewels crowded hastily into it, and among them the crushed paper. She had seen those opals on that awful night when they seemed to crown a demon, and was afraid to touch them; now they fascinated while they frightened her. She cautiously drew forth the paper, which had been crushed in Mrs. Camp's hand. The light reflected from the box dazzled her, and she could not make out the meaning; but in disturbing that, she discovered another paper, folded, sealed, and directed to herself. She opened it, read a few words, and fell upon her knees by the table, with both hands pressed down upon her sister's letter, weeping bitterly.

A light knock at the door, and a low, happy voice was heard calling out:

"The carriage is waiting, Constance. Are you ready?"

Constance came to the door, her eyes still full of tears, and drew her husband in, and giving him Washanee's letter, said, brokenly:

"She is a grander woman than I shall ever be. Oh! is she not?"

When this newly-married pair came out of the room, Young was looking very grave and strangely sad, while heavy tears still trembled in the eyes of his bride.

[THE END.]

## THE WATER DEMON.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The water beckons me, and smiles,
And nods, and laughs so gay.
It woos me with a thousand wiles,
And whispers: "Come away."

I turn to go. But soft it calls:
"A moment only stay.
I know such cooling waterfalls,
In hidden woods away"

And then I see its arms of snow
Wind up from out the spray;
They weave, they twine, they clasp me—no!
I tear myself away.

Oh! mother dear, come hold me fast.
Oh! sisters, for me pray;
Or else the water at the last
Will have its wicked way.

## PAIN.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Pain came at nightfall, and she staid till morn.
Her brow was heavy, and her eyes were wet
And resolute. Her tender lips were set.
She came and had no word, but was forlorn:
This child of earth—earth's loveless earliest born.
Along her path no wistful violet:
The winds were out with sighing moan and fret—
Her drooping form spake man's embittered scorn.

And still she crossed the threshold at the fall
Of night, and staid until the dawn's red rose
Bloomed in the East; then at the blithe gay call
Of larks uprising, swift she went away;
But left behind her, odorous as the May,
A lasting peace, that from her sombre clothes
Fell like a star, and brought eternal day.

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# AUNT SALLY'S "GHOST."

BY MARGARET STIRLING.

"Of course I know what you will say. 'A ghost! Nonsense! Out of fashion! A mere optical delusion! Too much mince-pie.' But it was nothing of the kind. It was a bona-fide ghost. I am not the kind of woman to imagine anything. Let me tell you about it."

The speaker was a middle-aged, comfortable-looking woman, with a placid sensible face, whom we all knew as Aunt Sally. She was dressed in a plain stuff dress, with a snowy kerchief crossed on her capacious bosom, and large gold spectacles astride of her nose. She certainly looked unlikely to imagine anything.

"You remember," resumed Aunt Sally, "that I was in Europe when your Cousin Tom was married. Luckily, perhaps, for I was like an old fool, dreadfully opposed to the union. For I had wanted Tom to make a grand marriage. Sue's grandfather, you know, had disinherited her, for no fault of her own, but because he disliked her mother: and she really had nothing, except the old house where her grandfather lived, and which was left to her by her grandmother. It was said, that at the last the old man repented, and muttered something inarticulately, of which the bystanders could only make out the word "will," looking hopelessly at Sue as he spoke. From this it was imagined that he wished to make a new will. But the moment after, he lost consciousness, and never recovered it again. After the funeral, a will was found, but it left his immense fortune to found a hospital; and so she was comparatively penniless.

"Tom had always been my favorite nephew, and he wrote me such appealing letters, after his marriage, that my disappointment and wrath had time to cool before I returned to America. I began to reflect that, after all, love was better than money, and that, if Sue was half what Tom described her, she was a greater prize without a penny than if she had millions. So I agreed to go to Tom's house first, on my arrival in New York, and make the acquaintance of Sue; and when we steamed into the dock, there was Tom, sure enough, waiting for me.

"As we drove up Broadway, I naturally asked how Sue was. Tom replied that she was very well, only her spirits were variable. 'She has taken the most violent dislike to her house, into which we moved, you know, after our marriage,' he said. 'We went there because it was our own, and the old family mansion; for her grandmother and grandfather had lived there all their lives.' He went on to say that the queerest part of it all was, that as long as Sue was out of the house, she was her old self; but the instant that her foot crossed the threshold, something seemed to come over her. 'Upon my word, Aunt Sally,' said he, his jolly face full of discomfort, 'one would think the child expected to see a ghost. I don't know what possesses her. Bless her little heart! You should see her watch a door open. I firmly believe that she expects to see old Van-Wyke himself walk in.' Here he gave an uneasy laugh.

"By this time we had reached the house. You all know it: a great square double-house, built of brick: one of the finest of the old aristocratic mansions of the last century. Someone had evidently been watching for us; for as we ascended the steps, the heavy door opened quickly, and before I could see who it was, I felt a pair of soft arms around my neck, and a sweet voice said: 'You are Aunt Sally—aren't you? I love you already. But how late you are.'

"As soon as I could, I looked at the speaker. Such a pretty, pathetic little face, with wistful gray eyes, and soft wavy hair. She seemed as if a rough wind would blow her away, so small and so fragile was she; and yet she hardly appeared delicate. 'How pale she is,' I thought. At that moment she turned to welcome Tom. The bright color rushed to her cheeks, and she looked like a little wild-rose, as she stood there blushing.

"Of course we went directly upstairs. As we passed through the square old-fashioned hall, hung with faded tapestry and family portraits, and so on to the carved oak staircase at the extreme end, I, like Tom, was filled with wonder at his wife's unaccountable dislike to this picturesque old house, which was to me perfectly charming. Every nook and corner seemed to be filled with quaint old pieces of mahogany cabinet ware, ornamented with strange heads, half animal, half human, in massive burnished brass.

"When we reached the hall above, Tom threw open a door, with 'Here's your room, Aunt Sally: Sue's been getting ready for you for the last month: so prepare for something gorgeous.' But, looking in that direction, my attention was



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caught by a piece of furniture which was absolutely startling, at least in the dusky light. It was of some dark Eastern wood, carved in the most fantastic fashion, and represented a human figure, crouching on its knees as if about to spring. The face wore an expression of agony that it is impossible to describe. But the eyes! Oh, they were terrible. The sculptor, with horrible ingenuity, had hit upon the device of inserting strange opal-tinted stones into the empty wooden sockets, and the result was fearful; for in the soft fading twilight, these eyes seemed to pursue you, to dilate and change as you looked at them. In one hand, the figure held a mask of brass; in the other, an elaborately wrought coffer of the same metal, and this coffer had a heavy pendant lock of curious workmanship.

"I was so absorbed, in gazing upon this strange weird thing, that I absolutely started as I heard Tom say: 'That is Sue's fetich, Aunt Sally. I really believe, that every morning, as soon as I'm off to the office, she offers up human sacrifices to its dusky majesty.' 'Nonsense, Tom,' broke in Sue, with strange vehemence. 'You know I hate the thing.' And passed on, we following, into my chamber, which, with its bright chintz furniture and blazing fire on the hearth, seemed of itself to welcome me.

"Tom deposited my wraps and traveling-bag on a chair, and then took himself off, leaving Sue and me to make each other's acquaintance. With me, it was a case of 'love at first sight.' After an hour's chat in the dim twilight, our acquaintance had progressed wonderfully; so wonderfully that I made up my mind to ask her as to her real reasons for disliking her grandmother's house. So I began: 'Tom says you don't like your house? How is it, dear?'

"Sue started. Her whole face worked nervously. 'Like it?' she said, her voice trembling piteously. 'If you only knew.' She broke off passionately. 'Knew what, dear?' I said, gently putting my arms around her, and looking down at the pretty pale face. 'Nothing,' she said, with an effort, disengaging herself resolutely. 'Don't pay attention to anything I say, Aunt Sally. You know, I've been ill; and I'm not a bit myself yet.' Then, with a quick return to her usual manner, she added: 'It's time to dress for dinner. Can I do anything for you before I go?'

"I thanked her, and she went.

"The opportunity was gone. What had the child tried to tell me? I couldn't forget her face, as she looked up to me: that piteous expression, as if begging for assistance.

"Guided by the sound of voices, I found, when I had dressed, the snug little dining-room, and interrupted a very pretty little tableau. Tom was in the very act of kissing his pretty wife, who, stretched on tiptoe, looked very much as if she liked it. They both started a foot apart, blushing guiltily, when they saw me.

"Dinner was served immediately. We were a happy little party. Sue was in the highest spirits. Her cheeks fairly blazed with color, and her eyes were bright as stars. She greeted all Tom's absurd speeches with the merriest laughter. I sat looking at their bright young faces, and the pretty room filled with dainty knick-knacks; and then, with my usual ill-luck, I said just the wrong thing: 'I can hardly believe this room to be in this house,' I said. 'It's so modern in its character; the rest belongs to the dead centuries.'

"It was as if I'd been an enchanter, and had waved my wand and commanded mirth to vanish. Sue made no reply, but looked gravely down at her plate. Tom, seeing my dismay, gave a hearty laugh, and said: 'Aunt Sally, I really think this child is afraid of all this old stuff. And yet she keeps it, because it's been for ages in the Van-Wyke family: in fact, I believe it's part of their religion. Seriously, Sue promised her grandmother always to keep it. You should see her pass the gentleman just outside your door, in the hall above. Upon my soul, I believe she expects him to grab her.'

"This sally of Tom's was followed by silence. Not hearing the merry laugh and quick denial from Sue that I had expected, I looked up to find to my dismay that her eyes were brimming over with tears. Tom saw it, too; but making a quick sign to me not to speak, he rattled on with some absurd nonsense.

"After dinner, we sat talking until the clock struck eleven. Tom now rose, and left the room; and presently we heard him, it seemed to me everywhere, locking and bolting, barring and closing. As I said to Sue, I felt as though I were in a Bastile. Then I added, thoughtlessly: 'Do you stuff the key-holes, too?' 'No,' said Sue, 'I wish we did.' A quick change passed over her face. 'Aunt Sally, I must tell—'

"What she was going to say I don't know, for in came Tom at that instant, with 'Now to bed—to bed! I'm becoming anxious about my beauty sleep.' Laughing immoderately at his nonsense, we hurried upstairs. At my door, we all paused for one more 'good-night.' As I closed the door, I saw Sue grasp her husband's arm tightly as she passed the awful figure. Smiling to myself at the child's foolishness, I commenced my preparations for the night.

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Thoroughly tired out by the day's excitement, I longed for a good night's rest. The last thing I did was to bolt and lock the door, as usual.

"Suddenly I awoke. I must have slept for some time; two or three hours, say, to judge from the appearance of the fire, which was now smouldering in the grate. I awoke, too, with the consciousness that there was something in the room. No one, who has not experienced the feeling, knows what it is; the horror, the ignorance: anything better than the suspense.

"Half asleep, I raised myself on one elbow, and looked carefully around the room. I could see nothing, though occasional gleams from the dying fire lighted it up after a fashion. Satisfied, I sank back on my pillow. 'Stuff and nonsense,' I said, impatiently. 'I must have had a bad dream,' and settled myself comfortably. But it was of no use. I could not sleep. My eyes remained resolutely wide open.

"I had been lying motionless for about ten minutes, I should say, when I heard—what? I couldn't call it a noise. It was more like the sound a cat makes on a well-carpeted floor, or as if something invisible were creeping toward me, from the further end of the room.

"Thoroughly awake now, I sat erect. Strange to say, the idea of anything supernatural never occurred to me. My only thought was that there was something shut up in the room with me. The fireplace faced the door. So, whatever light there was, shone directly upon it; and I could see distinctly the lock with the key in it, and the door-handle.

"But now, the thing, whatever it is, is coming towards me. The dull soft sound—thud, thud—grows louder and louder. Then, for the first time, it comes over me, that whatever it is, it is not alive: it is not flesh and blood. Nearer and nearer I hear it approach, until it is at my bedside. Yet still I can see nothing. Then something grasps the coverlid, gently and cautiously. Filled with wild ungovernable fear, I lose all control of myself, and give one piercing scream. Then I sink back on my pillows, more dead than alive, shuddering, and hiding my face.

"After that there is a dead, awful silence. I hear my heart beating, with a noise that seems to me almost deafening. Then a door opens and shuts. And then, blessed relief, I hear Tom at my door, calling me, and asking what has happened. But I cannot speak. My tongue seems glued to the roof of my mouth. I try to summon courage enough to make a wild dash to the door, but cannot; for I must pass *it*, whatever it is, and what if it should spring towards me? Yet to stay in the room with it is impossible. I should certainly go mad. Desperately I measure the distance to the door.

"Instantly the sound recommences—creep—creep—but this time not towards me, but in the direction of the door. Then I saw, as distinctly as I see you, now, girls, a hand: the hand of an old person, with the skin yellow and wrinkled. The hand is advanced and laid on the key. Slowly I hear it turn in the lock. Then it grasped the door-handle, and the door opened.

"All was quiet for an instant. Then came a piercing scream, and a muttered 'Great heavens' from Tom.

"Aroused at last, I rushed to the door. There stood Tom, white as death, supporting Sue, who was half fainting in his arms; and both staring fixedly at—what? I turned and followed the direction of their eyes; and saw, standing by the side of the weird grotesque carving, the figure of an old man, bent and doubled with age. Motionless, for some seconds, it stood there; and then, as if looking for something, stooped and unlocked the coffer, which I have described as being held in the right hand of the idol.

"I felt as though it all must be some horrible nightmare. But I heard Tom breathe low and hard. I saw Sue tremble from head to foot.

"At last, with a satisfied nod, the figure rose, turned, and slowly made its way along the corridor. It reached the staircase. With one hand—that hand, how well I recognized it—it grasped the carved balustrade, and began to descend the stairs. I see every detail now, as clearly as though it were still before me. The old figured dressing-gown fluttering out behind; the slippers creased and a little down at the heel; as for the face, it could not be seen. As the apparition reached the last turn in the staircase, it paused, and slowly raising its arms, but never turning, made what seemed to be a gesture of farewell, and vanished.

"We all stood motionless. Then Sue grasped my arms, and looked wildly in my face. 'Thank God,' she cried, 'that you both saw it, and can't doubt my word now. It has saved me from going mad. If you only knew what torture—' As she spoke, she tottered, and but for Tom, would have fallen, insensible, to the floor.

"What a night that was! Sue went from one fainting fit to another. But in the intervals, the child's feeling seemed to be that of thankfulness; for she confessed, now, that twice before she had seen this same ghostly hand, and had immediately supposed it to be a premonitory symptom of insanity. All alone, she had battled with the awful fear, until it was a wonder that under the pressure her mind had not deserted her, as she had feared it would.

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"Tom, little knowing the agonies his poor wife was suffering, was conscious that there was something wrong, some mystery, that was taking all the spring and happiness out of his life; but he never had dreamed it was so serious, and had tried, as earlier in that night, to laugh it off."

There was a breathless pause, as Aunt Sally finished her story; and for some minutes we could absolutely hear the beating of our hearts. At last one of us ventured to ask:

"But what was in the box?"

"A will. A will, in the handwriting of Sue's grandfather, revoking his former will and bequeathing everything to Sue. The will was dated the very day the old man had the stroke of which he died. It was to tell where he had put the will that he struggled so hard, doubtless, to speak, when he found himself dying. Poor old soul, how he must have suffered! Suffered so terribly, perhaps, that he broke the prison-bars of the grave, and came back to earth, in order to tell his secret."

"Has the hand ever been seen since?"

"No."

We could say nothing. Who could? What explanation had we, or has anyone? Truly, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

## OFF CAPE ANN.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

All through the summer night we sailed
  Beneath the silent skies,
And saw Arcturus as it paled,
  And Aldebaran rise.

Before him went the Pleiades;
  Behind him, star on star,
A glitt'ring train, till all the seas
  Flashed back their lights afar.

Great Sirius; Orion bold:
  Whole constellations vast.
They grew and brightened: worlds untold.
  Like armies marching past.

The late moon rose, and moved a queen
  Amid this dazzling throng;
Yet scarcely seemed to dim its sheen—
  And still we swept along.

Boon's sea-girt beacon sank away;
  The Isles of Shoals slipped by;
And swift a-lee fled shad'wy bay,
  And ghostly headland high.

The twin lights up on Thacher's Isle
  Shone out ahead, abeam,
Then far astern; and all the while
  We raced as in a dream.

The world was not. The stars alone
  Looked on us speeding past.
Out from some Infinite Unknown
  To one as vague and vast.

And so, till Aldebaran came,
  High o'er the mast away.
When lo, the dawn. And all aflame,
  Rushed forth the conq'ring day.

Oh, night of nights, your stars have paled.
  And dim you come to me.
As if a night when once I sailed
  Some lost Eternity.

## AT THE GATE.

BY MRS. ALLIE CRISS.

We stood in the mystic moonlight,
  Last night, at the garden gate;
And Kate was watching the moonbeams,
  And I was looking at Kate.
We talked of music, and flowers,
  Of art, and science, and men;
Till the clock in the old gray tower
  Struck plainly the hour of ten.
She turned and started to leave me,
  With only a whispered "good-night;"
But I clasped her white hand closer,
  And I held it firm and tight.
  And said I: "A moment, Kate."
  Said she: "'Tis getting late."
  But still she lingered at the gate.

The mocking-birds' sweet notes rang out,
  In music wild and gay;
And still we lingered at the gate—
  I could not go away.
The silent stars kept watch above,
  With laughing nod and peep;
The dew fell fast in crystal drops,
  And kissed the flowers to sleep.
I drew her nearer to my side,
  In silent raptured bliss.
"Ah! Kate," I cried, "be but my bride."
  And sealed it with a kiss.
  "Be but my bride, and wed me, Kate."
  Said she: "Oh, yes. But 'tis so late."
  And so we parted at the gate.

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# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of fine lady's-cloth and velvet. It may be made in black, brown, dark-green, or navy-blue. Our model calls for an olive-brown, with velvet of a darker shade. The foundation skirt is made of silk, or alpaca of the same color; the cloth is too heavy for comfort. If made of silk, the kilt-plaited

No. 2.

flounce, which is twelve inches deep across the front and sides, and nine inches across the back, is of silk. If the foundation be of alpaca, the flounce must be made of the cloth. The long



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tunic opens as far as the head of the flounce in front, and is then closed to the waist. A wide band of velvet, cut on the bias, edges the tunic all around. The front and sides form long

No. 3.

straight panels, and the back is looped in irregular puffs. The cuirass basque is double-breasted, and buttoned with ball buttons. The front is cut in a point, shaping from the side-seams; the back forms a coat-tail. From the side-seams the basque is finished by a thick twisted silk cord and tassels, which tie in front. Tight coat-sleeves, with deep cuffs of velvet, and turnover collar of the same, complete this costume. Ten yards of silk for the skirt and flounce, four yards of cloth, one and a half yards of velvet for trimming. If the flounce is to be made of the cloth, allow an extra yard.

No. 2—Is a costume suitable for either the house or the street. It is a combination of satin or satin de Lyons, and striped moiré and velvet. The skirt has five narrow knife-plaited ruffles,

No. 4.

over which is arranged a scarf-drapery, forming a tablier front, and ending in large bow and ends at the back, sufficiently long and full to make a graceful drapery at the back. The edge of the

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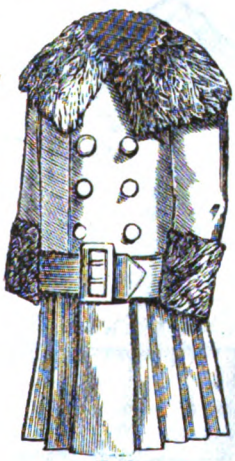
tunic is finished with a fringe of jet balls. The bodice is of the striped velvet, perfectly plain, opening in front from the waist line. The back

No. 5.

has double box-plaits from the waist line to give the required fullness over the tournure. The edge of the basque is finished by the same fringe of jet; also the cuffs and edge of standing collar.



No. 6.

The basque is buttoned with small jet ball buttons. This costume is intended for black velvet and satin, but any dark shade of garnet or blue would be equally suitable. Fifteen to sixteen yards of satin de Lyons, and three and a half or four yards of striped velvet for the bodice. An old black silk for the foundation will be most useful, retrimmed in this manner.

No. 3.—For a young lady, we give a stylish walking-costume, the skirt of which is of a fine pin-check camel's-hair, black and white, brown and tan, or any of the fashionable combination checks. A kilted skirt, which is attached to a deep yoke, over which the drapery is arranged to form paniers, and slightly puffed in the back. The jacket is of cloth, to

No. 7.

correspond in color; which is braided, and fastened in front with cord and frogs. The pattern is simple, and the braid used is thick mohair braid. Several plain rows finish the edge. Such a jacket will be found useful to wear with any skirt.

No. 4—Is a pretty and simple pattern for a robe-de-chambre or breakfast-wrapper. Our model is of self-colored cashmere. The edge of the front, collar, cuffs, and pockets are scalloped with silk of the same shade. Silk buttons to match. In pale-blue, gray, or crimson, a very dressy and

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No. 8.

becoming *négligé* can be made; but for real use, we would recommend some one of the pretty plain or striped flannels, as they need no lining, and therefore are more pleasant to wear.

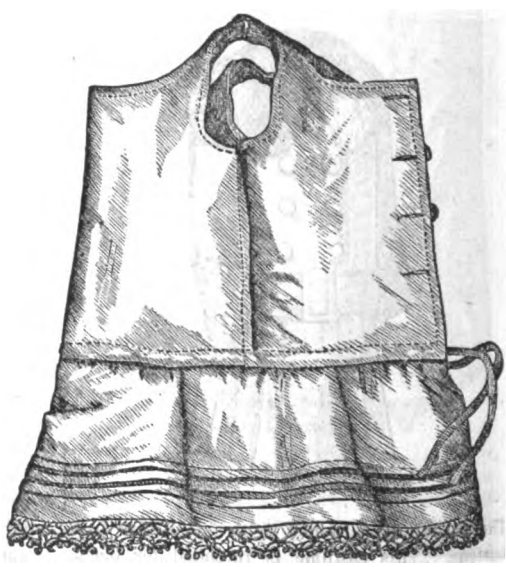
No. 5—Is a dressy bodice for a dinner-dress, and may be used with advantage to freshen up an old costume. The material is of embossed silk and velvet; the trimming is of plush and Chantilly lace. The shape of the bodice is given in the illustration, showing how the bands of plush are arranged down the front to simulate an under-vest. The lace is quite full down the front and around the edge of the bodice. Elbow sleeves, trimmed to correspond. A knotted flot of ribbon is fastened at the waist. These bodices are worn either in black or colored silks, over a black silk skirt. For a young girl, crimson, pale-pink, or blue is very pretty and becoming. Four yards of silk, three-quarters of a yard of plush, eight yards of lace, two yards of ribbon for flot at waist, will be required.

No. 6—Is a costume for a child of four to six years, of dark maroon velvet or cloth, with gilt buttons. It is double-breasted, with a kilt skirt. A wide belt of the material, fastened by a buckle, is worn at the waist, and kept in place by being passed under tiny straps at the side-seams. A deep collar and cuffs of chinchilla, beaver, or gray squirrel-fur is worn with this costume. In the place of fur, the collar and cuffs may be made of plush or sealskin-cloth.

No. 7—Is a paletot, for a little boy of three to four years, made of cloth or cashmere. The long paletot has a double vandyked edge over a kilt-plaited ruffle. These vandykes are lined with silk, and have one row of narrow braid or a row of machine-stitching. Two rows of large pearl or other fancy buttons down the front, on the cuffs, and one on each box-plait which forms the back. The box-plaits are sometimes continued from the neck, sewed flat to the waist line, and then let fly for the fullness of the skirt. In the latter case, the trimming of points and kilting, which we have described, only continue across the front and sides. Large turnover collar.

No. 8—Is a pelisse, of white cashmere or merino, for a baby in long clothes. It is lined throughout with fine white flannel or quilted silk, and either braided or embroidered on the edge of the pelisse and cape. A deep knotted silk fringe finishes the cape, which is tied in front with strings of soft white ribbon.

No. 9—Is a new model for a petticoat, of flannel, for a child of two to four years. The skirt



No. 9.

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has three small tucks, and it is edged with a nice torchon or Irish guipure lace. The waist is of fine long cloth, finished with buttons and button-holes up the back, and a casing for string at the waist. The latter is almost unnecessary, as little ones of this age are now dressed so loosely about the waist.

### LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Dress: Plain, | .50 |
| " " with drapery and trimming, | 1.00 |
| Polonaise, | .50 |
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| Coats, | .35 |
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### BOYS' PATTERNS.

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|---|---|---|---|
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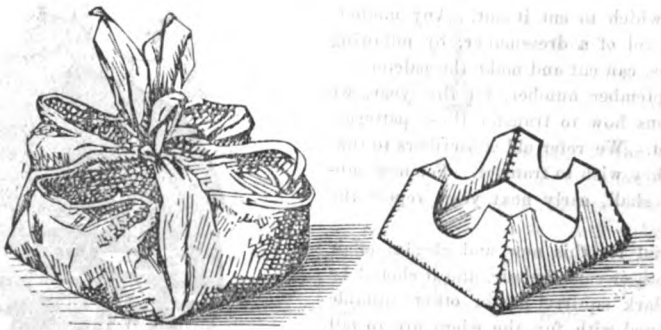
In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

## A BUNDLE-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Here is a novel design for a work-bag. The frame is made of white cardboard of the shape given in the diagram, the pieces being sewed together. Over this a square silk handkerchief is tied, just in the manner of tying a bundle; the four corners are tied together and stitched to prevent their becoming loose. Articles of work are put in the open divisions. For a Christmas, New Years, or Birth-Day gift, this would be very nice.

## ARRASEN EMBROIDERY: COLORED PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We are always seeking, in "Peterson," for new styles of embroidery, as well as novelties of all other kinds. Our past volumes bear testimony to this. We were the first, years and years ago, to give designs in crewel-work, feather-work, straw embroidery, moresque braiding, etc., etc. We now introduce to our readers, and to the American public, a new style of fancy-work, called Arrasen Embroidery, giving two different patterns of it. This we offer as a Christmas Gift to the countless patrons of "Peterson" for 1882.

Arrasen embroidery may be done on any of the materials generally used in other embroidery; but it is worked with chenille, in the place of crewels or silk. It can be done either with or without a frame; but by using one, the work is more quickly done. A number one chenille needle should be chosen, and short needlefuls taken. The correct stitch is that known as the

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stem-stitch, sometimes called the crewel-stitch; which consists of a long stitch forward on the surface, and a shorter one backward under the fabric. A finished appearance will be given to the work by placing the embroidery face downwards upon a folded flannel, and passing a warm iron over the back, which proceeding sets the arrasen. Where fine lines are required, it is best to use crewel, or gold thread, or embroidery-silk.

As specially suitable for arrasen embroidery, the following flowers are to be recommended: Clematis, wild-rose and orchids, passion-flowers, poppies and wheat, sunflowers, poinsettias, azaleas, horse-chestnut in blossom and also in fruit, apple-blossoms, liliums, pelargoniums, begonias, holly, French marigolds and ferns, autumn foliage in rich colorings, daffodils, yellow iris, primroses, and snowdrops.

We give two designs which may be used for cushions, chair-backs, screens, etc., etc. One is an iris, the other wild-roses.

## PALETOT FOR GIRL: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for this month, an engraving of a very stylish paletot, suitable for a girl of from six to eight, or even ten years. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns by which to cut it out. Any mother, without the aid of a dressmaker, by following these patterns, can cut and make the paletot.

In the September number, for this year, we gave directions how to transfer these patterns, when desired. We refer old subscribers to that number, if they wish to transfer. For new subscribers, we shall, early next year, repeat the directions.

The material for this new and elegant affair should be cloth or camel's-hair, and it should be lined with dark squirrel-fur or other suitable lining. If lined with fur, the edges are to fall below the garment, as seen in the illustration, and form the trimming. The paletot consists of five pieces, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—SLEEVE.
IV.—HALF OF CAPE: FRONT.
V.—HALF OF CAPE: BACK.

The notches and lettering show how the pieces are joined. The sleeve is gathered at the wrist. The cape is lined with the fur; also the edge of the sleeves. Or, as we said before, if fur is not desirable, then the whole garment may have a wadded and quilted lining, and only a narrow band of fur set in between the lining and outside. This will produce the same effect of trimming, and will be less expensive. The muff is made of the same material, and ornamented by bands of fur and a bow of satin ribbon.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, four designs in embroidery, which are described, on the next page, in full.

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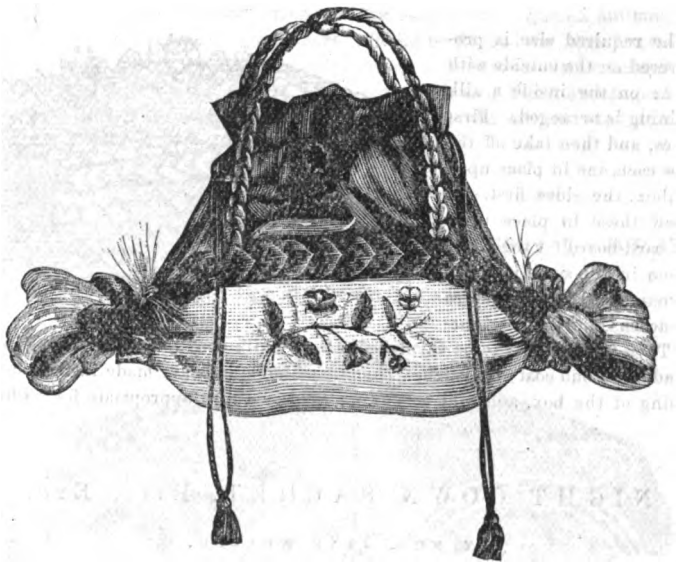
# SOFT WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This fancy little work-bag is made with Java canvas and colored cashmere or silk. The canvas is worked with a spray of flowers on each side, done in Kensington-stitch, with crewels and gold thread. The ends of the canvas are fringed out and doubled over to form full bunches, and the loose ends are tied with ribbon to match the ruche which covers the join of the canvas and cashmere together. The bag has a drawing-string run in to form a frill, and plaited woolen cord is used for handles. Most useful for a knitting-bag, as the shape will take the needles with convenience. This would make an especially pretty Christmas gift.

# EMBROIDERIES ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In addition to the pattern for a girl's paletot, given on the SUPPLEMENT, we give several designs in embroidery. They are so arranged as not to interfere with the lines of the dress-pattern, and can be cut out if necessary. If it is desired to transfer them, directions for that were given in the September number, to which we refer.

A BAND OF CARNATIONS AND LEAVES is the first of these designs. This may be worked on cloth, flannel, linen, or any other material that is desirable. The band may be used for a variety of purposes. The flowers may also be made of any of the shades that make the real carnation so beautiful. The leaves may be in various tones of green; the light gray-green of the actual flower, however, being the most suitable. Silks or crewels may be employed. The Kensington-stitch (which we have so often described, and of which we have given illustrations) will be found the best to work it with.

CUFF, POCKET, AND COLLAR, in embroidery, for a dress, are three other designs. They may be done in Kensington-stitch, or else in satin-stitch embroidery. The flowers and leaves may be either in the natural colors, or in one shade of any color suitable for the dress. The latter we think preferable, as less pronounced, unless the dress is a white one, in which case the natural color will be prettiest. Embroidery silks or crewels may be used.



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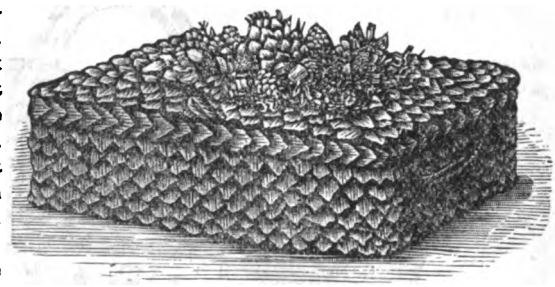
## HANDKERCHIEF-BOX OF PINE CONES.

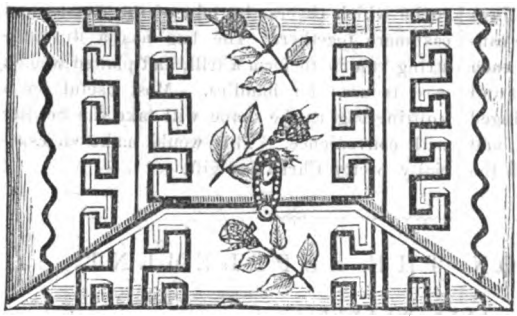
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A box of the required size is procured, and covered on the outside with brown cambric; on the inside a silk and wadded lining is arranged. First select fine cones, and then take off the petals, and sew each one in place upon the foundationbox, the sides first. It is easier to sew these in place upon extra pieces of card-board for the sides. The top is done in the same manner, only being ornamented in the centre by tiny cones, acorns, and a few bright-red berries. Then the whole is to be varnished. After drying, add a second coat of varnish. Then adjust the lining of the box, and add a loop of brown silk cord to lift the lid. Very pretty pin-cushion stands are made in the same way. This would be very appropriate for a Christmas gift.

## NIGHT-GOWN SACHET, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, an illustration for a night-gown sachet, or for a lady's toilet. In the front of the number, we add the pattern, full size, in detail, that is to be worked on it. The material may be either white cotton canvas crash, Java canvas, or piqué; the design should be worked with in-grain thread that washes well. Turkey-red and dark-blue thread may be used; but if preferred, the grecque looks well in dark-brown and gold crewels, and the buds in the natural color. The same design will also serve for a couverpied, or for a variety of other things. This sachet would make a suitable Christmas gift.

## ANTIMACASSAR, OR COUNTERPANE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for an antimacassar or counterpane, to be made of coarse white or écru linen, in alternate stripes of "drawn-work" and crewel embroidery.

The three drawn stripes in the centre of the design measure one inch each in width, the two outer ones half an inch each. The worked bands between each open work are half an inch each. The edges of the wider-drawn rows are worked in large marking-stitch, as is the outer edge of the narrow outside rows, which are simply tied with a long stitch between each division. The centre stripe has about six threads tied together tightly in the middle, and the cotton or wool carried on to the next bunch without drawing them too closely together. The two



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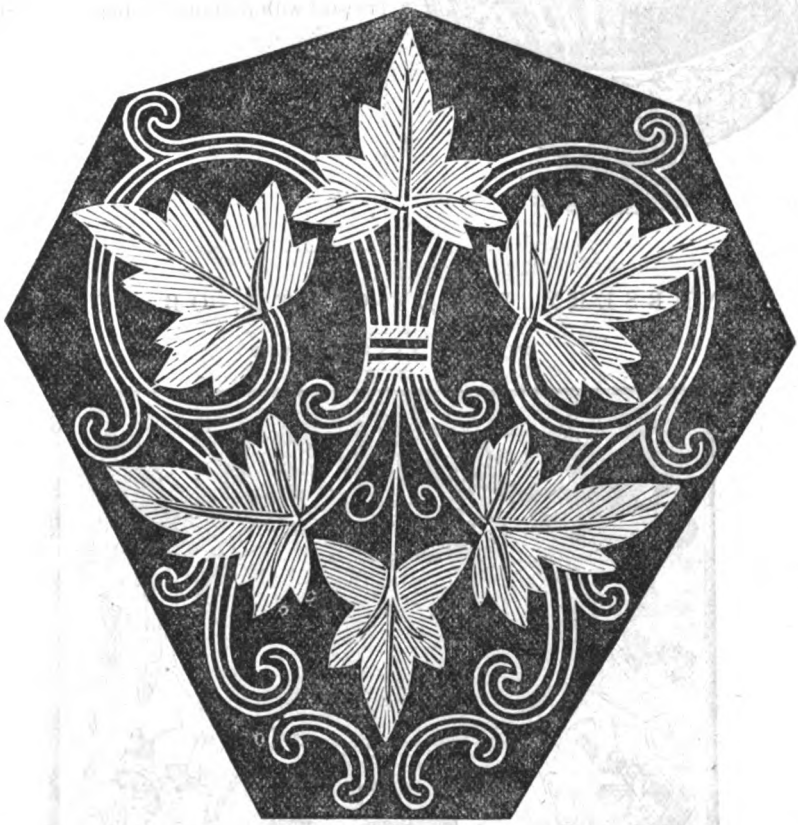
broad open rows are eight threads divided into two fours, and crossed by bringing the thread under the lower four, and over the upper. The two outer bands between the open rows are worked with a row of raised spots at equal distances. The other two rows are worked in chain-stitch. The broad embroidered band is worked in stem-stitch, with two different colors or shades of crewel threaded together in the needle.

The colors most admired are orange and brown for the stem-stitch, and an opal-blue for the open work; but of course colors must be selected to match or harmonize with the rest of the furniture. The edge of the counterpane, if it is a counterpane that is worked, should be done in broad buttonhole-stitch, either in scallops or plain straight edge, with the colors used for the stem-stitch. For an antimacassar, the ends should be fringed out, and knotted with the two crewels, the sides in buttonhole-stitch. The open work may be done with good coarse ingrain thread instead of the wool, if that should be preferred.

## DESIGN FOR TOE OF BATH-SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Flannel of the thick kind used for bath-blankets is the best; common flannel or serge may be used, but must be lined after the embroidery is done. We give the design in full size, and the embroidery is worked in two shades of any color; one portion of the leaf being light, the other dark. The arabesque lines which connect the leaves are done in gold-colored silk. These slippers are made up on cork soles with no heels. They would be particularly appropriate for a Christmas, New Year's, or even for a Birth-Day gift.

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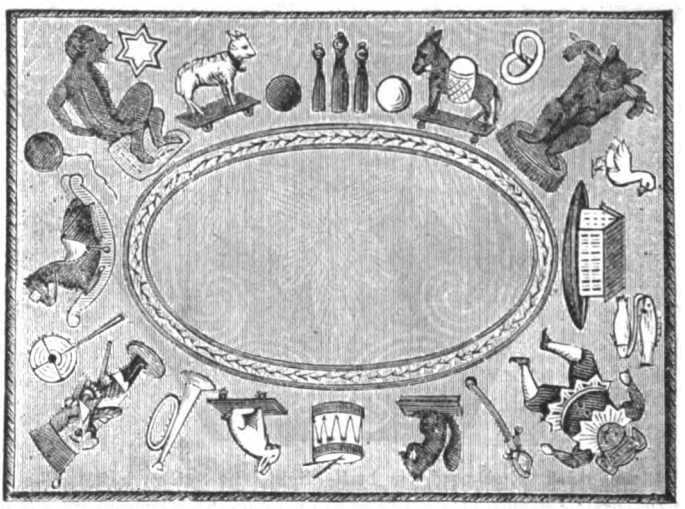
# THE SHELL BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is an exceptionally beautiful affair, and very easily made. Procure a sea-shell of almost any kind except the very commonest, and cover the lower side with plush appliqué, which is itself to be covered with embroidery *au passé*. The lining is plaited satin, and the handle is twisted with cord, terminating with tassels.

# NURSERY TABLE-CLOTH, OR RUG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



If for a table-cloth, the material should be of stout unbleached muslin; if for a rug, of very stout cloth, which should be lined. The designs in either case are cut out of flannel or cloth of various colors. Those ladies who can sketch will find it easy to enlarge the figures to almost a life



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size for a rug; for a table-cloth in smaller dimensions, they should first be cut in paper, then in suitable materials, as serge, merino, cashmere, silk, etc.; be first tacked on, and then be secured to the foundation by firm buttonhole stitches, with silk to match the color of the design.

## WALL POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This useful receptacle for odds and ends is made of silk or woolen brocade, enriched by outlines of colored silks or gold thread. The mounting is plush, of the groundwork shade; and in the worsted fringe all the colors are repeated. Loops of cord are attached, to suspend it to the wall.

Cretonne, or Java canvas, worked in outline, may be used instead of the brocade, if a less expensive article be desired.

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# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1883! GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1883, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim, is proved by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the United States, or even in the world. Yet for 1883, "Peterson" will be still further improved; *and the reading matter especially will be greatly increased.*

We claim that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other magazine. Its steel-engravings are the finest, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published; no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent; its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb colored plates, printed from steel, have no rivals. The pattern-sheets given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it also indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* Its illustrated stories and other articles are another desirable feature. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family that pretends to culture should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled engraving: "Christ Before Pilate," or Illustrated, or Photograph Album. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1883. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving, or either of the Albums, and also a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both the engraving and either of the Albums, are given, *three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables *us* to do it.

*Now is the time to get up clubs.* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

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BOXES WHICH STAND in bed-rooms can always be made to look like ottomans by means of chintz covers, cut exactly to their size, with a slight fullness allowed for lifting them. A set of portable folding-pegs nailed on to the door, and a chintz curtain to match the box-covers, suspended over them by means of rings, forms at once a *portière* and a wardrobe. Three rings, large enough to slip over the three topmost pegs, will be sufficient to hang the curtain; and it should be weighted with shot at the bottom to keep it down. A book-shelf is another convenience seldom found in bed-rooms destined for temporary occupants. One may easily be made with two wooden boards, covered with black paper, two holes being bored at each end for a double red string to pass through. This folds up quite flat, and is a most useful addition.

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OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT to our subscribers, this year, is the superb colored pattern, or rather patterns, in "Arrasen Embroidery." The cost of these elaborately-colored designs is so great that this is the only magazine that can afford them. Other periodicals fill their books with cheap and showy clap-trap, but what "Peterson" gives has solid merit, and is always the best of its kind.

THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY question has acquired new interest from the advent of Mrs. Langtry in this country. It is quite a mistake, however, to suppose that it is a new thing to talk about handsome women in the newspapers, or at the clubs, or in general society. Things were just the same, if not worse, a hundred and more years ago. When the beautiful Misses Gunning came to London, about the middle of the last century, they were talked of everywhere; people crowded to the theatres and to Vauxhall to see them; and when they walked in the Park, they were literally mobbed, if Horace Walpole is to be believed. Things, after all, are not quite so bad now. We refer to this, not to say that Mrs. Langtry is a professional beauty, but to call attention to Mr. Benedict's novelet, which we shall begin in January, and which is really about the best thing of the kind he has ever written. Apropos of Mrs. Langtry, we published a portrait of her in our February number for 1879, under the title of "The Beauty Of The Season." It is, we think, the best of the many portraits of her.

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ALWAYS ARRANGE cut flowers, yourself, if possible. If you delegate the task to anybody else, ten chances to one the result will not please you. On the arrival of a basket of flowers, the best thing to be done with them is to plunge them head foremost into a basin of water, and leave them there for about a quarter of an hour; they should then be taken out, the ends of the stalks cut and put into water at once, and kept in a cool place till arranged. Geraniums must, however, be excepted from the overhead bath, as it spoils the velvety texture of the petals. Flowers, to travel well, should be gathered perfectly dry, and then put into water, not too closely pressed together, for a few hours. They should then be packed in a perfectly dry box (an air-tight tin one is best), and covered with leaves, without any moisture.

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LACE WAISTCOATS for smartening up dresses can be made by ladies for their own wear. There is a band of satin or velvet around the throat, with a plaiting of lace above; then the foundation and shape of the waistcoat is cut out in black net, and the lace fastened at the throat arranged full, and drawn in just above the waist, then slightly spread out below, according to the length of the bodice. There are three horizontal satin straps, each an inch wide, at the waist, at distances. The cuffs are of folded lace, with two narrower straps on the outside of the arm.

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MORE THAN SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS were spent, this year, on the embellishments of this magazine alone. The cheap lithographs, miscalled steel-plates, issued by other magazines, cost little or nothing, comparatively. But "Peterson" has the best of everything: steel-engravings, colored fashion-plates, etc., etc., and has always found that there are people of taste to recognize this. Hence our unexampled success. "To see 'Peterson' on a contre-table," writes a lady, "proves the refinement of the family."

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WHEN IT WAS FIRST PAINTED, the picture of "Christ Before Pilate" was exhibited for a while in the chief towns of Germany. In Vienna, it brought in fifty thousand dollars in two months; while in Pesth, the residence of the artist, it netted *sixty thousand dollars in six weeks.* There never was a picture painted that has excited such interest.



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OUR GREAT PREMIUM FOR 1883.—For our principal premium for getting up clubs for 1883, we offer the most valuable engraving ever issued, either by us or by anybody else. This is an original steel-engraving, (27 inches by 20,) after Munkacsy's great painting, "Christ Before Pilate"—*perhaps the most wonderful of the century.* The picture is one to appeal to every heart. It is so real that the spectator seems to be actually present. The prominent object is the patient, forgiving, divine face of Christ, yet also that of the "Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief." Then there is Pilate, with his puzzled, hesitating air; the angry hate, the scowling brows of the High Priests and Scribes; and more than all, the unspeakable pathos in the countenance of the pitying young mother, who, with her babe in her arms, stands looking on from one corner. Never before was that ever memorable scene so vividly conceived, much less so successfully and powerfully depicted. *No family in the land should be without this engraving.*

But as there may be some persons who already have their walls covered with engravings, we offer *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, or a handsome Photograph Album, gilt. In all such cases, however, say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. But see the Prospectus.

*Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1883. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year we receive letters saying: "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

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FLAT LACE BOAS are quite fashionable, and have this recommendation: that they can be worn with any dress. They are made of a long flat band of pheasants' feathers. The width of the whole is about five inches, and the pheasants' feathers fall over each other just as they do on the neck of the bird. This new and delightful boa is three yards long, and is tied at the neck and waist with wide brown satin ribbons. This boa would be beautiful in peacocks' neck-feathers.

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"SO COMPLETELY FULFILS."—The Nebraska Press says of this magazine: "We know none that so completely fulfils all the qualifications for a lady's book; and that is the reason, doubtless, why 'Peterson' has had such a long and enduring popularity."

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"I'VE LOST A GREAT DEAL."—A lady writes, who had never subscribed to "Peterson" before 1882: "I feel I've lost a great deal all these years, and I have now persuaded my friends of the same: hence this club."

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"PATTERNS ARE SO GOOD."—A lady writes, "I cannot tell how I have missed 'Peterson,' this year: its patterns are so good, and such a help to me in making up my children's clothes and my own."

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BOWS AND LONG ENDS of ribbon on the shoulder are revived. Ribbon, indeed, will play a most important part on dresses this winter. Nothing is prettier.

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LET EVERY SUBSCRIBER for this magazine make it a point to get us an additional one for 1883. We want, next year, to print two hundred thousand copies.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready about the twentieth of November—a little in advance of the usual time; and will contain, for its first steel-plate, the most beautiful engraving ever issued by any magazine—even by ourselves. Those who send first will get the earliest impressions of this exquisite picture.

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"I TRIED TO DO WITHOUT."—A resident of the far West writes: "The crops were so bad last fall that I tried to do without 'Peterson' this year; but I find I can do without anything else better; and as the crops are good this fall, I am able to send you, as you see, quite a large club."

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THE EXTRA COPY of the magazine, for a premium, is a good thing to work for, as you will then receive a number every month; and one number of "Peterson" contains as much reading as a new novel, and has all the engravings, etc., in addition. Think of that!

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"NONE EQUAL TO IT."—An old subscriber writes: "I was induced, this year, to try something else; but there is nothing, all around, so good as 'Peterson;' and hence I came back early, and shall continue a life-subscriber."

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## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Elfin Land. Poems by Josephine Pollard. Designs by Walter Satterlee. 1 vol., long 4to. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.*—The children of this generation have pleasures that the children of the past never knew. At least this is true as to the books published for them. Thirty years ago, there was nothing like this "Elfin Land" to be had at any price—even in England, much less here. The illustrations are in colors, spirited in drawing, and very effective in every way. The poems are by one of our own contributors. We have not seen anything this year more suitable for a Christmas or New Year's gift.

*Aphorisms. By Marie, Freifrau Von Ebner-Eschenbach. Translated by Mrs. Armis Lee Wister. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Most of these are very excellent. Some of them are too cynical, and therefore only half truths. To believe them, one must think that all nobleness has gone out of life. But they are invariably neatly, and often epigrammatically, expressed.

*Faustine. By "Rita." 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—In some respects, this novel reminds us of "Ouida," though it is not as bad, either artistically or otherwise. The story is a very interesting one, and would have been more so, if the author had been her own self, and not an imitator. In justice to her, however, she is probably unconscious of this influence.

*A Paladin Of Fiance. By Henry Jenkins. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: J. S. Osgood & Co.*—This is quite in the manner of Daudet. The scene is laid in Paris. If it had been written by anybody but the author of "Ginx's Baby," it would have been considered remarkable. The style is incisive, often epigrammatic; better than the story; in fact, the author is an essayist, rather than a novelist.

*Christmas Rhymes And New Year's Chimes. By Mary D. Brine. 1 vol., long 4to. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.*—What we have said elsewhere of "Elfin Land" we can honestly repeat of this pretty little volume. The illustrations here, however, are not in colors. But they are more numerous, and, if possible, more spirited.

*Look Before You Leap. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: H. Holt & Co.*—If this were by any other writer than the author of "His Dearest Foe," it would be considered a work of merit. But it is so inferior to that novel, or even to "The Wooing o' It," that relatively it seems quite poor.



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## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"THE BEST AND CHEAPEST."—The newspapers, without an exception, continue to call "Peterson" *the best as well as cheapest* of the lady's books. The Providence (R. I.) Press says: "We know no magazine that so completely fulfils all the qualifications of a lady's book." Says the Chatham (Mass.) Monitor: "It is but two dollars a year, much less than is asked for any other of equal merit." The Attic (N. Y.) News says: "The low price of this monthly is another thing to consider: yet there is nothing 'catch-penny' about it: though always exceptionally good, the last number is unusually brilliant." The New (Kansas) City says: "Its numerous tales, poems, etc., etc., the work of the best intellect and most refined taste, continue to make 'Peterson's' a magazine which no family should be without." Says the Washington (D. C.) Tribune: "The literature is chaste and pure, for nothing finds its way into this exclusively lady's magazine which is in the slightest degree offensive." The Dubuque (Iowa) Herald calls attention to the fact that "the stories are all original and all first-class," not second-rate trash, copied from low-class English periodicals, as is the case with so many others. The Lexington (Minn.) Bulletin dwells on the fact that "with each copy of the magazine is enclosed just such a dress, or other paper pattern, as a lady needs." The Lapeer (Mich.) Democrat says: "It is foolish for other publishers to attempt to compete with it." Hundreds of similar notices are on our table. We quote these few, so that persons who are getting up clubs may show their friends what editors, who see all the other lady's books, think of the superiority of "Peterson."

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.—Overworked Nervous Systems. Dr. Edward L. Duer, Philadelphia, says: "I consider it valuable in overworked nervous systems."

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THE COMING FASHION.—In writing of what is to be especially in fashion, it is necessary to have seen the leading modistes of our large cities, and after interviewing them, draw one's conclusions. The season is now so far advanced, that the surety of the continuance, and even increase, in the rush for velvets and velveteens is assured. Among the latter goods, as last season, the favorite continues to be the Nonpareil Velveteen, which comes in all shades, and while costing about one-third as much as Lyons velvet, when made with pile-up cannot be told from it except by experts. Hence it is to a very large extent superseding velvet for full costumes and children's garments; and for those who wish to be in the style, and at the same time economize, we would recommend it.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

### No. XII.—HELLEBORE, AMERICAN—VERATRUM VIRIDE.

Called also Indian Poke, and even Poke-root, in some localities, by the ignorant. Stem, two to four or five feet high; round, striated, solid, pubescent, clothed with large elliptic, plicate, and many-nerved bright-green leaves; and terminating in a bracteate racemose panicle of greenish-yellow monoicously polygamous flowers. The leaves are sheath-clasping, five to ten inches long, and three to five inches wide; the panicle is pyramidal, and eight to twelve inches long.

It is found in swamps and borders of damp thickets; along streamlets, in company with the *Ictodes fœtida* or skunk cabbage.

Doctor Osgood, of Providence, Doctor Tully, of New Haven, and subsequently Doctor Norwood, of South Carolina—with many others, of whom the writer was one—brought this agent into prominent notice by claiming for it the power to reduce the pulse at will. Hence it became a great antiphlogistic or anti-inflammatory agent in pneumonia, cardiac affections, inflammatory rheumatism, and all inflammations attended with exalted circulation. Since its introduction to the old school profession, bleeding has waned; the lancet—that "minute instrument of mighty mischief"—has been abandoned, and now lies rusting and neglected in its little velvet-lined box. Formerly, the pale and ruddy, the weak and strong, were alike bled, provided they were attacked with pneumonia, or any severe attack whatever, if high fever, severe headache, and a strong full pulse were present. If a poor lean anæmic washerwoman of to-day, by exposure, was taken ill with pleurisy or pneumonia, to-morrow she was freely bled. To-day, she lacked blood, and needed iron; to-morrow she was sick with the bug-bear inflammation, and she had too much blood, and was bled! Medicine is progressive. Many an honest man's flesh and blood have been cast upon the dung-hill, or converted into guano, in times past, by repeated bleedings, calomel and jalap, salts and senna, antimonials, etc. Of course, in the expressive language of the late Professor T. D. Mitchell, many "triumphed over the disease and the folly of the doctors," whilst others were "slaughtered in the quiet sick-room."—(Doctor Frank). Happily for the human race, inflammatory diseases can now be arrested by our aconite, bryonia, phosphorus, veratrum viride, etc.—in very small doses, too—with prudent diet, good nursing, spongings—and ice (which, in the palmy days of the lancet and calomel, was wholly interdicted). Truly, we progress.

Doctor Hale says of veratrum: "It is worth all other medicines combined in pleuro-pneumonia and all inflammatory diseases." Acts promptly in small doses in pneumonia and convulsions of children; in puerperal convulsions, in ten to fifteen-drop doses, every two or three hours, when pulse is one hundred and sixty; in cerebro-spinal meningitis; congestive headache or cerebral congestion with throbbing; spasmodic affections of the stomach with vomiting, in minute doses; chorea or St. Vitus' dance, two to five drops every three hours; violent palpitations; typhoid dysentery; orchitis; dysmenorrhea, in drop doses every half-hour. He cites the case of a child, with watery diarrhea, reduced to skin and bones—pulse one hundred and sixty, eyes rolled upward, head turning from side to side—cured promptly with minute doses of tincture veratrum viride. The writer's experience with it has been most extensive for twenty-five years, and he could not do justice to many patients without its use. And if any mother has a family physician who "pooh-poohs" this agent, she had better dismiss him summarily. It is an agent, however, too active and powerful, for good or for evil, for mothers to use without the advice, and under directions, of their family attendant.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.

### No. 179.—WORD-SQUARE.

1. A state of Mexico. 2. Officers of a king's stables. 3. Dehiscent pods. 4. A variety of starch. 5. Radical. 6. Crenelated. 7. A hard substance on a horse's knee.

*Baltimore, Md.* HAL HAZARD.

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No. 180.—Syncopations.

1. Syncopate speed, and leave malignity.
2. Syncopate bark, and leave to clear.
3. Syncopate floor, and leave fortune.

*Marblehead, Mass.* Geesee.

No. 181.—Hour-Glass.

1. A plant. 2. Twisted. 3. To foment. 4. Metal. 5. A letter. 6. A tree. 7. A fixed spot. 8. Spasmodic. 9. A plant.

*Centrals.*—A certain kind of puzzle.

*Smyrna, N. Y.* Hank Kerchief.

No. 182.—Hidden Cities.

1. Run, Charles, to Ned's house, and ask him to go with us.
2. I hope King Alcohol will some day be dethroned.
3. There is Mary with a cat in her arms.
4. My grapes do very well on the new trellis.
5. Is it not time for the weevil or the weather to help a rise in flour?
6. Rough himself, he is always telling me what a vandal I am.

*Lawrence, Mass.* P. Q. R.

*Answers Next Month.*

Answers to Puzzles in the November Number.

No. 175.

Abram Garfield.

No. 176.

May fortune weave a wreath for you,
Of all the choicest flowers;
May all your birthdays bright ones be,
And all your days be happy hours.

No. 177.

1. Dover. 2. Helena. 3. Lowell. 4. Walla Walla. 5. Boston. 6. Troy.

No. 178.

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# OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

CHRISTMAS COOKERY.

*Turkey.*—The young hen turkey, when large enough, is considered best, being plumper and generally fatter than the male; but a young male is preferable to an old hen. In buying turkeys, bear the following facts in mind: The legs of a young hen are black; the male also has black legs, but he is provided with small spurs. An old hen has red and rough legs; an old male bird's legs are very rough, and the spurs are long. The fattest turkeys are the best; they cannot be too fat. The breast should be broad and the skin white. The bird is fresh enough as long as the legs are not stiff.

*Boiled Turkey.*—After drawing, wash the bird inside exceedingly clean, wipe it dry on a towel, and fill the breast with bread-crumb and butter, chestnut, or oyster stuffing. In trussing it, draw the legs into the body, break the breast-bone, and give the bird as round and plump an appearance as possible; tie it in a floured cloth, with some slices of lemon on the breast. Put it into plenty of warm water, or into as much boiling water as will rise an inch above it, and when it has boiled ten minutes, cool it down by the addition of cold water, and then take out a portion of it, leaving only as much as will keep the bird entirely covered until it is ready for table. Clear off the scum carefully as it rises to the surface, and boil the bird very gently from an hour and a half to two hours and a quarter, according to size. When oyster stuffing is used, a large tureen of rich oyster sauce should be served with it; but celery sauce, good white sauce, or chopped parsley in drawn butter, will answer otherwise.

*Turkey Scallop.*—Cut the meat from the bones of a cold turkey left from dinner the day before; remove the bits of skin and gristle, and chop the rest up very fine. Put on the bottom of a buttered dish a layer of bread-crumb; moisten slightly with milk, that it may not absorb all the gravy; then spread a layer of the minced turkey, with bits of stuffing, pepper, salt, and small pieces of butter; then another layer of crumb; and so on until the dish is nearly full. Before putting on the upper crust, pour in the gravy left from the turkey, add a little Worcester sauce, ketchup, and butter. Have ready more crumb, seasoned with salt and beaten up light with two eggs, then spread it smoothly over the dish; stick bits of butter plentifully upon it, and bake; turn a deep plate over the dish until the contents begin to bubble at the sides, showing that the whole is thoroughly cooked. It will take three-quarters of an hour.

*Ragout of Turkey.*—Cut the cold turkey that is left over from a roast or boil into bits an inch long; put into a sauce-pan the gravy left from the roast, adding a little water if the quantity be small; add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of some pungent sauce, half a little grated nutmeg, and a little salt; when it boils up, put in the meat; stew very gently for ten minutes, and then stir in a teaspoonful of browned flour wet in a little cold water; add a wine-glassful of sherry or Madeira; boil up once, and serve in a covered dish. A ragout without wine is sometimes preferred.

*Excellent Turkey Hash.*—Chop quite fine two good-sized onions; put in a hot frying-pan, with enough of beef-dripping and butter to fry them till tender; then add a pint and a half of chopped turkey, with salt and pepper to taste, and a little thyme; add boiling water enough to moisten, without making much gravy; a very little browned flour sifted in and stirred. Boil it up and serve; or it may be turned over half-slices of buttered toast.

*Turkey with Oysters.*—Cut the turkey up very fine—that is, cold roast or boiled turkey. Put a layer of turkey and one of oysters alternately. Season with cream, butter, pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, an onion, and strew crumbs of bread and small pieces of butter on the top, and bake it. When the oysters are done, serve it.

*Bread Sauce for a Roast Fowl.*—Chop a small onion fine, and boil it in a pint of milk for five minutes; then add about ten ounces of bread-crumb, a bit of butter, pepper, and salt to season; stir the whole on the fire for ten minutes. Do not let it boil.

DESSERTS.

*Superfine Plum Pudding.*—Four ounces of grated bread, two ounces of flour, half a pound of stoned raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of finely-shred suet, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, (or less if preferred,) a little cinnamon, quarter of a pound of fine moist sugar, three ounces of mixed peel, two ounces of blanched and chopped almonds. Beat four eggs well, a little milk, a glass of

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brandy, and then mix in the flour and all the other ingredients; boil in a well-buttered mould for at least eight hours; the more a plum pudding is boiled the richer it becomes.

*Another.*—One pound of suet, one pound of plums, one and a half pounds of currants, one pound of apples, one pound of sugar, a slice of cooked beef, one nutmeg, quarter of an ounce of allspice, a teaspoonful of ginger, a pinch of cayenne, half a pound of mixed candied peel, a teaspoonful of salt, the peel and juice of two lemons, one glass of brandy, and one of sherry, or half a pint of strong cider; the currants to be well washed and dried; all the ingredients to be chopped fine and well mixed. The beef can be omitted at pleasure.

*Mince-Meat.*—Two and a half pounds of suet, two and a half pounds of apples, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, half a pound of mixed candied peel, two pounds of moist sugar, two large nutmegs grated, three or four lemons, peel grated and juice; all these ingredients to be well mixed and very finely chopped; add a pint of brandy or good cider. Press it in a stone jar and keep it in a cool place, and it will remain good for months.

*Marmalade Pudding.*—Take half a pound of bread-crumb, six ounces of beef suet, very finely chopped; mix the two together, with three tablespoonfuls of marmalade, three tablespoonfuls of loaf-sugar, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; then gradually stir into the mixture three eggs, beaten up; pour into a plain mould, and steam it for three and a half hours. Serve with wine sauce.

*Cheap Plum Pudding.*—Three-quarters of a pound of suet, one pound of fine bread-crumb, three good spoonfuls of flour, one pound of best raisins, one pound or more currants, quarter of a pound of lemon-peel, and a little sugar if preferred. Beat up seven eggs, and mix all the ingredients well together; boil first time six hours, second time two hours.

*Another.*—Two pounds of suet, two pounds of flour, three and a quarter pounds of currants, three and a quarter pounds of raisins, two and a half pounds of sugar, one pound of all peels mixed, one ounce of mixed spice and ginger, two teacups of brandy, eighteen eggs, one and a half pints of milk. To be boiled eleven hours.

*Lemon Pudding.*—Weight of two eggs in butter, which beat to a cream; same weight of flour, same of pounded white sugar, the grated rind and juice of two lemons; bake half an hour in a small flat pie-dish, with a rim of paste around the edge; serve with sifted sugar on the top; send it up very hot.

*A Good Pudding.*—Four ounces each of flour, suet, currants, raisins, and bread-crumb; two tablespoonfuls of treacle, and half a pint of milk. Mix all well together, and boil in a mould three hours. Serve with wine or brandy sauce.

### MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

*Parsley and Butter Sauce.*—Melt one ounce of butter, and add to it a dessertspoonful of flour, salt, and white pepper to taste; stir on the fire for a couple of minutes, add a little more than a tumblerful of boiling water by degrees, and a small quantity of parsley, blanched and finely chopped; keep on stirring for five minutes, but do not let the sauce boil.

*Ham Omelet.*—It is easily and quickly made, and relishes well; beat four eggs till quite feathery, then add three large spoonfuls of finely-minced ham; butter the frying-pan well, and pour all in; when well set, roll up all like a jelly-roll, and serve immediately. A steady and moderate fire is always necessary to make a nice omelet.

*Porridge.*—Put some water on the fire, when it boils throw in a little salt, then take some coarse oatmeal, sprinkle slowly in with one hand, stir continually with wooden spoon till sufficiently thick; serve quickly, eat with milk, treacle, or sugar, or butter. The whole time of making should take about half an hour.

*Mustard Sauce, Very Good with Boiled Beef.*—Two tablespoonfuls of mustard, mixed with a small teacupful of vinegar, two ounces of butter, one egg, and two lumps of sugar, and as much of the liquid that the beef is boiled in as to mix it to the consistency of cream; then boil as you would melted butter.

*Cheese Sandwiches.*—Take two-thirds of good cheese, grated, and one-third of butter; add a little cream; pound all together in a mortar; then spread it on slices of brown bread; lay another slice over each; press them gently together, and cut them in small square pieces.

## FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CLARET-COLORED CASHMERE. The skirt has one deep flounce, which is side-plaited, except in front, where it is plain. The cloak is of brown cloth, made sacque-shape, with wide full sleeves set in. The sleeves are put in the armhole with a little fulness at the top, a fashion sometimes employed in dress sleeves. The collar, trimming around the sleeves and down the front, is of brown fur. Hat with a fur brim, and trimmed with claret-colored feathers.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is laid in long plaits. The drapery is of terra-cotta colored silk, striped with velvet, and of the same color as the skirt. It is short in front, and falls in puffed drapery at the back. Jacket of the camel's-hair, close-fitting and cut away in front. Bonnet of white felt, trimmed with terra-cotta colored velvet.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS AND RECEPTION-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is a draped polonaise, and has a side-plaited flounce at the bottom. It is made long enough to drape up at the sides, and falls in loose drapery at the back. There is a full collar of Spanish lace, which extends down the whole front of the dress in a jabot, and passes around the bottom of the skirt, falling over the plaited flounce. A jacket is simulated by a row of Spanish lace at the sides. Black velvet hat.

FIG. IV.—VISITING OR RECEPTION-DRESS, OF DARK-BROWN VELVETEEN. The skirt is plain, and the jacket, which is of the velveteen, opens in front over a vest, and is trimmed with white silk open-work embroidery down the front and on the sleeves. The overskirt is of light almond-colored camel's-hair, laid in upright plaits in front, and falls in loose puffs on the skirt at the back. The vest is also of the camel's-hair. Hat of brown velvet, trimmed with almond-colored and brown plumes.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF BROWN SILK, made with a short train, and trimmed with two side-plaited flounces in front. At the back is but one flounce, the drapery falling to the top of it. The cloak is of brown embossed velvet, made sacque-shape, cut so as to be laid in several plaits below the waist. The sleeves are large and open. The collar, sleeves, and bottom of the cloak are trimmed with chenille fringe. A large bow of moiré ribbon trims the back, where the plaits are laid. Brown velvet bonnet, with very pale-pink feather.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, FRONT AND BACK, OF FINE-STRIPED WOOLEN MATERIAL. The skirt is plaited perpendicularly, and the scarf-tunic horizontally. The blouse-body fits the figure closely, and the waistband is of the dress

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material. At the back of the skirt is a double puff, and the back of the bodice is laid in plaits.

FIG. VIII.—CLOAK, OF BLACK SATIN, WITH RAISED VELVET FLOWERS. The bottom of the cloak has a band of wide black fur. The cape is finished with "sling sleeves," and is lined with very dark-red satin, and is edged with a velvet band, which is finished with braiding. There is a bow and ends at the back, of black velvet. Black velvet toque, with a band of fur around the crown.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY WOOLEN, TRIMMED WITH DARK PRUNE-COLORED VELVET. The bodice is cut with deep basques, enclosing side-paniers, which terminate at the back in full and handsome draperies. Broad bands of velvet trim the upper part of the costume. The collar and cuffs are of the velvet. The underskirt is composed of two deep plaited flounces.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS. The skirt is of fawn-colored camel's-hair. The cloak is of black camel's-hair, trimmed with wide Spanish lace at the bottom. A narrower lace finishes the dolman-shaped sleeves, while a narrower still is put in jabot style down the front, and above that on the edge of the sleeves. Fawn-colored felt hat and feathers.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WOOLEN PLAID. The skirt has one narrow and one deep kilted flounce. The wrap is of the same material as the dress, with a band crossing in front over the hips. The two deep capes have a standing collar. Dark-green felt hat.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF CHECKED AND PLAIN WOOLEN. The skirt is of alternate plaits of the two materials, headed by folds of the checked fabric. The jacket fastens with three buttons at the waist, over a checked waistcoat. It has revers in front and a plaited basque at the back. This would also make an admirable street-dress, or would also be very stylish if made in silk.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN SATIN AND BROCHÉ. The short skirt and the bodice are of the satin. The tablier, which is in three straight pieces, and the plastron on the bodice, are of the broché satin. The skirt is bordered with a plaiting, and in the slashes of the tablier are lengthwise plaitings of the satin. The pointed bodice, which laces at the back, has folds of the satin arranged on the edge of the basque.

FIG. XIV.—THE MARIE LOUISE BONNET, of mastic-colored plush and moiré, with feathers to match. The bow at the top and the strings are of moiré.

FIG. XV.—BROWN PLUSH BONNET. The crown is soft. The bow at the back and the wide strings are of brown watered ribbon. In the front of the crown there is a brown biro.

FIG. XVI.—SIBERIAN BEAVER BONNET, OF IVORY-WHITE COLOR. The satin strings and the curled feathers are of the same shade.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Great care should be taken in these days, when individual taste governs one's wardrobe, that appropriateness of color and mixture of material should be studied. Such latitude is given, that glaring colors and eccentric loopings and puffings are too often seen, and the wearer arrives at an audacious originality at the expense of becomingness and true elegance. It is perhaps for this reason that some of the best French dressmakers have revived the close-fitting, slightly-draped, and severe-looking tailor-made suits, and that skirts falling in long plain folds but of rich materials, are preferred by the best dressed women. But the tailor-made suits are not so tight-fitting as to give a cramped appearance to the figure: nothing looks worse than to see a woman appear as if her corsets or her dress were too tight; and in the present day, when the sleeves are worn so very tight, it is very hard to avoid that look. Many dressmakers slightly gather the top of the sleeve into the armhole; but this gives a high-shouldered appearance to the figure. All shoulder-seams are short, so that the sleeve is set in quite high up.

*Braid* is extensively used on all kinds of dresses: on the cloth walking-dress, as well as on dinner and evening-dresses; on the latter, gold and silver braid is employed, especially on soft white woolen dresses.

*The Molière flounce* is very much liked. It has the lower part caught in underneath, and falls over loose. It has somewhat the effect of a puffing, and is used in a soft, pliable material; it is pretty and new.

*Tartan silk* seems to have regained favor. This is, of course, warm and rich-looking; but it is dangerous to employ, as it can be made to look so vulgar. A very pretty dress, however, has been made of a silk tartan over a black velvet skirt. The draperies were on the bias, so that the straight lines of the plaid became diagonal ones. These are much softer and pleasanter to the eye than the original horizontals and perpendiculars of the "Scotch plaid," as usually worn. Only rather tall persons should wear these plaids, as on a little round woman, one always thinks of the latitude and longitude and the terrestrial globe.

*Brown with green* is a new and favorite mixture, and braiding is introduced wherever it is possible; a waistcoat of green satin is covered with perpendicular rows of green braid. The most wonderful embroideries of birds and flowers and beads are employed. A good economical and useful introduction are Brandenbourg robings for the fronts of dresses, and the new Hungarian galon, which is firm and gimp-like, but made of worsted cord and appliqué; it is quite original, and is to be had in silk and wool. Many bodices have revers. All sleeves are narrow, and very full on the shoulders. The tabs in which basques are cut are often divided by pompon fringe and fan-like trimmings of lace. Skirts are wide and important-looking at the back. Panier draperies often end in long waterfall back-breadths, which have the merit of not crushing like puffs. Occasionally loops of contrasting material border pointed bodices, and in that case the sleeves are of the same, but do not match the bodice. Heavy cords, finished off with gimp ornaments, cross the front and sides of many of the gowns, which have panel trimmings. Cords and tassels are employed to fasten up the draperies at the back. The general effect of the costumes is less clinging and glove-fitting than last year. The skirts are wider, and the puff at the back larger. The full effect is usually given by the cut and the rich folds of the materials used. Small horsehair pads are sewed in the back-breadths only. The Princess dress is a favorite style.

*Winter cloaks* are usually long and wide, and richly trimmed with lace, fur, braiding, or velvet. But for these, and other additional matters, we refer to our "Paris Letter," below.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Braided cloth suits and jackets are very much the rage at present. Just now one sees them everywhere: the close, tight-fitting, tailor-made jacket, closed with frogs, and either elaborately braided or else trimmed with straight rows of wide worsted braid. Some of the jackets that are shown are long and half loose; but the tight ones are the most in vogue. Dark-blue and black are the favorite colors for these suits.

Dressier costumes are made of cloth, trimmed with velvet; the velvet is put on in very wide bands, and very large velvet buttons are sometimes placed down each side of the skirt-front. The wrap to be worn with such a suit is a half-fitting paletot, bordered with wide bands of velvet, and having a very large sailor collar of the velvet. These suits

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are shown in the fashionable colors of the season, namely: mahogany-red, electric-blue, and dark-green.

The new corded materials, such as Trocadero and Ottomane, are very popular; they are not only rich-looking and wear well, but they drape even more gracefully than a cashmere. They are now shown, not only in solid colors, but with the cords in alternate shades of the same color, such as twine-color with dark-brown, wine-red with scarlet, etc. These newer styles are made up with plain cashmere for street-suits.

Velvet continues to be the reigning material of the season; and enters into nearly all the handsome toilettes that Worth is bringing out this year. A train and corsage of velvet, with a skirt-front of embroidered satin or of small-figured brocade in some strong contrasting hue, forms a rich combination for evening-dress. Worth blends three or more colors in these dresses, with his usual consummate and artistic taste. Thus, a chestnut-brown velvet waist and train will have a skirt-front of pale-blue satin, relieved with gold-yellow, raspberry-red velvet (a new and most lovely color) is combined with white satin, worked with gold and with gold-yellow plush, etc., etc.

Worth is also using watered silk extensively, in combination with tulle, for ball-dresses for young ladies. Scarfs of brocade, lined with colored satin, are draped artistically upon skirts of white or colored tulle. These scarfs come in a set pattern, woven for the purpose, the prettiest being very pale-tinted roses, scattered over a pale silver-gray satin ground, a border of roses edging each side of the material. Very magnificent dresses are made by combining crimson velvet with black satin brocaded with crimson flowers, such as roses or large-sized fuchsias.

Gilt pendants are a good deal worn on demi-toilettes; they are either filigree-balls or large cut beads, put on so as to hang loosely. Sometimes the gilt beads are combined with jet ones of the same size, six or eight beads forming the pendant. These are put on down the front of a dress, or else are dotted over the fullness of a slightly-draped front. Used judiciously and with good taste, they light up a dress very much. Pendants formed of pearl beads are also used a good deal on ball-dresses. They are placed down the front of the skirt.

Worth is now trimming the skirts of ball-dresses in plain heavy materials, such as watered silk or plain satin, by placing up the front two graduated strips of velvet, between which are set three folds of satin. The satin and velvet contrast in hue with the color of the dress itself. Thus, a dress of violet watered silk was ornamented in that style with bands of purple velvet and folds of cream satin, the centre fold being set with pendants of pearl beads. The draped side-breadths were slightly raised, so as to show a plaited flounce of cream-white satin. The low-necked and short-sleeved corsage was trimmed with draperies of purple velvet, covered with point lace.

The backs of evening-dress corsages are now cut very deep, and are elaborately made and trimmed, so as to relieve the plainness of the long full trains. Deep tabs, wide square coat-tails, and long tubular-shaped ends, are all employed. The latter are finished with long heavy tassels, four being the number usually employed. They do well on the corsage of a black velvet dress, trimmed with jet, the long rich tassels being in jet. The edges of overskirts, corsage-basques, and jacket-skirts, are very frequently cut in deep rounded tabs. A Princess dress in black velvet, or in pale-pink, blue, or cream-white cashmere, made short, and with the edges of the skirt and sleeves cut into these tabs, has a full flounce of cream lace and surah set under the edge of the skirt; and full undersleeves of cream lace finish the sleeves. A *jabottage* of cream lace goes up the front of the dress, which is intended for morning-wear. A fichu of cream lace is draped over the shoulders. These morning-dresses hardly come under the denomination of wrappers; but are intended more for the reception of informal calls.

Silk stockings, in solid colors and with embroidered insteps, are still in vogue. The embroidery in delicate arabesques is newer than the sprays of flowers. For evening-dress wear, the slipper and stocking must match the dress. I repeat what I have often before said, relative to black stockings, namely: that they should never be worn except with black dresses. Slippers are worn cut very low over the instep, and adorned with ribbon bows. The Charles IX shoe is still popular.

In jewelry, slender chains of diamonds are arranged for bracelets and necklaces. In the latter instance, there are two rows, the first loose enough to encircle the collar of a high-necked dress, and the second one about half as long again. These two chains are caught together in front with a small diamond cluster. This elegant ornament is unobtrusive enough to be worn in demi-toilette, and is quite handsome enough to be worn in full dress.

A similar diamond band, encircling the arm and studded with pearls, forms an exquisite bracelet. These chains are composed of small diamonds, set closely in silver squares that are hinged together, so as to be perfectly flexible.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The trousers are short and tight. The cloth jacket is trimmed with a narrow band of black Astrachan fur. Dark-green felt hat.

FIG. II.—CLOAK, FOR A LITTLE GIRL. It is of brown cloth, and can be trimmed with brown plush or velvet. It is double-breasted, and has a small cape and collar. Brown felt hat and plumes.

FIG. III.—ULSTER, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. It is of gray cloth, opens diagonally over a dress of the same color. The cape is plaited, as well as the waist, which is fastened by a waistband. Gray plush hat, faced with blue.

FIG. IV.—BLACK PLUSH HAT, FOR A LITTLE BOY. It is trimmed with a band of chinchilla-fur and ornamented with cords and knots made of the fur. Black plush collar.


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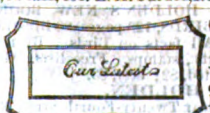


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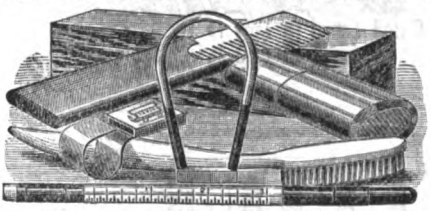

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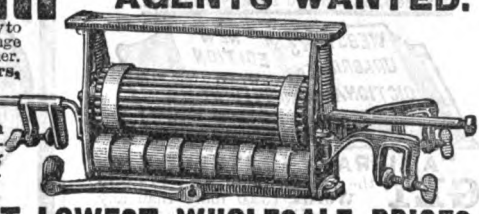

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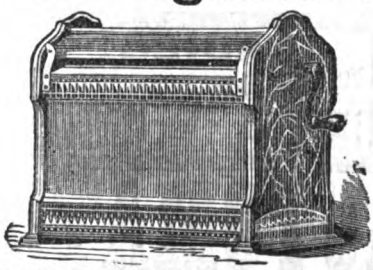

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**Large Instruments, $60 to $2,500.**

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☞Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

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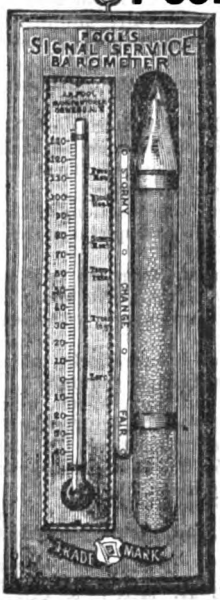


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It will detect and indicate correctly any change in the weather 12 to 48 hours in advance. It will tell what kind of storm is approaching, and from what direction—**invaluable to navigators. Farmers** can plan their work according to its predictions. **Saves 50 times its cost in a** single season. Has an accurate thermometer attached, which alone is worth the price of the combination. This great **WEATHER INDICATOR** is endorsed by the most eminent Physicians, Professors and Scientific men of the day to be the **BEST IN THE WORLD!** The Thermometer and Barometer are put in a nicely finished walnut frame, with silver plated trimmings, etc., making it a beautiful as well as useful ornament. We will send you a sample one, *delivered free,* to your place, in good order, on receipt of **$1,** or six for **$4. Agents** are making from $5 to $20 daily selling them. *A trial will convince you.* Order at once. **It Sells at SIGHT!** Just the thing to sell to farmers, merchants, etc. Invaluable to everybody. U. S. Postage Stamps taken if in good order, but money preferred. **Agents wanted everywhere.** Send for Circular and terms. Address all orders to **OSWEGO THERMOMETER WORKS,** (*Largest establishment of the kind in the world*) **Oswego, Oswego Co., N. Y.**

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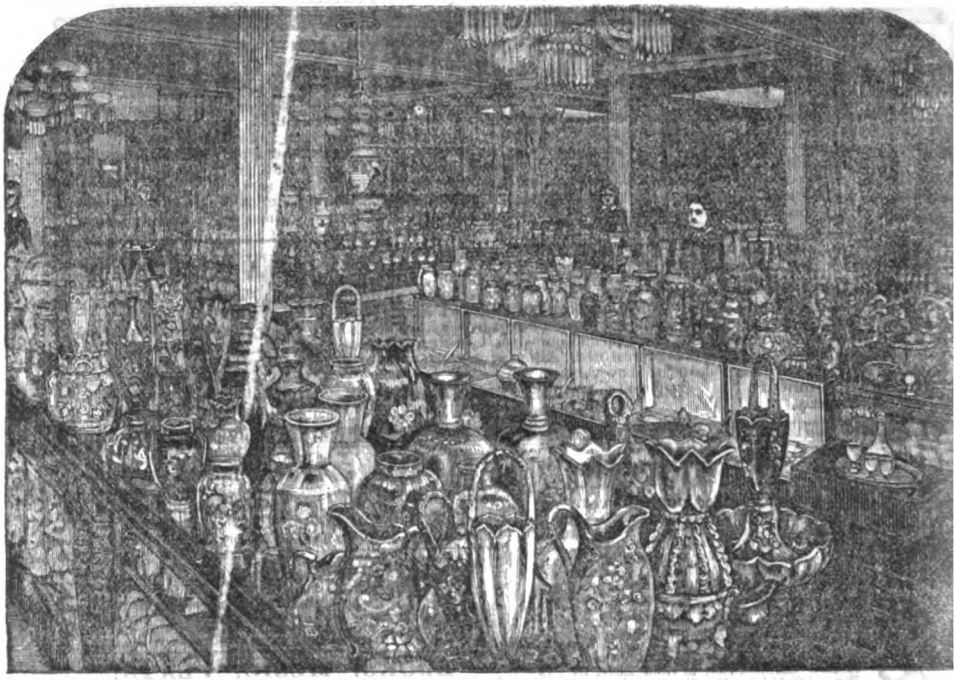

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Representing, as it does, works of art from all the famous Potteries of Europe, the connoisseur w be pleased and interested by paying it a visit.

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